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FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

VOLUME XXV.

PHILADELPHIA:
EMMOR COMLY, PUBLISHING AGENT,
No. 144 NORTH SEVENTH STREET.
MERRIHEW & SON, PRINTERS, No. 243 ARCH STREET.
1869.

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COMMON CONCE. PUBLISHING AGENCY,
[illegible]

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FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH, 7, 1868. No. 1.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, four copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn. N. Y.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*
Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

PUBLIC MORALS.

BY S. M. JANNEY.

It is a question worthy of serious consideration by us all, how far we are individually responsible for the follies and vices of our fellow creatures, and what we can do to assist in their removal. Even they who are considered exemplary in life and conversation, may, by connivance or neglect of duty, or by a false method of teaching, become in some degree responsible for faults that, by Christian care and kindness, they might have been instrumental in correcting.

It is my purpose now to notice only one class of the many moral evils that afflict society,—that which springs from extravagance in dress and manner of living. It is well known to all that the cost of living, especially in large cities, has of late years been greatly enhanced; and this applies not only to our own country, where we have a depreciated currency, but to European countries, where gold and silver constitute the circulating medium. It is likely therefore to be permanent, or to continue for many years.

Those who have visited foreign lands have often remarked, that no people are so profuse in their expenditures for dress and luxurious living as the Americans. It is true that some of the nobility and gentry of Europe who are possessors of immense wealth, live in great splendor and luxury, but in this country, where we are all classed as "the sovereign people," there seems to be a universal desire to make a display by following the fashions and adopting the customs of the richer classes in foreign lands.

The result of this profuse expenditure is an intense desire to make money, and many of those engaged in trade are not content to pursue the good old customs of their fathers, which brought moderate but constant and almost certain returns of honest gain. They are in haste to be rich, and consequently fall into the snare of wild speculations and hazardous adventures. In a large proportion of cases these speculations turn out to be disastrous, and many are led to adopt expedients for retrieving their fortunes which are not consistent with fair dealing and strict integrity.

The very frequent instances that now occur of shameful defalcations and fraudulent transactions, by which the Government is robbed of its revenue, banking institutions defrauded, and individuals brought to ruin, may generally be traced to extravagant expenditures and luxurious living. The perpetrators of these enormous frauds have mostly been brought gradually to a debasement of morals that prepared them for acts of great turpitude. When they set out in life they did not intend to be dishonest, but their expenditures being disproportioned to their incomes, they became involved in financial difficulties that led them

to adopt dishonest expedients. It is mournful to reflect how many have been led by straitened circumstances to pursue a course of dealing that their consciences did not approve, but which expediency seemed to require. Such persons "fall by little and little," proving by their disastrous example that the only safe ground in all circumstances, is undeviating obedience to the law of rectitude,—the voice of God in the soul.

In considering this momentous subject, the question arises, What can we do to promote a reformation and arrest the progress of moral declension? To express our disapprobation in words is not sufficient; to treat the delinquents with severity will not alone prevent others from pursuing the same course, while the temptation remains and a vitiated public sentiment pleads their excuse.

In the education of the young, and in the conduct of the household, something must be done to arrest this growing evil. Parents, and especially mothers, may do much by inculcating among their children purer and nobler sentiments than those which generally prevail. It is much to be deplored that a large proportion of the conversation heard by children in some families relates to dress and amusements. Their susceptible minds become imbued with the sentiments they hear so frequently expressed, and their characters take the hue of their surroundings. Children are quick-sighted, and it is of little avail to give them the best precepts while they are taught by example to regard fashionable dress and frivolous amusements as the main purpose of life.

In the management of the household, a wise economy, having comfort and not display for its chief object, will enable the possessor of moderate means to enjoy the luxury of doing good in assisting the indigent. And those who are in affluent circumstances should consider themselves as stewards entrusted with treasures to be employed for the benefit of mankind. They should remember that their example has great weight with others, and that splendor of dress, furniture and equipage which they can lawfully indulge in, may be imitated by those whose circumstances will not justify such profuse expenditures.

The liberal donations made by affluent American citizens for educational purposes, and the immense contributions furnished by the public at large for charitable objects, is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. There is a wide field for benevolent effort, especially in our large cities and in the southern section of our country, which has been impoverished, and in some parts desolated by the scourge of war. An able article in the "Nation," on "Humanitarianism," has the following passage:

"There is still enough misery in the world, and will probably always be enough, to give work to a thousand times as many philanthropists as will ever face it, and we have no doubt that the "enthusiasm of humanity," which plays so large a part in modern progress, will continue to be, as long as our civilization lasts, the most powerful, the purest, and most conservative of its forces. But this must be said, that, although it is right that charity should cover a multitude of sins, it is in our time allowed to cover too many sins for the good of society; that the growth of law and security and public opinion have, in all civilized countries, removed many of the evils on which the spirit of humanity used in past ages to expend its force, while others peculiar to this age have grown up to which neither the Church nor social nor political reformers can as yet be said to offer any organized or effective resistance. For example—the strong man in our day does not rob on the highway nor keep serfs; he thieves in business or on the stock exchange, or swindles the government. Bad propensities rarely find vent in acts of brutality; they find vent in acts of knavery. A case of suffering or destitution finds instant relief, on being made known, from a thousand purses, but probably one-half of them are purses filled with ill-gotten gains. The churches are filled with men who would not harm a fly, and whose hearts are tender as women's towards all forms of physical or moral suffering. They give largely to charitable institutions and all institutions having for their object the elevation of the people, but they are either not over-nice in business transactions, or do not think hardly of their friends if they are not over-nice. We are not now describing the state of things in any country in particular, but the characteristics of all society in the commercial civilization of our day. In a word, the age in which the moral tone of Christendom was formed was an age of violence, while the present age may be called an age of fraud; and the moral tone which was very effective in the one is very ineffective in the other."

The great problem requiring solution in our day is, how to promote a sound public sentiment and secure a thorough Christian morality. I believe a great mistake is made by many of the teachers of religion by placing too much stress on the articles of their respective creeds,—the mere dogmas of theology, and too little upon vital religion manifested in life and conversation. A religion that rests upon the assent of the understanding to certain doctrines, however true they

may be, if it is not accompanied by sound Christian principles and founded on the love of God, cannot bring forth the fruits of righteousness.

At the request of a Friend we publish the following address issued by the Representative Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in 1852:

ESSAY ON THE SUBJECT OF MUSIC.

Addressed to members of the Religious Society of Friends.

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."—*Eccles.* xi. 9.

"Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."—*Matt.* xvi. 24.

Impressed with the truth of these doctrines, Friends were led by the influence of the Holy Spirit to see that the vain pleasures and diversions of this life were inconsistent with the life of a Christian ; and that if we would be Christ's disciples ,we must "take up our daily cross," and deny ourselves many gratifications that surround us, some of which may be classed among those called innocent amusements, as frequently constituting the greatest obstacle to our religious advancement. Hence, Friends early bore a testimony against singing, music, and all other idle pastimes; and many faithful laborers among them were concerned from time to time to warn the people against their pernicious consequences.

Sacred music, so called, is, by many professing Christians, considered a necessary part of religious worship, and on that account they give their influence to its cultivation. They say it concentrates the thoughts and elevates the mind to sublime enjoyments; that it tranquillizes the passions, and allays the turbulent feelings of men. Were these its effects, might we not reasonably expect to see the most refined thoughts and amiable dispositions among those nations renowned for excellence in the scientific art, and the most humble and devoted part of a religious congregation engaged in its cultivation? But what is the fact. In place of refined thought and elevated feeling, we find the greatest sensuality among those who are the most given to its indulgence; and instead of the humble seeker after divine mercy conducting the choir, we often see it committed to a band of hired musicians. Alas! how can these things be reconciled to the declaration of the divine Master, who said, "the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipper shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him."

We do not, however, mean to be understood as objecting to melodious sounds, raised in thankfulness to the Author of our being, or to the innocent song of childhood. It is the scientific cultivation of the art—the vain and idle indulgence connected with it, either vocally or instrumentally—that we testify against. Robert Barclay, in his Apology, says, "that the singing of psalms is a part of God's worship, and very sweet and refreshing when it proceeds from a true sense of God's love in the heart, and arises from the divine influence of the Spirit, which leads souls to breathe forth either a sweet harmony, or words suitable to the present condition; whether they be words formerly used by the saints and recorded in Scripture, such as the Psalms of David or other words ; as were the hymns and songs of Zacharias, Simeon, and the blessed Virgin Mary. But as for the formal, customary way of singing it hath no foundation in Scripture, nor any ground in true Christianity ; yea, besides all the abuses incident to prayer and preaching, it hath this more peculiar, that oftentimes great and horrid lies are said in the sight of God : for all manner of wicked profane people take upon them to personate the experiences and conditions of blessed David ; which are not only false, as to them, but also as to some of more sobriety, who utter them forth."—P. 406.

Friends believe music a sensual gratification, and that it takes the place in the affections of intellectual enjoyments : they believe it to be the handmaid of folly and voluptuousness, and that it leads into fashion, balls, theatres, and other places of vain amusements.

Whatever may be its power in soothing the angry passions, it is ephemeral in its nature, and incapable of commanding a divine thought, or raising the soul to sublime or spiritual enjoyments. It drowns the still small voice of conscience, and prevents that introversion of thought which constitutes the Christian's highest enjoyment. It lends its aid to priestcraft, and constitutes one of the forms of church service, calculated for little else than to allure the mind from the contemplation of its own condition into a false dependence and manner of worship ; for as the "stream can rise no higher than its fountain," neither can that which is sensual elevate the mind above its own nature.

They also urge the waste of time and expense incurred in obtaining a scientific knowledge of it; besides which, it seduces the youthful mind away from the pursuit of more substantial and intellectual acquirements, that fit it for the practical duties of life. Thus by impairing the taste for the pursuit of science, which tends most to expand and develop the intellectual powers, it closes

the avenues of knowledge, which lead to a rational contemplation of the works of the Creator, the laws which govern this material world, and the marvellous display of beauty, harmony, power and benevolence therein exhibited, are evidently designed to awaken our admiration, and to give employment to the faculties we possess, and are calculated to excite in us higher and more lofty aspirations after truth and knowledge than can be derived from the indulgence of any sensual gratification.

"The period between fifteen and twenty-five years of age may be called the seed-time of life; if it be wasted or passed unimproved, the middle part of it is seldom fruitful, and the old age which follows is generally poor, barren, and miserable. In the morning of life, music thus often robs her votaries of an opportunity for improvement, which once lost is gone for ever;" and we urge this as a well founded objection to its introduction into any system of practical education.

Whatever can be said against instrumental music, may with equal propriety be advanced against singing. "Indeed, Friends have a stronger objection, if possible," says Clarkson, in his Portraiture, vol. i. p. 35, "to vocal than to instrumental music. Vocal music consists of songs or of words musically expressed by the human voice: words are the representatives of ideas, and as far as these ideas are pure or otherwise, so far may vocal music be rendered innocent or immoral. If the words in any song be in themselves unchaste—if they inculcate false honor—if they lead to false opinions—if they suggest sentiments that have a tendency to produce depraved feelings, then vocal music, by which these are conveyed in pleasing accents to the ear, becomes a destroyer of morals, and cannot therefore be encouraged by any who consider purity of heart as required by the Christian religion."

The human mind, when once allured from the path of humility, finds its desires to become stronger and stronger, and music being highly fascinating in its nature, is apt to take reason captive, and lead it into the wilderness, in despite of the convictions of the still small voice; hence the importance of carefully watching every propensity, and checking the desire before it takes root in our affections.

Our blessed Master enjoined on his followers "to watch and pray, lest they enter into temptation;" by which we understand, that all we do should be under the direction of his Holy Spirit; and if concerned so to live and enjoy the influence of his presence, there would be no taste or relish for these lower gratifications. Sophia Hume was so sensible of this fact, that in her exhortation to the people of South Carolina, in the year 1747, on the subject of music, she says, "That it was a science I formerly greatly delighted in, and spent much time, both in the theory, as well as the practical part. But when religion began to take place in my heart, I found music stood in my way, and I considered it only as an amusement, which detained me from more solid and useful thoughts and reflections. In short, it became so burdensome to me, that I could not perform any of my airy lessons, which had been usual, as well as pleasing to me; and on further consideration it appears to me to be a merely sensual, and not an intellectual pleasure, (as some would fondly assert,) therefore I quitted the study as well as practice of it, for what I now esteem a more useful, profitable and rational science, viz., the study and knowledge of my own heart.

"But further, on perusing the sacred writings, I do not remember to have read of one Christian musician in all the New Testament; and in reading the Old it appears that the prophet Amos, describing the wantonness of the Children of Israel, enumerating the many instances of their luxury, he mentions music as a mark of levity and wantonness. 'They chant,' says he, 'to the sound of the viol, and invent to themselves instruments of music like David, but they are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph.' And the prophet Isaiah denounces a woe against them; adding, 'and the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe, and wine are in their feasts, but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither do they consider the operations of his hands.' And the Bishop of Cambray says, 'As for music, it is well known that the ancients believed nothing more pernicious to a well regulated state than to suffer an effeminate melody to be introduced into it. It enervates men, and renders their souls soft and voluptuous: languishing strains are only pleasant because the soul gives itself up to the charms of the senses; and this,' adds he, 'was one of their most important policies.' Plato, in like manner, severely regrets all the soft airs of the Asiatic music; and with much greater reason Christians, who never ought to seek pleasure for pleasure's sake, ought surely to have an aversion for those poisoned allurements."—p. 53.

The following is from Friends' Intelligencer, No. 1 of vol. viii.: "One obvious tendency of music is to dissipate the mind, and prepare it for further dangerous indulgences. It is very closely connected with dancing, and other vain sports. It is used to stimulate the mind in the pursuit of amusements that are utterly unprofitable and generally injurious.

Music is the handmaid of voluptuousness; she is seen in every resort of the gay and licentious. Herself a sensualist, she stands always ready to lend her aid to every passer by, whether on the way to theatrical exhibitions or to bacchanalian revels. We can hardly point to a place of vain amusement or groveling dissipation, where she is not seen to preside. In the court of licentiousness she is prime minister, the principal support of his baneful administration.

"It has been doubted whether war could be prosecuted with effect without the fascination of music, and the dazzling influence of military dress and equipage. Operating on the nerves through the organs of hearing, music stimulates the soldier to deeds of daring, even unto blood. It effectually drowns the still small voice of restraint, and stops the ear to the cry for mercy. Wise and reflecting men have given it as their judgment, that an army could not be enlisted without the aid of such excitements. If these views be correct, they furnish mournful evidence of the vast powers of music to do evil.

"Perhaps one of the worst tendencies of music is to draw away the attention from the highest object of our creation, the 'one thing needful,' and to amuse the mind with vain and trifling objects. To make outward excitements necessary to our comfort, is to inflict on us one of the greatest evils that can befall us. By them the mind becomes disqualified for calm reflection, and that inward retirement of soul where the highest enjoyment of which man is capable, in this probationary world, is to be felt and enjoyed.

"The great use of music is to excite the passions through the nervous system. Its advocates allege that it has power to allay them. Perhaps there is not on record a well authenticated case more favorable to this claim than that of Saul, the disobedient and forsaken king of Israel. But if the music, in that instance, produced in the mind of the depraved and deserted monarch a temporary calm, it did not restore him to the divine favor, nor prevent the return of his malady with aggravated malignity. In music there is no curative virtue applicable to the soul. No animal appliances can heal its diseases! 'They are like the deaf adder, that stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely.'

"One of the most deplorable evils of music is its tendency to drown the inward sense of divine admonition and reproof. We have an affecting instance of this kind in the Journal of Job Scott. He says, 'The Lord followed me close in mercy, and often broke in powerfully upon me, turning all my mirth into mourning; yet I still got over the holy witness, did despite to the spirit of grace, and repaired again to my haunts of diversion and merriment. Sometimes, when I have stood upon the floor to dance, with a partner by the hand, before all were quite ready, God has arisen in judgment and smitten me to the very heart. Oh! I still feelingly remember the majesty of his appearance within me, when none knew the agony of my soul; how he erected his tribunal in my bosom as in an instant, and in awfulness arraigned me before him. I felt ready to sink under the weight of condemnation and anguish, but resolutely mustering all the stoutness I was master of, I brazened it out until the music called me to the dance, and then I soon drowned the voice of conviction, became merry, and caroused among my companions in dissipation, until time urged a dismissal of our jovial assembly, and called me to return, often lonely, to my father's house.'

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 13th of Twelfth month last, at his residence near Salem, N. J., of which Meeting he was a valued member and overseer, ANDREW GRISCOM, aged about 68 years. Of this beloved Friend it may be truly said that his memory to a very large circle of friends, to whom his genial and loving spirit had greatly endeared him, is most precious, and his removal has left a void that will not be easily filled. He was long afflicted with a grievous malady which steadily undermined his vigorous constitution, which affliction he bore with great patience and resignation, and expressed to the writer a short time before his departure that he knew not how to be thankful enough for the favor he received in feeling such resignation to his situation, and signified that all was peace, and that there appeared nothing in his way, and that he was patiently waiting for the solemn close, which was evidently approaching. His funeral, which occurred on the 17th, was very large, on which occasion many living testimonies were borne to the excellency of that Divine grace, through which he had been favored to attain to the eminent virtues which so conspicuously shone in his character.

2*d mo.*, 1868. A. J. P.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"LET BROTHERLY LOVE CONTINUE."

Most farmers are aware that a grain of Indian corn, if planted at a distance of several feet from other plants, will not produce a perfect, well-filled ear. No matter how rich the soil, how careful the culture, and propitious the season, the ear will have but few perfect

grains. It is a provision of nature that Indian corn needs the aid of its neighboring plants to fertilize the ovary of the young germ. This is done by the assistance of long filaments known as the silk, which, connected with the embryo grain, reach out above the husk to catch the pollen from the tassel of the stalk above and convey it to the germ. The pollen is often wafted long distances by the winds, and it is often thrown far from the silk of its own plant by the sudden expansion of the vessel that contains it. Hence we may see that if planted alone, nearly all the pollen might fall far away from the silken filaments of the ear beneath. This is a beautiful and truthful simile of the brotherhood of the human family. The all-wise Creator saw that it was not best for man to dwell alone, either in a social or religious sense. Though he may be enriched with the finest intellectual culture, be planted in the soil of a good moral education, and the weeds of depraved passions carefully eradicated, yet if he open not his heart in brotherly kindness, and mingle not with his fellow men in the social amenities of life, the *filaments* of affection planted in the bosom of every one carry no fertilizing life to the heart. The currents of kindly intercourse, those gentle winds of heaven, spread the sentiment of brotherly love around upon every member of the human family; each sentiment of the mind receives its portion and bears fruit to the honor of the great Husbandman.

The storms of adversity and the deeper sorrow of bereavement, may bow the head in affliction, but the brotherly love of neighbors and friends will sweeten the bitter cup. But in religious fellowship the similitude is still more apparent. Am I my brother's keeper, asks the selfish man? No, we are not our brother's keeper, but we should be our brother's helper, both by example and precept, or his blood may testify against us. The solitary hermit resembles the stalk of corn standing apart from its fellows. He may have beauty of leaves, his stalk may reach aloft, but his bloom is nearly worthless. In helping others in their religious life, and in being joined together socially and religiously, we help ourselves. In this we perceive the Divine economy; that we should not live altogether to ourselves, but for the benefit of others,—giving and receiving,—growing up together in Christian fellowship, until, every part being perfected, the great Husbandman gathers us into the heavenly garner. I. H.

Associate chiefly with the humble and simple, the holy and devout, and let thy conversatiou with them be on subjects that tend to the perfection of thy spirit.

OLD AGE.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."—ECCLESIASTES 12 : 1.

Old age is a distant port for which the whole human race start, towards which they steer. Every other one perishes before he reaches the harbor. Should every other ship go down before reaching the lightship off the harbor of New York, it would represent the human race, one-half of which dies in infancy. Of the other half, at least one-half perishes before reaching the age of forty-five. If we say that beyond the age of sixty one may be called an old man, probably not a quarter of the human race ever reaches old age. The fact that the average of adult life is placed at thirty-three years, is itself a testimony on this subject most remarkable. Men do not, on an average, live out half of their days. Eighty years is but a fair term of life under good conditions and with proper care. The race of man, comprehensively regarded, do not live forty years. One-half of life is thrown away, then, in every generation. The economic waste, the enormous depredation upon wealth, upon power, upon happiness, to say nothing of virtue and morality, are worthy the consideration of political economists. Men have a right to old age. It is a part of the allotment of life, and it belongs to every one. Men are defrauded if they do not possess it. They get so much less than belongs to the patrimony which God has provided for them. Sometimes men are defrauded of it by the sins of their parents, or of their ancestors. This transmissive law, by which children are punished for the sins of their parents, is silent, yet is more august and terrible than was Sinai when all enflamed. Many children come into life, and the experienced eye pronounces it impossible for them to live many years. Parents weep at the strange providence, and the mysterious dealings of God, when there is neither strangeness nor mystery in it. Thousands and thousands are born who should have had a right in life, but whose hold is so brittle that the first wind shakes them, and they fall like untimely fruit. Some fall by accident, some in the discharge of duties which call them to offer up their lives as a sacrifice for the common weal. The greatest number, however, are deprived of a good old age by their own ignorance, or by their own misconduct. And those that reach old age, too often find that it is a land of sorrow.

. . . . . .

Now, old age was not designed to be mournful, but beautiful. Old age is a part of the scheme of life, which was designed to be beau-

tiful from beginning to end, It is the climax of a symphony beautiful in its inception, rolling on grandly, and terminating in a climax of beauty and pleasure. It is harmonious and admirable according to the scheme of nature. The charms of infancy, the hopes of the spring of youth, the vigor of manhood, and the serenity and tranquility, the wisdom and peace of old age—all these together constitute the true human life—with its beginning, middle and end—a glorious epoch.

The end of summer is often more glorious than the summer itself. October is beyond all comparison the crown of the year; and the word of inspiration sayeth: "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." While a sordid old man who has corrupted his heart and filled his life with vices, is a hideous spectacle, so, on the other hand, a pure heart, a sweet nature, a generous and cheerful soul, walking among the young, and mildly manifesting in his own life what are the fruits of true piety, is at once a blessing and encouragement. There is nothing more beautiful than a serene, virtuous and happy old age: and such an old age belongs to every individual's life, if he only knows how to get it—how to build it.

Every one of us, but especially those who are beginning in life, are aiming at old age; and I propose to put before you some considerations which shall direct your attention to the methods of attaining a serene and happy old age. I beseech you not to think that it is so far off that you need not consider this subject, for with incredible swift feet time runs; and although you may now think of yourself as being young or at middle life, yet, long before you are aware of it, you will find that others think that you are old. Old age is making haste; and there are none of us that can be young long, and many of us have already passed by our youth. There are none so young but are making haste swifter than an eagle's flight towards old age. Now, in the wisdom of God, the way to be happy in old age happens to be the very way of being happy all the way towards it. It should be borne in mind that in old age it is too late to mend; that then you must inhabit what you have built. Old age has the foundation of its joy or its sorrow laid in youth. You are building at twenty; are you building for twenty? Nay; every stone laid down in the foundation takes hold of every stone in the wall up to the very eaves of the building, and every deed, right or wrong, that transpires in youth, reaches forward and has a relation to all the afterpart of man's life. A man's life is not like the contiguous cells in a bee's honeycomb; it is more like the separate parts of a plant which unfold out of itself, and every part bears relation to all that antecede. That which you do in youth is the root and all the afterparts middle age and old age are the branches, the fruits and the root will determine. . . . . .

There are many physical elements which enter into the preparation for a profitable and happy old age. The human body is an instrument of pleasure and use, built for eighty years' wear. Every man belongs to an economy in which he has a right to calculate, or his friends for him, on eighty years as a fair term of life. His body is placed in a world adapted to nourish and protect it. Nature is congenial. There are elements enough of mischief in it if a man pleases to find them out. A man can wear his body out as quickly as he pleases, destroy it if he will; but after all the great laws of nature are nourishing laws and, comprehensively regarded, nature is the universal nurse, the universal physician of our race, guarding us against evil, warning us of it by incipient pains, setting up signals of danger, not outwardly but inwardly, and cautioning us by sorrows and by pains for our benefit. Every immoderate draft which is made by the appetites and passions is so much sent forward to be cashed in old age. You may sin at one end, but God takes it off at the other. Every man has stored up for him some eighty years, if he knows how to keep them and those eighty years like a bank of deposit, are full of treasures; and youth, through ignorance or through immoderate passions, is wont continually to draw checks on old age. They do not suppose that they are doing it, although told that the wicked shall not live out half their days. I need not go far to find illustrations of premature exhaustion, or at any rate of weakness and enfeeblement. I might point you to a dozen instances, without going a mile in any direction, of the truth that unvirtuous men shall not live out half of their days. Men are accustomed to look upon the excesses of youth as something that belongs to that time. Men say that of course the young, like colts unbridled, will disport themselves. There is no harm in colts disporting themselves, but a colt never gets drunk. I do not object to any amount of gaiety or vivacity that lies within bounds of reason or of health, but I do object and abhor, as worthy to be stigmatized as dishonorable and unmanly, every such course in youth as takes away strength, vigor and purity from old age. I do not believe any man should take the candle of his old age and light it by the vices of his youth. Every man that transcends nature's laws in youth is taking beforehand those treasures that are stored up for his old age; it is taking the food that should have been his sustenance in old age

and exhausting it in riotous living in his youth. Mere gaiety and exhilaration are wholesome; they violate no law, moral or physical. I think a man is not a thorough Christian who is not a cheerful, a happy, a buoyant Christian. There may be times of public sorrow, and there may be exceptional times of religious revivals when sterner stuff is required; when Christian men have duties to perform that bring into activity the sterner elements of their character; but these are exceptional cases. The ideal of a Christian manhood is one of cheerfulness, happiness, hopefulness—a manhood full of beauty, of serenity.

I do not object, therefore, to mirth or gaiety, but I do object to any man's making an animal of himself by living for the gratification of his own animal passions. People frequently think that to require, in the conduct of youth, that which we expect in later life, has something of Puritanism in it. Men have an impression that youth is very much like wine, crude and insipid until it has fermented, and when it has fermented, and thrown down the lees, and the scum has been drawn off, the great body between is sound and wholesome and beautiful. I am not one that thinks so. I think that youth is like the beginning of the plant life, and that every wart or excrescence is so much an enfeeblement of its fruit-bearing power. I do not believe that any man is any the better for having learned what is the whole career of drunkenness or of lust, or what are the dallyings or indulgences that belong to a morbid life. A young man that has gone through these things may be saved at last, but, in after life, he has not the sensibility, he has not the purity, he has not the moral stamina that he ought to have. He has gone through an experience but for which his manhood would have been both stronger and nobler. I am one of those that thoroughly disbelieve that a man is any better for having, in his youth, passed through an experience that developed his animal nature and his lustful appetites. Excess, in youth, in regard to animal indulgences, is bankruptcy in old age. For this reason I deprecate late hours, irregular hours, or irregular sleep as intemperance. . .

Irregularity of diet also has its ill effects. It is not the mere question of digestion or of indigestion, of good spirits or of bad spirits, to-day; but irregular habits in regard to eating and drinking reach forward and take hold of old age. Children ought to be taught, and parents ought to know enough to teach them these things. Ignorance of the structure of our bodies may not have been culpable fifty years ago, but in the light of advancing knowledge I hold that no Christian parent can but be accountable to God if he be ignorant of the fundamental laws of health. When I am king, nobody shall be married until they have passed through the catechism of natural health and have shown that they understand the fundamental principles of it. The appetites of youth which either in social or in solitary life drain down the vitality, and impair the constitution, are so many insiduous assaults on old age. I would that the young knew how clearly these things are written. God's handwriting is very plain and very legible to those who have eyes that see. There is not an intelligent physician that does not observe and read, as he walks through the street, the secret history of the lives of those whom he meets, and that, too, without following them in their midnight career. I care not to have men come to me and state their secret courses; I can read it in the skin and in the eye. There is not one single appetite or passion that has not its natural language, and there is no penalty of the indulgence of that appetite or passion unduly without having that natural language more or less stamped upon the skin, upon the features, upon the expression of the face, or in the carriage of the body. There is always some token that tells what men are doing, if they are doing anything to excess. Pride has its natural language; mirthfulness has its natural language; goodness has its natural language. Nobody doubts these things; so have the passions their natural language. Men think that if they commit their wickedness in secret places, or in the night, that it is not known, that it is not read. It is known, it is read, although no man may ever say to them: "Thou art guilty!"

The use of stimulants in youth is another detraction from happiness in old age. Men usually take what they least need. In other words, we follow our strongest faculties, and not our weaker ones; and therefore if men are excessively nervous, almost invariably they seek to make themselves more so. Men that need the most soothing, the most quiet, drive themselves by the use of the most excessive stimulants. There will come a time, however, when men will be very proud of being wholesome, of being clean, of being natural.

Among some dangers and mischiefs flowing from the high development of material science, I look upon one tendency as beneficent: I think there is a growing approximation towards a higher ideal of physical manhood; and I believe there will come a time when a man would just as soon break a limb under the impression that when it is set crooked he would be handsomer, as to indulge in dissipation, or in irregularities of any kind, that tend to disease or impair his natural powers. I

believe that man will have just as much fear of all courses of life that carry with them unhealth, as now he has of maiming, or wounds, or tortures. When that day comes, I think that there will be a general banishment of alcoholic drinks, and a total exclusion of tobacco; indulgence in which beginning early, is, with very few exceptions, wasteful all the way through life.

(To be continued)

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 7, 1868.

The Twenty-fifth Volume.—With the commencement of a new volume we are renewedly sensible of the responsibility attached to the editing of a public journal.

We gratefully acknowledge a manifestation of an increased willingness on the part of some friends, to exercise their gifts for the benefit of our readers, but the names of too few of such as are well qualified for this laudable work are registered as contributors to it. There is certainly talent enough in the Society to make the Intelligencer nearer what we desire it to be—a clear expositor of the principles and testimonies held by Friends, as well as a distributor of useful knowledge in both science and literature. The ground we have taken of endeavoring to present *impartially* the different phases of religious sentiment which exist among our members, must prove that we do not hold ourselves responsible for any opinions except those expressed in the Editorial column.

This fact has been several times announced by us, but not being fully accepted, unjust censure has, in some instances, rested upon us. We have been willing, however, to suffer this, if necessary, for the promulgation of Christian principles. That the knowledge of the Truth is not confined to one man, or any set of men, we have abundant evidence. And so far from a variety of views destroying unity, we believe it to be the true ground of unity and strength. The unity of the church is represented by the human body; cut off an arm, a foot, or pluck out an eye, and there is but a remnant of the whole. The *unity* is destroyed. Another figure we have somewhere seen illustrates with beauty and clearness the same position. As "every separate ray of light—the violet, the blue and the orange—make up the white ray, so the fragments of Truth, blended together, make up the one entire and perfect white ray of Truth." "Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called," and he will be as the ray which contributes its share to the perfection of the whole, and will not find fault with a brother because his ray may differ in hue from his own. Surely we have need to learn wisdom and to be clothed with charity! We sometimes congratulate ourselves that the days of persecution have passed by; but what is that but a species of the same spirit which affixes "a penalty upon *views held* instead of upon a *life led?*"

"Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." This was not a call to a conformity to certain *opinions*, but to a state wherein self-love is removed, for this is the great hindrance to the reception of Truth, as we learn from the teachings of the Divine Master. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me."

Married, on Fourth-day, the 12th of Second month, 1868, according to the order of the religious Society of Friends, Enoch L. Hannum of Fallowfield Monthly Meeting, to Alice Michener of New Garden Monthly Meeting, both of Chester Co., Pa.

Died, at her son's-in law Ezra Smedley, on the morning of 5th of Second month, 1868, Mary Pratt, widow of Joseph H. Pratt in the seventy-sixth year of her age; a member of Bradford Monthly Meeting of Friends. We believe she died the death of the righteous, and as a shock of corn fully ripe has been gathered into the heavenly garner.

——, on the 20th inst. at Waterford, Louden County, Va., Elizabeth Williams, daughter of Wm. and Mary E. Williams, in the 22d year of her age, after a protracted illness.

——, on the evening of Second month 21st, 1868, Sarah Parker, widow of Benjamin Parker, in her 87th year; a member of Kennett Monthly Meeting of Friends.

——, First month 25th, Francis P. Smith, a member of Octoraro and an Elder of Nottingham Monthly Meeting, in the 77th year of his age. For some months his health gradually declined, notwithstanding which, he diligently attended all his religious meetings as they came in course, (when able to do so,) especially his own meeting, which was composed of but few members, but in which he ever felt a deep interest. In the social circle he was courteous and instructive, and enjoyed the society of his friends in an eminent degree.

About a week before his decease he was taken seriously ill, and expressed his conviction that his sojourn here was about to close. To his beloved children who were gathered around him, he remarked that his chief concern for them was, that

they might all meet him in heaven. A short time before his close he again remarked, "I am going home to your dear mother and sister and I want you all to meet us there." . . . Thus pass away, one by one, the Fathers in our Israel, may we not hope that their mantles may rest on their children, and a succession of standard-bearers be continued to our beloved Society. L. K. B.

——, Second month 20th, in Baltimore, after a lingering illness, JULIANNA M., widow of Isaac Knight, in her 74th year.

——, Second month 28th, in Philadelphia, ELIZA R., wife of Thomas Allen Chandler, aged 29 years.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

Third month 10th. Lecture by CYRUS CHAMBERS, on the steam-engine, boiler explosions, &c.

FRIENDS' LIBRARY, PHILADELPHIA.

The Committee of Management meet on Fourth-day evening, Third month 11th, at 8 o'clock.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

(From the N. Y. Evening Post.)

OUR REVISED INDIAN POLICY.

Among the many vital measures which it seems absolutely necessary for this Congress to settle upon, the Indian question is not among the least essential. Our old policy has brought upon us, by its own inevitable tendencies, a most disreputable Indian war, in which we have expended from fifty to one hundred millions of dollars and lost many valuable lives, without any result except to throw us back where we were, with no prospect but a certainty of a repetition of the same sort of calamities and disgraces which the same policy has always produced. We cannot afford a continuance of such a costly system, and we ought not to endure such a well-deserved reproach. Honest policy, governed by common sense, could not fail to guide our statesmen to wiser methods of treatment of the Indians still remaining on our frontiers.

In the year 1820 President Monroe appointed Dr. Jedediah Morse, the well-known geographer and philanthropist, then about sixty years of age, an agent of the government to visit all the Indian tribes in the neighborhood of white settlements, to ascertain their condition, and report plans for the promotion of their welfare. The report of his agency was published in 1822, in a volume of five hundred pages. His journey, which seemed a hard one for that day and for a man of his years and infirmities, extended only to Green Bay, then in the Northwest territory and without white inhabitants, except the government agents. He also visited Canada, in the hope of securing the co-operation of the British authorities. About the Indians beyond this limit he compiled what information could be gathered from books and official documents, aided by an extensive correspondence.

He estimated the whole number of Indians then in the country at four hundred and seventy-one thousand, of whom three hundred thousand were east of the Rocky Mountains. The present number east of these mountains is estimated at less than one hundred and fifty thousand. The southern Indians then living east of the Mississippi were estimated in Dr. Morse's diary at sixty-five thousand. They were removed to the Indian territory lying west of the state of Arkansas, and are now estimated at about forty-five thousand, mostly in an impoverished condition and still wasting away, notwithstanding a considerable intermingling of the white and African races.

The plan recommended by Dr. Morse, for the management of the Indians, was for the several tribes owning reservations to exchange these for a just equivalent in land and other benefits, all in one compact territory, where they should betake themselves to agriculture and other useful arts, and be aided both by the liberality of Congress and the labors of benevolent societies and persons, in establishing schools and other means of improvement, under a common government of their own, until they were sufficiently advanced to be admissible as a state of the Union.

With the advance in political science and the increased experience of the Indian character, all can now see what a visionary and unphilosophical scheme it was. A partial experiment was made under General Jackson's administration, to carry out such a plan, in the case of the southern tribes, who were removed, at great expense and with immense suffering, to a common territory, lying west of the state of Arkansas. But in thirty-five years there has been no approximation to a union of the tribes under a common government of the territory. The several tribes are in no respect better prepared for the enjoyment of citizenship, while their numbers are steadily diminishing, and they are sinking into poverty and anarchy.

The other system, of leaving the several tribes in the occupancy of reserved lands, continues to result, as it has resulted from the beginning of white settlements, in the constant deterioration of the people, and at length in their utter extinction. Dr. Morse found seventeen thousand Indians in Indiana and Illinois, and twenty-eight thousand in Michigan and the Northwestern territory. Where are they? The commisioners of 1867 reckon four thousand in Kansas, and about the same number in Nebraska within the range of white settlements, but Dr. Morse estimated the Indians between the Missouri and the Mississippi at thirty-three thousand. Now the whole Indian population north of Kansas

and Missouri is less than fifty thousand, most of whom have not begun to be civilized so far as to build houses and wear shaped garments.

Dr. Morse speaks incidentally of some efforts of the Society of Friends in a totally different direction. Their plan was to disperse the Indians among the white population, instead of crowding them together by themselves. There they were to become farmers or mechanics, or laborers, to be treated like men, as neighbors, with respect and kindness, or, as soon as practicable, admitted to citizenship. The Doctor says: "This plan will involve but little expense, and, if it succeeds, will be a speedy method of merging the Indians with the white population—the result which we all wish to reach."

After the full trial of every other policy, it only remains that we try at last the policy of those sensible and practical Quakers whose efforts in Dr. Morse's day only failed because they were overborne by the less rational policy of the government. By the abolition of slavery, the public mind of the nation is opened to the reception of more just principles in regard to the treatment of subject and unintelligent races not of Caucasian stocks. Both statesmen and philanthropists begin to comprehend the idea, that if we wish to make them men, we must treat them like men.

The greatest difficulty in the way of the settlement of our Indian difficulties is in our continued, though variable and evasive, recognition of the tribal state among them, as an *imperium in imperio*, with a certain undefined authority, which has the evil of an autocratic government, without the power of securing justice to or from either party. The just thing for Congress to do is to extend the laws of the nation alike over all the inhabitants of the country, as individuals. This would abolish the tribal pretentions as governments or treaty-making powers, though the tribes might be temporarily allowed a qualified existence in the nature partly of municipal corporations, and partly of incorporated business companies, for the purpose of final adjustment of interests.

Provision should then be made to wind up their corporate relations, by an equitable distribution of assets of every kind among the individuals of the several tribes. Their conditions are so different that but few general rules of distribution could be enacted. The results for good or evil would mainly depend upon the justice and humanity of the persons who superintend the new arrangement.

The most liberal provision should be made for the discharge of all obligations, pecuniary or honorary, paternal or by compact, of the government to the Indians, so as to leave no ground of complaint, and no scope for future claims. The commissioners would need the fullest powers for the final determination of all questions arising out of this great change in the condition of the people. Having made all right, as far as human wisdom and faithfulness can go, every individual Indian should then be left to take care of himself, under the equal protection of the laws, and with such advice and instruction as religion and philanthropy can furnish. His tribe will have ceased to exist. He will have become a citizen of the United States. He is no longer an Indian, but an American, owing obedience only to the laws of the country. He should be allowed, on proper and equal terms, to acquire the right to vote—perhaps on his personal application, accompanied by the evidence that he has a house to live in, and is no longer a homeless nomad, but a resident citizen, with a place that he calls home.

Some of them would surely waste their property, just as some whites do. Some would refuse to work for a living, and so bring themselves under the universal law established in nature and recognized by Christianity, that "if any man will not work, neither should he eat." Many would perish, as they have done and are doing under all possible policies. Those who are worthy will live, as other good citizens live, and die when their time comes, like the rest of us. The names of tribes and the peculiarities of nationalities would disappear, as in the case of the countless tribes and races of Europe from whom we are descended, most of which are not even named in authentic history, and are forgotten time out of mind. And then we should no longer need an Indian policy.

A STEAM MAN.

The old adage which proclaims that "there's nothing new under the sun," has been daringly and yet successfully refuted. Zadock Deddrick, a Newark machinist, has invented a man; one that, moved by steam, will perform some of the most important functions of humanity; that will, standing upright, walk or run, as he is bid, in any direction, and at almost any rate of speed, drawing after him a load, whose weight would tax the strength of three stout draught horses. The history of this curious invention is as follows:

Six years ago Deddrick, the inventor, who is at present but twenty-two years of age, conceived the novel idea of constructing a man that should receive its vitality from a perpetual motion machine. The idea was based on the well-known mechanical principle, that if a heavy weight be placed at the top of an upright, slightly inclined, from a vertical, gravitation will tend to produce a horizontal as well as a vertical motion.

The project was not successful. However, by observing carefully the cause of the failure, preserving and perfecting the man-form, and by substituting steam in place of the perpetual motion machine, the present success was attained.

The man stands seven feet nine inches high, the other dimensions of the body being correctly proportioned, making him a second Daniel Lambert, by which name he is facetiously spoken of among the workmen. He weighs five hundred pounds. Steam is generated in the body or trunk, which is nothing but a three-horse power engine, like those used in our steam fire-engines. The legs which support it, are complicated and wonderful. The steps are taken very naturally, and quite easily. As the body is thrown forward, upon the advanced foot, the other is lifted from the ground by a spring, and thrown forward by the steam. Each step, or pace, advances the body two feet, and every revolution of the engine produces four paces. As the engine is capable of making more than a thousand revolutions a minute, it would get over the ground, on this calculation, at the rate of a little more than a mile a minute. As this would be working the legs faster than would be safe on uneven ground, or on Broad street cobble stones, it is proposed to run the engine at the rate of five hundred revolutions per minute, which would walk the man at the modest speed of half a mile a minute.

The fellow is attached to a common Rockaway carriage, the shafts of which serve to support him in a vertical position. These shafts are two bars of iron, which are made fast, in the usual manner, to the front axle of the carriage, and are curved, so as to be joined to a circular sustaining bar, which passes around the waist like a girth, and in which the man moves, so as to face in any direction. Besides these motions, machinery has been arranged by which the figure can be thrown backward or forward from a vertical nearly forty-five degrees. This is done in order to enable it to ascend or descend all grades. To the soles of the feet spikes or corks are fixed, which effectually prevent slipping. The whole affair is so firmly sustained by the shafts, and has so excellent a foothold, that two men are unable to push it over, or in any way throw it down. In order to enable it to stop quickly, it is provided with two appliances, one of which will, as before stated, throw it backward from the vertical, while the other bends the knees in a direction opposite to the natural position.

An upright post, which is arranged in front of the dash-board, and within easy reach of the front seats, sustains two miniature pilot wheels, by the turning of which these various motions and evolutions are directed. It is expected that a sufficiently large amount of coal can be stowed away under the back seat of the carriage, to work the engine for a day, and enough water in a tank under the front seat, to last half a day.

In order to prevent "the giant" from frightening horses by its wonderful appearance, Deddrick intends to clothe it, and give it, as nearly as possible, a likeness to the rest of humanity. The boiler, and such parts as are necessarily heated, will be encased in felt or woollen under garments. Pants, coat, and vest, of the latest styles are provided. Whenever the fires need coaling, which is every two or three hours, the driver stops the machine, descends from his seat, unbuttons "Daniel's" vest, opens a door, shovels in the fuel, buttons up the vest, and drives on. On the back, between the shoulders, the steam cocks and gauges are placed. As these would cause the coat to sit awkwardly, a knapsack has been provided, that completely covers them. A blanket, neatly rolled up and placed on top of the knapsack, perfects the delusion. The face is moulded into a cheerful countenance of white enamel, which contrasts well with the dark hair and moustache. A sheet-iron hat, with a guage top, acts as a smoke-stack.

The cost of this "first man" is $2000, though the makers, Messrs. Deddrick & Grass, expect to manufacture succeeding ones, warranted to run a year without repairs, for $300. The same parties expect to construct, on the same principle, horses, which will do the duty of ten or twelve ordinary animals of the same species. These, it is confidently believed, can be used alike before carriages, street cars and ploughs. The man now constructed, can make his way, without difficulty, over any irregular surface, whose ruts and stones are not more than nine inches below or above the level of the road.—*Late Paper.*

[Correspondence of the London Times.]

VESUVIUS.

Graphic account of the Great Landslip near Naples—Shops and Dwelling Houses overwhelmed—An American Gentleman among the Sufferers.

NAPLES, Wednesday, Jan. 22.—Vesuvius, which has puzzled every one by its caprices, is now again active and glorious. When I last spoke of the mountain it was reposing, and the eruption was supposed by many to be on the decline, but on the 23d inst. the instruments were much agitated, the lava began to pour forth, and two shocks of earthquake were felt even in Naples. For two or three days the old road to the Observatory has been the most favorable one, as the lava

has been pouring down over the cone in that direction in three or four separate streams, wearing the appearance of as many gigantic fingers forever elongating. It is calculated that the lava is ejected to the height of 1,100 metres above the level of the sea, so that you may easily conceive how magnificent is the spectacle. For two days the mountain has been covered with snow, even to the lip of the crater, thus presenting that remarkable association of fire and frost which astonished us some weeks since. Last night the eruption was singularly grand, and as the lava descended also toward the Piano delle Ginestre it seemed as if the entire cone was covered by streams of fire.

A sad disaster has befallen one of the most beautiful quarters of this city. Last night, about 6.45 o'clock, there was a land-slip of that huge tufa mountain which towers up above the corner of Santa Lucia, leading round to the Chiatomone, overwhelming the shops and dwelling-houses which lay below. The report in the city early this morning was that 55 bodies had been already disinterred; but as little trust is to be placed in statements in moments of excitement, I procured the escort of a Guard of Public Security, and was admitted to the scene of the disaster. Many who read this will remember how long they have lingered at several coral and print shops just at the turn of Santa Lucia; less agreeable reminiscences they will have of one or two wine-shops and *trattorie* frequented by the people. Well, all are overwhelmed, and how many unhappy beings lie buried beneath is up to the present time unknown. In some respects I was reminded of the appearance of Torre del Greco during the earthquake of 1861—there were long beams and rafters standing perpendicularly out of the rubbish, chairs, tables, beds, and other articles of household furniture were mingled with the ruins; sections of houses which clung to and climbed up the cliff were apparent, with private cupboards full of bottles, but the inhabitants and facades, indeed the greater portion of the houses, lay imbedded beneath the mass of tufa which lay piled high beneath, obstructing all communication between the city and the Riviera di Chiaga in this direction.

It was most painful to think of the amount of suffering that lay buried there without the possibility of relief, for the work of excavation was pronounced to be dangerous. How high the mountain stands which dominates Santa Lucia I cannot precisely say—certainly many hundred feet, and, composed as it is of very friable materials, there was full expectation that even larger masses would fall. On the very summit, and at the extreme edge, there are barracks; the stone facing of the mountain had given way, and the apparent probability was that the tufa might yield, and this vast pile of building topple over. The work of excavation, therefore, was full of danger, not merely to those engaged in it, but to the crowd who stood around. Even as I looked masses of rock and building fell, and here and there long lines of sand, as it were of smoke, came trickling down. There were very few persons employed, therefore, in excavating; all that could be done was to preserve order, and keep off the hosts of street Arabs, who every now and then tried to break through the cordon of soldiers.

A commission of engineers and architects was appointed to examine the mountain and report whether it would be safe to remove the ruins at the base. It was a work of great danger, for they had to scramble over the wrecks of the demolished houses, at the risk of being swallowed up by another landfall. At length it was decided that nothing could be done until the mountain had been propped, and how this can be done appears to me to be a most puzzling affair. Some thought that the best thing would be to explode that part of the mountain with a mine, but this would have endangered much property near at hand. At present, therefore, we are quite in the dark as to the extent of the disaster, and if any unfortunate persons are buried they must remain victims. The houses destroyed are a lodging-house much frequented by foreigners; two, if not three, coral shops, a shop where engravings were sold, a *cafe* partially so, a wine-shop much frequented, and one or two small eating-houses. I believe that most in the lodging-houses escaped; they had timely warning in certain noises made by the breaking away of the cliff. A family who were in an upper room were unable to escape, but through the bravery of a Captain of the Bersaglieri were got down by ropes and ladders. An American gentleman who was lodging there was severely wounded, and was sent off to the Pellegrini. I have just visited him, as the poor fellow knew only two persons in Naples, and he tells me he was lying on his bed when the roof fell in and a rafter came down on his body. It broke the bones of the pelvis, and he has, moreover, a wound in the head. It is hoped that those who were in the *cafe* had time to escape, as the door is partially open; as to those in the coral shops, the wine-shops and the *trattorie*, they must inevitably be lost, and it is feared there were many there.

It being a cold night, the sentinel at the entrance to the Castle d'Nuovo had retired within his box, and was thus saved from any injury. He reports that at the time the

mountain fell a carriage was passing, and others add an omnibus; if so, they must be overwhelmed. Of course there is great excitement in the city, and the disaster is the sole topic of conversation. His Royal Highness, the Duke d'Aosta, who had been up Vesuvius, on his return in the evening, went down to Santa Lucia, and remained till a late hour. This morning I saw him there again, and by his orders, on the report of the Commission of Engineers, the works were immediately suspended. There were present also the Regio Delegato, the Quester, and all the civic and military authorities, while the troops kept the ground, together with the police, and, in fact, were prepared to do all the work, but it was too perilous to proceed with. Two bodies of workmen have already been disinterred, and two or three wounded have been taken off to the hospitals; but I fear that a great loss of life has yet to be revealed.

As to the cause of this terrible affair, there can, I think, be little doubt that the principal one is the long-continued activity of Vesuvius. For two months and more we have been rocking in our beds; the seismometer has accurately marked all the oscillations. In a former letter I spoke of a scientific friend who for several days marked these oscillations by observing the motion of a piece of iron suspended from his shutters. Well, these frequent vibrations must of necessity have produced some effect on this great tufa mountain, and for several days the inhabitants of the ruined houses, and a gentleman in the Hotel Crocelle observed indications of movement. It is only fair to say, however, that the Crocelle is out of the line of danger, but no doubt the signs observed were occasioned by the vibrations of the adjoining tufa. It is to be noted, too, that in Santa Lucia there are hot springs of sulphur and iron which attract thousands of invalids during the summer, and these indicate a connection between this part of the city and Vesuvius. From what I hear, the proprietors of the ruined houses suspected danger, and meditated some precautions, but they could not decide upon any combined plan. Vesuvius still maintains its activity, and last night was very splendid.

[From the Atlantic Monthly, for March.]

ROCKWEEDS.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

So bleak these shores, wind-swept, and all the year
Washed by the wild Atlantic's restless tide,
You would not dream that flowers the woods hold dear
Amid such desolation dare abide.

Yet when the bitter winter breaks, some day,
With soft winds fluttering her garments' hem,
Up from the sweet South comes the lingering May,
Sets the first wind-flower trembling on its stem;
Scatters the violets with lavish hands,
White, blue and amber; calls the columbine
Till, like clear flame in lonely nooks, gay bands
Swinging their scarlet bells obey the sign;

Makes buttercups and dandelions blaze,
And throws in glimmering patches here and there
The little eyebright's pearls, and gently lays
The impress of her beauty everywhere.

Later, June bids the sweet wild-rose to blow,
Wakes from its dream the drowsy pimpernel;
Unfolds the bindweed's ivory buds, that glow
As delicately blushing as a shell.

Then purple Iris smiles, and hour by hour
The fair procession multiplies; and soon
In clusters creamy white, the elder-flower
Waves its broad disk against the rising moon.

O'er quiet beaches shelving to the sea
Tall mulleins sway, and thistles; all day long
Comes in the wooing water dreamily,
With subtle music in its slumbrous song.

Herb Robert bears, and Princess-feather bright,
While goldthread clasps the little scull-cap blue;
And troops of swallows, gathering for their flight,
O'er golden-rod and asters hold review.

The barren island dreams in flowers, while blow
The south winds, drawing haze o'er sea and land;
Yet the great heart of ocean, throbbing slow,
Makes the frail blossoms vibrate where they stand,

And hints of heavier pulses soon to shake
Its mighty breast when summer is no more,
When devastating waves sweep on and break,
And clasp with girdle white the iron shore.

Close-folded, safe within the sheltering seed,
Blossom and bell and leafy beauty hide;
Nor icy blast nor bitter spray they heed,
But patiently their wondrous change abide.

The heart of God through his creation stirs;
We thrill to feel it, trembling as the flowers
That die to live again,—his messengers
To keep faith firm in these sad souls of ours.

The waves of Time may devastate our lives,
The frosts of age may check our failing breath,
They shall not touch the spirit that survives
Triumphant, over doubt and pain and death.

FAINT NOT.

BY IRREY PRESSIBEL.

Dark now, and rough and cold thy path may be,
And sad the past thy weary feet have trod;
But, child, it is the way that leadeth thee,
Straight up to joy, and rest, and peace, and God.

And say not in thine heart, Yes, there will be
Rest—rest enough, when death shall end this strife;
But ah! till then—hush, God can give to thee
Richly, above thy thought here in this life.

Work, then, and wait and hope; but sit not down
Idly upon the ground to weep and fret;
Good deeds, like precious seeds, must needs be sown;
Faint not, a joyous harvest waits thee yet.

WOMEN AS PHYSICIANS.

It is only a few years since women have begun to look to the practice of medicine as a profession; but there are already considerable numbers of educated capable female physi-

cians. It is believed that there are now more than three hundred female physicians in this country, and there is reason to believe that in time a considerable proportion of the physicians in this country will be women. It is difficult to ascertain how many regularly educated female physicians there are in New York, as many women have taken up the profession without having had a regular medical education.

Opposition has been made, both in this country and in England, to women practising or studying medicine. When Miss Nightingale undertook to prepare herself for the education of nurses, there was no institution in England suited for her wants, and she had to go to Germany to study. In 1856, Miss Meriton White applied at fourteen of the London medical institutions for admittance to the benefits of their instruction, but her request was refused by every one of them, though several were legally bound by their charters to receive her. Miss Garret, another English lady, obtained admittance to the Apothecaries' Hall by legal compulsion, having influence and means sufficient to secure her rights, but was forced to pay ten times the ordinary fees in order to pass thrcugh the course of study.

A number of institutions for the education of nurses have been established in England, one of the largest of which is in Liverpool; it contains sixty women. No objection has ever been made to women becoming nurses, and it would seem that they should be equally fit to become physicians. In medicine, as in nearly every other profession, women have had to contend against many obstacles, yet are succeeding in spite of them. Their means of education have been inferior to those afforded to men, and have been made still worse by poor accommodations, inefficient instructors, and limited facilities for dissection. Another great impediment in their way is the want of opportunities for associating with other students and discussing difficult points in their studies, which men can always enjoy.

Women, having a personal knowledge of their own organization, and thoroughly understanding its working and disorders, ought, if thoroughly educated, to be even better fitted to prescribe for and cure diseases peculiar to their sex, than men, who must gather all their evidence from hearsay, or from external symptoms.

It is sometimes urged as an argument against women becoming physicians, that they have not enough nerve, and would fail in performing dissections and surgical operations, or in treating serious cases. But it is probable that women well trained have as much nerve as men. The female nurses in the English hospitals assist during surgical treatment as efficiently as men, and women in this country have performed operations of the severest kind with perfect success During a very moving demonstration by Dr. Wood at Bellevue Hospital, at which thirty-five women and over eighty young men were present, nearly a dozen of the latter had to leave the room, but not one of the former gave way. Every person who has had any medical experience can recall cases where women in the sick room have shown remarkable ability and coolness. In England, Miss White, afterwards an admirable physician, first attracted attention by her skill in setting a broken limb, and was advised by her family doctor to study medicine.

Medicine is perhaps the only profession in which women have assumed a perfect equality with men. Their charges are the same, and they have in general demanded all the privileges and rights of male practitioners.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

SCIENCE IN THE SCHOOLS.

The Paris Exhibition has been productive of at least one good result in England, by calling attention to the want of technical education in that country. The people of Manchester are fully alive to the importance of improvement in the scientific part of education, and at a public meeting they unanimously adopted a comprehensive resolution, which urges the British Government to take measures to provide for the establishment of technical or high science schools in the great centres of industry, to get science teaching introduced into all free grammar and endowed schools, and to multiply and improve the character of science classes in connection with literary institutions. In the session of 1866-67, between eighty and ninety thousand persons received instruction in geometry and surveying in France, as against eleven or twelve thousand in the United Kingdom, who were instructed in all scientific subjects in connection with South Kensington. In Germany and Switzerland there are six large institutions in which three thousand people are educated, besides the occasional scholars, who are extremely numerous. Then there are the middle or secondary schools, which, in Switzerland alone, are attended by from thirty to forty thousand boys. This is distinct from classical education, which, in the same schools, is provided for twenty or thirty thousand additional youths. Such is the thirst for knowledge, that in the small town of Winterthur, in the canton of Zurich, the inhabitants—some six or seven thousand in number—voted in public assembly the sum of nearly two hundred and fifty

thousand dollars for the support and extension of their schools. This system of special education, as shown by Mr. Samuelson, is conducted on the most admirable principles. After going through a course of pure mathematics the pupils were divided into four seccions—architecture, civil engineering, methanical construction and chemical technology. No arbitrary rule was drawn between these divisions, for when proficiency in one science required a knowledge of another, both were taught. There are many night schools, both in France and Germany, in which adults are taught scientific as well as elementary knowledge.

Here, in the United States, education, in practical and applied science, is becoming confessedly a question of pressing importance, and hence we are called upon to watch intently the wants and progress of other nations, with the view of applying the information thus gained to our own benefit.—*Phila. Ledger.*

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received, since last report,

From City contributions,		$ 10.00
"	Mary D. Brown,	100.00
"	Job Zeshop, Camden, N. J.	1.00
"	Friends of Concord	10.00
"	Rachel Haines, Fallston, Md.	25.00
"	Friends of Fishing Creek	30.00
"	Friends of Upper Greenwich, N. J.	2.00
		$178.00

Also, donations of 1000 papers of seed, C. M. Rodgers; books from Sowers and Barnet; one box clothing, Kennet Aid Society; clothing from Bybery and Horsham; muslin and trimmings from Mary Beans, Spencer Roberts, W. C Biddle and H. C. Longstreth.

HENRY M. LAING, Treasurer,
PHILADA., 2d mo. 29th. 30 N. Third St.

ITEMS.

Efforts have been made to promote the higher education of women, by the establishment at Cambridge University of examinations for girls, certificates being awarded to all who pass satisfactorily. The plan has now been long enough in operation to furnish some aid in estimating the ability of women to master the studies hitherto usually reserved to boys. The examinations are conducted in London; and besides furnishing girls with an excellent means of testing their own capacity, they are gradually creating a standard to which women seeking employment as governesses or teachers will have to come up, as the candidates furnished with certificates naturally secure a preference. The examiners report that they discover little difference in capacity between sisters and brothers examined on the same papers—the advantage, if any, being on the side of the sisters.

The experiment commenced in England three years go by the owners of one of the largest collieries, of converting their concern into a joint stock establishment, giving shares to the workmen, and dividing amongst them all profits over ten per cent., has proved a splendid success, the aggregate profits last year having been twelve per cent., and that order, industry and content have succeeded strikes, bitterness and contention. A similar result has attended a similar experiment made in a large woollen manufactory, beginning about the same time, and now paying dividends of 20 per cent.

For several weeks past, there has been in the rotunda of the Merchants' Exchange in this city, a novel and ingenious clock, driven by electricity, the running gear of which is of the simplest description. The mechanism that moves the hands consists simply of two cog-wheels and a ratchet-wheel. This is the whole of it. The driving power is supplied by a weak galvanic battery, the currents from which, transmitted through two coils of wire, act upon steel bar magnets set within the pendulum balls. The mode of operation is as follows: The wires from the positive and negative poles of the battery lead to, or rather are continued, in the two coils just mentioned, which are called galvanometers, and whenever the circuit is complete, one of these coils is "positively" charged, and the other is "negatively" charged. One of these coils is on the right hand side of the clock case, and the other on the left side both so situated near the bottom of the case that the ball of the pendulum swings into an open space in the centre of either coil. When the pendulum ball reaches the "positive" coil, it becomes "positively" charged, and is instantly *repelled*, according to the well known law of electricity, that any two substances similarly electrified repel each other; and then swinging over to the "negative" coil it there becomes "negatively" charged, and is repelled from that side over to the positive coil again; and thus it is driven from side to side forever, as long as the current of electricity is kept up by the battery. The alternate positive and negative charges are made and broken by a simple slide bar moved by a wire pin on the pendulum rod. The clock requires no winding, all the parts being moved automically, and no attention after it is once set and regulated, except to place a spoonful of acid in the battery about twice a year. Clocks made upon the same principle by the inventor of this one have been running for several years, and have been left without attention, and without stopping, in a house closed up from November until July. The one at the exchange has been there about three weeks, and keeps as correct time as the best watches.

It will be seen that as the currents of electricity supplied by the battery furnish all the motive power, the clock will "go" as long as these currents are kept up. This fact makes the battery an object of interest. It is composed of a glass jar having a capacity of about one quart. This is nearly filled with a weak solution of sulphuric acid, made up of twelve parts of water to one of acid; and in the solution are placed a bar of rolled zinc, having about thirty square inches of surface exposed to the acid, and a thin strip of platinum, having about fifteen square inches of surface. The lower end of the zinc bar, which is a little longer than the platinum, is immersed in a glass cup containing quicksilver in the bottom of the jar. The quicksilver continually rises from the cup and spreads over the face of the zinc bar, forming an amalgam, and by thus overcoming the deteriorating effects of oxidation, keeps the bar clean and active all the time; and thus the power of the battery is continuously kept up.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH, 14, 1868. No. 2.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, four copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.
REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.
The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.
AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*
Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF JOB SCOTT.

"The Lord of hosts is about to extend and exalt the testimony of truth on earth; and he will exalt it more and more; although many among Friends have opposed its uniform arising in this land." . . . .

"The truth shall gain the victory. It has gained a victory in times past; but the victory which it shall gain, shall be greater than the victory which it hath already gained." Journal, vol. i. page 131.

Again he saith, commencing on page 448:

"I believe the Society of Friends have not lived strictly and steadfastly in the root and substance of the principle they profess, which is the very power of God unto salvation. They have too generally given way, and not held up the testimony and standard to the nations, as they were eminently called upon to do; but have settled too much into formality in their discipline, life, practice, and worship. It is true they have not gone back to the 'beggarly elements' which others retain. A true living gospel ministry has, in divers places, been preserved among them; and if they attend closely to that which first separated them from the world, and which is still operating powerfully for their revival and restoration, no people will ever take the crown from them."

"But, though 'blindness has happened to our Israel in part,' nevertheless God has not yet rejected us. Many are still alive in the power and dominion of our first principle, which is the everlasting principle and support of all that is truly religious in every society. The Lord has good still in store for us, if we will embrace it. His designs and operations are towards and upon us for good, and for a gracious revival, if we defeat it not; for he will assuredly make us shine in pure primitive lustre and simplicity, if we attend diligently to his holy commands; we shall become as a city set on the hill of Zion, which cannot be hid, and God will induce thousands and tens of thousands to flock to us, from among the nations, who are growing weary of the lifeless forms, and lo heres and lo theres; and they will yet grow more and more weary of them."

"Under these considerations I do most fervently desire we may be a faithful, living, spiritual people; firmly believing, if we are sufficiently so, we shall, above all the families of the earth, show forth God's praise; many thousands will flow unto Zion, there they will behold Jerusalem a quiet habitation; be blest with the dew of Hermon, and rejoice in the dew that descends upon the mountains of Zion, where the Lord commands the blessing, even life for evermore; whilst the mere self-active, formal hirelings, remaining in their self-active state, will not ascend far into the mountain of myrrh and hill of frankincense, but continue to wither and die. But, O my

friends! if we fall short, if we give way to that flatness and lethargy which has too mournfully overspread some among us, we shall be judged and condemned above all others; and God will raise up a people that shall shine as the stars of heaven, and lift up the standard of truth to the nations. Think not he will never reject us as a people, for though he assuredly will not, unless we first forsake him, yet if we will, and do apostatize from him, he can and will as surely reject us as he did the Jews, and those several denominations of professing Christians, who departed from the life, one after another, previously to our forefathers being gathered into the life, a faithful lively people. . . . . Consider deeply how lamentably it has been the case with some of us; and know assuredly, that if we keep not in the divine life we shall be rejected as well as others."

"However, if I am given to discern the signs of the times, a revival will take place among us; but it will be only through faithfulness, and deep dwelling, being baptized into death, and arising in the newness of life with Christ. It will not be through a great increase of rules of discipline; many have been zealous therein, and centered too much in the letter that kills." "The Scriptures are good, very good; discipline, good rules, and good order, all very necessary; but still it is the spirit that quickens and giveth life; and every departure from a right dependence on it, every zealous movement in support of truth's testimony, independent of its necessary aid, tends to introduce death, and set man on the throne, instead of him who is God over all forever."

Such, with much more that might be adduced, are the words of one who has ever been regarded as a distinguished standard-bearer of the peculiar and righteous testimonies held by the Society of Friends: "He being dead yet speaketh."

Cantonsville, 1st mo., 1868. F. L.

TRUE COURTESY.

Real courtesy is widely different from the courtesy which blooms only on the sunshine of love and the smile of beauty, and withers and cools down in the atmosphere of poverty, age and toil. Show me the man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the kindly voice of age; who can hold cheerful converse with one whom years has deprived of charms. Show me the man of generous impulses, who is always ready to help the poor and needy; show me the man who treats unprotected maidenhood as he would the heiress, surrounded by the protection of rank, riches and family. Show me the man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy, the respect that is due to woman as a woman, in any condition or class, show me such a man, and you show me a gentleman—nay, you show me better, you show me a true Christian.

ESSAY ON THE SUBJECT OF MUSIC.

Addressed to members of the Religious Society of Friends.

(Continued from page 5.)

"John Gough, in his interesting 'History of the people called Quakers,' published more than sixty years ago, has inserted a short but excellent treatise on the discipline of Friends. In the fifth section of that treatise, under the head of 'Sports and Diversions,' we find the following paragraph: 'A people honestly directing their researches after pure religion, and the first principles of Christianity, could not be long in discerning the inconsistency of vain sports and diversions, such as theatrical exhibitions, horse racing, dancing, musical entertainments, cards, dice, and other species of gaming, with the precepts and spirit of the Gospel, to which they are diametrically opposite in their root and origin, nature and tendency, being not the genuine growth of Christianity, but a branch of the corrupt root of Gentileism, adopted by professed Christians to their hurt.'

"William Penn, writing on the subject of vain amusements, says: 'Plays, parks, balls, treats, romances, music, &c., will be a very invalid plea for any other purpose than their condemnation, who are taken and delighted with them; at the revelation of the righteous judgment of God. O my friends, these were never invented but by that mind which had first lost the joy and ravishing delights of God's holy presence.—*No Cross, No Crown*, ch. xv. p. 1, s. 7.

"In order to show how the Society viewed this subject both in Great Britain and in this country, more than one hundred and thirty years since, we will quote the discipline adopted by the Yearly Meeting in 1716. It is as follows: 'Advised that a watchful care be taken to prevent Friends' children and all professing truth, from going to, or being in any way concerned in, stage plays, lotteries, music and dancing; and that such also be dealt with as run races on horseback or on foot, lay wagers, or use any kind of gaming or vain sports or pastimes; for our time passeth swiftly away, and our pleasure and delight ought to be in the law of the Lord. And Friends are advised against attending such places of diversion, and against falling into any of these practices; and if any who are concerned or indulge themselves in any of these evils cannot be brought to a due sense of their misconduct herein, Monthly Meetings, after a time of waiting and kind treatment, in the spirit of restoring love, should testify

their disunion with them.' (And our present discipline is essentially the same as the foregoing.)

"Instances, both ancient and modern, might be greatly multiplied to show that the Society and its most faithful members have uniformly borne a testimony against the use of music, as wholly opposed to unchangeable principles of our profession; but we shall only adduce one more, and that because it carries with it the authority of a Yearly Meeting in its collective capacity. It is contained in the extracts from the minutes of Baltimore Yearly Meeting for 1850.

"'The ancient testimony of our religious Society in relation to music, was feelingly revived in this meeting. This testimony, as well as others which have distinguished us as a people, had its origin in a very early period of its history. Like them, it was the fruit, not of speculation or fallacious human reasonings, but of a clear manifestation of the Lord's will—the indubitable impress of the Divine mind on the understandings of our devoted and faithful predecessors. They saw, as we now see, that the fascinating excitement of music has a direct tendency to draw away our attention from the holy in-speaking language of Divine Wisdom to the soul, to drown the gentle voice of truth, which in unutterable mercy is afforded for our direction and safety through the trials and temptations of this probationary state. Looking to the holy head and pattern of the Christian church, and to his earlier followers, we find no precept or example to sanction that waste of time and dissipation of mind which attend the use of music and other vain amusements.

"'It has been feelingly remarked in this meeting, that before the divine Master would exercise his power to raise from the dead the Ruler's daughter, he first caused "the minstrels and the people making a noise" to be removed out of the way: and the Lord's children know that it is in the absence of these things and other animal excitements, that the power which raises and gives life to the soul, is to be sought and experienced.

"'The testimony of our Society on this subject was first raised when the sun of the gospel day shone upon it in meridian brightness; when what are now by some called "little things" were seen in that light to be greatly destructive of true peace and enjoyment. Experience abundantly confirms their views.

"'The watchmen on our walls have remarked, that children who have been indulged in music generally manifest, when they grow up, opposition to others of our testimonies, and that there appears no way more direct to lead them out of the Society than such indulgence.'

"Some have supposed that Christ sanctioned music by his presence at the celebration of the Passover, on the night before he was betrayed. The Evangelist, in relating the occurrences of the evening, says: 'And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives.' Matt. xxiv. 30. This hymn, as Craydock informs us, was called 'the hallel.' It was a part of the ceremonies of the paschal feast, and always sung at its close. Our Lord's mission was to 'the lost sheep of the house of Israel,' at a time when the ceremonial laws were yet in force. He submitted to them all, saying, 'Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness.' Now, if the presence of Christ, at the singing of that hymn, sanctioned the use of music under the gospel dispensation, either in places of public worship, in the ball-room, or in private families, then it also authorizes Christians to slay the paschal lamb, to eat it with unleavened bread and bitter herbs, and, in short, to institute again the Jewish Passover, with all its rites and ceremonies. The argument, if it proves anything, proves too much, and so falls to the ground.

"That music is in its nature sensual needs no demonstration, for where the sense of hearing is wanting there can be no music. Its pleasures are the pleasures of sense, and only differ from the pleasures of eating and drinking as one sense or one set of nerves differs from another. Now it is one of the laws of our being in relation to the pleasures of sense, that they are of short duration, and leave nothing behind them to enrich the intellectual or feed the immortal nature. The delights of music claim no exception to this rule; it leaves the soul as poor as any other sensual enjoyment."

"Happiness," says Paley, "does not consist in the pleasures of sense, in whatever profusion or variety they may be enjoyed. . . . . These pleasures, by repetition, lose their relish. It is a property of the animal machine for which we know no remedy, that the organs by which we perceive pleasure are blunted and benumbed by being frequently exercised in the same way. There is hardly any delusion by which men are greater sufferers in their happiness than by their expecting too much from what they call pleasure. Men whose professed pursuit it is, and who are withheld in the pursuit by no restraints of fortune, or scruples of conscience, have a restless passion for variety; a great part of their time is vacant, and much of it irksome. By degrees they become fastidious in the choice of pleasure, languid in the enjoyment of it, and miserable under the want of it."—*Paley's Philosophy*, book 1, chap. 6.

He that depends upon music, or any other

sensual enjoyment, for happiness, although the means to pursue them be inexhaustible, is doomed, by the irrepealable laws of his nature, to fail in the chase. By pressing onward, reckless of the consequences, he will soon arrive in that "far country" were there is always "a mighty famine," and where even "the husks that the swine did eat" will be denied him. Blessed is that man who, having left his parental home, under the false hope that happiness may be found in sensual gratifications, shall early discover that these cannot satisfy his spiritual and immortal nature. But thrice blessed shall he be, who, having made that discovery, shall, like the suffering prodigal, return to his "father's house," where there is "bread enough and to spare;" not that bread which, like all animal pleasures, "perishes with the using," but that "living bread which cometh down from heaven, of which, if a man eat, he shall never die."—*John* vi. 50, &c.

While we have confined our remarks chiefly to the subject of music and the evils too often attending it, we are aware that it may be said these are only branches of that corrupt tree which has its root in a worldly spirit, and which exhibits itself in a wide departure in many other instances from the simplicity of our religious profession. We would therefore affectionately urge upon our members the importance of consistent example "in eating and drinking, and putting on of apparel," in the furniture of our houses, the entertainment of our friends at social gatherings, and in the pursuit of wealth, that we may comply with the apostolic exhortation, "Let your moderation appear in all things."

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

Individual experience is always limited and narrow. It partakes more or less of our idiosyncrasies. Even spiritual communion within our own pale alone is apt to leave somewhat of the sect. It is good, therefore, at times to go abroad and mingle with those of different name and ways. It is pleasant to recognize the family likeness among those we were not thinking of as near akin. Our little souls swell to see how large our Father's house is. In spite of that stiffness of the vocal organs which makes some of us say *sibboleth* when we ought to say *shibboleth*, it limbers us somewhat to feel that after all we are one family, and that saints above and saints below but one communion make. If we now see each other through a glass darkly, and mistake each other sometimes, we shall see by and bye face to face, and gaze with a glad glow of soul on the universal likeness—a likeness sweetly blending and harmonizing with the most varied individuality—to Him "who is the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person." What loving anthems will be ours, then, amid the all-encompassing, entrancing and transforming radiance of the heavenly vision! Would that we might sing glad songs together somewhat more than we do in the house of our pilgrimage.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

OLD AGE.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

(Concluded from page 9.)

There ought, also, to be wisdom in secular affairs, in the preparation by the young with reference to the coming of old age.

Foresight is a Christian virtue. There be many persons who think that we are to depend upon Providence, and not upon foresight. There are some who even think that we ought not to insure ourselves, but that we ought instead to depend upon Providence. Are we, then, to depend upon Providence for next year's crop, and not sow the seed? Am I to depend upon Providence to hang umbrellas over my head whenever it rains, instead of building a roof to shelter me? Should you not rather say that he who makes a wise provision for future contingencies is acting in obedience to God's law? Every man should make such provision for himself as that he shall not be dependent upon others. Provision for moderate comfort in old age is wise. It is far better than an ambition for immoderate riches, which too often defeats itself. If men are more moderate in their expectations; if, when they had obtained a reasonable competency, they secured that from the perils of commercial reverses, more men, I think, than now, would go into old age serene and happy. But I think that many men make money, not that they may enjoy it, but that they may enjoy the ambition of having more money than other people.

They do not measure property by its relation to their uses, but by its relation to their pride, and to their ambition. The consequence is, that when the storm descends upon them many a gallant ship goes down. In my judgment, in nine cases out of ten, immoderation is the father of bankruptcy. It is the part of wisdom to secure, in youth and in manhood, a competency that shall keep old age from want. One of the conditions of true manliness is that a man shall not be dependent upon anybody but himself. I think it would be better that the father should not be dependent upon his children at any period of his life.

There is something beautiful, I know, in the thought of a parent leaning on the shoulders of those whom he has reared. Nevertheless there is something more beautiful in the thought of a man leaning upon his own staff.

In youth you are cutting the staff that you are to lean upon in old age. There is a reason, therefore, for frugality and moderation in expense, that reaches as far out as your life is long, and that will seem to you more and more apparent as you grow older.

In looking upon old age we are forcibly struck with the necessity of taking pains early, and all the way through life, to accumulate stores for social enjoyment. Sociability is a part of Christian duty. He that derives enjoyment from himself alone, that seeks to exclude himself from society, or to shut himself up with a class, or with a few families in a class, or with a few persons in a family, of his own age, taste and pursuits, is leading a narrow, circumscribed life. If all your life long you derive pleasure from only one or two rounds; if you teach yourself to enjoy one or two things; if, of all that swarm around you in human life, you derive satisfaction only from the society of a chosen few; if you are happy only with those who reflect you, in some way, how greatly will you feel the need of social pleasure in old age. A man ought to so train himself that there shall not be a human being about him out of whom he cannot extract both profit and enjoyment. The tendency towards brotherhood; the holding of all men as though they were akin to you; the habit of deriving satisfaction from all classes of society, has a relation not only to your usefulness and influence, but it has also a relation to your old age. If a man, in old age, can go down to the great ocean of human society, and casting his line there, bring to land every fish with a piece of money in its mouth, how happy is he! There be many old men who are happy at home, if they take their staff and walk into the street, all the children make them happy, and all the neighbors, men of low as well as of high degree, furnish them with pleasure. Every man should take great care not to cut himself off from the sympathies of human life. Old men should take care that they be not deprived of enjoyment in the society of the young; and if a man would derive comfort from the young in his old age, he must cultivate an attachment for the young in his early life. In youth and middle age you are to secure the provision that shall supply you in old age, if you are to be nourished and made happy on such joys as these.

Let me speak a few words of the intellectual resources that are to help you in old age.

Too often the intellect is merely considered as a tool. A man is too often educated merely with reference to gaining his future. To such an extent is this idea prevalent that if a man is to be a mechanic, or a farmer, and has pursued a liberal education, people sneer at him, and ask: "Why do you throw away so many precious years in educating a man who is not to be anything after all but a mechanic or a laborer?" Or, if a man has gone through college, and has educated himself for a chemist, and then goes into a machine shop, people say: "Why what a prostitution of time that was? He has gone through a whole curriculum of learning, only to bury himself in a shop." Education has a more important relation to manhood than it has to the making of your outside fortune. Education means the development of what is in man; and every man ought to be developed, not because he can make money thereby, but because he can make *manhood* thereby. Education is due to your manhood. Every child should be educated, no matter what his business is to be. Of those who have not received a liberal professional education, there is not one young man in a million, in this country (where there is so much of work, and consequently so much of leisure), who has a fair start, that has not time enough, and means enough, and opportunities enough, to get a rational education. In that you are to have a refuge in old age. It is a piteous thing when a man becomes old, and can no longer plead at the bar, who has taken all his excitement there through life; or practice at medicine, who has taken all his excitement in that through life; or longer pursue his professional calling; and on being shut out from these incitements, has nothing to do.

Keep your lamp full of oil, and lay up such stores of intellectual provision, that, when you go into old age, if one resource fails you, you can try another. If you have learned to look under your feet every day while young, and to cull the treasures of truth which belong to geology, natural history, and chemistry; if every fly furnished you a study; if the incrustation of the frost is a matter of interest; if the trees that come in spring, and the birds that populate them, the flowers of the meadow, the grass of the field, the fishes that disport themselves in the water—if all of these are to you so many souvenirs of the working hand of your God, you will find that when you come into old age you have great stores of enjoyment therein. Let me, therefore, recommend you to commit much to memory. When a man is blind, his memory is not blind. I have seen many a man who in youth had committed much to memory from the Scriptures, and of hymns and poems, was able, in old age, to recall and recite what they had learned, and to fall back upon those treasures; their own heads having thus become to them books and libraries. Oh, how much a man may store up against old age! What a price is put

into the hands of the young wherewith to get wisdom? What provisions for old age do they squander and throw away? It is not that you may be keen now, merely; it is not that you may be strong now, merely; it is not for the poor ambition of being esteemed learned, that I urge you now to lay such treasures up; but because it is just, and right, and noble that you should be intelligent, and because your whole life is interested in it, and your old age preëminently so.

There is many an old philosopher, like Franklin, whose last hours are so serene, and sweet, and beautiful, as to almost make one wish to exchange youth for old age. Man should stand in the horizon of life as sometimes, in summer, we see the sun stand; as if it had forgotten to move, lying so in vapor that it is shorn of its excessive brightness—large, round, red—looking as if it waited to cast back one more love glance on the earth; so have I seen the aged linger, so round, and rich, and bright, and beautiful, as to make youth seem poor in treasure when compared with old age. It is a great thing so to have lived that the best part of life shall be in the ripe old age. October, the ripest months of the year, and the richest in colors, is a type of what old age should be.

I have reserved for the last the most important, namely, the spiritual preparation for old age. It is a beautiful thing for a man when he comes into old age to have no more preparation to make. Far better than nothing it is, for a man who has gone through the hurry of life, who has tasted its disappointments, sounded its depths, and exhausted his resources, to spend his last years in preparing for the other life—that is far better than nothing; but I consider that a man's whole life should be a preparation for dying, and that when a man comes into old age he should have less preparation than at any other period of his life. Your thoughts should commence with heaven; your hopes should point you to those higher and nobler enjoyments that are in store; you should so live that when you come into old age you will not have to begin a new and untried way; you should not then have a piety that fits you like a boughten garment, not measured to your form. If piety is the garment you have worn through a long and virtuous life, you may stand in your old age in the certainty of faith, waiting only that you may pass from glory to glory.

A part of this spiritual preparation consists, I think, in living all the time with the distinct consciousness that our life is a joined one; that the best part of it is that which lies beyond; and that we are not to live for the life that lies between one and eighty, but for that which lies between one and eternity. The habit of associating all your friends and friendships with this future life, while it will afford you great comfort and strength all the way through life, will give its chiefest fruits and benefits in old age. As you grow old childhood's companions die around you every year, but if you have been living a true Christian life, although the world may seem desolate for a time, yet your thought is this: "My companions, my fellow-workers, have gone before me; I am left alone in the dreary world, but am every day being shoved up closer and closer towards that world of everlasting joy, that world of high disport, that world of everlasting blessedness. One has gone before; another has gone; the wife of my bosom, then my eldest child, one after another of my children, and of their children have gone; one after another of my neighbors and the friends of my youth have gone, and I am left behind; but I am close upon their heels. They are all there waiting for me. I have but a few days to wait, and I shall be blessed again with their high and holy society."

How desolate must old age be to the man who has no heaven beyond, who stands trembling with infirmities, declined in ear and eye and tongue; his hand palsied, his memory gone—looking back across the dreary stretch of life that he has just passed over, and looking forward with fear to the life of which he thought so little! How glorious for an old man to stand, as Moses stood, upon the top of the mount looking across the Jordan into the promised land, and view the fair possessions awaiting him! Moses died, and did not go over; but the old man shall die, and go over, and shall find it in that day a land enriched, beautified, glorified, and made blessed.

If you would come into old age with these high transcendent hopes, begin the work of preparation early. Live rightly all the way through. Do not think that if you live as you please now, you can live as you please then. Live now as you want to live in old age. Lay such walls on such foundations and of such materials as will support you then; and then when heart and flesh shall fail, it will only be because God thus breaks open the tenement that he may let out the spirit to enter into that high and serene existence where there shall be everlasting youth; where there shall be no more growing old, no more decay; and where everlasting blessedness awaits you.

Never Alone.—A pious cottager residing in the centre of a long and dreary heath being asked by a visitor, "Are you not sometimes afraid in yonr lonely situation, especially in the winter?" replied, "Oh no; for Faith shuts

the door at night, and Mercy opens it in the morning.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

SHALL THE SWORD DEVOUR FOREVER?

The war system is an attempt to effect the extinction of individual accountability to morality and Christianity, in one respect especially. The military code is peremptory; it "saith to this man go, and he goeth; to another come, and he cometh;" it makes it the imperative duty of the soldier to obey the orders of his superior, regardless of the convictions in his own mind of right and wrong. Here we see the enormity of the system. It asks what no man has a right to give, as none have a right to debase themselves to the level of a beast of burden—man having been endued with faculties of a higher order, is responsible to the Giver for the right use of them; and this is one of the many evidences that the system is in itself an outrage upon reason, morality and Christianity, requiring in its execution what neither of these will permit their possessor to surrender, that is, self-responsibility.

Could the system be presented to us for investigation as something entirely new, with the repulsiveness which is inseparable from it, what rational man could favor its adoption? But is it more worthy of adoption because of its long continuance? Are its effects less evil, less detrimental to man's best interests for having spread its scourge and devastation throughout centuries? Its fruits are evil, and that continually, and they will be so as long as the system shall remain. We look back with astonishment to past generations who have given support to war by such enormous sacrifices of property and human life; but do we do better? Do we take warning from a bad example, or unwisely follow after it? What wisdom it would be for this generation to enter upon an investigation of the case, as being responsible for the continuance of such a system. Is this not a subject presenting an open door to labor? Is it not sufficiently important to call forth, and even to demand from Friends, an increase of associated labor? Could the Society of Friends be found in good earnest performing its whole duty, in properly opening and presenting this deeply interesting subject to the consideration of the public, it is reasonable to suppose that such Christian labors would be crowned with glorious results. The case is so plain, that it would seem hardly possible to fail of arousing conviction in the minds of many that war should no longer receive the approval of any professing to be Christians, and those thus awakened might become co-laborers in the great and good cause, the establishment of permanent peace among the nations of the earth. Even if the labor thus bestowed did not call forth at once all the consideration the subject seems to demand, still it might prove like bread cast upon the waters, found after many days. No services in a good cause, rightly performed, are ever lost. I consider Friends have an important trust committed to them—that of performing a share of Christian labor, for the establishment of "peace on earth and good will to men," and the approval of Divine Goodness does not depend upon whether those on whom labor is bestowed profit by it or not; every one to his own master must stand or fall.

It is hard to change long established customs, especially if they be national. The system in question being both national and of long duration, shall we therefore conclude that the sword is destined to devour forever? Such conclusion would betray a want of trust in the Divine arm of power. Is not its long continuance and difficulty of extinction one of the best reasons for early labor, prosecuted with a zeal and fortitude equal to the obstacles which are necessary to be overcome? Oh! how such services would be blessed by the Author of all good, in the removal of the props, one after another, by which the war system is upheld, until the last shall be taken from under it; and thus would be fulfilled the glorious day spoken of by the Prophet, when the "sword should be beaten into a ploughshare, and the spear into a pruning hook; nation should no more lift up sword against nation, neither learn war any more."

It may be urged that the state of the community does not admit of abolishing the military code. I have heard the same idea held up for more than fifty years in regard to the abolition of slavery in these United States; it was claimed that before it could be rightfully done, the master and slave should both undergo a preparatory process; the plea was plausible; it satisfied many, that, under the circumstances, and for the present, the subject should not be disturbed. But, alas! how irrational the conclusion—nothing could be better calculated to give perpetuity to this unceasing wrong.

Now if it be wrong for brethren, children of one common Parent, to sustain and continue a military system, which, in its execution, is attended with the awful destruction of each other's lives, is it not imperative upon those who profess to bear an uncompromising testimony against war, to use their best endeavors in exhibiting to public view its enormity and deformity, and the necessity for a radical change? D. I.

Dutchess Co., N. Y., 2d mo. 19th, 1868.

CONSTANCY.

Let our love be firm, constant, and inseparable; not coming and returning, like the tide, but descending like a never-failing river, ever running into the ocean of divine excellency, passing on in the channels of duty and a constant obedience, and never ceasing to be what it is till it comes to be what it desires to be; still being a river till it be turned into sea, and vastness, even the immensity of a blessed eternity.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 14, 1868.

UNWORLDLINESS.—The views on this subject as presented in a lecture by F. W. Robertson, which will be found in another part of this paper, are not new, and may be familiar to many; but the logical manner in which they are treated commends them to the attention of the intelligent reader.

The disposition to appropriate to self-indulgence the many blessings which surround us, without sufficiently regarding the Source whence they emanate, is not confined to any particular age, but the proneness to do so, is in proportion to the measure of selfishness which may exist in each individual. Man's position relative to the things of the world, and the responsibility attached to it, is so clearly set before us in the article alluded to, that we can scarcely fail to perceive the obligation resting upon all to consult daily the divine oracle in order that these good gifts may be used without abusing them, and to recognize the necessity, amid the multifarious concerns of this life, of turning toward the great Centre of existence, that they may behold radiating from it that light by which they are to discern with certainty their duties to their fellow men.

When we realize that Christianity consists in principles and not in theoretic rules, we have gained a point most favorable to spiritual progress. And Friends have need only to live in accordance with their religious profession to be brought into close proximity with the operations of the spirit of Love, which is the Spirit of Christ, whereby we are strengthened in the performance of every duty devolving upon us as rational and social beings.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS appointed by Haddonfield Quarterly Meeting, N. J., to be held on First-day in each month, beginning at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, as follows:

Camden, Fourth month, 1868. Haddonfield, Fifth month. Medford, Sixth month. Evesham, Seventh month. Moorestown, Eigth month. Westfield, Ninth month. Camden, Tenth month. Haddonfield, Eleventh month. Medford, Twelfth month.

DIED, on the 15th of Second month, 1868, at the residence of her brother-in-law, Henry Cowgill, in Kent Co., Del., MARY C. WALSWORTH, in the 63d year of her age.

——, on Third-day, 18th ult., ISAAC HIBBERD, aged 71, a member of Darby Monthly Meeting.

——, of apoplexy, in Attleboro', Bucks Co., Pa., on the evening of the 23d of Second month, 1868, ABIGAIL T. WILDMAN, wife of John Wildman, aged 54 years 8 months and 28 days. In the very unexpected death of this dear friend, there is a clear warning given to survivors to be prepared at all times to leave this world, for truly we know not the day nor the hour that we may be called hence to be seen of men no more. She retired to bed in the evening in her usual robust health (with which she was generally favored), but in a few minutes complained of great pain in her head. A physician was immediately summoned, but medical skill was unavailing, and she died in about half an hour from the time she was first taken ill. She was a member and overseer of Middletown Monthly Meeting, and highly esteemed as a useful woman in the community.

——, in Brooklyn, on the 22d of Second month, CAROLINE H. SEAMAN, in the 60th year of her age, a member of New York Monthly Meeting of Friends. In recording the death of this dear friend, who has been extensively known, and as extensively beloved, we find it due to offer a little tribute to her memory, which is enshrined in the hearts of many with gratitude and affection. Truly might it be said of her, "She hath finished the work given her to do." How often has the tender influence of her sympathizing spirit soothed the disquietude of tribulated hearts, and clothed the disconsolate with a comforting evidence that though sad and lonely they were not forsaken, but had in her a friend on whom they could lean for counsel and encouragement when the earth seemed to them as bound with bars of iron, and no ray of the sunlight of prosperity open to their view; then indeed would she fully administer the balm of sympathy and aid, and the desert heart was made to rejoice. The cause of the poor and needy seemed her especial care, and many are they who could rise up and call her blessed. Her affectionate heart realized the enjoyments of sincere, devoted and enduring friendships, of which even the enfeebling effects of increasing disease had not power to deprive her; and she was long the centre of a circle of loving friends and relations, ever solicitous for their comfort and pleasure, and alive to whatever was best calculated to promote their welfare and happiness. With a clearness of perception, strength of judgment, and firmness of purpose, there was blended the sweet influence of a mild and gentle spirit—ever recognizing the Divine power which operates on the minds of all, and an ever present sense of Di-

vine superintendency in human events. Through all the trials and vicissitudes that were meted her, she bowed in humble and cheerful resignation to the dispensations of Unerring Wisdom; and in the closing of her beautiful life, which was marked with calmness and grace, we have the precious assurance that all is well—that her purified spirit is at rest, with fondly loved ones, in the realms of perfect bliss. H.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day afternoon next, 3d mo. 20th, at 3 o'clock, at Race s re t Monthly Meeting Room. Full attendance particularly desired,

LYDIA H. HALL, *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' FUEL ASSOCIATION FOR THE POOR.

Stated Meeting on Seventh-day evening next, 3d mo. 21st, at 8 o'clock.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' FREEDMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Stated Meeting on Fourth-day Evening, 3d mo. 18th, at 8 o'clock, at Race street Monthly Meeting Room.

JACOB M. ELLIS, } *Clerks.*
ANNE COOPER, }

EXTRACTS FROM A LECTURE.

BY F. W. ROBERTSON.

"Use this world as not abusing it." Here Christianity stands between the worldly spirit and the narrow religious spirit. The worldly spirit says, "Time is short; take your fill; live while you can." The narrow religious spirit says, "All the pleasure here is a snare and dangerous; keep out of it altogether." In opposition to this narrow spirit, Christianity says, "Use the world," and, in opposition to the worldly spirit, "Do not abuse it. All things are yours. Take them, and use them; but never let them interfere with the higher life which you are called on to lead. 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesses.'"

It is therefore a distinct duty to use life while we are here. We are citizens of the world, we may not shrink from it. We must share its duties, dangers, sorrows, and joys. Time is short; therefore opportunities are so much the more valuable. There is an infinite value stamped upon them. Therefore, use the world. But then it is a duty equally distinct to live above the world. Unworldliness is the spirit of holding all things as not our own, in the perpetual conviction that they will not last. It is not to put life and God's lovely world aside with self-torturing hand. It is to have the world, and not to let the world have you; to be its master, and not its slave. To have Christ hidden in the heart, calming all, and making all else seem by comparison poor and small.

This principle he applies, first, to domestic life. "They that have wives be as though they had none."

The idea was just then beginning to be discussed, which of the two was in itself the higher state, and more according to God's will, the single or the married. In after ages this question was decided in a very disastrous way; for it was taught that celibacy was the only really pure and angelic life. Marriage was regarded as earthly and sensual, unfit for those who were to serve as priests. Now here observe the apostolic wisdom. He does not say celibacy is the saintly, and marriage the lower and earthlier state. He wisely says, "In whatever state you can most undistractedly serve God, that is the unworldly one to you."

This is a very important principle for consideration in the present day. There is a growing tendency to look on a life of contemplation and retirement, of separation from all earthly ties,—in a word, asceticism,—as the higher life. Let us understand that God has so made man, that ordinarily he who lives alone leaves part of his *heart* uncultivated; for God made man for domestic life. He who would be wiser than his Maker is only wise in appearance. He who cultivates one part of his nature at the expense of the rest, has not produced a perfect man, but an exaggeration. It is easy, in silence and solitude, for the hermit to be abstracted from all human interests and hopes, to be dead to honor, dead to pleasure. But, then, the sympathies which make him a man with men—how shall they grow? He is not the highest Christian who lives alone and single, but he who, whether single or married, lives superior to this earth; he who, in the midst of domestic cares, petty annoyances, or daily vexations, can still be calm, and serene, and sweet. That is real unworldliness; and, in comparison with this, the mere hermit's life is easy indeed.

The second case is unworldliness in sorrow. "They that weep, as though they wept not."

Observe, the Apostle does not here recommend apathy, not merely a reason of prudence. He bids them sorrow; but not as they who have no hope. He does not say, "Weep not;" but "weep, as though they wept not."

This unworldliness consists of two parts:—

1st. The duty and the right of sorrow. "Weep." Christianity does not sear the human heart; it softens it. They who forbid grief should, to be consistent, go further and forbid affection, for grief is only a state of the affections; if joy be felt in the presence of the loved object, grief must be felt in its absence. Christianity destroys selfishness, makes a man quick and sensitive for others, and alive to every call of affection. Moreover, dealing with infinite things, it imparts something of its own infinitude to every feeling. A Chris-

tian is a man whose heart is exquisitely attuned to all utterances of grief. Shall *he* not feel nor mourn? His Master wept over the grave of friendship. Tears of patriotism fell from His eyes. There is no unmanliness in shedding tears; it is not unchristian to yield to deep feeling. We may admire the stern old Roman heart; but we must not forget that the Roman stoicism is not of the spirit of Christianity. For Christianity says, "Weep."

2d. Christian unworldliness puts limits to sorrow. "As though they wept not:" that is, as though God had already removed their grief. Else in this world of sorrow and distress, how should we escape despair? Familiarity with eternal things subdues grief, calms and softens it, gives it a true perspective. Christianity does not say to our hearts, when smarting under the bitter pain of disappointment or loss, "It is nothing!" but it says, "It is less than you had supposed it to be; you will, sooner or later, feel that it is easier to bear than you expected." This elasticity of heart receives its only true warrant from Christianity.

The third case is unworldliness in joy. "They that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not." Christ's religion is no grim, ghastly system of gloom. God's world is not like the fabled place of punishment where waters of refreshment rise brimming to the lips, while a stern prohibition sounds forth, "Touch not, taste not, handle not. You will observe, the joy spoken of here is not spiritual, but earthly joy; for, if it had been spiritual joy, the Apostle could not have put any limitation to it. Therefore, Christians *may* have earthly joy. And they that rejoice are emphatically the young. Let the young be happy. Health, spirits, youth, society,—let them enjoy these, and thank God with no misgiving. Let there be no half-remorseful sensations, as though they were stolen joys. Christ had no sympathy with that tone of mind which scowls on human happiness: His first manifestation of power was at a marriage feast. Who would check the swallows flight, or silence the gush of happy melody which the thrush pours forth in spring? Look round this beautiful world of God's: ocean dimpled into myriad smiles; the sky a trembling, quivering mass of blue, thrilling hearts with ecstasy; every tint, every form replete with beauty. You cannot, except wilfully, misread its meaning. God says, "Be glad!" Do not force young happy hearts to an unnatural solemnity, as if to be happy were a crime. Let us hear their loud, merry, ringing laugh, even if sterner hearts can be glad no longer; to see innocent mirth and joy does the heart good.

But now, observe, everlasting considerations are to come in, not to sadden joy, but to calm it, to moderate its transports, and make even worldly joy a sublime thing. We are to be calm, cheerful, self-possessed; to sit loose to all these sources of enjoyment, masters of ourselves.

The Apostle lays down no rule respecting worldly amusements. He does not say you must avoid this or that, but he lays down broad principles. People often come to ministers, and ask them to draw a boundary line, within which they may safely walk. There is none. It is at our peril that we attempt to define where God has not defined. We cannot say, "This amusement is right, and that is wrong." And herein is the greater responsibility laid upon all, for we have to live out principles rather than maxims; and the principle here is, Be unworldly.

But, remember, if the enjoyments which you permit yourselves are such, that the thought of passing time, and coming eternity, presents itself as an intrusive thought, which has no business there, which is out of place, and incongruous; if you become secularized, excited, and artificial; if there is left behind a craving for excitement which can only be slaked by more and more intense excitement: then it is at your own peril that you say, All is left open to me, and permitted. Unworldly you *must* become—or die. Dare not to say this is only a matter of opinion; it is *not* a matter of opinion; it is a matter of conscience; and to God you must give account for the way in which you have been dealing with your soul.

The fourth case is unworldliness in the acquisition of property. "They that buy, as though they possessed not."

Unworldliness is not measured by *what* you possess, but by the spirit in which you possess it. It is not said, "Do not buy," but rather "Buy,—possess." You may be a large merchant, an extensive landed proprietor, a thriving tradesman, if only your heart be separate from the *love* of these earthly things, with God's love *paramount* there. The amount of property you possess does not affect the question; it is purely a relative consideration. You go into a regal or ducal palace, and perhaps, unaccustomed to the splendor which you see, you say, "All this is worldliness." But the poor man comes to your house; your dress, simple as it is, seems magnificent to him; your day's expenditure would keep his family for half a year. He sees round him expensively bound books, costly furniture, pictures, silver, and china—a profusion certainly beyond what is absolutely necessary; and to him this seems worldliness too. If the monarch is to live as you live, why should not you live as the laborer

lives? If what you call the necessaries of life be the measure of the rich man's worldliness, why should not the poor man's test gauge yours? No! we must take another test than property as the measure of worldliness. Christianity forbids our condemning others; men *may* buy and possess. Christianity prescribes no law for dress, its color, its fashion, or its cost; none for expenditure, none for possessions: it fixes great principles, and requires you to be unaffected, unenslaved by earthly things; to possess them as though you possessed them not. The Christian is one who, if a shipwreck or a fire were to take all luxury away, could descend, without being crushed, into the valleys of existence. He wears all this on the outside, carelessly, and could say, "My *all* was not laid there."

In conclusion, let there be no censoriousness. How others live, and what they permit themselves, may be a matter for Christian charity, but it is no matter for Christian severity. To his own Master each must stand or fall. Judge not. It is work enough for any one of us to save his own soul.

Let there be no self-deception. The way in which I have expounded this subject gives large latitude, and any one may abuse it if he will,—any one may take comfort to himself, and say, "Thank God, there are no hard restrictions in Christianity." Remember, however, that Worldliness is a more decisive test of a man's spiritual state than even Sin. Sin may be sudden, the result of temptation, without premeditation, yet afterwards hated —repented of—repudiated—forsaken. But if a man *be at home* in the world's pleasure and pursuits, content that his spirit should have no other heaven but in these things, happy if they could but last forever, is not his state, genealogy, and character clearly stamped?

Therefore does St. John draw the distinction —"If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father;"—but "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

HEDGES.

Our discipline has often been compared to a hedge around us; but it may be asked of what use is a hedge around a garden if we neglect to cultivate properly the vegetables and fruits contained therein? Or, if the hedge be not properly trimmed, it may reach so high as to obstruct the sun's rays, and then the plants grow sickly or die. Thus we see that everything should be in its place, and adapted to the wants of the gardener. The glorious sun, that type of the Sun of Righteousness, is the power that moves the wheels of life. It clothes the hedge with verdure, and perfects the fruits of the garden; and the hedge, if kept properly trimmed, will keep out the trespassers only, and assist in breaking the too great force of the wind.

But is a hedge the *best* enclosure for a garden? Undoubtedly a thick and high hedge is beneficial on the north and west side to protect against the northern blasts; but on other portions a fence is preferable. Our Friends of the olden time sought to enclose the Society with a strong hedge of disciplinary rules, some of which it has been found necessary to remove, because they had begun to throw their roots into the good soil, and thus rob the tender plants. A few of those useless portions still remain, but they are as bare trees, devoid of verdure. Would it not be better to substitute the light and graceful fence of admonition and brotherly kindness in place of those rules that we do not and cannot enforce? Let us examine our rules with candor, and see if we cannot exchange some of the dead and dying portions of the hedge for an enclosure of advice and good example, that will let in the sunshine and the gentle south wind; those carefully guarded influences which, being gifts of a beneficent Creator, were designed to promote the good, and increase the happiness of His creatures. I. H.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

In the times of ancient story, in the wondrous days of old,
Many a truth and glorious promise was in fable quaintly told;
Down to us has come a legend from those wondrous days of yore,
Full of beauty and instruction, worth remembering evermore.

From afar there came a giant, all accoutred for the fight,
Like unto the sons of Anak, daring, fierce, a man of might—
In his wondrous strength exulting, he pronounced a solemn vow,
Only to the mightiest Conqueror he the knee would ever bow.

So throughout the world he wandered with his faithful lance in hand,
Traversed seas and barren deserts, roamed through many an unknown land;
Waded through the Arctic snow-drifts, panted 'neath the tropic sun,
Seeking ever, vainly seeking—for the goal was still unwon.

But at length he found a monarch, great his powers and his fame,
Vanquished princes knelt before him, nations trembled at his name;
Unto him he swore allegiance, for his cause unquestioning fought,
Many were the deeds of prowess, in his master's name he wrought.

But he found the prince of Darkness yet a mightier sceptre swayed,—
At his name his master trembled, of his wiles was sore afraid;

So the giant doffed his livery, wandered forth again alone,
Seeking for the King whose power all the universe should own.

'Mid the desert wastes he found him, gloomy, terrible and grand,
Low he bowed before the monarch, joined with glee his warrior band;
But the giant saw him shudder, when he to the cross drew near,
Found that from one glorious Presence, even Satan fled in fear.

From this haughty Prince departing, long the Christ he vainly sought,
Through the wilderness he journeyed, in a path with danger fraught—
Till at last a hoary hermit met him at the close of day,
Told him of the King long sought for,—bade him "God speed" on his way.

Then his brazen helmet doffing, all his weapons laid aside,
Leaning on his staff, he journeyed to a river deep and wide—
And instructed by the hermit, there he pitched his lonely tent,
There his life in deeds of mercy, acts of charity, he spent.

To the weak he strength imparted—sought to comfort those who weep,
Guided many a shrinking pilgrim through the waters cold and deep;
And upon his brawny shoulders oft the little children bore,
Carried too, the sick, the way-worn, to the other shore.

For the love he bore the Master, Christ the King, unseen, unknown,
Following in his blessed footsteps, toiled he day by day alone—
Praying but to touch his garments, yearning to behold his face,
Yet with faith sublime he waited, trusting in his heavenly grace.

Waited till his strength was failing, till his curling locks were gray,
When amid the gathering shadows at the closing of the day,
Stood a little child before him, begged that he would pity show,
Bear him through the storm tossed billows, through the darkness with him go.

Heeding not the wintry tempest, nor the wrathful icy tide,
Onward toiled he in the darkness, safely reached the other side.
When the child no longer mortal, stood revealed the glorious One,
Clothed with majesty and power, radiant as the noonday sun.

Low the giant bowed before him, wondering greatly at the sight—
Veiled his face in fear and trembling, dazzled with the glorious light;
But a gentle hand uplifted—gracious words fell on his ear—
"I am Christ, thy King long sought for, my disciple, banish fear."

"All thy alms, thy tears, thy prayers, have ascended to my throne,
All thy crosses, toils and sufferings, borne for my sake, I have known;
E'en the "cup of water" given to the wanderer as to me—
Now thy work on earth is finished,—all my glory soon thou'lts ee!"

A. R. P.

Selected.

HABITUAL DISCONTENT ARISING FROM IMAGINARY WANTS.

The following short apologue of *Sadi*, an Asiatic sage, is full of valuable instruction:—"I never complained of my wretched, forlorn condition, but on one oceasion, when my feet were naked, and I had not wherewith to shoe them. Soon after meeting a man without feet, I was thankful for the bounty of Providence to myself, and with perfect resignation submitted to my want of shoes."

The true secret of living happily, lies in the philosophy of contentment, which is of more value than the imagined stone of the alchymist, that turns everything to gold.

It is to be lamented, however, that in this age of boasted light and improvement the philosophy of contentment is very little studied or regarded. From various corrupted sources we have learned not to be content but dissatisfied with the ordinary conditions of life. And though neither *shoeless*, nor destitute of any essential article of raiment or food, we are ready to consume our hearts with vexation because we are not seated at the upper end of fortune's table. The semblance of happiness is more sought after than the reality; the phantom of it, rather than the substance. The simple plainness of former days is despised. Plain apparel, plain fare, and plain houses and furniture, such as our worthy progenitors were quite contented with, and very thankful for, our fastidious delicacy regards with scorn, and we must needs be fine and fashionable, or pine our lives away in grief and shame.

Nor would it be either so alarming or so lamentable, were this the folly of only a few. But the worst of it is, it has spread, like an epidemic, over the whole land, and throughout almost every class of society.

As the want of contentment is one of the most grievous wants that affect human life, it ought to be provided against with the utmost care, and particularly in the following ways:

1st. In training up children, scarcely anything is of greater importance than guarding them against the intrusion of too many artificial wants. I say, *too many*, because *some* wants of this sort do naturally and necessarily grow out of civilization, and it is only their excess that tends to discontent and wretchedness. Of that excess the danger is great, inasmuch as the effects are always deplorable. What multitudes, at this very instant, are discontented and wretched who might enjoy life comfortably, had they been early taught to

conform their desires to their conditions, and to act upon the principles of sober and rational economy. Nor is it of small importance in training up children, to accustom them to useful employment. A useless life is seldom found to be a contented one. Occupation is so necessary to human quiet, that to bring up children in idleness, is the way to make them a burden to themselves, as well as to the community. From this two-fold cause, the excess of artificial wants and the neglect of forming habits of useful industry in the early period of life, has sprung, perhaps, full half of the discontent that secretly preys upon so many bosoms. In short, important as it is to teach children reading and writing, and the use of figures, it is of still greater importance to regulate their tempers, to curb their wayward desires, and to fix them in habits of industry, temperance, and frugality, without which the acquisition of learning could be of but little benefit to them.

THE HOUSEHOLD HEARTH.

The tone of alarm has gone forth through the French nation at the discovery of the serious fact that the population is decreasing instead of increasing, and that in order to obtain the requisite number of soldiers for the army the standard of measure must be reduced, and other restrictions rendered more mild. The entire press of France is now engaged in discussing this question so momentous to the future welfare of the country. The reply of the great Napoleon to Madame De Stael, when she asked, "What does France most need?" has sometimes been innocently quoted as referring to the *training* of the children and youth of that beautiful land. But were the question repeated to-day, the nephew might repeat also the answer of his uncle in all its bold significance, "What France most needs to-day is 'MOTHERS.'" Bonaparte intended to chide the woman for forsaking her domestic life for literature and politics. But he himself deserved a more bitter chiding for the destruction of thousands of lives given to France through the pain and peril of true mothers. "Shall I bear children that you may destroy them?" would have been the indignant and tearful answer of many a mother, robbed of her sons by the bloody hand of war. French society then and now was in a deplorable state, but woman was not all to blame.

But can we on this side of the ocean congratulate ourselves on being much better off, or feel that we are free from the dangers that threaten a material deterioration in the number of the population and the hardihood and endurance of the race? However much we may desire to shut our eyes to the fact, and declare the assertion to be the lugubrious dream of the croaker, we are met by the stern figures of statistics, that prove with inexorable logic that we too are traveling the downward road. With us, too, war may have had something to do, but not everything.

Dr. Allen, of Massachusetts, has recently undertaken the thankless task of calling the attention of his countrymen to the alarming fact, that our native population is on the decrease, and that where two hundred years ago seven hundred children were born, now there are but one hundred and forty. This state of affairs has no doubt crept upon us unawares, because in the aggregate our population has largely increased since the foundation of our Government; but we owe this accession mainly to foreign emigration, but for which we should, at least in the older parts of our country, be actually dying out. It is a notorious fact that some of our larger cities would soon be depopulated were it not for the continual influx of rural and foreign emigration. New York and Paris would soon see the grass growing in their streets, without that stream of health and vigor continually flowing into them from the provinces.

Now, unpleasant as the question may be, either for public or private discussion, it behooves us, in the interests of our race and our nation, to meet it with a fair front, and to look it directly in the face.

This evil, in our opinion, largely arises from a growing neglect of the sanctity of the household hearth; we are disregarding the sweet influence that gathers around home, and seeking our pleasures and relaxation in the boisterous vortex of society. Our women, while importing French fashions to adorn their persons, are also imbibing French notions as to the burden of household cares, and the troublesome responsibility of growing families. Marriages, that our mothers and grandmothers loved to regard as being made in heaven, are too frequently contracted under the influence of the most sordid earthly motives; and even marriage itself is decreasing in proportion to the population. Honest young men fear marriage on account of the inordinate expense of maintaining a household with modern notions, and the dishonest make it a seemingly valid excuse for avoiding matrimonial connections and leading a life of debauchery.

Now, we fear that in this matter a great deal of blame is to be laid on the shoulders of American women; we are glad to acknowledge that there are many exceptions—we would that there were many more; but the truth is that American womanhood, as a whole, is acquiring an undesirable reputa-

tion. The women of the fashionable and wealthy portion of our community seem to comprehend life only from the exterior, and to regard nothing that does not fall within the range of pleasure and adornment; to these they know no limit except absolute exhaustion of strength or means. In this country, where there is no dividing line of classes, those who are absolutely unable to cope with this extravagance are continually endeavoring to ape it, and the result is that thousands of families are yearly ruined, and thousands more would be, were it not for the incredible energy of the men and our vast business resources.

Now, with these women, and many who aspire to belong to the upper and, so called, genteel classes, nothing is permitted to stand in the way of their convenience, nothing to occur that will prevent them from joining in the giddy round of excessive pleasures, and nothing that will interfere with the preservation of beauty. They thus refuse, so far as in them lies, to meet the responsibility, the solemn and sacred calling that God has awarded them on earth and in human society; and these classes, if left to themselves, would actually die out, and as it is, are hurrying childless to unwept graves. It is a fearful evil. It is one that we may not entirely uncloak in these columns, but we appeal with Christian earnestness to our fair countrywomen, especially to those whose hearts are still in their homes, and who still cherish the sacred influence of the household hearth, to exert all their powers to diffuse among their sex a love for the family circle, a sphere in which every true woman should delight to reign.

But is woman alone to blame? We cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that the giddiest, showiest, silliest beauty is often the queen of the gay evening. Her hand is first sought in the dance, her smiles are most courted. Sober intelligence, womanly propriety, chaste simplicity of apparel, practical sense, are all lost in the blaze of the *belle* of the hour. It is not difficult for ladies to see what young men admire and demand, and this demand creates the supply. Marriage comes, and all this glitter and charm disappear with the paint and powder on the ladies cheeks. Then come anathemas against the women of the age. Men portray visions of domestic bliss, of maternal love, of the glorious results of maternal duty. But does the man who has pledged his wife to cherish and comfort her always, practically exhibit his appreciation of this domestic scene?

Every man knows that women have their trials and responsibilities in performing their domestic duties, and making home comfortable and attractive, and every true man will give all the aid that lies within his power. No sort of dissipation, either vicious or religious, should interfere with these domestic claims. The mother's travail and the housekeeper's burdens will be stripped of their odiousness whenever the true father and husband thus manifests himself.

But, as we have said, women is much to blame. She should not allow herself to be diverted from her high and noble calling. She should not allow flattery to destroy her capacity to fill her heaven-appointed sphere, nor selfishness of any sort prevent her exercising that capacity. No human being can expect to escape the ordinary cares of life, and they who refuse to assume those that are clearly allotted to them by Divine Providence, commit a fearful sin.

Men must go out into the world and fight its battles, and return to their homes with the means to make them comfortable and happy; it is for women to properly employ these means for their intended aim. And that vocation is certainly a high and sacred one, whose fulfilment will place woman on a perfect level with man in the great task of life. What names are more sweetly sacred than wife and mother; what spot more full of consolation to weary man than the household hearth! Countrywomen, sisters, we appeal to you to cherish this, your altar.—*W. C. Advocate.*

COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

I knew of an old Christian woman in England, very devoted, always going about doing good. Activity was the very soul of her existence. She could never rest but in laboring amongst the sick, the sorrowful, and the dying, to help them. She was afflicted with an asthmatic complaint, and unable to stir out of her house. A friend who was visiting her said: "Are not you very unhappy now that you cannot be active as you used to be?" Her reply was: "God used to say to me, 'Betty, go here, and Betty go there,' and now he says: 'Betty, sit down there and cough.'" She felt that what her God told her to do was the best; and her pleasure was in submission and obedience. Oh! it is hard work to learn to be quiet when our natural temperament would lead us to be busy; but God can give us even such grace as this. When we remember that he is our God, and that he is the health of our countenance, we shall feel that nothing else is essential to us but him. He overrules all things; and "all things work together for good to them that love God." Sorrowful things as well as joyful things—things in opposition to our temperament, our bodily yearnings and

mental longings, all these shall work together for good to them that love God. We do not know how; it is a machinery where we do not see the action of wheel with wheel; but God, the great Machinist, knows, and he overrules. Take out that particular wheel, and the whole machine would go wrong. Although I may not understand its movements, and although it seems to be going contrary to all my feelings, hopes, and desires, it is part of the machine; God is overruling it, and he will assuredly bring good as the result to those who serve him. "These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

They are not only followed by eternal glory, but they themselves conduce to it; they fit us for that glory; they prepare us for that inheritance. A dear old saint in London, in whose house I was when blindness struck him, had reason to apprehend it, but thought it would not come so soon. He rose and could not see, and has never seen since. He was the most cheerful person in that house on that day, and cheered us all by his wonderful resignation. Speaking to him the other day he said: "I thank God for my blindness; I had more of Scripture read to me, have had more communion with heaven, and more real enjoyment than I ever had before." God can be the health of our countenance in the midst of all earthly sorrows and deep privations. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." We shall yet praise him; and if we do not know now, we shall know hereafter. No affliction for the present seems joyous. No Christian is bound to look upon it as joyous—it is a grievous thing. Pain is pain, sickness is sickness, bereavement is bereavement, and unkindness is unkindness, and there is no getting away from it. Nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them who are exercised thereby. We are to trust in God, and he will assuredly fulfil his word. He will make our troubles to subserve his glory and our good.—*Newman Hall.*

TALKING OF PERSONS RATHER THAN THINGS.

There is with the young and old a prevalent and bad habit of talking of persons rather than things. This is seldom innocent, and often pregnant with many evils. Such conversation insensibly slides into detraction; and by dwelling on offences, we expose our own souls to contagion, and are betrayed into feelings of pride, envy and jealousy; and even when we speak in terms of commendation, we are sure to come in with a *but* at the last, and drive a nail into our neighbor's reputation.—*Bacon.*

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

SECOND MONTH.

	1867.	1868.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	6 days.	0 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	4 "	1 "
Snow, including very slight falls	3 "	11 "
Cloudy, without storms	7 "	6 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	8 "	11 "
	28 "	29 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1867.	1868.
Mean temperature of Second mo., per Penna. Hospital,	40.21 deg.	26.65 deg.
Highest do. during mo., do.	55.00 "	51.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	17.00 "	5.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	2.89 in.	2.52 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 4 current weeks for 1867, and 5 for 1868	1056	1298

Average of the mean temperature of 2d month for the past *seventy-nine* years.	30.62 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1857	41.03 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1815, 1836, 1838	24.00 "

WINTER TEMPERATURES.

Mean temperature of the three winter months of 1866 and 1867	33.24 deg.
Mean do. do. do. 1867 and 1868.	29.52 "
Average of the winter temperature for the past *seventy-eight* years	31.34 "
Highest winter mean occurring during that entire period, 1827, '28, 1850, '51	38.33 "
Lowest do. 1814, '15, and 1835, '36	26.66 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1867.	1868.
First month	1.70 inch.	3.62 inch.
Second month	2.89 "	2.53 "
Totals for each year	4.59 "	6.14 "

It is evident from the above that we have just passed through not only a very severe month, but a very severe winter; the former being thirteen and a half degrees lower than the same month last year, as well as four degrees below the average for the past 79 years.

As to the winter itself, it has been about three and three-quarter degrees below that of last season, and nearly two degrees below the average for the above named long period of time. And yet we cannot boast of anything like the following:

"MILWAUKEE, Feb. 10.—The weather here is intensely cold, the mercury at 7 A. M. showing 16 degrees below zero."

"WINONA, MINN., Feb. 10.—Thermometer 35 degrees below zero."

"MADISON, WIS., Feb. 10.—Thermometer 34 degrees below zero."

"HASTINGS, MINN., Feb. 10.—Thermometer 36 degrees below zero."

"ST. PAUL, MINN., Feb. 10.—Thermometer 40 degrees below zero."

Universally cold weather has prevailed almost

everywhere. Accounts from the southern States state it to have been very severe in that section of country.

In reference to there being but one day accredited on which *rain* has fallen, it may be proper ro remark that where *both* rain and *snow* falls, the *latter* is always recorded.

From the deaths above noted for the month under review deduct *one fifth* for the extra week, and we have the following figures, viz; 1867, 1056, and 1868, 1039.

Comparisons are frequently made showing the well grounded preference, as regards *healthiness*, our own city has over that of New York as a place of residence. Doubtless this is, in a great measure, attributable to an overcrowded population, as may well be inferred from the following extracts, taken from a reliable source.

"New York and its Tenement Houses.—The entire resident population of the city of New York is probably about 800,000 or 900,000 souls. By resident population we mean those inhabitants of the great Babylon who sleep within its bounds, and (haply) have their washing done their—those being the usual tests of voting citizenship. The reader, unless he or she happens to be pretty familiar with the subject, will doubtless be somewhat surprised to learn that of those 800,000 or 900,000 inhabitants nearly or quite 600,000 live in cellars and tenement houses, presenting a picture of wholesale poverty and misery such as no other city in the world perhaps—certainly not in Europe or America—exhibits.

"The Eleventh ward has 2049 tenement houses, containing 13,433 families, or 64,254 persons. The largest cellar population is in the Seventeenth, and the next in number is in the Sixteenth ward—the two wards having a cellar population of 4591.

"The tenement house and cellar population of the Fourth ward is the most dense of any in the city, *being packed together at the rate of* 200,000 *to the square mile!* This ward, which was originally a swamp, contains more dens of infamy than any other spot of equal size in America.

"According to this authority, New York tenement houses are usually eight stories high, including the basement, and built two on a lot, which is only 100 by 25 feet in size. The basement is usually crowded with families, and sometimes the cellar underneath, lying below high-water mark, and frequently flooded by the tide, swarms with squalid women and children. A hall about three feet six inches in width runs through the centre of the building, dividing it into two ranges of apartments on each floor, from basement to attic, and these apartments are subdivided into front, middle and rear, making six suites on each floor. The first floor fronts are often used as low groggeries, with the families of the owners living in the rear of them, and the remainder of the building is packed, six families on a floor, to the roof.

"These houses are sometimes built twice and even thrice as deep as the one just described, with six and even eight suites of apartments on each side of the hall, making from twelve to sixteen suites to a floor. The 'suites of apartments' should really be called *sets of dens*. They usually consist of two rooms, a living-room and a sleeping-room, the first being about eight feet by ten, and the second seven by ten, averaging seven feet in height. The bedrooms have no ventilation, except what they get through the door opening from the living-room, which has no ventilation except what it gets through the door and window opening into the narrow hall.

"This so-called living-room is used to cook and wash in, and is also frequently used as a work-room by some poor mechanic. Not unfrequently two families, and even four, live in one of these small sets of dens, and in this manner as many as 126 families, numbering over 800 souls, have been packed into one building, and some of the families taking boarders and lodgers besides! Around many of these tenements, or in close proximity to them, are slaughter houses, stables, tanneries, soap factories and bone-boiling establishments.

"Our Home Mission report further states that there are living in these squalid cellars and tenement houses more than 116,000 children who are under fourteen years of age."

Of course much of the interesting *minutiæ* of the report has to be omitted, having already extended our "Review" to an almost unwarrantable length.

Philadelphia, 3d month, 4th, 1868. J. M. E.

ITEMS.

A summons to the President of the United States to appear in the Court of Impeachment on the 13th inst, was served by the Sergeant-at-arms of the Senate on the 7th inst.

The Royal consent has been given to the bill for the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus in Ireland.—Earl Derby has resigned the Premiership on account of ill health. Disraeli succeeds him.—It is thought that the appointment of Sir Hugh Cairns as Lord Chancellor will defeat all hopes of a reform in the Irish Church.—The Bow street magistrates refuse to issue a warrant for the arrest of Eyre, Ex-Governor of Jamaica, on the charge of murder.—During the progress of a tremendous gale on the west coast of England and Wales, last week, the great breakwater at Holyhead, a massive stone pier 900 feet long, was carried away by the waves.

Geo. Bancroft, U. S. Minister to Prussia, has made an important treaty with the North German Confederation. The North German Bund, as reconstructed, agrees to fully recognize and accord all the rights, exemptions from military duty, &c., of native born Americans to Germans naturalized according to law as citizens of the United States, after they have spent five years in the territory of the Republic.

Under a new arrangement just concluded between the Post Office Department of the United States and of the Dominion of Canada, the single rate of postage on international letters is to be reduced on and after the first day of Fourth mo., 1868, from ten to six cents, if prepaid at the office of mailing in either country; otherwise, ten cents.

In Iowa, the State Senate has passed a bill, admitting women to practice at the bar.

In Great Britain, a Society has been organized which is called the "North of England Council for the Higher Education of Women." The object is to furnish good tests of the competency of governesses and other women above eighteen years of age, engaged in teaching, in order to elevate the vocation of teachers into a profession. A number of distinguished gentlemen have given their names and influence to the project.

In the West, the announcement is made that during the recent cold weather a boiler weighing ten thousand pounds was carried across the frozen surface of the Missouri river, at Kansas City, without cracking the ice.

It has been established by careful experiment, that electricity will not pass through a vacuum, the interval of eight hundredths of an inch in vacuum tubes being insuperable to the fluid.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH, 21, 1868. No. 3.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, four copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.
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A Testimony from the Monthly Meeting of Philadelphia, concerning THOMAS BROWN.

He was born in Barking, in the county of Essex, Great Britain, on the 1st of Ninth month 1696, came whilst young with his parents into this province, and lived some time in this city, from whence he removed with them to Plumstead in Bucks county, where he first appeared in the ministry; some years after which, he settled in this city. His gift in the ministry was living, deep, and very edifying; and in the exercise thereof he was remarkable for an awful care, not to appear without clear and renewed evidence of the motion of life for that service: And though not a man of literature, was often led into sublime matter, which was convincing and persuasive, in setting forth the dignity and excellence of the Christian religion, yet was very attentive that those heights should not detain him beyond his proper gift, but to close in and with the life, which made his ministry always acceptable to the living and judicious. Although he was not led to visit the churches in distant parts, yet was sometimes concerned to attend some of the neighboring meetings, of two of which he has preserved some minutes, which being a lively description of his concern of mind for the promotion of the cause of truth, it is thought well to subjoin them here in his own words.

"1756, Eighth month 9th, I went to Concord quarterly meeting, but found no cause to espouse the cause of God in a public manner that day. The next day went to the youth's meeting at Kennet, which was to great satisfaction; my soul was so bended towards the people, that I could scarcely leave them, being engaged in a stream of the ministry, to extol the divinity of that religion that is breathed from heaven, and which arrays the soul of its possessor with degrees of the divinity of Christ, and entitles them to an eternal inheritance; also introduces a language, intelligible only to the converted souls which have access to a celestial fountain, which is no less than a foretaste of eternal joy, to support them in their journey towards the regions above, where religion has room to breathe in its divine excellencies in the soul; here it is instructed in the melody of that harmonious song of the redeemed, where the morning stars sing together, and the sons of God shout for joy.

"1756, the 29th of the Eighth month, I visited Gwynedd meeting, where in waiting in nothingness before God, without seeking or striving to awake my beloved before the time, by degrees my soul became invested with that concern that the gospel introduces, with an opening in these words: 'I think it may conduce to my peace, to stand up, and engage in a cause dignified with immortality and crowned with eternal life.' The subject raised higher and brighter until my soul was transported on the mount of God in degree,

and beheld his glory; where I was favored to treat on the exalted station of the redeemed church which stands in the election of grace, where my soul rejoiced with transcendent joy and adored God. Returned home in peace."

His conduct and conversation was innocent and edifying, being much weaned from the world and the spirit of it. He was careful not to engage in worldly concerns so as to encumber his mind, and draw it off from that religious contemplation, in which was his chief delight; which happy state of mind he maintained to the last, as evidently appeared to those friends who were with him towards his conclusion; to some of whom he expressed himself in the following manner, viz.:

"I am fine and easy, and don't know but what I may recover; but if I should, I expect to see many a gloomy day, but nevertheless I am willing to live longer, if I might be a means of exalting religion, that the gift bestowed on me, might shine brighter than it hath ever yet done, or else I had abundance better go now; for I think I have shone but glimmeringly to what I might have done, had I been still more faithful; though I cannot charge myself with a presumptuous temper, nor wilful disobedience; but I can say, it has often happened with me, as with the poor man at the pool of Bethesda, whilst I was making ready another has stepped in. I am sensible that my gift has been different from some of my brethren; I have not been led so much into little things, but I am far from judging them.

"I have often to pass through the valley of the shadow of death, and have experienced the possibility of a soul's subsisting the full space of forty days without receiving any thing, only living by faith and not by sight, provided they keep upon the foundation of convincement and conviction, and not turn aside to take a prospect of the world, and desire to draw their comfort from visibles; they will be supported by an invisible yet invincible power; for he will be sure to appear, and when he doth appear at times, doth rend the veil from the top to the bottom, with an invitation, as Samuel used to say, (meaning Samuel Fothergill,) 'Come up hither, and behold the bride the lamb's wife;' then the soul will have to enjoy, and see things beyond expressing; my tongue can do little or nothing at setting it forth. The soul will be filled with holy admiration, and say, 'Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.'

"Although the soul has at times to behold the glory, splendor and magnitude of the true church or spouse of Christ, yet those extraordinary sights are but seldom, not often: Though I have had at times cause to espouse the cause of God, yet there are times that the soul is so veiled, and surrounded with temptations and fiery trials, and all out of sight, that I have wondered that I was made choice of; but I have experienced, that they that would reign with Christ must suffer with him; I never expect to get beyond it, while I am clothed with this clog of mortality.

"People may have a regular outside, and be diligent in attending meetings, and yet know little or nothing of it; for formality and externals are nothing; religion is an internal subject, subsisting between Christ and the soul: I don't confine it to our name, but amongst the different names there are, that my soul is nearly united to, who are in a good degree, I do believe, in possession of that religion which is revealed from heaven: And I am in the faith, that there will be them raised up, that will shine as bright stars, and religion will grow and prosper, and the holy flame rise to a greater height than it hath ever yet done, I can say with the holy apostle, 'I have nothing to boast of, save my infirmities,' yet thus much I venture to say, that if I die now, I die a lover of God and religion." And after expressing a compassionate sympathy with the poor afflicted churches up and down, concluded with this saying, "Be of good cheer little flock, for greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world."

In the sixty-first year of his age, he was seized with an apoplectic disorder, which gradually increasing, deprived him of life on the 21st of the Sixth month, 1757, and was interred in this city the next day.

A descendant of Thomas Brown has forwarded for publication with the above the following additional account.

The parents of Thomas Brown, at the time of his birth, resided within seven miles of London, in the county of Essex, and were wealthy, respectable people, and much devoted to good works. Whilst their children were all young, and after they had embraced the religious opinions of George Fox, they came out to Pennsylvania, near the time of the second visit of William Penn to this country in 1699, with a desire to promote the civilization of the Indians of the Province, They received great kindness from the men of the forest, but do not appear to have impressed them with any desire to embrace the habits of civilization. Neither could the fatherly loving kindness of William Penn, (aided as he was in his noble philanthropic

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purposes, by people of his own profession, who abandoned all the comforts of English life, to assist him in his labors of love on their behalf,) secure to them a quiet habitation in the land which gave them birth, and of which they were the original possessors. No one of the assembled multitude at the time of the justly celebrated treaty, (of which our historian Samuel M. Janney gives so eloquent a description), under the great Elm tree at Kensington, could possibly have foreseen, that long before two hundred years had passed away, Pennsylvania would be left with scarcely any living representatives of those tribes of peculiar people, whom William Penn was concerned to civilize, and of whom he declared, that "they believe in God and immortality, without the aid of metaphysics."

Thomas Brown grew up in his father's sequestered abode at Plumstead, remarkable for the urbanity of his temper and his fine natural abilities; but these advantages were not improved by much education owing to the small number of schools then in the country, and to the necessity binding on the emigrants to labor for their daily bread; yet in after life he became one of the most eminent ministers of his time.

His ministry is described in his own language, where, as we see in his memorial, he says of himself: "I am sensible that my gift has been different from some of my brethren; I have not been led so much into little things." "I have experienced that they that would reign with Christ must suffer with him." "People may have a regular outside, and be diligent in attending meetings, and yet know little or nothing of it, (that is suffering with Christ, in order to reign with him) for formality and externals are nothing."

The "charity which suffereth long and is kind," an ingredient which promises to be needful to the children of men whilst in a state of mutability, is said by those who knew him well to have been ever present with him, but seems to have been nearly wholly wanting in some of his cotemporaries. A great and almost exclusive concern had commenced after the death of William Penn in 1718, in regard to those minor testimonies which, whilst they considered them merely auxiliaries, yet felt themselves called upon to maintain. These minor testimonies after the first converts to the faith had passed away increased in importance in the estimation of their survivors, and finally came to be regarded as amongst "the weightier matters of the law." Austere simplicity in dress, the use of the plain language, a regular attendance of meetings, and a disregard of some conventional observances, (things good enough in their several relations, but which, we must admit, do not of themselves confer grace on those who practice them,) placed such friends in some meetings foremost in authority in matters of faith and discipline, and in certain instances led to testimonies of disownment for non-conformity, which at this time could not be suffered to take place. Committees were likewise appointed to visit members of the Society, and bear a testimony against superfluity of every description. These committees were called in derision by the disaffected, "Reformation Committees," and the marks of their files, saws, and chisels, are still to be seen in the houses of old families, where chests of drawers, clocks, and looking glasses, had by their means been reduced to the desired standard.

It appears on consulting a copy of one of the oldest Disciplinary Books of the Society, that much was left to the judgment of those in authority. The Discipline issued by Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, for Pennsylvania and the Jerseys, and held by adjournments from the 21st to the 26th of 7th month, 1719, expressly sets forth: "Much more might be said as to the Necessity, Righteousness and Beauty of Church Discipline, but as this is chiefly to Friends and Elders established in their judgment concerning the same, it is the intent and desire of this Meeting to be as concise as possible."

The laws being thus defined as left to "Friends and Elders established in their judgment respecting the same," they were occasionally administered after an interpretation of so much strictness and severity, that the Society came near making "the law of God of none effect by its traditions."

We make no further comments on such proceedings, but may be allowed to rejoice that our lot has fallen on more genial times.

The Friends who are now the representatives of the great original principle promulgated by George Fox and the testimonies which grew out of that principle, whilst they continue to advocate the simplicity which the truth sanctions, exercise forbearance to their youthful members, who, being Friends by birthright only, must be sometimes considered as unconvinced persons, and cherished until the time for convincement arrives. Friends now also give their attention to the advocacy of individual rights, to extending the benefits of education to all classes, and to enlarging the "metes and bounds," of benevolence. In the contemplation of these grateful subjects, our hearts are filled with gratitude to the "Giver of all good" that the efforts made to preserve Quakerism in the times of which we have written did not prove its destruction, but that it has survived them all, and still lives,—may we not say even

in its genuine brightness and purity? For these favors let us adopt the language of the apostle when, on approaching Rome, "the brethren came to meet him as far as Appii-forum; whom, when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage," Let us also take courage, and hope for yet better days.

Baltimore, 2d mo. 21st, 1868. T.

Constant prayer is, to keep the heart always right towards God. Strive then, when you come from prayer, not to suffer your mind to be too much entangled with outward things, endeavoring to be totally resigned to the Divine Will; that God may do with you and yours according to his heavenly pleasure, relying on him as on a kind and loving Father; and though you be taken up with your outward affairs, and your mind thereby prevented from being actually fixed on him, even then you will always carry a fire about you that will never go out, but which, on the contrary, will nourish a secret prayer, that will be like a lamp continually lighted before the throne of God.—*Gnide to True Peace.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

TO MOTHERS.

Every day's observation teaches us that the old saying, "As the twig is bent so will the tree incline," is as equally true of the infant mind as of the young plant. Early impressions, when stamped upon the yielding nature of a child by the loving hand of a conscientious mother, are like the water mark in a sheet of paper, which may be written over, and seemingly effaced by the dark lines of care and worldliness, yet will ever stand out bright and clear when illuminated by the pure light of early affection.

The memory of the noble precepts instilled in the youthful mind by a loving mother, never entirely fades out in after years, for they are "written upon the heart as upon a rock, with a pen of iron." A child's future path in life, whether for good or evil, is usually determined by the character of the maternal influence it has received; and it is a serious, as well as an inspiring thought, that in the gentle hands of a mother, an all-wise Providence has in a large measure placed the future happiness or misery of her offspring.

Intelligence is developed early, and long before it is able to talk, an infant can be made to understand a mother's disapprobation of wrong doing. Even during these baby years she should embrace every opportunity to assist its budding intellect, and endeavor, by gentle and loving ways, to induce the tender affections to cling round her heart, while with a firm, but gentle hand, she trains the mind to encounter the rude storms of life.

There is a fashion, which is fast growing into an almost universal custom, with the more wealthy classes, of placing young children under the exclusive care of hired nurses. These servants are usually without education or refinement, and are sometimes either devoid of principle, or imbued with ignorant superstition. It cannot reasonably be expected that these hired nurses should feel the same loving interest in their young charges, or recognize the high requirements of their position as moral teachers, as would a conscientious and careful mother; and it seems to me that a parent is assuming a fearful responsibility, who thus deliberately delegates to another the great and holy trust which she has received from her Heavenly Father.

The health of such children often suffers mysterious interruptions, the causes of which, the parents, aided by the skill of the family physician, are entirely unable to discover. If the truth were known, these frequent, unaccountable attacks of illness would often be found to arise from the intentional neglect or culpable ignorance of those hired caretakers, whom the too confiding mother has placed in charge over her darlings. It is probable she has, by some subtle process of reasoning, deluded herself into the belief that as money can procure almost anything, it can also purchase for her children the care and love which the mother's heart only should give, but which the requirements of custom or of fashion leave her no time to bestow.

I am aware that the objection will be raised by some, that a good housewife cannot spare the time to attend personally to her children at all hours. To this I would reply, that I can very readily understand that an active and thorough mistress of a house will ever find sufficient occupation to keep her time well employed; and if, in addition, she attempts to keep up with the round of social pleasures, she will find very little opportunity to devote to the immediate care of her children. But I believe that the conscientious fulfilment of the God-given duty of personally training and caring for her children is of more real importance than either house or society. Yet it appears to me that it is not impossible to discharge her parental duties properly, and at the same time keep her house in comfortable order, and enjoy the company of her friends.

There is never a time when a child is more susceptible of good influences than when retiring for the night, and a truly conscientious mother should always make it a point to accompany her children to their bed-chamber, that her voice may be the last to bid them good night, and her kiss the seal of their innocent slumber. Then, too, children are ac-

customed at such times to talk over the occurrences of the day, and it often happens that, under the quiet influence of the hour and place, an important moral lesson can then be best enforced. It sometimes chances during that peaceful transition period between wakefulness and sleep, that the young mind becomes charged with a precocious, intellectual activity, which causes the child to ask startling questions about its Creator, the laws of its being, and other seemingly abstruse subjects.

If these first timid explorations into the realms of thought are addressed to an ignorant or thoughtless servant, they will usually be repelled by an impatient exclamation or perhaps ridicule, or else the child will be misinformed by a careless or superstitious answer, and the little seeker after knowledge is either thrown back upon itself, or has the current of its thoughts diverted into an evil channel. How different, perhaps, would be the result upon its after life, if its first hesitating steps on the road to knowledge were met and encouraged by the tender and loving sympathy of an intelligent mother.

But "a word to the wise is sufficient." Already have I written much more upon this important subject than I at first intended; but it is one which for years has claimed my most serious consideration.

I desire that mothers should be awakened to the great importance of this subject, that they might feel the very weighty responsibility which devolves upon them, and, realizing the sacredness of their trust, that they might earnestly seek for right direction in the fulfilment of this duty towards those whom God has entrusted to their care. Then would their children in later life "rise up and call them blessed."

A Mother.

There is a true law, a right reason, congruous to nature, pervading all minds, constant, eternal; which calls to duty by its commands, and repels from wrong-doing by its prohibitions: and to the good, does not command or forbid in vain, while the wicked are unmoved by its exhortations or its warnings. This law cannot be annulled, superseded, or overruled. No senate, no people, can loose us from it; no jurist, no interpreter, can explain it away. It is not one law at Rome, another at Athens; one at present another at some future time; but one law perpetual and immutable, it extends to all nations and all times, the universal sovereign. Of this law, the author and giver is God. Whoever disobeys it flies from himself, and by the wrong thus done to his own nature, even though he should escape every other form of punishment, incurs the heaviest penalty.—*Cicero.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

As the subject of music is before the Society of Friends, I feel as though I would like to give my views. It is in the evening of life with me now, and I must soon pass away; and these sentiments are so deeply impressed upon my mind, I feel it would be wrong to keep them to myself. he re is nothing that I desire more fervently than a just, a right and a true knowledge of Truth, and to appreciate and obey its dictates.

I cannot think that music in itself is sinful, for it can be used for good purposes. Our beneficent Creator has given us many things to please and gratify the senses and cheer life's pathway, which would prove as blessings if they were properly used and not abused. If by excessive use they exclude that which would be more beneficial in after years, or prevent a necessary preparation for immortality and eternal life, then they become sinful. Therefore we need the same wisdom from on High that gave them for our enjoyment, to direct us in their use. Music soothes the infant—soothes the troubled spirit—and what is called sacred music inspires the mind with devotional feelings and praise to the Father of all our mercies and benefits; and I do not find that it is prohibited in the Scriptures, as they used in olden time to sing praises to God with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, and with instruments of music; and we read that when Jesus ate the passover with his disciples, they sang an hymn, and went up into the Mount of Olives. No doubt it was a hymn of praise and thanksgiving. "Nature's laws are God's laws;" and we have the joyful song of birds through the summer days, and in the still evening hour, when all else is hushed in silence, the melody of insects is heard; and I could never listen to them without grateful acknowledgments to Him who gave us life, and designs that life to be happy.

But in our meetings for worship, with our manner, music would be very inappropriate. "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth;" and when we meet together to hold communion with the Father, we need no vocal sounds, as he understands our thoughts afar off, and can answer our silent supplication as well as if audibly spoken; but there are many who need to be ministered unto, and our Heavenly Father, in his abundant mercy and tender compassion, has qualified some to proclaim the "glad tidings of the gospel of peace;" and if such would be faithful, their light would increase till it would be not only as the light of the sun at midday, but of seven days. This is the promise, and Jesus said to his faithful followers, that greater things than

he did they should do; and if the true disciples of the present day were concerned to journey forward, light would break forth more and more, and they would be enabled to gather fresh manna, not only for themselves, but to feed the flock. God is love, and they that dwell in God, dwell in love one with another, and will be true helpers one to another, as they have ability given them. And there is need of *spiritual* elders, that are qualified from on High, as true ministers of the gospel, for their office is as sacred; and no *human* understanding can appoint or qualify them to be co-workers with the ministers, to help build up the waste places, and heal the breaches, and call the wanderer back to the true fold. The principles we profess are founded upon the rock, and that rock is Christ; and we can go no higher, but we can increase in grace and in the knowledge of the truth. Much more might be said, and wisely too, but I have given my views as briefly as possible, and in that love which never dies. I submit them, trusting that our beloved Society will be clothed in the garments of righteousness, and be as a light to the world, and glorify God on earth as he is glorified in Heaven. L. F.

Suretyship hath undone many of good estate, and shaken them as a wave of the sea; mighty men hath it driven from their houses, so that they wandered among strange nations.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

MUSIC.

In reply to the query, "Whether the Society of Friends ever bore a testimony against music, and in what that testimony consisted," the following extracts are offered. Those of individuals might be increased to a great number, similar to Thomas Story's, from his journal in 1689. "When it pleased the Most High, by the infusion of his own goodness, to reveal in me the Son of his love, even his wisdom and power, by whom he designed and effected all things, then I was taught to fear him, then I was taught to love him; then, O then, and not aright till then, was my soul instructed and informed indeed. I put off my usual airs, my jovial actions and address, and laid aside my sword, which I had worn, not through design of injury, or fear of any, but as a modish and manly ornament. I burnt, also, my instruments of music, and divested myself of the superfluous parts of my apparel, retaining only that which was necessary, or deemed decent."

From the printed book of Discipline, (New York) 1716. "Advised, that a watchful care be taken to prevent Friends' children, and those professing Truth, from going to, or being concerned in, stage plays, lotteries, music and dancing; and that such also be dealt with as run races, on horseback or on foot, lay wagers, or use any kind of gaming, or vain sports or pastimes, for our time passeth swiftly away, and our pleasures and delights ought to be in the law of the Lord."

From John Rutty's Treatise on Christian Discipline, 1746: "This people entirely disuse and condemn as unlawful, vain sports, and what are called pastimes." . . . "Many of them seem to be genuine inventions of the policy of Satan, to stifle the voice of God's witness to the souls of men, and divert them from a due attention to its holy calls. The following recreations have always been held by this people to be of this sort, viz., gaming, dancing, music meetings, the use of songs tending to debauch the mind, frequenting play houses, horse races, &c."

John Gough, in his history of the people called Quakers, on the subject of sports and diversions, says, "A people honestly directing their researches after pure religion, and the first principles of Christianity, could not be long in discerning the inconsistency of vain sports and diversions, such as theatrical exhibitions, horse racing, dancing, musical entertainments, cards, dice, and other species of gaming, with the precepts of the gospel, to which they are diametrically opposite in their root and origin, nature and tendency." "For these and other reasons they thought it their duty to disuse vain sports themselves, bear their testimony against them, and make it a point of communion and an object of discipline, that their members should refrain the attendance thereof, or be dealt with as transgressors."

Thomas Clarkson, in his Portraiture of Quakerism, 1806, says: "Dancing and the diversions of the field have been proscribed. Music, novels, the theatre, and all games of chance, of every description, have been forbidden." Vol 1, page 37, speaking of George Fox says, "He declaimed against all sorts of music." He and his followers were of opinion that music could not be admitted in a system of pure Christianity. The modern Quakers have not differed from their predecessors on this subject, and therefore music is understood to be prohibited throughout the Society at the present day."

In extracts from the minutes of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, 1850, after other judicious remarks, they say: "Looking to the Holy Head and Pattern of the Christian Church, and to her early followers, we find no precept or example to sanction that waste of time and dissipation of mind, which attend the use of music, and other vain amusements." "The testimony of our Society on this subject was first raised when the sun of the Gospel

day shone upon it in meridian brightness; when what are now by some called 'little things,' were seen in that light, to be greatly destructive of true peace and happiness. Experience abundantly confirms their views. The watchmen on our walls have remarked that children who have been indulged in music, generally manifest, when they grow up, opposition to other of our testimonies, and that there appears no way more direct to lead them out of the Society than such indulgence."

New York Discipline says, "Friends are not to attend stage plays, horse races, places of music and dancing, or other places of diversion," although we are too weak to put our Discipline in practice. The following was the judgment of 1854:

"This Meeting has been brought under exercise by learning that some of our members have introduced piano fortes into their families, and that the children of some Friends are being instructed in the art of music.

"It is the judgment of this Meeting, that as these practices are contrary to our Discipline, and are calculated to draw the mind away from an attention to matters pertaining to our highest interests, and to lead into other indulgences that are contrary to the spirit of our Christian profession, we feel our minds drawn earnestly to desire Friends faithfully to follow the pointings of Truth, which we believe would lead out of these practices.

A FRIEND.

We should give up our whole existence unto God, from the strong and positive conviction, that while we are faithfully endeavoring to follow him, the occurrence of every moment is agreeable to his immediate will and permission, and just such as our state requires. This conviction will make us resigned in all things; and accept of all that happens, not as from the creature, but as from God himself.—*Guide to True Peace.*

LOVE OF TRUTH.

The love of truth is a sure foundation of true greatness and goodness. It may cost a man dearly sometimes; yet nothing, if he holds steadily to it as a possession, will bring him so large and noble a return. "Buy truth and sell it not." To hate a lie and all wilful deception and duplicity, at every cost, is to buy the truth in this sense. It will be said, that is a matter of course with every honest man. But is it so with all who pass for men of honor and honesty? It is not, perhaps, always right or proper that our conduct should be marked with that perfect transparency that should make our purposes as intelligible to enemies as to friends. But that man will never lose in the long run who leans to the side of treating all men as friends and truthful until he finds some reason to distrust them. He who lets all his conduct be marked with simplicity, candor and perfect sincerity, who never deceives, never tells a lie, and never implies one, nor acts deceptively, may subject himself thereby to momentary inconveniences, but will soon find that degree of weight attached to his name and his word that is worth the cost a hundred times over. Some men have a way of obtaining almost everything they desire by a sort of finesse. Even where their ends are good, and could be more easily brought about by the simple force of truth and directness, there will yet be a duplicity and complication about their means that destroys confidence in their ultimate bearing and purpose, that defeats the whole, or lowers reliance in their character.

Truth is the exorcist of ambiguity and doubt. There is positive truth to be sought as well as falsehood to be shunned. To buy truth in this sense is to have a real love and reverence for facts or principles in all their exactness. To search out what is hidden, to decide what is controverted and doubtful, to know what before has been unknown, is the work of the lives of many, and noble work too. It will cost much labor and thought where the superficial cover their ignorance with ambiguous phrases or idle words, yet this sort of love of truth is the basis of all our progress in science, and among the highest glories of man's intellectual nature. A French astronomer observed a slight variation in the motions of the planet Uranus, and by long calculations he proved in his study that there must be another planet, and what its size must be, and what its distance, and its motions, and its place, and when the attention of other astronomers was thus turned to the right, a new world was found hundreds of times larger than our own.

Truth is also capable of becoming the exorcist of error from the heart and life. Many love truth speculatively, and in theory, but real truth is a thing capable of being lived up to, and without this every man's own life becomes a gigantic falsehood. To buy the truth is to act up to the light vouchsafed us, while the many persist in acting upon old and erroneous principles known to be false. To conform the life to all known truth, studiously, resolutely, and at any price, is a rare and costly virtue.

The love of truth in all of these characteristics is a most precious excellence. It gives to those who posssess it a noble confidence and strength that none others possess. Those

who love any thing else more than they love truth walk in constant doubt. They are always hunting for arguments instead of verities, they may be confident and bluster, but they are never satisfied. But he who supremely loves truth feels that he cannot seriously err on any matter that it is really important for him to be rightly assured of. Indeed, the conscientious and earnest pursuit of truth will shed light on a thousand practical difficulties, the way out of which is not otherwise to be discovered. The man who habitually makes truth the guide of his life, becomes gifted with a superior wisdom and an instinctive apprehension of his proper course. A true instinct guides him right and puts him on the road to great discoveries, while the trifler, temporizer, doubter and cowardly man can see no light and get no direction, but is left in the hour of peril like Saul when he consulted the witch of Endor, unanswered by prophets, and a prey to the idlest superstitions. Idleness, prejudice and cowardice are three great foes to the truth-loving spirit. But on the other hand, a spirit of independent inquiry and of practical obedience to known duty are the best of guides, conducting men safely through mysteries only thus to be penetrated successfully.—*Philada. Ledger.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 21, 1868.

Mental Culture.—A new school law for the District of Columbia, lately introduced into the House of Representatives, which proposes to be "a model for the common schools of the nation," contains a clause making it obligatory on parents to send their children to school for a certain period, and placing the responsibility of their absence upon the parents. The ordinary school laws have been rendered ineffective for want of the co-operation of those whom they were designed to benefit. Some of the most earnest and intelligent among our public-spirited men have labored to remedy the defect. The compulsory system is advocated by many friends of education who feel that the general weal demands that their efforts be no longer thwarted "by unwise parents and truant children."

In Germany, where this system has been tested for years, we are told that it has been found effective, "and has contributed largely to their national boast of having the best school system in the world."

Education is properly considered among the most important subjects that demand attention. If we do not encourage it, we fail to avail ourselves of one of the most efficient promoters of virtue and happiness.

In dotting down our own reflections in relation to it, we presume not to offer new views, or to say anything which has not been better expressed by others. But it is our belief that many parents, even in the Society of Friends, are not aware of the value of the knowledge lost by neglecting to embrace the opportunities afforded them for the cultivation of the intellectual faculties. These were given for the purpose of elevating the mind above the grovelling and sensual pursuits which are indulged in by those who have no higher aim than self-gratification. We know that literary acquirements, separately considered, will not accomplish this great end; and therefore the moral training which devolves upon guardians of youth should not be overlooked. A word to parents upon this point. In some cases, paternal interest seems not to extend beyond the comfortable clothing and feeding of the children, and giving them a very limited literary education. Engaged in the accumulation of worldly treasures, there appears to be no time for turning the heart towards the little ones, to nurture in their infantile minds the germs of true nobility and virtue—no leisure to check the growth of covetousness, revenge and selfishness, and to transplant as from their own breasts the genial buds of generosity, brotherly kindness and love. There is a family duty that embraces the physical, intellectual, moral and social training of all the members, with reference to the full and perfect development of the varied powers which make the perfect man. In a household where this union exists, we find means sought to cultivate that which is useful, combined with beauty, purity and love. Health is considered, and care extended, that the physical laws of our being should be understood and not violated. The intellectual culture and moral growth are advanced with the earnestness of a true life; and in the domestic enjoyment of such families is found a sure protection against evil associations and places of vain amusements. No scenes are

dearer than those in which members of a family share each other's confidence—where the young and the old exchange their inmost feelings, and their hearts are opened by mutual sympathy.

A pious mother's influence will be felt without a word being spoken. The subduing effects upon her household will be more potent and steady than the most strenuous zeal for the right, unaccompanied by the spirit of love and forbearance.

If, happily, father and mother unite in throwing around them a halo of purity, the work will be more complete. The two being agreed as to the things which they ask, the blessing will be enriched by mutual faith. The best directed efforts, however, sometimes fail, and parents are obliged to mourn over blighted hopes and wounded affections. But let not such "sorrow as those without hope"—having done what they could, let them leave the rest to Him who regards even the rebellious with an eye of compassion, and who, in his adorable mercy, often rescues the wanderer "as a brand from the burning."

MARRIED, on the 27th of Second month, 1868, with the approbation of Pilesgrove Monthly Meeting, at the residence of the bride's parents, William and Hannah T. Borton, Woodstown, Salem Co., N. J., HENRY LIPPINCOTT to RACHEL M. BORTON, both of the same Meeting.

MARRIED, on Fifth-day, the 5th of Third month, 1868, according to the order of the religious Society of Friends, NATHAN CORKRAN, of North-West Fork Monthly Meeting, Maryland, to PHEBE A. PENNOCK, of Kennett Monthly Meeting, Penna.

DIED, at his residence, Buckingham, Bucks Co., Pa., on the morning of Third month 13th, JOSEPH BROADHURST, in his 75th year.

——, at his residence, in Logansport, Indiana, on the 27th of First month, PETER ANDERSON, in his 67th year.

——, at the residence of his daughter, Mary G. Pratt, on the 7th of Second month, 1868, NATHAN LEWIS, in his 86th year; a member of Goshen Monthly Meeting, Penna.

——, at his father's residence, Drumore, Lancaster Co., Pa., on the 22d of Second month, 1868, WILLIAM TENNIS, aged 25 years and 3 months.

——, on the 26th of Second month, JOSEPH DAVENPORT, an elder of Baltimore Monthly and Eastern District Preparative Meeting, in the 77th year of his age. His loss is deeply felt, and his example such as to leave the impression—follow me as I have endeavored to follow Christ.

——, on the 1st of Third month, at the residence of Joseph Painter, in Fairfax Co., Va., ESTHER HAYES, widow of Mordecai Hayes, formerly of Chester Co. Her remains were laid in Friends' burying ground at Woodlawn, where a meeting was held on the occasion.

DIED, on the 20th of First month, 1868, at his residence in Mount Pleasant, AARON KESTER, in the 81st year of his age; a member of Fishing Creek Monthly and Particular Meeting.

——, at his residence, near Lincoln, Loudon Co., Va., on the 20th of the Second month, at 1 o'clock, P. M., YARDLEY TAYLOR, aged 73 years; a member of Goose Creek Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 26th of Second month, 1868, LYDIA BOYCE, of Danby, Vt., aged 78 years. She has been a member of Danby Monthly Meeting from her childhood, and will be very much missed.

——, on the 8th inst., JESSE H., son of James and Mary E. Childs, of Gwynedd, in the 23d year of his age.

——, on Second day, the 9th inst., CLEMENT ACTON, in the 71st year of his age; a member of Salem Monthly Meeting, N. J.

——, at her residence in Poughkeepsie, on the 2d of Third month, LYDIA, wife of Aaron Frost, aged 74 years. During her protracted illness, it was manifest to all whose privilege it was to be with her, that her dependence was not placed upon the arm of flesh, but on that unseen Arm of "Power," which was around and underneath. This was her support in all the afflictions and weaknesses which her frail tabernacle for many years endured with Christian patience and fortitude, cheerfully bearing her own burden, to encourage the drooping spirits of others. May her exemplary life and her excellent counsel, while on a sick and dying bed, induce others to strive to follow her, as she followed Christ.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

Third month 24th. Lecture by DR. JOS. THOMAS. Subject, "Women's Rights, or Female Education.'

The security that follows long continued prosperity is often the occasion of men's destruction, as it leads them to neglect the necessary means of protection.

LETTER FROM A TEACHER AMONG THE FREEDMEN.

ATLANTA, Jan. 14th, 1868.

The barrel arrived the day after Christmas, when we had closed the schools for one week's vacation. Owing to severe storms, we had to delay opening the schools for two weeks, but as soon as I was able I distributed the contents of your barrel, and of a box sent by the Ladies' Union Aid of Philadelphia. But on account of bad walking and rough weather, many little ones were absent. To such I sent their portion, and for days after there was almost a constant ringing of our door-bell,—some one coming to send a "Thankee ma'am" to the kind ladies who sent them their nice hood, gloves, dress, &c., &c.—whatever their portion may have been. I cannot tell you how much those things were appreciated, nor how happy those poor children all looked in their new presents.

The next Sabbath, although it was a cold, rough day, as I went to Sabbath-school and church, the beautiful little hoods could be seen coming in every direction, and I thought, as they greeted me with a smile and a

"Howdy," I had never seen them looking as happy as then."

When they saw the box of ginger-snaps, many remarks were made as to what lady had sent them; whether she had used all her flour, and molasses, &c., &c. I believe they finally concluded, as there were so many, she must have sent them all she had, and "spected" she must have used all her molasses and flour.

I think I told you in a former letter of a few I hoped would make teachers? Well, I met with better success than I had hoped to; and at seven o'clock on the morning of the 2d of First month, I set out with five girls and one boy (all fatherless, and some of them orphans) between fourteen and eighteen years of age. We arrived in Chattanooga a few minutes after four, where we found an ambulance with four mules to take us up the mountain. We reached the top soon after seven o'clock. The moon shone bright and clearly. As we ascended them ountain and looked down upon the quiet valley beneath us, the view was fearfully grand. The thoughts of my heart went up in gratitude to our Father for thus permitting poor feeble me to be an instrument in His hands for influencing these young minds, and leading them from the depths of poverty and ignorance to the fountain of knowledge, and, I pray and trust, to the fountain of truth and grace. They are all children of praying parents. I met them when they were refugees from the homes they loved. They go to these schools as charity scholars. They had not one whole garment, and I had considerable trouble in getting clothing for them, but through the kindness of friends, I was able to give each one a change.

It was late when I retired that night; and I lay a long time awake thinking of the many strange events of the last five years. Five years ago I could not cross the Ohio river. Then, with a military pass, I was permitted to go to Nashville; and now, in the very midst of rebeldom, a gentlemanly superintendent (an officer of the rebel army) favors *me*, a Yankee, with a free pass over their State R. R., for myself and six young persons, from Atlanta to Chattanooga, and myself from Chattanooga back to Atlanta.. And here I go when and where I please, and am not only permitted to go, but am kindly, cordially treated by all. Sometimes it seems more like a dream than a reality. I appreciate such kindness, and, though surrounded by many rebellious spirits, I thank God that there are some true men in the South and some true men in the North, and that, helping each other, the right will finally prevail.

Thy friend, H. N. P.

From the Dubuque Herald.

THE "WALLED LAKES" OF IOWA.

"From time to time, during the last ten or fifteen years, the public have been treated to accounts of the so-called walled lakes of northern Iowa one of them being situated in Wright and the other in Sac county, and almost every writer seems to have entertained the belief that the 'walls' were the work of human hands, and those were the hands of a departed race of men who, ages ago, inhabited that region. While making examinations of the peat marshes of that part of the State during the past season, I had excellent opportunities to examine both of the lakes just named, as well as others of the same character, fourteen in number, of which the following is the list:

1. Clear Lake, Cerro Gordo county. 2. Rice Lake, Worth county. 3. Silver Lake, Worth county. 4. Bright's Lake, Worth county. 5. Crystal Lake, Hancock county. 6. Eagle Lake, Hancock county. 7. Lake Edward, Hancock county. 8. Lake Mary, Hancock county. 9. Lake Flora, Hancock county. 10. Owl Lake, Humboldt county. 11. Lake Gertrude, Wright county. 12. Lake Cornelia, Wright county. 13. Elm lake, Wright county. 14. 'Wall Lake,' Wright county. 15. Twin Lakes, Calhoun county. 16. 'Wall Lake,' Sac county.

Almost every one of these lakes presents the same phenomena, and is just as worthy the name of 'walled lake,' as those are concerning which so much has been said. They vary from half a mile to five miles in length, some of which are beautiful little sheets of water, but others are so grown up with wild rice and rushes that they are quite uninteresting in appearance, and all of them are shallow. The region where most of them exist has a gentle, undulating surface, and the depressions between the numerous rounded elevations not communicating so freely with each other as the depressions in well drained regions do, many of them have become occupied by peat marshes and small lakes, which drain into the upper branches of the rivers that rise in or flow through that region.

The 'walls,' or, more properly, embankments, are really very interesting natural objects, and it is not surprising that they have attracted some attention. They vary much in height and width, as well as in the materials which compose them; sometimes they are principally of boulders, but more often of sand, gravel and earthy material thrown out of the bed of the lake. In many instances where a peat marsh extends out like an arm of the lake, it is entirely separated from it by an embankment of turf thrown up by the same agency, but of turf, because that, and no other material, was within reach of the

ice. These turf embankments sometimes have a growth of willows upon them, and have been called beaver dams; but beavers never attempt to dam still waters. They dam running streams to obtain ponds of still water. These turf embankments very much resemble the material thrown out of a ditch in draining a marsh, but their origin is unmistakable. When the embankments are composed principally of boulders, they are usually thrown up from two to four feet high, and from five to fifteen feet wide, and imbedded in sand, gravel and earth, the outside of the embankment being usually as steep as the inner or lake side; and the latter often faintly resembles an artificial levee. Although they sometimes have a degree of regularity, the boulders which compose them are never arranged in any order, nor is there an appearance of any work of art upon them.

The water in these lakes is almost always low in the latter part of the year, and the frosts of winter still further reduce the actual depth, so that very little unfrozen water remains in some of them. This is often known to be the case, and only a few winters ago nearly all the fish of Wall lake, in Wright county, were killed by that means.

It is evident that wherever the ice became frozen to the bottom of the lake, it would freeze fast to, and in many instances inclose the boulders and gravel which were strewed upon the bottom. Now when spring returned, the ice being raised by the rains and melting snows, would be carried with its burdens to the high water shore by the prevailing wind. Let this process be repeated year after year, from age to age, and it is evident that all the boulders within reach of the ice would be taken up and carried to the shore, and left exactly where the force of the ice ceased to act. Added to this, the almost constant dashing of the waves against the beach during the warmer parts of the year would have the effect of carrying out large quantities of gravel and sand, which would completely imbed the boulders. There is also another cause which doubtless assisted more than any other in giving the embankments their definite form.

The whole surface of these lakes freezes up almost simultaneously, and to a considerable depth. Now the natural expansion of a solid cake of ice, from half a mile to five in diameter, has, as every one knows, enormous power, quite equal to any amount required to throw up any and all the boulders we find in the embankments, or crowd them quickly against the steeper shores. No natural force would bring them back again, and the annual repetition of the forces above referred to affords sufficient explanation of the phenomena.

It may be thought by some that the processes described would be too slow to produce the results which we see, but slowness is quite in keeping with the mightiest operations of nature. 'The mills grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine.

The shores of Crystal Lake show two sets of embankments, showiug that at a remote period the lake occupied a higher level, and that its surface was lowered by the deepening of its outlet, when the second embankment was formed.

Seeing, then, that the origin of these embankments can be accounted for by the action of natural forces alone, it is difficult to understand how any one could suppose the human hand had anything to do with their construction.

"I HATED LIFE."

Eccl. ii. 17.

BY CARRIE A. SPALDING.

I looked upon its sadness and its sorrow;
Its hidden snares;
Its days of darkness, with no brighter morrow;
Its fields of tares.

Its earthly hopes in broken fragments ending;
Its drooping flowers;
Its sudden griefs, our very heart-strings rending;
Its wasted powers.

Its noblest aims, and earnest, strong endeavor,
All made in vain;
Its clinging to the broken reeds, which never
Bring aught but pain.

Harsh judgments, founded on some plea of duty,
And words of scorn,
Crushing from life its hopefulness and beauty,
With piercing thorn.

I heard its flatteries turned to strange reviling:
Its idols, clay—
Temptation, with its spacious, smooth beguiling,
Leading astray.

I saw the sunbeams that illume the morning
In darkness fade,
The brightest gems an earthly lot adorning
In "caskets" laid.

And, looking on its worthless, fading pleasure,
Its days of strife,
Its cups of bitterness, and tarnished treasure,
I *hated* life.

And then a voice with gentle, touching sadness,
Fell on my ear;
Hast thou forgotten all the days of gladness
That greet thee here?

The loving hearts that with their sweet endearing
Circle thee round?
The pitying tears and words of hopeful cheering,
When cares abound?

Dost thou not see thy withering, fading flowers
Blooming anew,
Fresh with the perfume of the heavenly bowers
In radiant hue?

If broken reeds fail in the hour of trial,
Then lean on Me;
If earthly prayers meet with a strange denial,
'Tis best for thee.

The beauty of each mountain, rock and river,
Each flower-wreathed spot,
Should waken grateful praises to the Giver,
For such a lot.

Beyond thy cloud there is a "silver lining;"
Raise but thine eyes,
And, lo! in dazzling glory, sunbeams shining
Light up the skies.

Go forth then to the plenteous harvests whitening,
With heart of cheer;
And shadows, in thy Master's service brightening,
Shall disappear.

THE FIRST BLUE-BIRD.

BY EMILY S. OAKEY.

WHATEVER weight the hours have borne
Along the path of frost and snow,
The world is never too forlorn
For birds to sing again; we know
That earliest buds will soon expand,
That Spring is somewhere in the land,
For hark! the blue bird sings.

Somewhere the grass is green again,
The meadow mild with shower and sun;
Out bud the trees, up starts the grain,
Through balmy woods the brook doth run.
If anywhere such things may be,
Then why not soon for thee and me?
For hark! the blue-bird sings.

The world is old, the world is old,
But Spring is ever fresh and new;
No dream so fair, no hope so bold,
But some sweet day may find it true;
Who knows how soon that morn may rise
And fill us with a glad surprise?
For hark! the blue bird sings.

From "Reformers and Martyrs," by Wm. Hodgson, we select the following brief account of the man from whom the ancient Society of Waldenses derived their name.

PETER DE WALDO.

Pierre De Vaux, or Peter Waldo, was a wealthy citizen of Lyons, born at the town of Waldum, or Vaux, in the vicinity of that city, and derived his surname from the place of his nativity. It has been supposed, from his having subsequently become eminent as a preacher among the Waldenses, that this people obtained their appellation from him; but this appears to be a mistake, inasmuch as the name of Waldenses or Vaudois (valley-people), was given to those primitive children of the Alpine recesses long before his appearance among them. It is, however, very probable that his connection with them, and his agency in developing them as a distinct people in active, as they had been before in comparatively passive and silent opposition to Romish corruptions and encroachments, as well as the greater extension of their peculiar doctrines and practices from the time of Waldo's zealous and effective engagements among them, may have given him a claim to be considered in some sort as the founder of that denomination of Christians.

The time of his birth is supposed to have been about the beginning of the twelfth century. No account remains, so far as appears in history, of his education or early life; but he is stated to have possessed considerable learning, and seems to have been engaged for some years successfully in the pursuits of trade.

A remarkable circumstance was the means of awakening his mind to a conviction of the uncertainty of time, and the necessity of experiencing a preparation for eternity. But we are not informed at what period of his life this change in his character took place. He had supped one night with some opulent citizens of Lyons, and before separating, they engaged, as was common, in some amusement. In the midst of the sport, one of the company profanely used the name of the Almighty with an oath, and instantly fell dead on the floor. This sudden and awful event struck Waldo to the heart to such a degree that from that time he resolved to make the welfare of his soul his principal concern.* It is said that he formed a firm resolution thenceforward to detach his affections from earthly entanglements, to fix them on heaven and heavenly things, and to pass the remainder of his days as a "fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God."

He now applied himself diligently to the perusal of the Holy Scriptures and the works of the ancient Christian writers, and thus became acquainted with the doctrines and practices of the early church. Some authors say that he occupied himself in translating some portions of the Bible into the Romance language, the vernacular tongue of that part of France; but it seems more probable that he employed others in this work; and Neander gives us the names of two individuals, Stephen de Ansa and Bernard Ydros, whom he hired to translate for him the four gospel narratives and some other portions of the Bible, as well as a collection of the sayings of the early authors on matters of faith and practice. The same historian informs us that copies of his version of the Holy Scriptures (being afterward extended to the whole Bible) were multiplied by him for circulation among the people at large.

He bestowed his wealth with great generosity in relieving and assisting the poor, and sending forth missionaries among the people of the country around Lyons. He proposed to form a society for the spread of evangelical truth among the more neglected inhabitants both of city and country, not particularly for an actual and open opposition to the doctrines of the papal system, but for the promotion of

* Blair's History of the Waldenses, vol. i. p. 249.

spiritual and practical religion, which was the great desideratum in his view.

His own house soon became a common resort for those who needed his aid in their outward necessities, and likewise for many who sought his advice and instruction on religious subjects. The number of his disciples increasing rapidly, he undertook to preach more openly in public places; and so many were attracted by his discourses that the usual houses for worship were comparatively deserted. In his preaching he took pains to prove his doctrines from the Holy Scriptures, and boldly asserted that the Church of Rome was in a state of apostasy from the true faith of the gospel, that she was the harlot of Babylon, and the barren fig-tree which our Lord cursed; that we are not bound to obey the Pope, who is not the true head of the church; that monasticism is like corrupt carrion, and has the mark of the beast; and that masses, purgatory, the dedication of temples, and the worship of the saints, are inventions of the devil.*

After a time he began to preach, not only in Lyons, but likewise in the surrounding country, and sent forth numerous coadjutors to propagate the same doctrines, who met with a hearty welcome among congenial souls in the spurs and valleys of the Alps. His life, meanwhile, was consistent with his doctrines, and even his enemies have conceded to him a charity and Christian piety altogether rare in that corrupt age. Indeed, his character for virtue and integrity was beyond reproach. Blair says that "notwithstanding the opposition of the Pope and clergy," his success as a preacher "was most singular. Some authors affirm that he and his followers denied swearing, and all *forms* of supplication, except 'the Lord's prayer.' Their other prayers would be extemporaneous. Be this as it may, Waldo and his fellow-laborers went on teaching all who chose to listen. They blamed the vice and luxury, the excesses and arrogance, of the Pope and his dignitaries. In short, the new preachers removed almost all the sanctions of the Roman church as useless and superstitious." And it appears from the account given by Neander, that they not only disapproved of oaths, but also "held it unchristian to shed blood." For he tells us that a few years afterward, Pope Innocent III., being desirious to conciliate the Waldenses, granted permission (with certain reservations) to those of them who could be persuaded to remain in allegiance to Rome, not only to form a spiritual society among themselves, after the manner of other religious orders, but to be exempt from the liability "to be called upon for military service against Christians, or to take an oath in civil processes." How long they held these views on war and oaths, we are not informed, though it does not by any means appear that in their oft-repeated persecutions they always adhered to them.

At length the attention of the Council of Tours was directed to the heresies, so called, prevailing in the valleys of Piedmont and the district around Lyons, and the Archbishop of Lyons, alarmed at Waldo's progress, prohibited him and his companions from further spreading their sentiments, alleging that they, being only laymen, transcended the limits of their position in society, in taking upon them the function of preachers. He threatened that if the practice was persisted in, it should be met with excommunication and the punishment of heresy. But Waldo* replied, "that in a matter of such infinite importance as the salvation of men, he could not hold his peace, and that he must obey God rather than man." In accordance with the fulmination of the Council of Tours, the archbishop then endeavored to apprehend him; but Waldo continued in and about Lyons for three years afterward, notwithstanding the archbishop's efforts to have him arrested; being protected by his friends and relatives, some of whom were persons of much influence. At length, however, in the year 1166, the archbishop succeeded so far in his plans as to compel Peter Waldo and his followers to retire from the city to distant places. Neander says that they appealed to Pope Alexander III., transmitting to him a copy of their Romance Bible, and soliciting his approbation of their spiritual society; that the subject was discussed before the Lateran Council in 1170, but that the Pope refused their petition and forbade them to continue to preach.

"They were dispersed," says Du Thou, "as strangers through the province of Narbonne, Lombardy, and especially among the Alps, where, having obtained a secure retreat, they lay hid for many years." And he adds that "Peter Waldo, being chased from Lyons, retired into the Low Countries, had a great number of followers in Picardy, passed into Germany, visited the towns of Saxony, and at last settled in Bohemia." He diligently propagated his sentiments in the various places where he travelled. By the accounts of other authors, it appears that on leaving Lyons he first proceeded into Dauphiny, making a great impression among the peasants of the mountains in that district, and founding congregations which withstood the assaults of

* Blair's History of the Waldenses.

* Milner's Church History, vol. iii. p. 419.

persecution for many years. He next went into Provence, and thence into Languedoc, where he left zealous pastors over numerous flocks, in the field formerly occupied by Peter de Bruys and his companion Henri. Thence he appears to have travelled northward into Picardy, where great multitudes adhered to his doctrines, who were afterwards subjected to severe persecution. Here, in 1188, their enemies destroyed three hundred mansions of the more opulent among them, razed several of their walled towns, and consigned many of the inhabitants of the district to the flames.

Proceeding into the Netherlands and Flanders, he afterward visited Germany, and especially labored zealously in Saxony; after which he settled in Bohemia for the brief remainder of his life. Blair relates, on the authority of a Bohemian historian, that the disciples of Waldo, driven from France, arrived in Bohemia in the year 1176, and having selected for their residence Saaz and Laun on the Eger, they obtained an immense number of associates. But he does not state whether this was the district to which Waldo's own steps were directed. It would appear that they found in Bohemia congenial spirits, and were instrumental in leading many of these to a still purer doctrine, a more simple mode of worship than the Greek, to which they had been accustomed, and a stricter discipline.

The accounts, however, of the latter days of Peter Waldo are extremely defective, and contradictory in regard to dates. All that is certain appears to be the fact that in Bohemia he found not only an open door for his teachings, but also a secure asylum from ecclesiastical persecution, and a peaceful resting-place for his declining days. It is said by Milner, that he died there in the year 1179; though even the date of his death is a matter of doubt, some authors alleging that 1184 was the year of his retirement to Bohemia.

Muston* assures us that 1179 was the year when Waldo presented to the Pope a translation of the Bible into the vulgar tongue; and was present at the Council of Lateran, where, according to the relation of Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford, who was present at that Council, the Pope showed Waldo some favor, and sanctioned his preaching, under certain restrictions. Muston adds that Waldo was condemned by Lucius III. in the Council of Verona, in 1184, when the Emperor was exerting himself to extirpate "heretics;" and alleges that it was in consequence of this condemnation that, between 1185 and 1188, Waldo and his disciples were expelled from Lyons.

*Muston's "Israel of the Alps," vol. i. p. 15.

WONDERS OF MODERN SURGERY.

The progress of modern surgery is most interestingly discussed in an article in the March number of the Atlantic Monthly. The first great and radical step in modern progress was the introduction of what the doctors call anesthetic agents. Ether was brought into use on the 30th of March, 1846, by Dr. Morton, of Boston, who extracted a tooth from a man without pain, by first putting him under the influence of ether. Dr. C. Jackson, the geologist, claims to have made the first suggestion of ether, and did, unquestionably, suggest great caution in the use of it. Chloroform was discovered by Sir J. Y. Simpson, a surgeon of Edinburgh, Scotland, on the 4th of November, 1847. Now no operation of magnitude is performed without the aid of insensibility to pain, produced either by ether, chloroform or some other anesthetic agent. It seems as far back as the 13th century the idea of painless operations was carefully considered, but though treated of by one Theodoric, was apparently laid aside as practically useless. The chief effort of the old surgeons was apparently to produce insensibility in the operator in inflicting suffering. By the local application of a sufficient degree of cold, insensibility can be produced in any desired part, so that a man with a most exquisitely painful wound on his arm, or felon on his finger, can now look quietly down, in his perfect senses, upon the knife as it enters his own body, and performs the most difficult operations without giving him the least pain. Modern science has constructed an instrument by which a vapor of ether, or other volatile substance, is thrown out in the form of spray, which so rapidly absorbs the natural heat of the parts of the body exposed to its operations as to produce perfect insensibility to pain, without the loss of volition or consciousness. This evaporation is so potent that the great Faraday was able to produce ice in a *red hot* crucible! Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, of Boston, has introduced the use of rhigolene, a product of petroleum, which is extremely volatile, and will freeze up the skin and textures beneath in a few seconds, 15 degrees of cold below zero being easily produced in a few minutes.

Artificial legs and arms are now manufactured, which are light and have all the movements of natural joints, by means of springs, cords, and wheels, and are so perfectly adapted to use that it is by no means easy to discover which is the natural and which the artificial limb, when the wearer is once used to wearing the work of art. One man boasts, "I can carry an armful of wood quite handily," or "carry a pail of water with ease;" and another says, "I was fitted

with a pair of artificial hands, and can feed myself very well with them, also can write so as to be read." Another declares he has driven a horse "twenty miles on the coldest day, without calling on his other hand for assistance." This is a great improvement on the iron hook, which was the best substitute that old surgery could affix to the stump. These artificial limbs, however, are triumphs of mechanical ingenuity, rather than of surgery.

A French surgeon has invented an instrument he calls the *ecraseur*, or crusher, to perform operations dangerous in surgery, on account of the loss of blood from the smaller vessels, if performed with a knife. It is formed of a fine chain gathered into a loop, which encloses the part to be removed, and by turning a screw the chain is tightened till the parts are separated. The blunt chain so turns up or twists the ends of the blood vessels that hemorrhage is prevented. A child was born with a tongue so much too long that it protruded three or four inches from her mouth, so that she could not masticate food, or shut her mouth, or speak. Yet when about fifteen years old, under the influence of chloroform, the ecraseur was applied, the superfluous portion of the tongue removed, and now she talks, sings and eats with ease.

The eye is now examined by an instrument called the ophthalmascope, by which the depths of the globe of the eye can be readily and fully explored, and through its aid a great deal of what has been written and conjectured about diseases of the eye has been found to be wrong. The intricate passages of the ear, the nose, the whole of the "windpipe" and passages to the lungs, are now carefully explored. Perhaps one of the best results of modern science has been through what is called *conservative* surgery, the rule of which is to save all that possibly can be saved from the amputating knife. Many of our brave soldiers complained of the reckless haste with which, in the late war, some surgeons would cut off arms and legs on account of trifling wounds. The complaint was often just. But one of the most distinguished surgeons in the world has lately written, "At King's College it is rare to see an amputation; in nine cases out of ten, *excision* (or the cutting OUT of the diseased portion of the limb) should be performed in its stead." A poor boy at the West was caught under a falling log, and his leg broken, crushed, and twisted upon itself at right-angles with his thigh, the bones protruding through the flesh, and no doctor near. He lived and was, after weeks of suffering, taken to a hospital. Modern conservative surgery sawed off the protruding bones, turned the leg back again to its place, and put on an instrument to keep it of equal length with the other, and now that boy stands, runs and jumps with two sound legs instead of amputating the limb, as the old-fashioned surgery would have done.—*Ledger.*

THE SECRET.

"I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic, among a number of others, at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor; who had a kind and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. 'No secret, Doctor,' he replied. 'I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me; and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and then tea is sure to be ready; and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to any body.'" What influence, then, has woman over the heart of man, to soften it, and make it the foundation of cheerful and pure emotions? Speak gently, then; greetings after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far toward making home happy and peaceful.

EATING WHEN EXHAUSTED.

When the strength or nerve power is already worn out, or used up, the digestion of food only makes a fresh demand upon it, and if it be unable to meet the demand, the food is only a burden upon it, producing mischief. Our bodies have been compared to steam engines, the food being the fuel and the steam produced the nerve power. The analogy holds good to a certain extent. If, when the steam is low because the fire is low, you pile in too fast a quantity of coal, you put out your fire, and if you have depended upon steam power to fan your fires, that is also extinguished.

Beyond this the comparison fails. You may clean out your furnaces, and begin again, but in the body the consequences of this overloading are dangerous, and sometimes fatal. No cause of cholera is more common than eating freely when exhausted.

The rule should be to rest for a time, and take some simple refreshment, a cup or part or a cup of tea, a little broth, or even a piece of bread, any thing simple and in small amount, just to stimulate the stomach slightly, and begin to restore its power. After rest, a moderate quantity will be refreshing.

Never eat a full meal when you are exhausted. Take first a small quantity of any thing simple which may be handy, and rest. Then, after a time, proper food will be a blessing, not a burden. The fires will burn, the steam will be up, and you can go on your way safely.

It is not amiss in this connection to say, that children would avoid many a feverish night, and many an attack of disease, if mothers would follow this rule.—*Observer.*

ITEMS.

The Court for the trial of the impeachment charges against the President of the United States, organized on the 13th and adjourned to the 23d inst.

Five Women wave been appointed by the Legislature of Kansas to act as enrolling clerks to that body, and three have been chosen on the school committee at the town election in Reading, Mass. Reading is said to be one of the oldest towns in the Commonwealth.

A New Educational Movement has recently sprung up in Paris and other parts of France for the improvement of the education of the girls of the higher and middle classes. Some little time ago a number of parents, dissatisfied with the quality of the instruction given to their daughters in convents, began to send them to attend the lectures of a few able men, who taught various subjects as a matter of private enterprise. Of course, the government soon stepped in, not to put down the proceedings, but to direct and extend them; and lost no time in effecting a connection between these teachers of young ladies and the University of Paris. A regular course of instruction was agreed upon, including mathematics, natural history, French history, &c., and the first course was commenced at the Sorbonne itself on the 1st of Twelfth month. Crowds of young ladies were present, including two nieces of the Empress Eugenie. A similar system is already at work in thirty or forty provincial towns, and several thousand girls are already receiving this new and more thorough kind of teaching.

A new Locomotive Engine for common roads has recently been exhibited in Edinburg. It has three wheels, weight about five tons, and is said to be capable of going over the roughest roads, climbing the steepest hills, and traveling over plowed land with perfect ease. The power is due to the fact that it has tires of India-rubber five inches thick and two feet broad, which take hold of the ground like an elephant's foot.

In the California Legislature, a bill has been introduced to encourage the planting of shade trees. The waste and destruction of timber by the settlers have exposed the soil in many places to the sun and winds for miles, and changed the cool groves and pleasant shady spots to dusty plains. This is especially the case upon the public roads.

Tea is to be introduced into California. Recently a box of tea seed was received in San Francisco from Japan. The Agricultural Society has given instructions for its cultivation. The importance of this new addition to the agricultural resources of the Pacific slope is apparent, and the preparation of tea-leaves for market is said not to be difficult.

In Boston the newsboys and bootblacks are licensed by the city government. Each bootblack has his stand, which is located in a place where it will not interfere with the convenience of the public. The issuing of licenses is done in the most systematic manner. No license is issued to any boy who does not attend school during some portion of the day, and those who do not attend the public schools are required to attend the newsboys' school at least two hours each day. There are two of these schools, and sessions are held forenoon and afternoon. Each boy receives a leather badge to be worn on his hat or cap while pursuing his occupation. This badge contains the word "Licensed" and also the number of his license in polished letters. The bootblacks also have the letter "B" upon their badges. The boys are not required to pay anything for their licenses, but for their badges they pay $1.25, which will be refunded when required, if properly used. A record is kept of all the boys licensed, with their ages, the schools they attend, and the officer who has charge of their district.

Manufacturing is gradually extending in the Southern States. The Mobile papers report, with much apparent gratification, the opening of a new paper mill in Alabama, on the line of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

A controversy has recently been going on among practical as well as scientific men as to the transparency of molten metals, and in reference to this question, the manager of certain steel works in England has stated that, in pouring out molten steel, the edge of the crucible can be distinctly seen through the flowing sheet of metal. The same testimony will probably be given by practical moulders in this country.

Progress of the Mont Cenis Tunnel.—From the Paris correspondence of the London Times, it appears that from the 1st of First month last, the prosecution of the work at the Mont Cenis Tunnel has been entrusted to a company, which has at its head the Engineers Sommeiller and Grattoni, two of the first projectors of the undertaking, and whose names throughout have been honorably associated with it. The company undertakes to finish the tunnel in four years, ending the 21st of Twelfth month, 1871, and to pay a stipulated forfeit for every month beyond that time during which it shall not have been completed. If it ends the work before that time, the same sum is to be paid to it for every month gained.

The Savoy Journal says the tunnel is pretty sure to be finished early in 1871, but this will hardly be the case with the two pieces of railroad which are to connect St. Michael with Susa, the present termini of the railway north and south of the Alps, with the extremities of the tunnel. The work on these two pieces of the line will be of great magnitude and extremely costly. It is estimated at from 1700 to 1800 thousand francs (£68,000 to £72,000) per kilometre. The average price in France is only from £10,000 to £12,000. The cost of the tunnel itself is estimated at from four to five millions of francs per kilometre.

The summit railway line and the covered ways were ready two months ago, but some parts of the engines, which were made in Paris, would not stand the tests applied to them, and it was found necessary to replace them by corresponding ones of greater strength. One of the experimental engines has been working in a most satisfactory way all along, and carrying materials for the covered ways.

Nitro-Glycerine has of late been used in firing the blasts at the Hoosac tunnel, and with most satisfactory results. Its explosive force proves to be five times that of gunpowder.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH, 28, 1868. No. 4.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, four copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

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Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
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From "Imitation of Christ."

BLESSEDNESS OF INTERNAL CONVERSATION WITH CHRIST.

BY THOMAS A'KEMPIS.

Disciple.—I will hear what the Lord my God will say.

Christ.—Blessed is the soul that listeneth to the voice of the Lord, and from his own lips heareth the words of consolation! Blessed are the ears that receive the soft whispers of the divine breath, and exclude the noise and tumult of the world! Blessed are the eyes shut to material objects, and open and fixed upon those that are spiritual! Blessed are they that examine the state of the internal man; and, by continual exercises of repentance and faith, prepare the mind for a more comprehensive knowledge of the truths of redemption! Blessed are all who delight in the service of God; and who, that they may live purely to him, disengage their hearts from the cares and pleasures of the world!

Disciple.—Consider these transcendent blessings, O my soul, and exclude the objects of sensual desire, that thou mayst be able to hear and understand the voice of the Lord thy God. Thy beloved speaketh again.

Christ.—I am thy life, thy peace, and thy salvation: keep thyself united to me, and thou shalt find rest. Desire not the transitory enjoyments of earth, but seek after the eternal enjoyments prepared for thee in heaven: for what are those transitory enjoyments, but delusion and snares? and what can all creatures avail thee, when thou hast forsaken the Creator? Abandon, therefore, created things, that by a faithful and pure adherence, thou mayst be acceptable to him in whom thou hast thy being, and, in union with His Spirit, enjoy everlasting felicity.

Disciple.—"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth. I am thy servant; give me understanding, that I may know thy testimonies." Incline my heart to the words of thy mouth: "Let thy speech distil as the dew!"

The children of Israel once said to Moses, "Speak thou with us, and we will hear: let not God speak with us, lest we die." I pray not in this manner: no, Lord, I pray not so; but, with the prophet Samuel, humbly and ardently entreat, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." Let not Moses speak to me, nor any of the prophets; but speak thou, O Lord God, the inspirer and enlightener of all the prophets: for thou alone, without their intervention, canst perfectly instruct me; but, without thee, they can profit me nothing.

Thy ministers can pronounce the words, but cannot impart the Spirit; they may entertain the fancy with the charms of eloquence; but if thou art silent, they do not inflame the heart. They administer the letter, but thou openest the sense; they utter the mystery, but thou revealest its meaning; they publish thy laws, but thou conferrest the power of obedience; they point out the way to life, but thou

bestowest strength to walk in it: "they water, but thou givest the increase;" their voice soundeth in the ear, but it is thou that givest understanding to the heart. Therefore, do thou, O Lord my God, Eternal Truth! speak to my soul; lest, being outwardly warned, but not inwardly quickened, I die, and be found unfruitful: lest the word heard and not obeyed, known and not loved, professed and not kept, turn to my condemnation. "Speak," therefore, "Lord, for thy servant heareth;" "Thou" only "hast the words of eternal life!" O speak, to the comfort of my soul, to the renovation of my nature, and to the eternal praise and glory of thy own holy name!

Christ.—Son, hear my words: words full of heavenly sweetness, infinitely transcending the learning and eloquence of all the philosophers and wise men of this world. "The words that I speak, they are spirit, and they are life;" not to be weighed in the balance of human understanding, nor perverted to the indulgence of vain curiosity; but to be heard in silence, and received with meek simplicity and ardent affection.

Disciple.—"Blessed is the man whom thou instructest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law; that thou mayst give him rest from the days of adversity," lest he be left desolate upon the earth.

Christ.—I taught the prophets from the beginning, and till now cease not to speak; but many are deaf to my voice. Most men listen more attentively to the world than to God; they more readily submit to the painful tyranny of sensual appetites than to the mild and sanctifying restraints of God's holy will. The world promises only transitory joy, and men engage with ardor in its unholy service; I promise that which is supreme and everlasting, and their hearts are insensible and unmoved. Where is the man that serves and obeys me with that affection and solicitude with which the world and the rulers of it are served and obeyed? Even the sea exclaimeth, "Be thou ashamed, O Zion!" because, for a trifling acquisition of wealth or honor, a tedious and fatiguing journey is cheerfully undertaken; but, to obtain eternal life, not a foot is lifted from the earth. The sordid gain of perishing riches engages the pursuit and employs the industry of all; the most inconsiderable share of this imaginary property is obstinately and bitterly contested. For the vain expectation of a vainer possession, men dread not the fatigue of sleepless nights and restless days; but, deplorable insensibility! for unchangeable good, for an inestimable recompense, for unsullied glory and endless happiness, the least solicitude and the least labor is thought too dear a purchase.

Be ashamed, therefore, O slothful and discontented servant! that the children of the world should with more ardor seek after destruction and death than thou dost eternal life; that they should rejoice more in vanity than thou in the truth. Their hope is, indeed, vain as that on which it is erected; but the hope that dependeth on my promises is never sent empty away: what I have promised I will give, what I have said I will fulfil. "I am the rewarder of them that diligently seek me: I am he which searcheth" and trieth "the hearts" of the devout.

Write my words upon thy heart: ponder them day and night; in the time of trouble, thou wilt find their truth and efficacy: and what thou now readest and understandest not the day of temptation will explain. I visit man, both by trials and comforts; and continually read him two lessons, one to rebuke his selfishness and impurity, and the other to excite him to the pursuit of holiness. He that hath my word, and despiseth it, hath that which "shall judge him in the last day."

Disciple.—O Lord my God, thou art my supreme and consummate good! What am I, that I should presume to open my lips before thee? I am thy least and most unprofitable servant; an abject worm; much more poor and contemptible than I am able to conceive! Yet remember me, O Lord, and have mercy upon me; for, without thee, I have nothing, can do nothing, and am nothing. Thou alone art just, and holy and good; thy power is infinite, and the manifestations of it boundless. Remember, O Lord, the love that brought me into being; and as thou madest all things for the communication of thy perfections and blessedness, O fill me with thyself!

How can I sustain the darkness and misery of this fallen life, unless thy truth enlighten, and thy strength support me? O turn not away thy face, delay not thy fatherly visitation, suspend not the consolation of thy spirit, lest my soul become like a barren and "thirsty land where no water is!" Lord, "teach me to do thy will;" teach me to walk before thee in humility and faith, in fear and love! Thou art my wisdom, who knowest me in truth, and didst know me before I was born into the world, and before the world was made!

Christ.—Son, walk before me in truth, and in singleness of heart seek me continually. He that walketh before me in truth, shall be defended against the assaults of evil spirits, and delivered from the delusions and calumnies of wicked men. "If the truth make thee free, thou shalt be free indeed;" and shalt hear, without emotion, the commendations or censures of the world.

Disciple.—Lord, thy word is truth! As thou hast spoken, so I beseech thee, be it done unto thy servant. Let thy truth teach, protect, and preserve me to my final redemption; let it deliver me from every evil temper and inordinate desire, so shall I walk before thee in "the glorious liberty of the children of God!"

Christ.—I will teach thee what is my "good and acceptable and perfect will." Think on the evil that is in thee with deep compunction and self-abhorrence; and think on the good without self-esteem and self-exaltation. In thyself thou art a wretched sinner, bound with the complicated chain of many sensual and malignant passions. Thou art always tending to nothing and vanity; thou soon waverest, art soon subdued, soon disturbed, and easily seduced from the path of holiness and peace. There is in thee no good, which thou canst glory in as thy own; but much evil, requiring deep shame and self-abhorrence. Thou art even more dark, corrupt, and powerless, than thou art able to comprehend.

Let not pride deceive thee into false notions of the holiness and perfection of thy life; for thou hast nothing great, nothing valuable, nothing worthy of admiration and praise, nothing exalted, good, and desirable, but that which is produced by the operation of my Spirit. Let eternal truth be all thy comfort and thy boast, and thy own sinfulness thy displeasure and thy shame.

Some men walk not before me in simplicity and purity of heart; but moved by that curiosity and arrogance which deprived angels of heaven, and Adam of paradise, neglect themselves and their own salvation, to search into the counsels of infinite wisdom, and fathom the deep things of God. These fall into dangerous errors, and aggravated sins; and their pride and presumption I continually resist. But do thou fear the judgments of God, tremble at the wrath of Omnipotence; and instead of questioning the proceedings of the Most High, search the depths of thy own iniquities, that thou mayst know how much evil thou hast done, and how much good thou hast neglected.

Some place their religion in books, some in images, and some in the pomp and splendor of external worship: these honor "me with their lips, but their heart is far from me." But there are some who, with illuminated understandings, discern the glory which man has lost, and with pure affections pant for its recovery. These hear and speak with reluctance of the cares and pleasures of the present life, and even lament the necessity of administering to the wants of animal nature. These hear and understand what the Holy Spirit speaketh in their heart, exhorting them to withdraw their affection from things on earth, and "set it on things above;" to abandon this fallen world, and day and night aspire after reunion with God.

Disciple.—I bless thee, O heavenly Father, the Father of my Lord Jesus Christ, that thou hast vouchsafed to remember so poor and helpless a creature! O Father of mercies, and God of all consolation, I give thee most humble and ardent thanks, that, unworthy as I am of all comfort, thou hast been pleased to visit my benighted soul with the enlivening beams of heavenly light! Blessing, and praise, and glory, be unto thee, and thy only-begotten Son, and the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, forever and ever!

O Lord my God, who hast mercifully numbered me among the objects of thy redeeming love, thou art my glory and my joy, my hope and refuge in the day of my distress. But my love is yet feeble, and my holy resolutions imperfect: do thou, therefore, visit me continually, and instruct me out of thy law; deliver me from malignant passions and sensual desires, that being healed and purified, I may love with more ardor, suffer with more patience, and persevere with more constancy.

Christ.—Love is, indeed, a transcendent excellence, an essentlal and sovereign good; it makes the heavy burden light, and the rugged path smooth; it bears all things without feeling their weight, and from every adversity takes away the sting.

Divine love is noble and generous, prompting to difficult attempts, and kindling desire for greater perfection: it continually looks up to heaven and pants after its original and native freedom; and, lest its intellectual eye should be darkened by earthly objects, and its will captivated by earthly good, or subdued by earthly evil, sighs for deliverance from this fallen world.

Love surpasseth all sweetness, strength, height, depth, and breadth; nothing is more pleasing, nothing more full, nothing more excellent in heaven or in earth; for "Love is born of God;" and it cannot find rest in created things, but resteth only in him from whom it is derived.

Love is rapid in its motion as the bolt of heaven; it acts with ardor, alacrity, and freedom, and no created power is able to obstruct its course. It giveth all for all, and possesseth all in all; for it possesseth the Supreme Good, from whom, as from its fountain, all good eternally proceeds. It respecteth no gifts, but transcending all imparted excellence, turneth wholly to the Giver of every perfect gift.

Love knows no limits, feels no burden, considers no labor: it desires to do no more than,

in its present state, it finds itself able to effect; yet it is never restrained by apparent impossibility, but conceives that all things are possible, and that all are lawful; it, therefore, attempts every labor, however difficult, and accomplishes many, under which the soul that loves not, faints and falls prostrate.

Love is watchful, and though it slumbereth, doth not sleep; it is often fatigued, but never exhausted; straitened, but not enslaved; alarmed by danger, but not confounded; and, like a vigorous and active flame, ever bursting upward, securely passeth through all opposition.

He that loveth feels the force of this exclamation: "My God! my Love! Thou art wholly mine, and I am wholly thine!" and when this is the voice of love, it reacheth unto heaven.

Disciple.—Expand my heart with love, that I may feel its transforming power, and may even be dissolved in its holy fire! Let me be possessed by thy love, and ravished from myself! Let the lover's song be mine, "I will follow my beloved on high!" Let my soul rejoice exceedingly, and lose itself in thy praise! Let me love thee more than myself; let me love myself only for thy sake; and in thee love all others, as that perfect law requireth, which is a ray of the infinite love that shines in thee!

Christ.—Love delights in the communication of good; and, with a swiftness equal to thought, diffuses its blessings with impartiality and ardor. It is courageous and patient, faithful and prudent, long-suffering and generous.

Love is circumspect, humble, and equitable; not soft, effeminate, sickly and vain, but sober, chaste, constant, persevering, peaceful and free from the influence of sensible objects. It is submissive and obedient to all, mean and contemptible in its own esteem, devout and thankful to God, and resigned even when his consolations are suspended, being faithfully dependent upon his mercy; for, in this fallen life, love is not exempt from pain.

He, therefore, that is not prepared to suffer all things, and, renouncing his own will, to adhere invariably to the will of his beloved, is unworthy of the name of lover. It is essential to that exalted character, to endure the severest labors and the bitterest afflictions, and to let nothing in created nature turn him aside from the supreme and infinite good.

(To be continued.)

The soul is so made that if it would be good, it must do good; and if it would be happy, it must delight in making others happy.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

SOME THOUGHTS IN RELATION TO FRIENDS' TESTIMONIES AND DISCIPLINE.

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." 1 Thess. v. 21.

"He that doeth Truth, cometh to the Light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God." John iii. 21.

Some Friends have advised me to make an explanation of what I expressed in a little work called the "Young Friends' Manual," upon the subject of Music; and the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer having kindly consented to permit me to use the columns of their paper, I think it right to avail myself of the privilege to present, deliberately, and under what I believe to be a religious concern, some thoughts in regard to the Discipline and Testimonies of Friends, and the true object and mode of administering the Discipline in order to be of the greatest benefit to our beloved Society.

The comments, criticisms, and strictures, verbal, written and printed, that have been made in relation to the little Manual, I am willing to believe were the dictates of love, kindness, and charity, and designed for the best interests of our religious Society. And I ardently desire that they may enlighten, humble, refine and strengthen, and thus give renewed evidence that "all things work together *for good* to those who love God."

What has been particularly objected to in the "Manual," is the statement there made, that "against Music in itself, although individual members may have, Friends as a Society have no testimony." What I mean by a testimony against "music in itself," is an objection or aversion to melodious, harmonious, and musical sounds, such as we have to drunkenness, slavery, injustice, detraction, and every thing which at once inspires the innocent mind with an obligation to shun it. As I understand it, Friends as a Society have no such testimony. They have no more testimony *against music in itself*, than *against dress in itself*. In both cases, the testimony and concern are *in relation to* these things:—*in relation to dress*, that it be free from extravagance, ostentation, and superfluity; and *in relation to music*, on account of the waste of precious time consequent upon an indulgence in it in its various connections, especially *instrumental;* the injurious effect upon the health, in the sedentary habits induced in acquiring an acquaintance with it; the kind of company into which it may lead; the effect upon the heart of those baneful influences so often found in places of public amusement where music is an accompaniment; the attendant expense; and other considerations. On these points, I have long had

a strong and clear testimony, and have labored, in my measure, to secure a right judgment and practice upon the subject, as much perhaps as almost any other Friend, and I desire that there may be no diminution of such labor by concerned Friends.

Here is a great field open for individual concern and labor, as led thereto under the influence of the Love and Power of God, and in the humility and love of the Gospel, to draw all our members to an abiding with the Divine Life, and into humble obedience to the Law of God manifest to their souls. And such is my confidence in the Love and Power of God in aid of His devoted and trusting instruments, that I entertain not the least doubt, that the result of such prayerful labor would in time be, that all music, and musical instruments, would, with many persons thus visited, become a cumber to the house, and be cast away "as to the moles and to the bats," in obedience to the Divine will revealed to them individually. And it is only when made in obedience to requisitions immediately revealed, that this or any other sacrifice will be acceptable to God, or will advance the eternal interests of those who offer it.

Then it will be experienced that there is a state attainable in sweet communion with God, in which music of any artificial kind would be rather an annoyance than a gratification; and to this blessed state I most ardently desire that all our members, and especially the beloved youth, may, through love of God, and not through fear of the Discipline, or from arbitrary exaction, be encouraged to endeavor to attain. Then, the tree being made good, *all* its fruit *must* be good, and every thing which could disturb or injure would be put away in obedience to the manifested will of God.

The inquiry which is awakened upon the subject of music, as appears from the numerous letters I am receiving upon it, and communications in the Intelligencer, is likely to prove beneficial to our Society. Where feelings of patience, forbearance, love and charity are abode in, with earnest desires to promote harmony and confidence among ourselves, and the true welfare of all our members, as I have no doubt has been and will be the case, a careful investigation of the subject cannot fail to have a good effect, because it will be a search after *Truth*. The more closely Truth is examined, and the more fully it is laid open, the more brightly it shines, and the more lovely it appears. Truth, when fully disclosed, is always, especially to the young, more lovely and attractive than error, and virtue than vice. It is the *pleasing face*, and *concealed deformity* of error and vice, that mislead.

It may be added, too, that although there may be nothing criminal in erroneous notions or opinions, especially where opportunity has not existed for correcting them, yet, the impress of Truth, being in harmony with our highest nature, is eminently the most favorable to our spiritual advancement. Hence, the advocates of Truth and Virtue have no danger whatever to apprehend from the fullest and deepest investigation which can be given to any subject; knowing full well, that such investigation can only tend to remove what prevented the highest beauty from being seen. Such examination of the grounds upon which any of the important testimonies rest which we are called upon to support, cannot fail to show their beauty and propriety, and their harmony with the voice of God in our own hearts, so that we will adopt them by choice, through love of them, and not by outward constraint; and then they will become, as they should be, *our* testimonies.

Nothing is more highly calculated to produce distrust of the genuineness and value of the great principles of Friends' profession, than the fearful apprehension and alarm which are manifested, by some, too, who are regarded as standard-bearers in the Church, *lest some man's opinions* are going to disturb the stability of society, break down the walls of Zion, and "loose the cords and remove the stakes of Jerusalem." Such apprehension and alarm imply a want of confidence in the enduring nature of our principles, and a distrust of the Power of God by which these principles were raised among men, and which continues to be their support. These principles are eternal. No opinion nor device of man can overthrow or disturb them. They are capable of resisting the combined influence of prejudice, bigotry, superstition, and infidelity, and are only most endangered by the untempered zeal of their professed Friends, who put forth their hands unbidden to their suppport.

Let all be encouraged by a full trust in the fact, that our Church, through the condescending goodness of God, has a Head; and all that is needed for the triumphant stability, prosperity, and continued beauty of our beloved Society, is, that those who are concerned for its interest and welfare, and for the support of those important principles and testimonies which are the outgrowth of the Divine Life in the soul, may stand firm, in mutual love and confidence; abide in humility, watchfulness, and prayer, and work *in* the Spirit, and *with* the Spirit, for their support, free from all apprehensions of their being disturbed by any man's opinions or doctrines, but in full faith that they are immutably established upon the Rock of Ages.

These remarks seemed to press upon me as preliminary to giving the reasons for the sentiment I entertain and have advanced, that "against music in itself, although individual members may have, Friends as a Society have no testimony."

The first ground which I shall offer for this sentiment, is found in a volume now before me, entitled, "Extracts from the Minutes and Advices of the Yearly Meeting of Friends, held in London, from its first institution," published by the London Meeting for Sufferings in 1783. It was prepared with great care. The preface states: "This important work of extracting and properly arranging, under suitable heads, those minutes and advices, which the Yearly Meeting from its first institution has occasionally communicated to the Quarterly and Monthly Meetings, having been committed to the care of the Meeting for Sufferings, it was with much labor and great attention performed, and was laid before the Yearly Meeting in 1781, when a considerable number of judicious Friends, then present, were appointed to come up to London in the Tenth month, to join the Meeting for Sufferings in examining the same: most of whom, in conjunction with that Meeting, met accordingly; and having given their attendance with unremitting assiduity, in much concord, and to mutual satisfaction, were favored, after many sittings, to go through the work, comparing every part with the original records; and the whole as contained in the following pages was agreed to by the Yearly Meeting in 1782, and directed to be printed, in order that every Quarterly and Monthly Meeting may be furnished with a *complete* and *correct* collection of the several minutes and advices issued by the Yearly Meeting for regulating the affairs of Society."

These "minutes and advices" constituted the Discipline of London Yearly Meeting, of which this was the first collection printed; and the contents of this volume are the foundation of the Book of Discipline of all our Yearly Meetings.

Now, in this whole work consisting of 276 large sized pages, and containing all the minutes and advices issued by London Yearly Meeting up to that time, the word music, or musical instrument does not once occur. There are in it but two paragraphs bearing at all upon the subject. One on page 178, from the printed Epistle of 1748, where it says: "We advise and exhort, that all masters of families, parents, guardians, and tutors of children, would use their endeavors to restrain the youth committed to their charge from frequenting play-houses and other public places of diversion, by showing them the evil tendency thereof, and the danger of their minds being drawn aside thereby from the solid and serious attention to the great duty of life, the practice of true religion and virtue."

They "advise and exhort" parents and others "to endeavor to restrain youth from *frequenting* play-houses, and other *public* places of diversion."

The other paragraph is on page 275, from the printed Epistle of 1739, as follows: "We earnestly beseech our friends, and especially the youth among us, to avoid all such conversation* as may tend to draw out their minds into the foolish and wicked pastimes and practices with which this age aboundeth (particularly balls, gaming places, horse-races and play-houses) those nurseries of debauchery and wickedness, the burthen and grief of the sober part of other [religious] Societies as well as of our own; practices wholly unbecoming a people under the Christian profession, contrary to the tenor of the doctrine of the Gospel, and the best men in the earliest ages of the Church."

Here the testimony cannot be against "Music in itself," for it declares that what Friends' testimony is against, is also "the burthen and grief of the sober part of other [religious] Societies as well as of our own, when the sober part of these Societies, had a high regard for *sacred* music, both vocal and instrumental, as part of their devotional exercises."

In all this I find *incontrovertible* evidence, that the London Yearly Meeting, from its first institution to 1782, of our justly venerated ancient Friends—those bright sons of the morning—had no Discipline or testimony against "Music in itself," or against it at home, in the private family circle, under healthful regulation and restraint.

It is deserving of remark, too, that these ancient worthies, in their concern upon this subject, "advise and exhort," and "earnestly beseech." They recommend *labor in Gospel love*, and not that the member offending shall be disowned. This fact is suggestive, and enables us to see the tender care and solicitude of those Fathers in the Church.

Fixity of Purpose and its Results in Men of Equal Power.—The longer I live the more certain I am that the great difference between men,—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant,—is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. That talent can do anything that can be done in this world, and no one can be a man without it.—*Sir F. F. Buxton.*

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* *Conversation* is here used in the sense implying general course of manners, behaviour, and deportment, especially as it respects morals.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"AWAKE THOU THAT SLEEPEST."

"Awake thou that sleepest," and Christ shall give thee light, for the time of awakening has come, and is even at thy door. Many are aroused to a consideration of their latter end, and wilt thou in opposition continue to say, Yet a little slumber and a little folding of the hands to sleep? O beware that thou no longer strive against the visitation of the Spirit which is knocking at the door of thy heart; for though mercy is granted to those who show themselves merciful, yet if thou continue to resist the reproofs of instruction, seeking to hide in the collective strength of a Society thy own weakness and lack of faith, it will not go well with thee when every man's work will be made manifest. The camp of the Lord is to be renovated, and all that is abominable is to be removed—the goats, who love the barren mountains of an empty profession, are to be separated from the sheep, who feed in the pleasant pastures and who follow the voice of the shepherd wheresoever he leadeth them. Thou must no longer suppose that George Fox is thy father, whilst thou doest not his works, because his servant thou art, whom thou obeyest. He and his early followers made religion the business of their lives, and it should be the same reasonable service with thee; it was their meat and drink to do the will of their Heavenly Father and to finish the work He gave them. They learned in naming the name of the Lord to depart from iniquity, and to be humbled, under the mighty hand of God, in a due sense of their own failings and the affectual means for remedying them, before they looked abroad upon the failings of others. The judgments of the Lord passed through them, and victory was the result; but it was not without much painful labor and ardous conflict that it came. They were fully aware that in their own conceivings about religion no good thing dwelt, and therefore without the new birth they could never enter the kingdom of heaven; and thinkest thou that without the same birth in thyself, thou canst ever attain to the heavenly places in Christ Jesus which were given them, and receive the seal of the Lord with which they were sealed? Truly thou canst not, for there is still but one name and one way under heaven by which and in which thou art to walk and be saved. The testimonies advocated by them would be as a light to thy path if thou walked therein, but in professing their doctrines without conforming thy life to them, thou dost but increase thy condemnation. With them it was a way of the cross, teaching them to deny not only the gross evils of the world, which even the heathen can do, but also its more highly esteemed callings and pleasures. They chose rather to make sure their calling and election for another world, and to wait for that river of heavenly pleasures which flows from the right hand of God. This was the crown of glory they longed for, and which they doubtless now enjoy; and if thou wouldst have the same, commence now to walk by the same rule, bear the same cross, and follow them as they followed Christ, and, if possible, press still further in the deep things of God, and increase the inheritance their industry has left thee. Then would thy light be as the noonday, and thy strength proportioned to thy years; "day unto day would utter speech, and night unto night would show forth knowledge." Awake then, dear brother, and consider from what inconceivable danger thou mayest now deliver thyself, only by passing the time of thy sojourn upon earth in working out thy salvation with fear and trembling. Live as a stranger and a pilgrim who hath no burdens upon him but what are necessary to sustain him on his way, and who uses this world as not abusing it, so that in whatever station of life thou art placed, thou mayest fulfil thy various duties without undue anxiety which worketh death. Thou wert not made for them, but they for thee, and thyself for the Lord, that thou mightest glory only in Him, and in the accomplishment of His holy will concerning thee.

First month 1*st*, 1868.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

The prayer of certain ones among the young men who are being called to ascend "the mountain of myrrh and hill of frankincense," and to come out from the captivity of their fathers into the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

Come, Lord, come quickly, and perform what thy prophets have foretold, and what at present is promised to the hearts of a few; make bare thy holy arm which years have not shortened, and stretch forth thine hand which still retains strength. Heal those who are sick and on whose eyelids hang the shadow of death; give hearing to our ears, that we may hear thy voice, calling us to "come away;" give taste to our mouth, that we may taste of thy mercy, which is yet offered us; give sight to our eyes, that we may see thy salvation, wrought out within us, and unloose our tongues that we may speak of thy praise in bringing about our deliverance. Make us whole of the plagues, which, from the crown of our heads to the soles of our feet, have so lamentably smitten and so grievously tormented us. Against thee and our own souls only have we

sinned and done wickedly in thy sight. Our sins have reached unto heaven and have encompassed the earth, and a perfect deluge has been upon us. We, like our fathers before us, have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts, and neglected to cleanse our ways by taking heed to the word within us; but now do Thou speak the word whch shall deliver us; let here the proud waves be stayed, and the floods of ungodliness cease: hitherto have they come, but let them come no farther; and if our iniquities have been great and our backslidings fearful, so much the greater let the might of thy power be displayed by washing us in the Jordan of thy judgments, that everlasting righteousness may afterward reign among us. Our eyes are unto thee, O Thou that dwellest in the heavens; we know that *without Thee we can do nothing.* It is not in us that walk to direct our steps aright; but the steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord, therefore make plain thy ways before us; speak, for we hear; command us, and we will obey, and run the way of thy commandments. We will pray and not faint, and no longer fear the terrors of men, or be ensnared by their flatteries and the devices of Satan. Make clean our hearts within us, that our actions may be holy without us, so that in body, soul and spirit we may be holy and forever Thine; letting our outward lives be a living sacrifice bound to the horns of thy altar; thereon to henceforth offer ourselves and all that we possess freely and unreservedly as unto a faithful Creator.

Catonsville, 1st mo. 25, 1868.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 28, 1868.

COVETOUSNESS.—"How hardly shall they that have riches, enter into the kingdom of God." Mark x. 23.

"Take heed, and beware of covetousness; for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Luke xii. 15.

The desire to make needful provision for our physical wants is both necessary and praiseworthy, and the moderate pursuit of some lawful occupation is calculated to develop our energies, and to increase our happiness. But like all other lawful things, if pursued immoderately, and solely with a view to accumulation, it may lead to an inordinate love of money, and become a curse to ourselves and our children. The sin of covetousness has been held up to reprobation from the earliest times. When Moses directed the appointment of rulers in Israel, he required that they should be men who "hated covetousness." The Hebrew prophets poured forth their denunciations against it, and under the Christian dispensation it is denounced by Jesus Christ and his Apostles in the most positive manner. The Apostle Paul, in addressing the early Christian church, classes covetousness among the most heinous crimes, and charges his hearers:

"Let not covetousness be once named among you, as becometh saints; for this ye know, that no covetous man who is an idolator, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ, or of God."

While the ministers of religion denounce most of the sins and vices of the age, covetousness, with its attendant evils, is too much overlooked, and this respectable vice, as it is sometimes called, is found to a large extent among the professors of the Christian name.

We see upright and exemplary men engaged in the moderate pursuit of business amass great wealth. They feel restrained from indulging in luxury or extravagance, and their riches are left to their children *to enjoy.* But how often do we find that this possession, which has not been *earned* by the children, has proved a snare to them, and almost invariably leads to those habits of luxury and self-indulgence which their parents from principle avoided.

These inconsistencies can only be accounted for from the fact that the requirements of Christianity, and the true philosophy which it teaches, are very imperfectly understood and appreciated; and it is feared that the Society of Friends are not in advance of the so-called Christian world. Clarkson, in his Portraiture of Quakerism, says, "There is no greater calamity than that of leaving children an affluent independence. The worst examples in the Society of Friends are generally the children of the rich." The natural tendency of riches when uncontrolled by religious principle is dangerous to its possessor, and the consistent Christian who has a family of children, should rather *fear* their accumulation, than make them the object of pursuit

Christianity teaches that we are only stewards of our earthly possessions, and shall be required to give an account of their use; and the question will at one time or another come home to every one who has been entrusted with large possessions, What hast thou done with the wealth committed to thy charge? Happy will it be for those who have not wasted their substance in the gratification of the selfish desires of themselves and children, but have applied them to the use designed by the Giver.

The Discipline of the Society of Friends on the subject of Oaths is founded on the command of Christ and the Apostle James,—"Swear not at all;" and when any of our members violate the letter of it, and cannot be convinced of its inconsistency with Christianity, they are separated from our communion. The commands of Christ and His Apostles on the subject of covetousness, or the love of money, are equally forcible, and much more frequently insisted on; and yet there is but one clause in the Discipline of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting which bears upon the subject, and that is only a general admonition.

We have no right to dictate to each other *how* we shall spend our surplus wealth, but as members of a religious Society interested in the welfare of each other, and in the promotion of the cause of Truth and Righteousness in the earth, we can stir up one another to an inquiry, whether in relation to this subject we are doing our whole duty.

MARRIED, according to the order of the religious Society of Friends, on Fourth day, the 11th of Ninth month, 1867, MILTON JACKSON, of West Grove, Chester Co., Pa., to CARRIE, daughter of Henry Swayne, of Christiana Hundred, New Castle Co., Del.

DIED, on the evening of the 24th of Tenth month, 1867, after a long and painful sickness, which she bore with Christian fortitude, MARY ANN, wife of Mahlon Griest, aged 68 years and 10 months. This valued Friend was a consistent member of Centre Monthly Meeting, and will be long held in remembrance by the suffering and afflicted, at whose bedside, unmindful of self, she was often found administering the balm of consolation. To her may be applied the Scripture language, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

——, in Philadelphia, on the 27th of Twelfth month, 1867, CATHARINE T. BORDEN, relict of the late Richard Borden, of Rumson, N. J., in the 60th year of her age.

DIED, on the 18th of Third month, 1868, at his residence, Whitemarsh, Pa., GEO. M. WILSON, age 69.

——, on Fifth-day, the 12th inst., at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., HENRY POWELL, in the 78th year of his age; an esteemed member of Oswego Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 15th of Third month, 1867, ALLEN W. COMLY, son of Rebecca and the late Ethan Comly, of Philadelphia aged 54 years.

——, on the 19th of Third month, 1867, ORPAH PRATT, wife of Wm. Henry Parker, aged 40 years; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Phila.

FRIENDS' FUEL ASSOCIATION FOR THE POOR.

Stated Meeting on Seventh-day evening next, 4th mo. 4th, at 8 o'clock.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., *Clerk.*

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

This Committee will meet on Sixth day, Fourth month 10th, at 1½ o'clock, at Race Street Meeting-house.

WM. W. BIDDLE, *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day afternoon next, 4th mo. 3d at 3 o'clock.

LYDIA H. HALL, *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

Third month 31st. Lecture by RACHEL BODLEY. Subject, "Organic Chemistry."

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

A member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia has imported and donated to the Association 100 copies of a valuable little book, entitled, "Observations on Education, and Hints to Young People on the duties of Civil Life," by James Mott, (who deceased Fifth month 9th, 1823,) formerly Superintendent of Nine-Partners Boarding School, New York. It may be had of E. Comly, 144 North 7th Street. Price 40 cts.

Cash contributions have been received from a member of Falls Monthly Meeting, $1.00; of Little Britain Monthly Meeting, $1.00; and of Green Street, $10.00.

JOSEPH M. TRUMAN, JR., *Treasurer,*
717 Willow Street.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

A meeting to organize the First-day School Association of Friends within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting has been appointed for Sixth-day afternoon, Fourth month 10th, at 3 o'clock, at Race street Meeting-house, Philadelphia. All schools within the limits of the Yearly Meeting are desired to forward reports, stating the number and average attendance of pupils during the past year; number of each sex; the number and names of teachers; number of sessions omitted, with reasons therefor; number of months vacated; number of books in libraries; and any other information, so that a report may be forwarded to the General Conference in Fifth month.

All Friends interested in this movement are invited. Communications may be addressed to Lydia H. Hall, West Chester, or Joseph M. Truman, Jr., 717 Willow street, Philadelphia.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE WEATHER.

The remarkably high temperature of the 17th inst. has caused so many inquiries, that it may not not be amiss to anticipate our regular monthly "*Review*" with a little statement in reference to that *unprecedented* ex-

hibition of heat for the *Third* month. In the diary of the writer for *thirty-three* years past, and in records in his possession back as far as the year 1790, nothing can be found to equal it in *any* Third month,—the nearest approaches being as follows:

3 mo. 3, 1842,	74.00 deg.	3 mo. 31, 1851,	74.00 deg.
26, 1845,	74.00 "	2, 1861,	78.00 "
27, "	78.00 "	3, "	78.00 "
31, "	73.00 "	21, 1865,	73.50 "

And yet it may be fairly questioned whether 78 degrees for the 2d and 3d of the month, as above, was not fully equal to 80 degrees for the 17th.

During the past *twenty-nine* years, commencing with 1839, there have been *twenty-three* instances (including the above) of the mercury rising to *seventy* degrees and upwards during the Third month. While on the 17th of the month, the present year, it ranged in different localities in the city and suburbs from 74 to 78 deg., and in one or two places it even reached to 80 degrees!

Philadelphia, Third month 21, 1868.

J. M. E.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

It is difficult to conceive a more extraordinary case, in all its bearings, than that of the late John Carter, a native of the town of Coggeshall, in the county of Essex, England, who, *by means of his mouth alone*, executed one or two of the most beautiful drawings in existence. The following is a correct, though brief, memoir of his life. He was the son of a common laborer at Coggeshall, in Essex, England, and when a boy, received the very limited education which parish schools, in villages such as Coggeshall, usually afford; that is to say, Carter acquired, in a very imperfect manner, the rudiments of reading and writing. He then became a silk-weaver by trade, which he followed up to May, 1836, when he reached the age of twenty-one years—the opening time, so to say, of his most extraordinary career!

It is essential here to remark that, at this time, (May, 1836,) he had, from carelessness and bad habits, all but lost the very small modicum of learning formerly gained at the parish school; he could neither read nor write, with any thing approaching to correctness; as to the art of *drawing or designing of any kind*, he had not the remotest idea then of either the one or the other.

In May, 1836, Carter, in company with one or two dissolute companions, went to Holdfield, the estate of the late *Osgood Hanbury, a well-known banker of London*, for the purpose of stealing young rooks from the rookery on that estate, (this was at night time,) when he met with an accident by falling from the top of a fir tree not less than forty feet high.

He was carried by his comrades home to his wife in a state of insensibility. The doctor was sent for, who pronounced that, though not actually dead, (as his companions and wife had supposed,) yet that he could not linger beyond an hour or so, at most. He partially recovered, however, when it was found that he had sustained an injury in the spine, *which entirely deprived him of the use of his limbs*. From that time forward, up to the day of his death, (which took place eighteen years subsequently, in 1853,) he was, physically speaking, never any thing other than a useless, impotent trunk, without power, or motion, or feeling in any of his limbs, or, indeed, in any part of his body, *save his head and neck*.

The powers of speech, sight, and hearing were mercifully preserved to him; otherwise he was, to all intents and purposes, as a dead man, utterly helpless, dependent for every want on the kind and tender care of his wife, who, to the day of her death, (which took place four and one-half years after the accident,) soothed and comforted him under his trial with the utmost devotion. Kind friends also came to his aid, amongst whom may be named, specially, the late Osgood Hanbury and the members of his family, and the late Richard Meredith White, of Highfields, near Coggeshall.

About a year after the accident, a lady brought a little book to Carter, containing an account of a young woman who, having lost the use of her hands, had amused herself by drawing by the aid of her mouth! This account interested Carter intensely. From a careless, ignorant young man, he had changed into an earnest, devout, and, all things considered, a very intelligent being. He resolved to try and do the same, in the way of learning to draw with *his mouth!*

After long and persevering efforts, he managed to copy flowers and butterflies in water colors, but not long afterwards adopted a better style. His method was to sketch the outline very accurately with a pencil, then shade them in the manner of a line engraving, in India ink, with a camel's hair brush.

From the time of the accident till his death, he reclined upon a sort of couch, capable of being drawn hither and thither, and upon which he was moved about. Resting upon this couch, he had his paper fixed to a desk, which was placed almost perpendicularly before, and in close proximity to his face. With his head inclined towards the right side, and with his hair pencil between his teeth, he produced, by means of the motion of his neck, assisted by his lips and tongue, the most beautifully turned strokes, *rivalling in fact, the greatest proficients in the art of drawing.*

It would, at first sight, appear incredible that the drawing which we have seen, and now more particularly alluded to, (A Rat-catcher with his Dogs) could have been done by any one not in possession of that very essential qualification to the production of such a work —"the use of his hands"—a qualification, however, which Carter did not in the smallest degree possess.

His method was, for his wife or sister—or whoever was in attendance upon him at the time—to fill his brush with India ink, from a palette, and place it between his teeth, when Carter would, by a curious muscular action of his lips and tongue, twirl the brush round with great velocity, until he had thrown off all superfluous ink, and brought the brush to a *very fine point.* He would then execute the finest and most wonderfully delicate strokes by means of the action of his neck, &c., as just stated.

His health prevented a close application to his art, though he learned to love it intensely; yet of necessity, it was a work of much labor, toil and patience to him, a considerable space of time intervening between each stroke of his brush. All the latent energies of his mind, and faculties of body (crippled and confined though they were) appear, perforce, to have concentrated themselves in the sense of a wonderful sight, and a touch with the tongue so delicate as to be miraculous. From an ignorant worker in a factory, he became a great, self-taught artist, and that, too, under the most difficult and trying circumstances possible to conceive.

During his lifetime John Carter was an object of almost as great interest to the leading members of the medical profession of Great Britain, as he was to her chief artists. To the one branch of science it seemed surprising how a man in such a state of bodily infirmity should exist so long; to the other, a matter of even greater wonder how an ignorant man, totally unlearned in the very rudiments of art, dispossessed of every faculty apparently necessary for its successful prosecution, should yet, in spite of such overwhelming odds, rise, in the brief space of but a few years, to bear favorable comparison with the best living artists of his day! These facts may seem paradoxical—they are no less true.— *Late Paper.*

"Leave God to order all thy ways
And hope in him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find him in the evil days
An all sufficient strength and guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move."

When we reach the heavenly shore, doubtless much that we would now change, if possible, we will then see was for the best, and like some of old, we will be "beyond measure astonished, saying, he has done all things well."

HOW ORANGES ARE GROWN.

THE CROP IN FLORIDA.

[Correspondence of the Evening Post.]

Tallahassee, Fla., March 7, 1868.

Many parts of the peninsula of Florida fulfil all the requirements of the orange tree. Even at the northern extremity of the state, there is rarely sufficient cold to injure the crop. The hummocks which border most of the streams and swamps and lakes afford the soil in which the orange most delights; and no part of the peninsula is more than sixty miles from the sea. It was natural to suppose that the orange would thrive here. Very early the Spaniards imported and planted trees, which grew and throve as if the peninsula were their native home. Indeed, they made their way into the forests of the interior to such an extent, and became so common in the wildest parts of the country, that at this time nearly all the people of the state believe and will stoutly maintain that the sour orange is an indigenous tree. This is certainly not the case. The sour orange of the Florida woods is the true Seville orange, a native of Africa, and introduced into the West Indies, Florida and Mexico from Spain. In all these countries it now grows wild commonly, where before the Spanish occupation it was wholly unknown.

In Florida there are, perhaps, millions of these wild trees. In a few places they grow in almost compact groves, excluding other trees. Much more commonly they are found singly or in clumps in thick forests of oaks, walnuts, sweet gums, laurels and magnolias. Rarely do they become large trees. They are too much shaded for that. The other trees overtop them, and their roots are caught in a vast network of other roots, and must contend with them for nourishment. They are seldom more than twenty feet high and five or six inches in diameter, with a few straggling branches. Where one has grown in an open space, or where the wild trees have been left standing in a cleared field, they grow large with very thick heads, and produce great quantities of fruit. The tree is almost identical in appearance with the sweet orange, and can only be distinguished from it by a close examination of the leaves and fruit. They are beautiful trees, and a grove in bearing is a luxuriant mass of gold and green.

The beauty of the orange tree is greatly enhanced by its fruit, which grows profusely on the extreme boughs, seeking the sun and the air. Small trees, only three or four years budded, and with branches spreading out seven or eight feet, frequently bear a thousand oranges. Some groves bear an average

crop of two thousand oranges per tree; and what a tree may bear is uncertain, for there is hardly a large tree in Florida. The tree between the latitudes 29° and 30° usually blossoms in February. The oranges begin to ripen in November, but few are picked then; for, though the orange is a perishable fruit when picked, it will hang ripe on the tree for twelve months, growing better and sweeter until spring. Very rarely does an orange fall off. Climb into a tree if you can. Sharp thorns, two inches long, make the task difficult. To pick an orange you must pull smartly, and often the fruit falls at last only when a section of the peel about the stem is pulled out. On the tree the orange is more lasting than the apple. Occasionally in the wild groves the bitter-sweet orange may be found. This has a very bitter peel, and the pithy skin at the core is also very bitter; but the pulp is sweet and well-flavored. Very rarely the true sweet orange of commerce grows wild. Its seeds are much less numerous and less hardy than those of the sour orange, and the tree is less robust and vigorous.

The prospect of permanent productiveness and profitableness of the orange crop has attracted the attention of thousands of immigrants, and many of them are planting new orchards. During the war nothing was done, because there was no one to do it, and there was very little inducement to raise anything for market. For the first two years after the war the people thought of nothing but cotton. The failure of the cotton crop, and the belief that it will be unprofitable hereafter, has driven men to seek for some other marketable product. The success of the orange was visible to almost every man. To plant a grove is neither difficult nor costly, and thousands of men have set out trees this winter, some giving their attention wholly to orange culture, others planting groves in connection with market gardens or plantations, and many more business men putting out trees on small lots or fields about their houses, as men North plant small orchards about their village residences. Almost every man on the St. John's river has planted trees this winter. Some have a dozen or two about their houses, and others have groves of a thousand trees or more.

At St. Augustine there are young groves of several thousand trees. The immigrants to the Indian River all intend to plant groves, but most of these arrived too late to transplant trees this season. On the banks of the Oklamaha and Lakes Griffin, Eustis and Harris, most of the inhabitants are planting, or preparing to plant trees. In a few localities in the interior, as at Micanopy, many trees have been planted. On the Gulf coast I am told that hundreds of groves are planted, the people there hoping to supply the Gulf States and the Mississippi valley. Almost every immigrant who arrives—and very many come here from southern and northern States—designs to plant an orange grove, whatever else he may do. If no misfortune befalls the trees Florida will be full of orange groves very soon, and in a few years will produce fruit enough to supply the northern market.

A few groves have been made by budding the trees where they stand and clearing away the other growth of the hummocks. Such groves grow magnificently from the first, having all their roots intact, and receiving no shock by transplantation. There are not many places where the wild trees grow thick enough or well enough distributed to make groves, but advantage of such natural groves as do occur is not often taken. On Lake Griffin a northern man has made a grove of 4,500 trees simply by clearing a hummock of forty acres. This is probably the largest grove in the state, and is three times as large as any grove now in bearing.

The beauty of the groves is best seen when ascending the St. John's. The rich color of the oranges set in the brilliant green of the leaves, with a background of dark live oaks and sombre pines, and the dark water of the broad St. John's in the foreground, all unite to make a picture not easily forgotten.

In the little villages and hamlets on this stream there are few houses which have not at least two or three orange-trees near them. Many, to be sure, are sour trees, and were planted only for ornament; but they are none the less beautiful. On the lower St. John's they give character to the landscape, as do the palmetto-trees on the upper stream, where there are few people and consequently few orange groves, though they thrive better there than further north. The wild trees furnish almost the only bright color to be found in the hummocks in winter; and where they are very numerous, as on Orange Lake and the Oklamaha river, and a few places on the St. John's, they make the forest as gorgeous as a field of sunflowers growing with corn. No garden plant is so ornamental, no orchard fruit more delicious, no produce of field or garden more profitable. There seems to be every reason why they should be planted in great numbers wherever they will grow.

The largest orange grove in Florida is on the Indian river, thirty miles south of New Smyrna. It contains fifteen hundred trees, and covers about fifteen acres. Everywhere in the state you will hear "Dummitt's Grove" spoken of. I have heard of no other grove of more than five hundred trees. At

St. Augustine there are avenues enclosed by beautiful orange hedges, but these are sour trees. In a very few years, however, thero will be many large orchards and thousands of small ones. With its climate and soil the State should supply us with most of our tropical fruits and much other tropical produce. Coffee, tea, arrowroot, guavas, bananas, pine-apples and cocoanuts have been grown with success within the limits of the state. All of these are now cultivated on a small scale, but we can expect no great production of them for some years; but the oranges are already planted. Their cultivation is no experiment, for they have been raised with profit for two hundred years. If as many trees are planted for a few years to come as have been planted this year, the orange crop of Florida will soon be worth twice as much as its total productions are worth now.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

H. A. Deming, of San Francisco, is said to have occupied a year in hunting up and fitting together the following thirty-eight lines from thirty-eight English poets. The names of the authors are given below:

LIFE.

1—Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2—Life's a short summer—man a flower;
3—By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
4—The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
5—To be is better far than not to be,
6—'Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;
7—But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb,
8—The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9—Your fate is but the common fate of all;
10—Unmingled joys, here, to no man befall.
11—Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
12—Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;
13—Custom does not often reason overrule,
14—And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15—Live well, how long or short permit to heaven;
16—They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
17—Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
18—Vile intercourse where virtue has not place;
19—Then keep each passion down however dear,
20—Thou pendulum, betwixt a smile and tear;
21—Her sensual snares let faithless pleasures lay,
22—With craft and skill—to ruin and betray.
23—Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise,
24—We masters grow of all that we despise.
25—O then renounce that impious self-esteem;
26—Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
27—Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
28—The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
29—What is ambition? 'tis a glorious cheat,
30—Only destructive to the brave and great.
31—What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32—The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
33—How long we live, not years, but actions, tell;
34—That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
35—Make then while yet ye may your God your friend,
36—Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
37—The trust that's given guard and to yourself be just;
38—For, live we how we can, yet die we must.

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1 Young, 2 Dr. Johnson, 3 Pope, 4 Prior, 5 Sewell, 6 Spenser, 7 Daniel, 8 Sir Walter Raleigh, 9 Longfellow, 10 Southwell, 11 Congreve, 12 Churchill, 13 Rochester, 14 Armstrong, 15 Milton, 16 Baily, 17 Trench, 18 Somerville, 19 Thompson, 20 Byron, 21 Smollet, 22 Crabbe, 23 Massinger, 24 Cowley, 25 Beattie, 26 Cowper, 27 Sir Walter Davenant, 28 Grey, 29 Willis, 30 Addison, 31 Dryden, 32 Francis Quarles, 33 Watkins, 34 Herrick, 35 William Mason, 36 Hill, 37 Dana, 38 Shakspeare.

MY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

What are you good for my brave little man?
Answer that question for me if you can—
You with your fingers as white as a nun,
You with your ringlets as bright as the sun.
All the day long with your busy contriving,
Into all mischief and fun you are driving;
See if your wise little noddle can tell
What you are good for—now ponder it well.
Over the carpet, the dear little feet
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee.
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
Two little hands pressing soft on my face,
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true—
"Good to love you, mother; good to love you."

ABOUT THE DOOR.

A bit of shrubbery in the yard, (says a writer in the Massachusetts Ploughman,) a vine climbing by a trellis, a strip of refreshing green spread from the door, are sure to make a place of greater marketable value, which, with many, is a consideration to be thought of before any other. Such need no further appeal to their sense of neatness then. But those who really love the suggestions of beauty for their own sake, will not forget the turf patch, the shrubbery, and the hedge and vine, because they make almost any home more attractive and lovely, and cause the sentiments to sprout, like the very leaves and buds themselves. How few stop to consider what a powerful association lies lurking in every simple but familiar object, like a bush, a tree, a bit of grass, or a border of flowers. They are objects that hold us almost as steadily and strongly to home as wife and children; they are closely associated with these, in fact, and can with difficulty be separated. Therefore we say to all, brush up about the door, and plant near by an object of simple beauty. It will bear fruit in the heart a hundred fold.

He that hath no bridle on his tongue, has no grace in his heart.

THE WOOD THRUSH.
(*Turdus mustelinus.*)

To many persons this bird is almost unknown. It inhabits the dense woods, and it is comparatively seldom seen. Occasionally it is to be seen on the fence at the border of the woods. Its notes are remarkably clear and melodious, and it is one of the finest songsters of the woods. In appearance it is remarkably plain, and looks very much like the common Brown Thrush on a small scale.

The Wood Thrush is generally to be found in low hollows, thickly covered with foliage, and watered by some small brook or stream. We have very frequently seen them along the edge of a wood—but nearly always near some small brook. He seems to shun the open sunlight, and it is rare to see him in it. The woods seem to suit his taste better.

We have generally found his nest on some small sapling or young tree. It is seldom more than ten feet from the ground. The nest is usually built in the fork of the sapling, or else it is saddled on a branch of moderate thickness. It is composed outwardly of dry leaves of trees, gathered from the ground, and which fell from the trees the preceding autumn. The leaves are first placed on the branch, and then coarse grass is woven in successive layers until the desired height is attained for the sides of the nest. Soft mud is mixed in with this to keep it in its place. A slight lining of fibrous roots is now added, and then the female is ready to deposit her eggs. These are four in number, and of a light blueish color—exactly the color of those of the Robin (*Turdus migratorius*) They measure on an average 1.12 by 7.0 inches. Sometimes the eggs are so nearly the size of those of the Robin that they may be mistaken for them. We have seen specimens of the eggs of the Wood Thrush that no one could detect from those of the Robin. As a general rule, however, the eggs of the Robin are larger, while those of the Wood Thrush are longer in proportion to their size than those of the Robin.

Wilson gives a charming description of the song of this bird:

"At whatever time the Wood Thrush may arrive, he soon announces his presence in the woods. With the dawn of the succeeding morning, mounting to the top of some tall tree that rises from a low, thick, shaded part of the woods, he pipes his few but clear musical notes in a kind of ecstacy; the prelude or symphony to which strongly resembles the double-tongueing of a German flute, and sometimes the tinkling of a small bell; the whole song consists of five or six parts, the last note of each of which is in such a tone as to leave the conclusion evidently suspended; the finale is finely managed, and with such charming effect as to soothe and tranquilize the mind, and to seem sweeter and mellower at each successive repetition. Rival songsters of the same species challenge each other from different parts of the wood, seeming to vie for softer tones and more exquisite responses. During the burning heat of the day they are comparatively mute; but in the evening the same melody is renewed, and continued long after sunset. Those who visit our woods, or ride out into the country at these hours, during the months of May and June, will be at no loss to recognize, from the above description, this pleasing musician. Even in dark, wet and gloomy weather, when scarce a single chirp is heard from any other bird, the clear notes of the Wood Thrush thrill through the dropping woods, from morning to night; and it may be truly said that the sadder the day the sweeter is his song."

The Wood Thrush is a very shy bird, and we doubt not but what very many persons who have often heard his song have never seen the bird himself. J. P. NORRIS.

—*Cultivator and Country Gentleman.*

A LITTLE FISH.

When you eat at breakfast sometimes a nice bit of salted herring, have you ever thought of how much use herrings were in the world? of how many thousand people depend upon them, not only for food, but also for support? or, of who first thought of packing them, so that they can be carried from one part of the world to another, so that we can choose whether we will have Scotch, Dutch, Norway, English, or American herrings? As a general rule everything that is our own is the best, but it is not so in the case of herrings.

Long ago, early in the fifteenth century, there lived in the little town of Biervliet, in Flanders, a poor man named Willem Beukels, who earned his living by catching herrings in the Sluys, as his father and grandfather before him had done. Then, as they had done, the herrings were salted in large, loose heaps. And many were lost and spoiled besides, only answering for the food of the fisherman and his near neighbors. Now it occurred to Willem it would be a saving of trouble and be more profitable to salt and pack the fish in small kegs—or, as they call them now, lasts—pretty much in the same way as it is done now. He did not know what a good thought that was of his, and how that one idea would cause his name to be remembered in all these years and that no one would do more to assist his people and country than he, a poor, uneducated fisherman. But so it was, instead of losing any fish, or having them only for their own use, the fishermen packed them in lasts and sent them to all parts of the then known

world—for Holland for many years supplied the world with herrings. The herring fishery became a great source of wealth to the Dutch, and did much toward making them what they afterwards became—a great and mighty people. At one time they employed two thousand boats in the fisheries, and more than two hundred thousand people had work for many months. The great Emperor Charles V. thought Beukels such a benefactor to his people that he erected a statue to him, and on one of his journeys visited his tomb, and there ate a herring and drank a glass of wine to his memory. This little fish brought so much money into the Dutch Treasury, that they were enabled many years after to maintain the war, under William the Silent, against the Emperor's son, Philip II.

Further back than that time, as early as when William the Conqueror came from Normandy to England, Yarmouth was famous for its fisheries, though they borrowed the idea of packing them from their neighbors long afterwards. In 1857, the number of sloops from Yarmouth engaged in this one fishery was four hundred, and three of these sloops landed three millions seven hundred and sixty-two thousand fishes. Think of that! and then can we wonder that there the *herring* fishery is called the "great" fishery, and that of the *whale* the "small?" The amount of money was also enormous, being more than five hundred thousand pounds. The Scotch fisheries are now the largest, and the Scotch herrings are called the best; and though here in our own country the fish are found in many places, still the great part of our supply comes from abroad. The great Baron Cuvier, speaking of the enormous quantities of herrings that come in a shoal, mentions a fisherman in Dieppe, France, who one night caught two hundred and eighty thousand herrings, and flung as many more into the sea, his sloop being full. When we remember how small herrings are, it seems hardly possible that there could be so many in the whole ocean as they often take at one place in a single haul. Think of how many people would lose their only support, if the herrings should fail them, as the crops do sometimes the farmer; and how many depend on them for food! Why, if the ocean should cease to supply us with food, we should perish by thousands, for we have the authority of a great writer, who says "that at least one-fiftieth part of the whole human race live upon the produce of the sea." The herring in the sea is very different from the little brown fish we see cooked on our tables. It is quite pretty: "from ten to thirteen inches long, the back and the upper portions of the sides sky blue, with a tinge of sea green; the belly and sides bright silvery; the cheeks and gill covers tinged with gold.' The shoals make their appearance about the end of August, and are sometimes miles long, and are so thickly wedged together that a spear thrown among them will stand upright. Thousands are devoured by larger fish, and the birds that feed on fish; millions are caught by men, and yet the shoals show no signs of the many they have lost. The fishermen watch eagerly for their appearance, and when they do come all is bustle. The fishing is carried on at night, the boats having torches at bow and stern, so as not to run into each other; the darker the night the better the fishing; and when there is a slight breeze, to see a whole fleet of boats in the bay, gliding about with their lanterns, is a very pretty sight. The nets are very large, long, and made of stout yarn, heavy enough to lie at the bottom of the bay without a weight being fastened to them; several short ropes are fastened to one long drift-rope attached to the vessel. The meshes of the net are large enough for the head of the fish and his front fins to pass through; once in, he is caught, and cannot go backs. Often the load proves too heavy for even the very stout nets used, and the shoal breaks both net and rope, and the labor is lost. The herrings do not always come when and where they are expected, and as no reason is known for their strange conduct, at the time they are looked for a watch is kept all the time, to know the precise minute the shoal appears. So, even such a little brown, ugly-looking fish as a herring is, when we see it ready for eating, is of more importance to the world than we at first imagined.—*Riverside Magazine.*

"HOMES WITHOUT HANDS."

Animals have their unerring instincts about architecture, and some of the things they do in the way of constructing their "homes" are full of interest. Bird-nests, for example, are found in all imaginable localities, and of every variety of construction. Some are placed directly on the ground; others in the foliage of plants; some in holes of trees, or of the ground, or in caves, while others again are made directly on the surface of the water, falling and rising with it, and anchored to the reeds or grass. In the case of the hornbills of Africa, a large bird with enormous bill, of which specimens may be seen in the Academy of Natural Sciences, the eggs are first laid in the hole of a tree (such as would be made by a woodpecker), and after the female is comfortably seated upon them for the purpose of hatching, the male walls her up carefully with mud, leaving an aperture only sufficient for her head to appear, and through which she is fed by

her mate. When the young are hatched the wall is broken down, and the parent emerges in a most forlorn condition, almost naked, and covered with vermin and dirt.

The birds of the swift family, of which the common chimney swallow is a familiar example, present many interesting peculiarities of nesting. The species just mentioned, as is well known, makes a shallow nest inside our chimney, built against the wall, and consisting of small fragments of dead twigs broken from trees while on the wing, and cemented to the chimney and to each other by a gluey substance secreted in the mouth, like saliva. Before the introduction of chimneys into America these nests were built in hollow trees, but the bird is now scarcely ever known to resort to such places.

Other species of swift, build similar nests against the perpendicular faces of rocks, in caves or exposed to the light, one of them constructing it entirely of the salivary secretion referred to. This is the celebrated edible bird nest used for soup by the Chinese, and collected at great risk from caves by the seaside in the East Indian seas. But the most remarkable nest of all is that made by a species very recently discovered by naturalists in Guatamala, where a nest was obtained. This is built up entirely of the minute seeds of some plant, cemented together by the saliva of the bird, and was hung from the under surface of a rock, so as to be almost entirely inaccessible. It is over two feet in length and six inches in diameter, the entrance at the lower end. Judging from the well-known habits of the swift, it is quite probable that the seeds used in the construction of the nest are caught by the bird on the wing while carried by the wind through the air. Of the length of time required to construct such a nest no estimate has been made, but it is quite probable that it is used year after year, enlarged probably every season.—*Phila. Ledger.*

ITEMS.

Prof. Nobel, of Hamburg, the same chemist who brought nitro-glycerine to our notice, has discovered a new explosive called Dynamite or Giant Powder. This, instead of being an oily liquid liable to leak from the vessel in which it is confined, and produce a spontaneously inflammable mixture with rags, shavings and other packing material, is a dry, flocculent, reddish-brown powder, like snuff or cayenne pepper, compressible into flakes between the fingers and moist to the touch. In a loose, non-compressed condition, it does not explode, but burns slowly, with but little smoke and no smell. For blasting rocks it is much superior to gunpowder, much less drilling being necessary, and it is especially adapted for working in closed mines or tunnels, as it leaves no smoke, and does not discolor the rock. It is claimed that there is much less danger in transporting and handling it than in the case with gunpowder. A detonating cap is required to explode it.

Late California papers contain the results of recent experiments in dynamite, in that State, that would seem to justify the claims made in its behalf. A hole three inches deep and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, was drilled in a 42 pound shot; a fuse inserted to the bottom, resting upon the detonating cap, and the cavity then filled with the powder. On igniting the fuse, the shot was blown to atoms. A quarter ounce of the powder was laid on the middle of a piece of plank, 6 feet long and 3 inches thick, and another board placed upon it. The explosion shivered the upper board to fragments and split the plank. Some powder laid on the surface of a boulder of sandstone weighing half a ton broke it into fragments.

Small holes, drilled in similar boulders, and filled with powder, shattered them to pieces. Charges exploded in stumps of large trees, tore them into pieces and out of the ground. For clearing out such stumps of trees, or splitting up large logs, for removing dangerous ice from around vessels (as in the Arctic seas), for removing rocks from road beds, and for a thousand other applications, the Dynamite is said to be extremely available, as not only is it vastly more powerful than gunpowder, and at least not more dangerous to handle, but it requires so much less drilling or preparation of the rock for use.—*Ledger.*

A bold movement for the establishment of a genuine University for Women, on the plan of Oxford, is begun in England. Among the members of the executive committee, which has the matter in charge, are the Dean of Canterbury, Lady Goldsmid, Mrs. Russell Gurney, and Mrs. Manning. The council includes the Bishop of St. Davids, Lady Churchill, the Dean of Ely, Lady Eastlake, Mr. Llewellyn Davies, Dr. Gull, Mr. Gorst, M. P.; Mr. Russell Gurney, M. P.; the Recorder of London, Mr. Paget, Miss Swanwick, Miss Dora Greenwell, Miss Emily Taylor, and other well known persons.

Liberal subscriptions have already been made; Madame Bodichon giving £1,000, Miss Davies, Mr. Manning, and Lady Goldsmid £100 each, Mr. James Heywood, £100, with many others. The design is to raise £30,000 for the erection of a collegiate building, which will be officered by women of experience, while the teaching will be conducted by instructors of both sexes. "It is hoped," says a London paper, "that for about £80 per annum, including all expenses, young women who feel the desire or the necessity to pursue their studies as far and earnestly as young men do may have the means placed within their reach."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The public-debt statement for Third month 1st, shows a total of $2,648,207,079. The cash in the Treasury is $128,377,456, of which $106,623,374 is coin. The total debt, less cash in the Treasury, is $2,519,829,622, a decrease of $7,485,751 since the 1st of Second month.

Wherever vegetables or fruits are stored, rats will come if they can. Cement the bottoms and walls of the cellar, and it is safe. In this remedy we found rest after a ten years' fight. It will cost something, but it is effectual, and one may sleep well without fear of rats. Cement and sand are cheap in most parts of the country. Take one part of cement to two parts of sand, by measure, mix with water, and apply with a trowel as fast as made. It makes a nice smooth bottom, easily swept or washed.—*American Agriculturalist.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH, 4, 1868. No. 5.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, four copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
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T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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From "Imitation of Christ."

BLESSEDNESS OF INTERNAL CONVERSATION WITH CHRIST.

BY THOMAS A'KEMPIS.

(Continued from page 52.)

Christ.—Thou art yet far distant, my son, from the fortitude and purity of love; for thou art always seeking consolation with avidity; and the least opposition to thy inordinate desires, hath power to make thee relinquish thy most holy purposes. But he that has the fortitude of love, stands firm in the midst of temptations: and utterly disbelieves and despises the flattering insinuations of the enemy; he knows that I love him; and, whether in prosperity or adversity, makes me his supreme delight. And he that loves with purity, considers not the gift of the lover, but the love of the giver; he values the affection more than the tokens of it; esteems his beloved infinitely beyond the benefits he confers; and, with a noble generosity divesting his mind of all desire of personal advantage, reposes himself not upon my gifts, but upon me.

Think not that all is lost, when thy heart is not elevated with that sensible fervor which thou art always coveting. These raptures are allowed thee as sweet foretastes of heavenly bliss, but thou art yet too carnal to be capable of their constant enjoyment. Seek, then, growth in grace, rather than flights of ecstasy. Thy principal concern and business is, to struggle against the suggestions of fallen spirits; and if thou dost this with faithful perseverance, thou wilt give true proof of that Christian fortitude which will be distinguished by the crown of victory.

Let not strange temptations, that possess thee against thy will, disturb the quiet of thy soul. Maintain only an unchangeable resolution of obedience, and an upright intention toward God, and all will be well. Consider not thyself abandoned to the illusions of evil spirits, when, being suddenly elevated into holy ecstasy, thou as suddenly fallest into thy accustomed insensibility and dissipation of mind: if this change thou rather sufferest, than contributest to produce. While it is involuntary, and thou strivest against it, instead of being a proof of the loss of grace, it may be made an occasion of humble and acceptable resignation.

If thou sometimes fallest, through human frailty, return to the mercy-seat with redoubled vigor, depending upon the abundant succors of my grace. Only beware of pride and self-complacency: for by these many are betrayed into error, till they are brought to a degree of blindness that is almost incurable. Let the destruction of the proud, who vainly presume upon their own wisdom and strength, be to thee a perpetual admonition of the blessings of humility.

My son, when the fire of devotion burns in thy heart, let not the favor exalt thee into

pride: boast not of it as a distinction due to thy merit; nor ponder it in thy own mind with self-approbation and complacence. Rather in a true knowledge and distrust of thy great weakness, be more fearful in consequence of the gift, as bestowed upon one that may make an unworthy use of it. That ardor is not to be relied on which may soon abate, and give place to coldness.

During the enjoyment of heavenly consolation, recollect how poor and miserable thou wert without it. The advancement of spiritual life depends not upon the enjoyment of consolation, but upon bearing the want of it with resignation, humility, and patience, so as not to relinquish prayer, or remit any of thy accustomed holy exercises. Thou must, with a willing mind, and the best exertion of thy ability, perform all thy duties, and not abandon the care of thy improvement upon pretense of present barrenness and disquietude. There are many who, when their state of grace does not correspond with their eager desires and boundless expectations, instantly fall either into impatience or sloth; but "the way of man is not in himself;" and it belongeth unto God to give comfort when he pleases, to whom he pleases, and in that degree which is most subservient to the designs of his wisdom and goodness.

Some inconsiderate persons, by an improper use of the grace of devotion, have destroyed all its salutary effects. With an intemperate zeal grounded upon it, they have laid claim to such perfection as it is impossible to attain in the present life; not considering their own littleness, but following the tumultuous fire of animal passions instead of the calm irradiations of divine truth. These, by presumption and arrogance, have lost the grace that was vouchsafed them; and, though they had exalted themselves "as the eagles, and set their nest among the stars," yet they have fallen back into poverty and wretchedness; that, being stripped of all vain dependence upon themselves, they might learn that the best efforts of human strength are ineffectual, and that none can soar to heaven except I support his flight, and bear him upon my own wings.

They that are inexperienced in the spiritual life will be soon deceived, and easily subdued, unless they relinquish the guidance of their own opinions, and hearken to the counsels of tried and successful wisdom; but they who are "wise in their own conceit," have seldom humility enough to submit to the direction of others. An understanding, therefore, that is able only to "receive" the truths of "the kingdom of God" with the meekness and simplicity of a "little child," is infinitely better than that which, arrogantly glorying in its extent, can comprehend the utmost circle of science: "Better is it to be of an humble spirit" with the ignorant, "than to divide the spoils" of learning "with the proud."

That man acts indiscreetly who gives himself up to the joy of present riches, forgetful of his former poverty, and divested of that chaste and holy fear of God which makes the heart tenderly apprehensive of losing the grace it has received. Nor has he attained the fortitude of true wisdom who, in the day of distress and sadness, suffers his mind to be subdued by despair, and deprived of that absolute confidence in me, which is my right, and his own best support: but those that are most elate and secure in time of peace, are most fearful and dejected in time of war.

Trials will contribute more to the perfection of thy spirit than the gratification of thy own will in the enjoyment of perpetual sunshine. The safety and blessedness of man's state in this life are not to be estimated by the number of his consolations, nor by his critical knowledge of Holy Scripture, nor his exaltation to dignity and power, but by his being grounded and established in humility, and filled with divine charity, and by seeking in all he doth the glory of God.

Disciple.—"Shall I take upon me to speak unto my Lord, who am but dust and ashes?" If I think too highly of myself, and arrogate any excellence, behold, thou standest in judgment against me, and my iniquities oppose my claim by such true and forcible testimony that I can neither contradict nor elude. I feel and acknowledge the darkness, impurity, and wretchedness of my fallen nature. When I am left to the disorderly workings of nature and self, behold, I am all weakness and misery! but when thy light breaketh upon my soul, my weakness is made strong, and my misery turned into joy. And transcendently wonderful it is that a creature, which, by its alienation from thee, is always within the central attraction of selfishness and sin, should be so enlightened, purified, and blessed by a participation of the divine life! But this astonishing change is the pure effect of thy infinite love, producing in me all holy desires, succoring me in all necessities, protecting me from imminent dangers, and delivering me from innumerable unknown evils.

By the love of myself, I lost myself: but in the love and pursuit of thee alone, I have both found thee, and found myself; and the love, the purer it hath been, the more truly hath it shown me my own nothingness: for thou, O most amiable Saviour, hast been merciful unto me, beyond all that I could either ask, or hope, or conceive.

Blessed be thy name, O God! that, un

worthy as I am of the least of all thy mercies, thou continuest to heap such innumerable benefits upon me. But thy love embraceth all, perpetually imparting light and blessings even to the ungrateful, and those that are wandered far from thee. O turn us back to thee again, that we may be thankful, humble, and wholly devoted to thy will: for thou art our wisdom, our strength, our righteousness, our sanctification and redemption!

Christ.—If thou wouldst be truly blessed, my son, make me the supreme and ultimate end of all thy thoughts and desires, thy actions and pursuits. This will spiritualize and purify thy affections, which by an evil tendency are too often perverted to thyself and the creatures that surround thee: but if thou seekest thyself in the complacential honors of assumed excellence, or in the enjoyment of any good which thou supposest inherent in the creatures, thou wilt only find, both in thyself and them, the imbecility and barrenness of fallen nature. Refer, therefore, all things to me, as the giver of "every perfect gift;" the supreme good, from whom all excellence in the creatures is derived, and to whom alone the praise of excellence is due.

From me, as from a living fountain, the little and the great, the rich and the poor, draw the water of life; and he that willingly and freely drinks it to my glory, shall receive grace for grace: but he that glories in any thing distinct from me, or delights in any good not referred to me, but appropriated as his own, can not be established in true peace, nor find rest and enlargement of heart; but must meet with obstruction, disappointment, and anguish, in every desire, and every pursuit. Do not, therefore, arrogate good to thyself, nor ascribe good to any other creature; but render all to me, thy God, without whom, not only man, but universal nature, is mere want and wretchedness. I, who have given all, demand it back in grateful acknowledgment, and require of every creature the tribute of humble thanksgiving, and continual praise. In the splendor of this truth, all vain-glory vanisheth, as darkness before the sun.

When divine light and love have taken possession of thy heart, it will no longer be the prey of envy, hatred and partial affections; for by divine light and love, the darkness and selfishness of fallen nature are totally subdued, and all its faculties restored to their original perfection. If, therefore, thou art truly wise, thou wilt hope only in me, and rejoice only in me, as thy everlasting life and light, perfection and glory: for "there is but one that is good, that is God:" who is to be blessed and praised above all, and in all.

Disciple.—I will now speak again unto my Lord, and will not be silent; I will say to my King, and my God, who sitteth in the highest heaven, "O how great" and manifold are the treasures of "thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee!" But what art thou, O Lord, to those that love thee with all their heart? Truly, the exquisite delight derived from that privilege of pure contemplation with which thou hast invested them, surpasseth the power of every creature to express. How free and how exalted above all blessing and praise, is that goodness which thou hast manifested toward thy poor servant; which not only called him into being, but, when he had wandered far from thee, by its redeeming virtue brought him back to thee again, and with the command to love thee, conferred the power to fulfil it! O source of everlasting love! what shall I say concerning thee! How can I forget thee, who has condescended to remember me, pining away and perishing in the poverty of sinful nature, and to restore me to the divine life! Beyond all hope thou hast shown mercy to thy servant, and beyond all thought hast made him capable of thy friendship, and dignified and blessed him with it. Poor and impotent as I am in myself, what can I render thee for such distinguished grace? for it is not given unto all, to renounce this fallen state; and, in abstraction from the cares and pleasures of the world, to follow thee in "the narrow path that leadeth unto life."

But is it a foundation of boasting, thus to serve thee, whom all creatures are bound to serve? Instead, therefore, of considering this call from vanity and sin, with self-complacency and approbation, as a superior distinction from other men; I ought rather to be lost in admiration and praise of thy condescending goodness, which has received so poor and unworthy a creature into thy family, and exalted him to the fellowship of thy faithful and beloved servants.

Lord, all that I have, all the ability by which I am made capable of serving thee, is thine; and thou, therefore, rather servest me. Behold, the heavens and the earth, which are continually ready to execute thy will, are made subservient to the redemption of fallen man; and what is more, thy holy "angels are ordained ministering spirits, and sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation!" and, what infinitely transcendeth all, thou, the God of angels, hast condescended to take upon thee "the form of a servant" to man, and hast promised to give him thyself.

What returns of love and duty can I make thee for these innumerable and astonishing dignities and blessings? O that I were able to serve thee all the days of my life! that I were able to serve thee truly, though but for one day! Thou art everlastingly worthy of

all service, all honor, and all praise! Thou art my gracious Lord; and I am thy poor vassal, under infinite obligations to serve thee with all my strength, and perpetually to celebrate thy glorious name. To do this, is the sole wish and desire of my heart; and whatever ability is wanting in me to accomplish it, do thou in much mercy supply!

What exalted honor, what unsullied glory, to be devoted to thy service, and, for thy sake, to despise this fallen life, and all that is at enmity against thee! What large measures of grace are poured upon those who voluntarily subject themselves to thy most holy laws! What ravishing consolation do they receive from thy Holy Spirit, who, for the love of thee, renounce the delights of the flesh! What divine freedom do they enjoy, who, for the glory of thy holy name, leave "the broad way" of the world "that leadeth to destruction; and entering in at "the strait gate," persevere in "the narrow path that leadeth unto life!"

O happy and honorable service that makes man truly free and truly holy! O blessed privilege of filial adoption that numbers him with the family of heaven, makes him equal to the angels, and renders him terrible to evil spirits, and delightful to all that are sanctified! O service forever to be desired and embraced; in which we can enjoy the supreme and everlasting good!

(To be continued.)

It matters nothing what the particular duties are to which the individual is called—how minute or obscure in their outward form. Greatness in God's sight lies not in the extent of the sphere which is filled, or of the effect which is produced, but altogether in the power of virtue in the soul, in the energy with which God's will is chosen, with which trial is borne, and goodness and love pursued.

W. E. Channing.

SOME THOUGHTS IN RELATION TO FRIENDS' TESTIMONIES AND DISCIPLINE.

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

No. 2.

The second ground which I shall offer for the sentiment I expressed in the "Young Friends' Manual," that "against music in itself, although individual members may have, Friends as a Society have no testimony," is the Discipline of our different Yearly Meetings.

It should be borne in mind, that while the Discipline is not expected to give a statement of all those noble principles and testimonies which Friends uphold, it *must*, as a Code of Society law, specify all such things, conduct and practices as Friends have a testimony against.

Philadelphia Discipline, under the head of Gaming and Diversions, says:* "It is advised, that a watchful care be exercised over our youth to prevent their going to stage-plays, horse-races, music, dancing, or any such vain sports or pastimes; and being concerned in lotteries, wagering, or other species of gaming. And if any of our members fall into either of these practices, and cannot be prevailed with, by private labor, to decline them, the Monthly Meeting to which the offenders belong should be informed thereof; and if they be not reclaimed by further labor, proceed to testify our disunity with them."

Now, the concern here referred to, and the "practices" to be testified against, are manifestly "*going to* stage-plays, horse-races, music, dancing, or any such vain sports and pastimes, and being concerned in lotteries, wagering, and other species of gaming," and not against "music in itself."

New York Discipline, under the same head, says:† "Friends are *not to attend* stage-plays, horse-races, places of music and dancing, or other places of diversion; nor lay wagers, nor be concerned in lotteries, nor practice any other kind of gaming; but should any be concerned in, or give way to either of these practices, and they cannot, after tender labor in the spirit of restoring love, be brought to a due sense of their misconduct, Monthly Meetings should manifest their disunion with them, by separating them from the Society." Now this Discipline is against *attending* stage-plays, horse-races, places of music, and dancing, &c., and not against "music in itself."

Genesee Discipline‡ is exactly the same on this subject as that of New York, just quoted.

The Discipline of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, edition of 1806, under the head of Gaming and Diversions, page 39, says: "Friends are fervently exhorted to watch carefully over the youth, and others of our Society who may be so inclined, to prevent them, by affectionate counsel, and brotherly admonition, from frequenting stage-plays, horse-races, music, dancing, and other vain sports and amusements; [also, in a particular manner, from being concerned in lotteries, wagering, or any kind of gaming;] it being abundantly obvious, that those practices have a tendency to alienate the mind from the counsel of Divine Wisdom, and to foster those impure dispositions which lead to debauchery and wickedness. If, therefore, any of our members fall into either of these practices, and cannot be prevailed with, by private labor, to decline them, the Monthly Meeting to which they belong should be informed thereof, and if they

* Page 37, edition of 1843.
† Page 50, edition of 1856.
‡ Page 32, edition of 1842.

cannot be reclaimed by further labor, they should be disowned."

Here, also, the testimony is against "*frequenting* stage-plays, horse-races, music, &c.," which evidently means going from home to attend them; and it is not against "music in itself," or against it at home, in the private family circle, under healthful regulation and restraint.

When the Baltimore Discipline was last revised, in the year 1821, the clause which is enclosed in brackets in the preceding quotation, was omitted, and the substance of it transferred to the article on "Conduct and Conversation," leaving the heading of the other article, "Diversions" only, but retaining all the other language precisely as it previously was, thus rendering the meaning of the latter part of the article on Diversions, as it now stands, somewhat obscure. But the mere placing of the subjects testified against under different heads in the Book of Discipline, could not change the Discipline upon the subject.

The Discipline of *Ohio Yearly Meeting*,* which was set off from that of Baltimore in 1812, and of *Indiana Yearly Meeting*,† which was set off from that of Ohio in 1821, are exactly the same upon the subject of Gaming and Diversions as that quoted from Baltimore Discipline of 1806.

The word music is not mentioned in the Discipline of any of the six Yearly Meetings, which embrace the whole Society of our Friends in this country, except as already quoted; and in none of these, certainly, is there any testimony against "music in itself," or against it at home in the private family circle, under healthful regulation and restraint.

It will be remarked, that the subjects testified against under this head, in all these Books of Discipline, are those quoted in my last communication from the London Discipline of 1783, viz.: "Play-houses, horse-races, balls, and gaming places," only we use the word theatres for play-houses; music and dancing for balls; and lotteries, wagering, and any kind of gaming, for gaming places. This fact enables us to understand the force of the words "music and dancing" in our present Books of Discipline, that, as the word "theatres" is used to explain "play-houses," so these are used to explain "balls."

3. Another ground for the sentiment I expressed in the Manual, already quoted, is found in Clarkson's Portraiture of Quakerism. In relation to Clarkson, a searcher after Truth will bear in mind that he was not a *Friend*, but a *churchman*, and became acquainted with Friends in his interesting efforts to abolish the Slave Trade, with which efforts Friends so efficiently co-operated. What he communicates in regard to them, he did not obtain from Friends writings, which he rarely quotes, so much as from the verbal communications of the Friends with whom he was thus brought into social intercourse. Hence, his language is frequently indefinite, and some parts will not agree with others. Had he been a Friend, and himself imbued with the deep and pure spirituality of their religion, he would, with his intelligence and powers of discrimination, have drawn a Portraiture of Quakerism, if not so flattering to the Society as the one he has given of it, still much more to the Life. Friends were very much gratified with Clarkson's work. The position he occupied in England, and his great popularity at that time, both personally and as a writer, caused his Portraiture to be very extensively read; and, while it did much to remove prejudice *without* the Society, it also did much to promote vanity *within* it. Adversity and disrepute are much more favorable to true Quakerism than prosperity and popularity.

Nevertheless, this work of Clarkson's is very interesting and instructive, and I would recommend its careful and discriminating perusal, particularly the part on the Moral Education of Friends' children, vol. i. pages from 35 to 172, to every member of the Society; *remembering always*, however, that what Friends profess to believe, or what others have formerly done, will do nothing for *us*, unless we come into the same spirit, and are led by the Light at present shining, to *do the work that is manifested to us.*

Clarkson says, in speaking of the moral education of chidren: "The bodies, as well as the minds of children, require exercise for their growth; and, as their disposition is thus lively and sportive, such exercises as are amusing are necessary; and such amusements, on account of the length of the spring which they enjoy, must be expected to be long.

"The Quakers, although they are esteemed an austere people, are sensible of these wants or necessities of youth. They allow their children most of the sports or exercises of the body, and most of the amusements or exercises of the mind, which other children of the Island enjoy; but as children are to become *men*, and men are to become *moral characters*, they believe that bounds should be drawn, or that an unlimited permission to follow every recreation would be hurtful.

"The Quakers, therefore, have thought it proper to interfere upon this subject, and to draw a line between those amusements which they consider to be salutary, and those which

* Page 36, edition of 1842.
† Page 32, edition of 1850.

they consider to be hurtful;" and he specifies music, novels, the theatre, and all games of chance, among those amusements which have been forbidden.*

The thoughtful reader will notice here that amusements are admitted to be necessary for young persons, and that the "line" between what Friends call the "useful and the hurtful amusements,"† was arbitrarily drawn by the people of that day, so that it may be reasonably expected, that times, places, and circumstances, might render a readjustment of this "line" necessary and proper.

It will be found, too, from what follows herein, that the testimony of Friends was not against "music in itself," but that their testimony rested wholly upon its *abuse*, the *consequence* attending its use, and the *waste of precious time* in the various connections with it.

Where Clarkson speaks of music, it is altogether in connection with the *moral education* of young persons, the point looked to in which, was, to educate the children to be *Friends*, and to educate the *moral* nature, if not exclusively, still pre-eminently. This is only another phase of the Roman Catholic proceeding which Friends remonstrate against, substituting the walls or hedge of society for those of a convent or a monastery. Man was constituted by a wise Creator, a threefold being, possessing a physical and intellectual as well as a moral nature; and any true system of education *must* be directed to the simultaneous and harmonious development of *all* these. If any one of them is either omitted or exclusively cultivated, it necessarily produces a deformity of character.

Certainly, we have social and civil duties to perform; and in the proper education of Friends' children, this fact must be recognized; and while cultivating the moral principle, and inculcating faithful obedience to the Divine Teacher, they must be prepared also, physically and intellectually, for the duties of the present life, in connection with civil society, and the physical interests of humanity, not as antagonistic to morality or religion, but all blended in beautiful harmony, glorifying God by the accomplishment of all His gracious purposes. "I pray not," said the blessed Jesus, "that thou shouldst take them [His disciples] out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil."

Clarkson introduces music in connection with Friends thus: "Geo. Fox and his followers were of the opinion, that it [music] could not be admitted in a system of pure Christianity."‡ And adds, "It will doubtless appear strange, that there should be found people to object to an art, which is capable of being made productive of so much pleasurable feeling." "But, there are few customs, against which some argument or other may not be advanced; few, in short, which man has not perverted, and where the *use* has not become, in an undue measure, connected with the *abuse*."* He then proceeds to show that man has often turned things necessary, and things delightful, which Providence originally gave him in a beautiful and perfect world, from their true and original design," and instances among these, wood, stone, metal, food, and raiment, all of which good gifts have been perverted to hurtful purposes; and just so, he says, "it *has* been, and so it is, with music at the present day,"† his whole line of argument, as any searcher after Truth must necessarily see, being against its *abuse*, and not against "music in itself."

He says again: "The first tendency of music—I mean of instrumental—is to calm and tranquilize the passions. The ideas which it excites, are of the social, benevolent, and pleasant kind. It leads occasionally to joy, to grief, to tenderness, to sympathy, but never to malevolence, ingratitude, anger, cruelty, or revenge." But notwithstanding that music may be thus made the means *both* of *innocent* and *pleasurable* feelings, yet it has been the misfortune of men, as in other cases, to *abuse it*, and never probably more than in the present age. For the *use* of it, as at present taught, is almost inseparable from its *abuse*."†

His whole argument upon the subject he condenses in this one paragraph on page 64: "The Quakers do not deny that instrumental music is capable of exciting delight. They are not insensible, either of its power, or its charms. *They throw no imputation upon its innocence when viewed abstractly by itself;* but they do not see any thing in it *sufficiently useful* to *make it an object of education*; or, *so useful*, as to counterbalance other considerations which make for its disuse."

The tenor of his whole article upon the subject, although as previously remarked his language is sometimes indefinite, conclusively shows that he did not regard the testimony of the Quakers as against "music in itself," for he distinctly states that "they throw no imputation upon its innocence when viewed abstractly by itself."‡

4. Another ground for the sentiment and the law I feel concerned to offer, although I have several others in possession, that "against music in itself, although individual members

* Vol. i., pages 36 and 37.
† Ib. page 35.
‡ Ib., page 59.

* Vol. i., page 60.
† Ib., page 61.
‡ Ib., page 64.

may have, Friends as a Society have no testimony," is found in what is recorded of our early Friends. Our valued friend Samuel M. Janney, in his interesting History of Friends, says: "It appears that in Friends' meetings they sometimes broke forth in 'melodious singings and soundings, under the exercise of the power which breaks and fills the heart, out of the abundance whereof, break forth sighs, and groans, and spiritual songs, as the Lord is pleased to exercise them that wait upon him." It is said of John Story, that "he had judged the power of God, as it broke forth in hymns and spiritual songs."

"A remarkable instance of this spontaneous outburst of feeling is mentioned in the Journal of George Fox. During his visit to Ireland in 1669, his ministry was remarkably blessed with the evidence of Divine Power, and he wrote: Oh! the brokenness that was amongst them in the flowings of life! so that in the Power and Spirit of the Lord, many together have broken out in singing, even with audible voices, making melody in their hearts."

"There is every reason to believe that these spiritual songs were prompted by devotional feelings, without previous concert on the part of those who were engaged in them; and it is questionable whether they were inarticulate sounds, or metrical hymns supplied from memory. We know that most of the Friends of that day had been educated in churches that used vocal music in their devotions, and we may therefore conclude that they had, in their earlier days, committed hymns to memory. George Fox relates in his Journal, that during his imprisonment at Carlisle, he 'was moved to sing by the Lord's power,' while beaten by a cruel jailor."*

I have thus conclusively shown that I have ample ground for the support of the sentiment, that "against music in itself, although individual members may have, Friends as a Society have no testimony," nor against it at home, in the private family circle, under healthful regulation and restraint.

The word "young" was omitted in the first line of the following paragraph in the Manual, which was cause of regret, and for this reason I reproduce it here; and the next sentence is added, in order to explain it. "A [young] person whose feelings are not agreeably affected with melodious and harmonious sounds, on proper occasions, has a defective organization. Like a person who cannot distinguish colors, or is without the sense of hearing, taste, or smell, he is destitute of a faculty, that ordinarily, and for wise purposes, belongs to the species.

"The *quality* of being gratified with melody, is a most important element in developing, refining, and elevating the soul, and fitting it for the performance of some of its most important functions and duties of life, as well as experiencing some of the highest enjoyments of our nature."*

This last sentence has been widely misapprehended. It did not refer to music, but was designed to show that the *same "quality,"* or *part of our constitution*, which is *capable* of being gratified with melody, also demands a harmony among all the elements of our nature; is acutely sensitive to their disturbed relation, and cannot remain at ease while there is an inharmonious condition of them; the practical influences of which offices, when the quality is unimpaired, and duly regarded, are highly important and salutary. Had I supposed it possible for any one to object to the sentence, it would have been most cheerfully omitted. It had no necessary connection with the subject, but was introduced to illustrate to the young the beautiful variety of offices in the qualities of our constitution, and all for wise and good purposes, that the *same constitutional quality* which is gratified with melody, possesses also, in the Divine economy, other important influences, in imparting delicacy of sensibility to our perceptions; in occasioning an aversion to all discordant elements in our consciousness; and an active appreciation of the *true*, the *beautiful*, and the *good*, wherever these become cognizable in the Universe of God.

The following, from the pen of a young girl of Waterford, Va., deceased, was found since her death among her papers.

SCULPTORS.

Among those who have won for their names a place on the scroll of fame, sculptors are by no means insignificant; and if their path of toil and hardship is to be the criterion, perhaps no other class is more deserving of this reward. It is remarkable that many of their number have been children of obscurity; some have *never* been reckoned among the great ones of the earth, but have worn away their lives before a mass of stone, vainly trying to portray upon it the form of grace and beauty that haunted them; but their untutored hands have failed to obey the dictates of their will: and thus their days have been spent in a fierce struggle between the desire and reality; and they have died at length in extreme poverty,—their last feeble efforts directed to the one purpose of their lives. Of such men we have scanty record, but still enough to convince us of their existence, and we can only hope that their

* Janney's Hist. of Friends vol. ii., pages 307–309.

* Young Friends' Manual, pages 149 and 150.

seemingly fruitless earthly efforts, and longings for beauty, have finally garnered them a rich harvest of all that is lovely in their present home. Others, more fortunate in their training, have, during months of patient labor, watched feature after feature growing under their skilful touches, with entire absorption in their work, until, as the great piece nears completion, the excitement and feverish joy of the spirit proves too strong for its tenement, and when the work is finished, the overtasked energies sink rapidly to dissolution. Upon others the first successful effort has no such fatal effect, but, imbued with courage by their achievements, they live on to gather greener laurels by carving new beauties.

In one light we may all be considered sculptors, for we have given us a mind, which, like the shapeless mass of marble, is to be modelled into a beautiful form. Our loves, duties, cares and afflictions are our hammers and chisels, which, if dexterously and prayerfully guided, will transform the sharp angularities into softened and graceful outlines, after the pattern of the great Ideal; of whose own perfection as a sculptor we have so many evidences, from the living, breathing statues that surround us, to the delicately-moulded flowers with their scolloped petals, and the luxurious fruits, each a perfect pattern of its kind. Remembering the perfection of His smallest works, who has formed a world from chaos, "yet in the last depths of the wilderness, left not a flower unfinished," we would despair of our ability to create a work of such excellence, as to be accounted worthy of a niche in the Palace of our King, did we not at the same time remember his leniency as a critic. As our task is more difficult, so is our reward greater, for he that works upon stone, carves for earth and evanescent renown; while he who works upon his heart is carving for Heaven and imperishable fame. For as an illustrious statesman has said: "If we work upon marble it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; but if we work upon our immortal minds, if we imbue them with the just fear of God and our fellow men, we engrave upon these tablets something that will brighten to all eternity." Let us not be discouraged, though we spend days upon our work without making perceptible progress. It is our life's labor; long and painful effort is necessary for its completion. If a sad affliction is sent to us, or if a sacrifice is demanded, let us bear the one patiently, and cheerfully take the other, sure that by so doing we convert some angle into a graceful curve, remove some blemish, or render some rough place smooth. Let us cultivate charity and love for all mankind; they will give a noble and chaste expression to our statues. Then let us flinch not, but cut on, carve on, remembering that our work is not to crumble to dust, as the temples and images of earth, but to "brighten to all eternity;" and glorious in its perfection and purity should be the production that is to adorn the Golden Palace of the New Jerusalem.

THE TROUBLES OF LIFE.—Sometimes I compare the troubles which we have to undergo in the course of the year to a great bundle of fagots, far too large for us to lift; but God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to-day; and then another, which we are to carry to-morrow; and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.—*Rev. J. Newton.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 4, 1868.

"A WORD SPOKEN IN SEASON, HOW GOOD IT IS."—Perhaps there are few who have not at some period realized this truth. Its application is to various states or conditions in life, but perhaps at no time has it more force than when viewed in connection with young life and the many temptations incident thereto. Many persons, no doubt, can remember occasions when, amid the busy throng of our public streets, the heart has been grieved or the sensibilities offended with what the eye has seen, or the ear heard, when passing, perhaps, a group of little boys, among whom there seemed to be a total disregard of all moral obligation. On such occasions, it may be, some of us have stopped on our way, and, impelled by a hidden force, have said, "Oh, boys, don't say so," or "Don't do that, it is not right,"—and then passed on, all unconscious that perhaps a seed had been dropped that would in after years spring up, grow and bear good fruit. The proof that this has been so, or the evidence that the word thus dropped had entered some heart, may not often come to our knowledge, but this must not be allowed to check the flowing of that feeling, under which we can offer a word in season to some tempted child whose

home influences are unfavorable to the growth of good.

A case in point was brought before a religious conference recently held in this city, as showing the advantage of being alive to opportunities of helping the children, upon whom the hope of succeeding generations must rest. The speaker said:

"I do not exactly know how many years ago it was, but about sixty, perhaps, that I was passing down Fourth street, near this church, and saw some little boys in the street with a number of larger ones.

"I knew two of them, and knew their parents, and called them to me. I said, 'I think you had better go home to your mothers; I am afraid these boys will lead you into mischief.' They took my advice and went. This occurrence had passed from my mind. Some years ago, about nine or ten, I think, I was in Baltimore, and a person came to me, and said 'he had been a travelling preacher for some years. Years ago, when a little boy in Philadelphia, you called me and advised me to go home to my mother. I did so, and I have never forgotten it.' This incident, said the speaker, awakened me afresh to a sense of my duty in this respect. A pleasant word to little boys is printed on their minds, and, with the increase of years, stays there. We do not know how much good we can do by one single effort."

Similar instances in which there was room for hope that the effort was not wholly unproductive of good, came under our own notice. A Friend passing a group of boys was shocked by the profanity that was freely uttered. A few words of remonstrance were offered, and received with ridicule. Immediately a bright-eyed, intelligent looking boy, the youngest of the company, stood out from the rest, and said, reprovingly, "What are you laughing at?" The others were sobered at once. The little fellow, bare-footed and bare-headed, took the hand that was extended to him, and he and the Friend walked off together, and an opportunity was thus afforded of impressing the lesson that had been given. Very different from the reflections caused by the review of this circumstance, are those which arise in connection with another occasion when the promptings of the Good Spirit were recognized but not obeyed.

The same Friend was passing through one of four public thoroughfares, when her attention was arrested by a poor, forlorn, wretched-looking girl; she did not ask alms, but as she passed along, the immediate impression was, as though outwardly spoken, "Speak to her and ask if she would not like a good home." But the thought immediately came, what could I do with such an one as she is—and then the feeling which was doubtless designed for good was checked. Years have passed, but again and again has the remembrance of this poor neglected girl come up, always bringing with it a sense of neglected duty.

It is well sometimes to review the past and note the effect of actions, which were apparently unimportant when performed, but which have doubtless left a mark for good or ill. This retrospect, if made in good faith, may help us to avoid former misses, and stimulate us to press forward more earnestly in the faithful performance of every duty, remembering that some of these may be closely connected with the happiness and welfare of a fellow being.

We are too apt, under the feeling that we are not our "brother's keeper," to disregard opportunities of extending a helping hand to those who need it morally. Let us, in this connection, remember the poor neglected *street children*, and forget not the recorded truth, "A word spoken in season, how good it is."

FRIENDS' SCHOOLS.—A Friend, who desires to see more local information in our paper, has furnished us with the following interesting particulars of a school in his locality.

He says that in 1836 there were no schools under the care of Friends within the compass of Salem Monthly Meeting, N. J. A Friend then opened in their Meeting the propriety of having a school or schools established in accordance with the requirements of our Discipline. The Monthly Meeting became interested in the concern, and arrangements were made for building two school-rooms, each sufficiently large to accommodate sixty scholars. Apparatus was procured, and the two schools were soon in successful operation. Since that time two additions have been made to the building, and they now have three schools of the description recommended by Discipline.

The male department has an attendance of one hundred and ten pupils; the senior female department of from eighty to ninety; and the minor department averages from forty to sixty. These schools are under the care of committees, and the scholars, amounting to two hundred and twenty, are pleasantly with Friends at their mid-week meeting.

DIED, in the city of Baltimore, on the 2d of Third month, 1868, CASSANDRA CHANDLEE, daughter of Rebecca and the late Joseph Turner, in the 36th year of her age; a member of Lombard St. Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 13th of Third month, 1868, at the residence of her father, William Cain, Richmond, Ind., MARY J., wife of Andrew F. Vaughan, aged 33 years. During her protracted illness, which was attended with great suffering, she uttered no complaint. Death had no terrors for her. She knew that life had its charms for her, but she felt willing to leave all; it was best it should be so. She was much beloved by her numerous friends.

——, suddenly, at her son-in-law's Edwin Newbold, near Recklesstown, N. J., on the 24th of 2d month, 1868, MARTHA R. SHREVE, in the 71st year of her age. In the domestic circle she was a wise counsellor, a tender and affectionate parent, and a true and steadfast friend. Sympathetic in her nature, she ever felt for suffering humanity, and her hand was often extended to alleviate those ills she could not cure.

——, on the 22d of Third month, at Germantown, Pa., HENRY K. PAUL, in his 84th year.

——, on the 24th of Third month, in Philadelphia, HANNAH N., widow of John Roberts, aged 79.

——, on the morning of Third month 28th, at his son's residence, Newtown, N. J., CORNELIUS CONARD, in his 84th year.

A Stated Meeting of the Board of Managers of Swarthmore College, will be held on Third-day, the 7th of Fourth month, at 3 P. M., at Race Street Meeting-house.

EDWARD PARRISH, *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' LIBRARY.

The Committee of Management will meet on Fourth-day evening, Fourth month 8th, at 8 o'clock, in the Library Room.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The meeting to organize a First-day School Association within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, will be held at Race Street Meeting-House, on Sixth-day afternoon next, Fourth month 10th, at 3 o'clock. It is hoped that all schools within said limits will report and be represented. All interested in this movement are invited.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Meeting on Sixth-day, Fourth month 10th, at 1½ o'clock P. M., at Race Street Meeting-House.

WM. W. BIDDLE, *Clerk.*

CHANGE OF HOUR.

Friends will please remember that the hour for gathering at Race Street and West Philadelphia Meetings will be 10 o'clock, from the 1st of Fourth month to the 1st of Ninth month next.

REVIEW OF JANNEY'S HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

BY EDWARD PARRISH.

The first two volumes of Janney's history published before the late rebellion were chiefly occupied with what may be termed the days of the first convincement, a period about which much has been previously written. A familiar modern garb has been adopted for the narrative, which is condensed and mingled with instructive biographies. The third and fourth volumes are occupied with the period from 1691 to 1828, during which four generations successively bore, with varying faithfulness, the burden of those testimonies which have constituted the Society of Friends a peculiar people—may we not add, mainly zealous of good works. During these one hundred and thirty-seven years the organization formed by the fathers was subjected to the test of experience, was agitated by controversies, as earnest religious bodies are wont to be, and, alas! even rent by serious schisms.

Many familiar names, held in great esteem on both sides of the Atlantic, are brought before us in these volumes, by brief and comprehensive memoirs. Such men as Thomas Story, John and Samuel Fothergill, Samuel Bownas, Thomas Chalkley, Thomas Ellwood, James Logan, Warner Mifflin, John Woolman, Job Scott, George and William Dillwyn, Sarah Grubb, Rebecca Jones and many others of more modern time are shining lights in the history of the Society during this period.

The settlement and steady growth of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania form a prominent feature in these volumes. In the administration of the affairs of a civil government, the testimony to the peaceable nature of Christ's kingdom which was early revealed to Friends was necessarily brought into close trial; the bounds between lawful resistance to wrong and the unwarrantable taking of human life by resort to arms were maintained through difficult and trying experiences, but with a success without precedent in history.

In the protracted Revolutionary War, by which the connection of the American colonies with the mother country was severed, many Friends were placed in a very trying position. The natural affiliation of the Society in America with the parent Yearly Meeting of London, and the frequent religious visits to and fro, which had knit the distant brethren in a close communion, induced many Friends to look with decided disapproval upon the attempted establishment of an independent American government, and brought upon the Society the suspicion and disfavor of the ruling powers in America. There were, however, very many Friends who

warmly sympathized with the revolution, but were restrained from any participation in it from conscientious opposition to all warlike measures.

Both of these classes fell under the ban of the struggling party of the Republic, and we have here an interesting account of the banishment of a body of very respectable Friends to a remote place in Virginia, where they spent about seven months as exiles, burying there two of their number, eminent ministers of the gospel.

A memorable interview between President Washington and Warner Mifflin, after the war, is thus related by Janney:

"In the course of the interview, the President said: 'Mr. Mifflin, will you please to inform me on what principle you were opposed to the Revolution?' He answered, 'Yes; upon the same principle that I should be opposed to a change in this Government. All that ever was gained by revolutions is not an adequate compensation to the poor mangled soldier for the loss of life or limb.' After a pause, the President replied, 'Mr. Mifflin, I honor your sentiments; there is more in *that* than mankind have generally considered."

The Irish rebellion of 1798 severely tried the peace principles of the Society, and although the fearful history of this period, and of the wonderful preservation of the faithful adherents to principle, is familiar to most, it is well that it here finds a record among kindred facts in which the history of our Society abounds.

The great testimony against slavery, originating in a Divinely-inspired regard for human rights, is of course traced through its successive stages, from its first public advocacy, in 1688,—in which year it was brought before the Yearly Meeting of Pennsylvania and New Jersey by some Friends of Germantown Meeting,—till 1776, when the holding of slaves by Friends was made a disownable offence in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and within a few years thereafter, was forbidden by the Discipline throughout the whole Society.

In the great movement by which the American nation has been aroused to the enormity of slavery, it is feared that many conservative influences in the Society of Friends have prevented its taking that share which faithfulness to its testimony would call for; yet all honor is due to those comparatively few Friends who, through evil report and through good report, have stood by the black man and demanded his rights in the name of justice and humanity.

In the settlement of the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and some other parts of America, Friends were early brought into direct contact with the aboriginal tribes. William Penn here comes before us in a character which cannot fail to shine in contrast with every other pioneer upon the American Continent. He and his associates came not as conquerors claiming a right to the lands upon which they settled—not as law-givers, laying restrictions and enforcing penalties, grievous to be borne,—not as enemies, having contrary interests,—not even as propagandists, urging them to lay aside their cherished traditions,—but as brethren and friends, children of the same great Spirit, appealing to their acknowledged sense of right, and thus winning them to a lasting friendship and to practical views of religion and duty.

The well directed efforts of Friends to defend and protect the ignorant and confiding Indians against the frauds and malicious intrigues of the white settlers, have continued for near two hundred years, and although unavailing to arrest the gradual decay of the red man before the march of civilization, form a bright page in the history of the Society in America.

To the readers of Friends' Intelligencer it is hardly necessary to recall the several vital testimonies in the interest of civil and religious liberty, by which the Society has modified the legislation not only of the young American States which were providentially formed partially under its influence, but also of Britain. The Society of Friends from its origin has been a power in the world before which not a few oppressive laws and superstitious usages have yielded, and whose silent testimony to the spirituality of true religion is now needed perhaps as much as ever before.

Writing for a periodical published and perused by Friends, almost exclusively, it is well now to turn from these favorable features of Quakerism, upon which we naturally prefer to dwell, to that part of the history of the Society in which its weakness is shown. Here our historian has given us an array of facts which we do well to ponder. They exhibit not only the frailty of human nature and the imperfections which characterize all religious organizations, but they show that the high spiritual ground assumed by Friends has not prevented the growth of intolerance and bigotry among them.

Unlike most sects, the Society of Friends was established upon no system of theological belief. Its fundamental principle, "the universal and saving light of Christ in the soul," was matter of experience with its convinced members; it led them into a broad and free toleration, and out of narrow sectarianism. The writings and oral ministry of esteemed members of the Society have from its origin

exhibited marked differences in regard to those points upon which theologians of the several schools are divided; but while they gave precedence to those fruits of the Spirit which are practical and experimental, there seems to have been very little clashing.

It was the advice of George Fox to Friends to "keep to Scripture language, terms, words and doctrines, as taught by the Holy Ghost, in matters of faith, religious controversy and conversation, and not to be imposed upon and drawn into unscriptual terms invented by men in their human wisdom."

This wise counsel was well adapted to a people called out of all religious sects and held together only by "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." It accords with the genius of a Society which repudiates human learning as an essential qualification for the ministry, adopts no creed, and does not require conformity to any standard of faith or doctrine in those seeking its fellowship. Scripture language furnishes expression for almost every phase of belief, and the variety of interpretation to which it is subject adapts it to the almost infinite variety of the human mind.

The author of this history has with great labor and research compiled from the voluminous writings of George Fox, Isaac Penington, Robert Barclay, William Penn, Stephen Crisp, George Whitehead, Richard Claridge and others, their views on the various points of Christian doctrine, and contrasted them with the creeds of the so-called Evangelical Churches, and with the writings of modern Friends of the two leading divisions of the Society. He also gives an historical view of the doctrinal writings of Friends from the death of George Fox to the end of the eighteenth century, and a history of the trials and disownments for alleged heresies of Hannah Barnard and Thomas Foster.

These two disownments—occurring, the former in 1802 and the latter in 1812—are regarded as the commencement of a new era in the Society in England—the era of increased zeal in regard to soundness in belief. A separation had indeed occurred in America about one hundred years before, caused by doctrinal controversies. The disownment of George Keith, however, was placed not on the ground of his disunity with Friends in matters of doctrine, so much as on his factious and disorderly conduct, though doubtless the doctrines he advocated were as objectionable to the mass of the Society in his day, as, more recently, were those of Hannah Barnard or Thomas Foster on the opposite extreme.

Keith and his followers, maintained that immediate revelation has ceased, and that the Holy Spirit operates only through the Scriptures and other means of grace; they also held that "the faculty of the will of infant children is corrupted," and that all are at birth defiled by sin and guilty. In opposition to the universality of the Saving Light, as taught by Barclay, they maintained the absolute necessity of a belief in the doctrine of the Saviour's death and sufferings as essential to salvation; they also maintained the trinity of persons in the Godhead, and the doctrine of imputed righteousness. That these views have been more or less adopted by some Friends in our time is no argument against the fact that they caused great uneasiness to the leading minds in the Society then, and called out in opposition the talents of Thomas Ellwood, George Whitehead and Richard Claridge, and received the well considered condemnation of several Monthly, Quarterly and Yearly Meetings, in America, and of the Yearly Meeting of London.

The separation in Ireland about the beginning of the present century, growing out of attempts to enforce arbitrary rules of discipline, and to insist on such uniformity of belief and of practice as could never be attained among thinking people of any church, is of apiece with the impeachment of Hannah Barnard because of her views in regard to the Jewish wars, and of Thomas Foster for advocating the Unitarian doctrine. These events, in themselves of secondary importance, seem to have paved the way for those proscriptive measures, the results of which are justly regarded by our author as the leading topic connected with the more recent history of the Society—the American schism of 1827. After a careful study of that part of the work devoted to this separation and its causes, I think all must admit the authenticity and accuracy of its facts, and the candor and liberality with which they are presented.

It is no part of the object of this article to discuss the theological questions opened up in this historical review. All interested in this inquiry are referred to the work itself, where they will find the separation ably treated with reference to its theological and its disciplinary aspects. I wish it might be extensively read by the younger class in all the divisions of the Society, to the end that the truth of history might be vindicated.

As one who in the exciting times of the great separation was too young to enter into its spirit, and who has been always happily affiliated with many dear friends of both parties, I should be loth to stir up a spirit that would wound or destroy; yet I have been a witness to the strange anomaly presented by the professed successors of those "Sons of the morning," of whom it was said, "See the Quakers how they love one another,"

in our time not only divided, but actually at enmity, passing each other in the streets of Philadelphia with averted faces, one party invoking the civil law to deprive the other of its property, on the plea of unsoundness of faith, locking the burial grounds against worthy and esteemed Friends, on the plea that their rights of membership were forfeited by disciplinary proceedings without warrant in justice or precedent in the history of the Society, and even disowning young Friends for witnessing marriages performed without priest or magistrate by the long sanctioned ceremony of Friends. As I have pondered these things, I have queried, should not the new generation that has come up since this terrible rending of the Society, at least seek to look back upon it in the light of impartial criticism, with a sincere desire to learn the lessons which it teaches, and to seek out the cause of the declension and disunity which have been so fatal to the right progress and influence of the Society?

Friends are yet needed in the world, not to perpetuate useless peculiarities or to propagate theories and dogmas already too much insisted on in various branches of the church, but to illustrate in their lives and characters the great central fact of the Divine light in the soul, a fact which partly, through their instrumentality, has already obtained a lodgment among almost all denominations of Christians, but which still needs a representative body prepared to show forth its glorious fruits, as did our fathers.

The work of our day is to promote spiritualism against materialism, which, in science, now takes the name of Positive Philosophy and Psychology, and in the church the more orthodox form of Ritualism.

The real battle, now, is not so much between trinity and unity, faith and works, predestination and free will,—the old mooted points of theology,—as between the spiritual and the material, the infinite and the finite, the substance and the shadow; and it seems to me the legitimate successors of Fox, Penn and Barclay will find it their mission to bury verbal and non-essential controversies in a practical testimony to the inward and spiritual nature of true religion, possessing themselves in that wisdom that is from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

OBEDIENCE.

"If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."—John vii. 17.

Soul, aspiring to be wise,
Tossed with doubtings to and fro,
Cease thy vain, thy book-ward search;
Do His will and thou shalt know.

On, not *through* the intellect,
Does the light from heaven glow;
Faith and love the windows are;
Do His will and thou shalt know.

Cease thy prayers for greater light;
To that nearest duty go
Which thy pride has overlooked;
Do His will and thou shalt know.

Creeds time-honored, crumble, fall
Before Truth's resistless blow;
Ask not, sadly, what is left?
Do His will and thou shalt know.

Is thy life a failure all?
Art thou asking, in thy woe,
What is life, and wherefore given?
Do His will and thou shalt know.

In the world of sense, 'tis law
Meets us whereso'er we go;
To the soul tis ever this:
Do His will and thou shalt know. S.

THE OLD FAMILY CRADLE.

BY CLARA F. BERRY.

For years it had stood in my father's old hall,
A time honored, love-serving friend to us all;
A faithful old servant—ah! who will e'er know
How boundless a love its great heart could bestow?
It rocked away trouble, it dried every tear,
Assuaged every sorrow, and calmed every fear.
No plumes waved aloft like a helmeted crest;
No ornaments hung from its homely recess;
No white satin curtains enfolded its bed,
Yet soft was the pillow where nestled each head.
Ten little forms it had pillowed with care,
Ten golden heads had slept peacefully there.
Death came at last, and though short was his stay,
The cradle was empty for many a day;
Three little fledglings had gone from the nest
To be rocked by the angels in heaven to rest.
Our mother in silence kissed meekly the rod,
And willingly gave back these treasures to God.
Years passed away, and the cradle no more
Echoed its chimes on the carpetless floor;
With rockers well worn and the paint turning grey,
The cradle showed symptoms of wear and decay.
Away to the attic this treasure was borne,
Weakened, but not of its usefulness shorn;
And there it is lying far under the eaves,
'Mid the patter of rain and the rustling of leaves.
Though covered with cobwebs, and painted with dust,
We treasure it still as a sacred trust;
Faithful and true in the course it has run,
We cherish it still for the good it has done:
And though years may pass, we shall ever recall
The cradle that stood in my father's old hall.

North Andover, Mass.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.—NO VII.

CONSERVATIVE AND PROGRESSIVE.

The great diversity of character and talents which exists among men and women, extending as it does even to children of the same parents, must be founded in nature. It proceeds from innate differences of constitution, which gives rise not only to diversified traits, inclinations and dispositions, but also to differences even in matters of mere opinion.

If, then, we are by nature different, how shall any one presume to say that he is right

and that all who differ from him are wrong? Have not all who follow their honest convictions an equal claim to be considered right? There are certain general principles, it is true, about which all right-minded persons must necessarily agree, such as that it is wrong to cheat, lie, or steal, but these are seldom the subjects of controversy.

The only rational conclusion to be drawn from these premises is that every one who, in subjection to his moral nature, follows the bent of his inclinations and convictions, fills his appointed place, and is entitled to equal credit with every other person. Some persons are by nature inclined to exercise zeal in whatever they undertake: but this applies more especially to those who devote themselves to what they deem reforms in morals and religion. These are sometimes characterized as fanatics, and types of them have existed in almost every age and every country; and they too have their place. They are the pioneers in the work of human progress; for, though their teachings may be at the time utterly impracticable, and seem like the ravings of madmen, they nevertheless stir up thought and pave the way for more sober counsels, and, however tardy it may be, good ultimately comes from their efforts.

Advancing from individual and exceptional cases to society in general, it may be said that it is made up of two great classes, or to embody two opposite elements; the one devoted to the maintenance of things as they are, and opposing all innovations, and termed conservative; and the other devoted to reforms and forward movements, and termed progressive.

As in the case of individuals, each of these classes is prone to set itself up as exclusively right, and to indulge in censure of the other; but, also, as in the case of individuals, each has its allotted place and sphere, and both are equally necessary to every healthy and well-balanced society or community.

As a general rule people become more and more attached to things as they are, and averse to changes, or, in other words, more and more conservative, as they advance in years. Habits and opinions, likes and dislikes, very naturally become fixed by long usage and the lapse of time. The young, on the other hand, are in a great measure free from this bias, and are inclined to view things more impartially, but with perhaps too little respect for precedent and the experience of those who have gone before them. Young persons are naturally hopeful, vigorous and strong, and very properly take the lead in new enterprises and forward movements, but they require the cautionary admonitions of age and experience. Where the conservative and progressive elements are properly combined, and act and react upon each other, a healthy sentiment and healthy action will be the result.

Among Friends, as an organized religious body, a peculiar state of things exists in regard to this subject. Our (to many) uninviting mode of worship, mostly in silence, and our grave and solemn ways, without sufficient countervailing influences, have had the effect, in a great measure, to alienate and withdraw the younger portion of our members from active participation in Society affairs, thus leaving them almost exclusively in the hands of the older portion; and hence the conservative element is too much in the ascendant. And in addition to this, the general tendency of our views has been to inculcate adherence to what is ancient; and as the result of these combined causes, the conservative and progressive elements among us, instead of being in equilibrium, as is necessary to healthy sentiment and healthy action, are in a state of chronic derangment. And there seems to exist, in consequence, a morbid aversion to all innovations upon established usages and modes of thinking, which precludes a dispassionate view and comprehension of our situation, and the application of such remedies as are necessary to place us in harmony with the circumstances of our day, and to secure to us the prosperity that is due to the excellence of our fundamental doctrines.

These views are, with deference, submitted as a philosophical explanation of our present condition, the process by which we have arrived at it, and as at the same time indicating the remedy. What we need is, to abate the tenacity of our hold on the past, and the forms and usages it has transmitted to us;—to think for ourselves, and view things impartially from the stand-point of our own day; to call in and restore to its proper, but long dethroned place and influence, the younger and progressive element, and devise means by which we may in future retain and perpetuate it.

No danger is to be apprehended from innovations or onward movements, so long as old and young, conservative and progressive, move and keep together. Any society or community thus constituted and thus acting, has a perfect capacity for self-adjustment; and even if, in its eagerness for advancement and improvement, it should take occasionally an imprudent or false step, it will immediately right itself. The guarantee of safety is the harmonious union of the two elements before mentioned.

The experience of Friends has presented some instances of unwarrantable hostility be-

tween the stand-still and forward elements, resulting in some cases in the violent severance of the two; and the effect has been, as it ever will be in such cases, alike disastrous to both. Brotherly love and mutual forbearance and toleration constitute the natural, and, when allowed to prevail, all sufficient bond of union between these opposing elements. In considering the present condition of Friends and the means of increased prosperity, due consideration should be given to the unnatural ascendency of the conservative element, as before mentioned. T. H. S.

LETTER FROM A TEACHER AMONG THE FREEDMEN.

Garrison School, *St. Helena Island*, Feb. 17, 1868.

Dear Friends: I am glad to tell you that I am able to have my school again, or part of it. Miss Towne, who is my doctor, forbids my going out, so we have removed the few things from our *parlor;* and I began with three or four scholars at a time, and increased the number, until now we have thirty of the most advanced. They are quiet, attentive, and respectful. It is a real happiness to be be with them; not with the ragged, dirty, often homely faces and forms, but with the brightening intellect, the earnest mind, the thirst after knowledge. Their behaviour to each other could not be excelled; with uncomfortable benches, too high for their feet to reach the floor, and no desks, these children sit crowded together, without an unkind word or selfish deed. We have yet to see the first quarrel, in school or out; the patience with which they endure physical discomfort is most astonishing. Many a barefoot has come through the biting cold; many a little shivering form walked miles, and, before reaching here, has gathered as much *wood* as could be carried on its head, or in its arms. They bring the wood, and as it is mostly brush or small sticks, burned in an open fireplace, it does not warm all the room; but we are looking for warm weather now, there will soon be days when we shall need no fire.

They seemed very glad to see me in school again, and I often have evidences of their love. One day one of my married men pupils brought me a half-dozen eggs as a present. I thanked him, and told him I had to take one raw every day for strength; since then, some one has slipped an egg in my hand almost daily,—a small offering, but prized by me, as a token of affection, which costs them some sacrifice. I am particularly interested in the man, as he is the main dependence of a widowed mother with several small children, though having a wife and one child. I have a meek, quiet woman, who comes barefoot, reads well, and is striving very hard to learn arithmetic. Most of my pupils are from twelve to eighteen years of age. One boy walks *six* miles; many four or five. Such a thing as low vulgarity seems unknown among them. I wish I could feel certain that the opportunity they grasp so eagerly may be given to them until they have learned enough to go on alone. I am always looking out for those who are capable of becoming *teachers*, and think there are several here who would make excellent ones, after a few years' steady schooling. I have not asked for clothing, because I think, unless cases are very urgent, all the funds that are now raised, should go for education, although there are many ragged ones, on account of their parents' cotton crop having failed.

The barrel you sent me was very acceptable, as I have been enabled to clothe some very needy old people. I think the givers would feel gratified, if they knew how comfortable they were making the present wearers. One, an old man, who is totally blind, whose wife is dead, and he is entirely dependent upon a boy of fourteen. Another, an African, nearly ninety years old, &c., &c.

My sister has been doing a good deal for them; she made an appeal to our Monthly Meeting at Darby, and received sixty dollars, which she uses for buying corn meal and bacon, which she gives out once a week. Many would have gone hungry but for this timely aid, as the Government has ceased to give rations, and the funds given to Miss Towne were not sufficient. They are too old to work, and have been separated from their children. The other people often help them, but where all are poor they cannot give much. Old "aunt Charlotte," who lives in a house near us, alone, and who has to pick up her wood, and then carry it on her head, was overjoyed when my sister had a load put down at her door. She says people think she is old and worthless, but she "bresses de Lord all de time for de tings, and prays for Him to give us ebery ting to make us happy," &c. The death of our dear and venerated friend James Mott filled our hearts with grief, he was so good, true and faithful in the cause of the oppressed.

Thinking his name should be remembered by this people, we had them gathered into the church on the 9th inst. We had a crowded house, and after opening with prayer by one of their number, I read some appropriate Bible selections. One of the ladies read a beautiful address written for the occasion; telling of his life and labors, and his constant fidelity in the cause. She also spoke of the untiring zeal with which his beloved wife had worked for the same great purposes.

We closed with advice to them on their

daily living, and the necessity of education. We had made wreaths and hung around the pictures of James and Lucretia Mott, and W. L. Garrison.

When she finished, one of the men rose, and after thanking her, pointed to the picture, and said, "Had I known, while a slave in bondage, that such good and noble people, such a good man as the one we have met today to *funeralize*, were working for us, *I would have thanked God all the time.*" He made some excellent remarks, and explained to them the necessity of doing something to help support the schools. Some others spoke. Miss Towne told them, if they would do a part, the North would continue to help them. All are willing, only they lack much means. I endeavored to impress upon them the necessity of pure moral training, and to make them feel their children were their riches, and as God gave them, it was their duty to make them worthy to be called His.

We had a most interesting time, and many crowded around us to speak to us.

I am obliged for all your kind interest and sympathy; it draws me near to you, and cheers my heart when the wearisome greatness of this work comes over me.

Your friend, M. S.

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received, since last report,

From city contributions	$246.00
" Friends of Wilmington, Del.	135.00
" " West Liberty, Iowa	30.00
" P. R.	3.00
	$414.00

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer.*

Philada., 3d mo. 31, 1868.

ITEMS.

FROM ITALY, it is announced that, owing to the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, there seems to be some danger of a new engulfment of the partly buried city of Pompeii; and also that lately another ancient city has come to the surface. Traces of a large ancient town near Castranova, in Sicily, high up on the Cassera Mountains, have been discovered, and excavations are to be begun without delay.

AN ENGLISH COAL OPERATOR announces that he has kept certain mines free from inflammable gas, that had been much troubled by it, by introducing an inverted syphon with one end near the highest part of the mine, the other leg passing outside and connected with an air-pump, by means of which a strong outward draft from the roof was kept up. The gas, being lighter than air, rises to the highest part of the mine, and can there be captured and removed.

THE BOURBOUZE LIGHT is said nearly to equal the oxyhydrogen lamp in brilliancy, at much less expense. It consists of coal gas mixed with air, which passes through a tube into a metallic plate pierced with many small holes, dividing the gas into innumerable Jets. These pass through a tissue of platinum wire before being ingited, and the platinum heated to a white heat becomes unendurable by the naked eye. Slight pressure is used to force out the gas, and about 35 cubic feet of the mixed gas are consumed per hour.

THE MEMBERS of the English Parliament receive no pay, and the acceptance of such a post is, therefore, almost impossible for a poor man. To remedy this defect, the Trades Council at Birmingham, who have resolved on having a "working man" as their third representative in Parliament, propose to pay him $1500 a year and his election expenses. The resolution was unanimously adopted at a full meeting of the Trades Council.

THE AMERICAN ARTISAN gives a condensed history of paper. It states that paper did not come into use until the thirteenth century. The first machine for the production of paper was constructed in 1250, at Ravensburgh, and paper was first manufactured in Italy in 1330, in France in 1560, in Switzerland in 1470, in England in 1588, in Holland in 1685, in Russia in 1712, and in Pennsylvania in 1725. The number of paper mills now existing in the principal States of Europe is as follows: Great Britain, 408; France, 276; Germany, 243; Austria, 78; Russia, 40; Italy, 30; Belgium, 26; Spain, 17; Switzerland, 14; Sweden, 8; Turkey, 1. In the United States of America there are 530 paper mills. The annual production of paper in Europe is 8,956,000 cwt., valued at $75,025,000, and the paper mills working continuously for a whole year would manufacture 62,560,000 sheets, which if laid side by side would extend to a length equal to that of the diameter of the earth.

CHEAP SHOES have been greatly in demand of late years, and the Lynn (Mass.) Reporter says that it has necessitated the most rigid economy in their manufacture. Scarcely a scrap of leather is allowed to be wasted. The odds and ends made in cutting and the refuse of the leather splitting machines are all worked into the kind of leather known as "pancake." This is made by pasting and pressing together the scraps, and being rolled and dried, is made to do service in the cheaper grades of shoes, as inner sole leather, or as "lifts" for heels. So skilfully are these operations performed, that sometimes the substitute is for some purposes almost as good as the genuine article. Some firms at Lynn are said to do a large business in the manufacture of "pancake," which is accomplished by powerful machinery driven by steam.

D. T. KENNEDY has invented and constructed an ingenious device, by which persons sitting inside their own houses can see everything that is passing on the street, not only in front of their own doors, but for many squares in both directions and on both sides of the street. It is a simple arrangement of two mirrors placed at right angles to each other, and set in a tin or other case or frame. It is designed to be set in one of the second-story chamber windows, and can be used while the blinds are down. Placed in the proper position, it will even show who is at the front door bell. But its most interesting employment is for the use of invalids, who cannot look out of the window, and who still would like the monotony of the sick room to be relieved by a sight of what is going on in the street. For this use it is admirable. It is called the "window reflector," and is both simple in construction and inexpensive in cost.—*Ledger.*

A TEMPERANCE lecturer in New England, D. C. Babcock, recently stated that forty years ago there were twelve millions of people in this country, and about three hundred thousand habitual drunkards; while at this time there are thirty-six millions of inhabitants, and about six hundred thousand drunkards, showing a relative decrease of intemperance.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 11, 1868. No. 6.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, four copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.

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SOME THOUGHTS IN RELATION TO FRIENDS' TESTIMONIES AND DISCIPLINE.

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

No. 3.

There are great simplicity, consistency, beauty, and sublimity in the profession of the Society of Friends. Their principles and testimonies will bear the closest scrutiny, and the severest criticism. They are as pure as Divinity, as broad as humanity, and as enduring as eternity. Friends desire that all mankind may embrace them, and be blessed. They regard all men as brethren, the children of one common Father. In accordance with the declaration of the blessed Jesus, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." Friends *feel* and *acknowledge*, that the kind offices of a brother are due by them to every other member of the human family. They feel it to be their solemn duty to work up continually to their highest convictions of right and justice, and their most elevated conceptions of purity and holiness. And they entertain an abiding belief that, as they are earnest and faithful in their desires to do this, and are obedient to all that is manifested to them, they will receive the "Spirit of Truth, which will guide into all Truth," with ability to fulfil all its requirements; so that the wisdom of God will enlighten their understandings, and the power of God strengthen their spirits, to enable them to accomplish all His work and purposes in regard to them, in the whole economy of human existence.

Here is the foundation upon which the profession of the Society of Friends rests. It will support all who will build upon it, and *it never can be shaken.* It is the root from which spring, as a natural outgrowth, love, peace, justice, truth, and every known virtue and Divine attribute. The *practical* manifestation of these, in every day life, *towards all men*, to the extent of the highest and purest conceptions they can form of their requirements, Friends feel to be obligatory upon them; and this abiding manifestation of these Divine attributes is "God manifest in the flesh." Such being led by the Spirit of God, are sons of God.

And the Discipline of the Society, in its Christian object, harmonizes beautifully with this basis of love, charity, and purity, as it must necessarily do, inasmuch as it sprung therefrom. Its great objects are, "to watch over one another for good;" to endeavor to build one another up in Christ; to lend a helping hand to the weak; to be a comfort and a consolation one to another; to visit the sick and afflicted, the widow and the orphan; to assist the poor, and educate their children; and to fulfil, in good faith, and with humanity and kindness, the whole round of Christian offices. The requirements of the Discipline, being in their professed nature in entire accordance with those great principles already

referred to, which spring from the Divine life or Spirit of God, any violation of these requirements is necessarily a violation of some vital principle according to the highest light yet manifested to the Society; and hence it becomes a matter of concern to a Godly fellow-member, to labor, in gentleness and love, first to convince the offender that he has violated what is deemed to be an important principle, and thereby done an injury to himself; and also to strive to induce him to labor for willingness and strength, through the blessing of Divine aid, to return to the path of virtue and peace.

From its very nature and origin, nothing can properly be a requirement of Friends' Discipline, only as it embodies or harmonizes with a Divine principle. Otherwise, in order to obey them both, we would have to serve two masters. There are not *two* rules—the Discipline, *and* the Light of God in the soul —but *one only*. The Discipline *specifies* particular practical cases in which society believes the principles of justice, peace, love, and other Divine laws would be violated, and requires their observance by its members, in order to *fulfil these laws*, not as *new laws*.

The observance of the rules of Discipline is not obligatory merely because they are rules of Discipline, but because they are in accordance with the highest conceptions which the Society, *as a body*, can form of right and duty; and, as they believe they can show to the sincere inquirer, are in harmony with those eternal principles of right, justice, truth, and purity, which are the bases of our profession.

The Light, in its manifestations to Society as to individuals, is progressive. The whole is not shown at once. It "*guides* into all Truth." Owing to circumstances, it may make a requisition at one time, or impose a restraint, which is not felt at another. Hence, the necessity which has frequently existed for altering or modifying the Discipline. Individual members, too, are frequently in advance of the body of society, and in advance of some who are regarded as its main pillars, in their perceptions of Truth, and their convictions of the requirements of Christianity and Godliness. This was the case with Benj. Lay, Anthony Benezet, and many other worthies, who saw in the Light the great inconsistency and injustice of Friends holding their fellow beings in slavery, and bore emphatic testimony against the iniquitous practice, long before the body of society were prepared to see it was a wrong, and to incorporate a testimony against it in their Discipline.

In like manner, many pure and enlightened minds were brought to see the hurtful effects arising from spiritous liquors, in causing the deplorable consequences of intemperance, insanity, poverty, and premature death, as well as a long list of attendant evils and crimes, many years before it became a general concern of the Society, or the body of Friends were prepared to bear testimony in their Discipline against the distillation, trading in, or use of them as a drink. And it is an instructive and suggestive fact, that many of the older Friends, and those who were regarded as the heads of Society, and most advanced in spiritual attainments, were among the last to believe it was hurtful, or to consent to have the Discipline altered, so as to give the weight of testimony of the Society against what is now universally regarded as amongst the greatest of evils.

These facts, and others of more recent date which might be adduced, are very suggestive to all, and they are important lessons of instruction to some of us who are growing old, that we do not obscure the Light, or become impediments to Christian progress; but that we endeavor, in all things, to bring "Truth to the line, and righteousness to the plummet."

It was remarked to me by a wise and worthy Friend of Philadelphia, over twenty years ago, that it was "a wise provision in the economy of Providence, that old people die." There is such a *liability* that even the good will think, that the regulations which existed and were approved in civil and religious society, when *they* were in their prime, and the conditions under which THEY were enabled to overcome all the wiles of the adversary, to perform *their* part in life, and to make their peace with God, are the *very best* that can exist for *all* people, in *all* time, so that any change would grieve them, and they would either necessarily have to be impediments in God's plan for the advancement of Society, in all its highest relations, or endure sufferings from those onward movements which they cannot resist. "The light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be seven-fold, as the light of seven days;" and with these *increased illuminations* there are *new* and *advanced* duties for individuals and societies to perform.

There is great danger, too, lest good persons, and especially when aged, may think the Heavenly Father *must* lead all His children in the *very same* paths in which he led *them;* whereas, He adapts His leadings and requirements to the spiritual and constitutional condition of those to be led, obliging some, from peculiarity of disposition or temperament, to be restrained from certain things, in which others, equally good, are permitted innocently to indulge; while these

last may be restrained from things, which to the former are innocent. All is embraced in obeying the injunction to "mind the Light," and in being faithful to every duty which it manifests to *us*. To him who prescribes or inquires "What this man shall do," the reply is now, as formerly, "What is *that* to thee; *follow thou Me*."

A letter recently received from a valued Friend in western New York, contains sentiments in connection with the Discipline so replete with general interest, that I am induced to place them here: "I hope you will be enabled to get along with revising your Discipline satisfactorily to all. It is an important work, and needs care; but I trust we of this day have access to the same Fountain of pure Wisdom which, I doubt not, was in good measure the guide of the worthy Friends who formed the present Discipline. But they, too, were fallible; and circumstances having changed somewhat, I think it quite consistent with wisdom and good sense, to enter into somewhat of a critical examination of it, and see whether it is, in every respect, as well adapted to your present condition as it might be.

"I feel that I am one who can appreciate good works of a former day, done by our worthy predecessors, without idolizing them. According to our own principles, which I think are immutable, each generation must stand on its *own* foundation, or rather on the foundation which God has revealed to *them*, and which thus becomes *theirs* by *conviction* and *adoption*. It is thus we come to have faith in God, and His Son Jesus Christ, which is a *living* faith, for He is a living principle *in us*, and we are not afraid to trust Him."

As there have been, at different periods of the Society, some things shown by the Light, and some requirements of Truth, which the whole body saw and felt must be observed by Friends, and should be embodied as testimonies in the Book of Discipline, although not previously there; so some things which were in the Discipline, and formerly regarded of great importance, have, under a change of condition and circumstances, lost their comparative claims to regard and observance as religious duties. Gravely to attach an importance to any thing which is not important, and which cannot be shown to be so to those who are expected to regard it with respect and observance, however much vitality it may have possessed at a former period, is now productive only of darkness and confusion. Any error, although it may not be a cause of condemnation, is always unfavorable to full and healthy spiritual development. Its impress is not in harmony with our higher nature. Truth alone, and truth in all things, is what harmonizes with the Divine mind, and brings man into the image of God.

Now, an important question arises, which it is very desirable shall be clearly understood, namely: in what relation do the members of a religious organization, and particularly that of Friends, stand toward each other, and to the Society? That is, what are the rights, privileges and duties as an organization? and what are inherent in the members as individuals, or as constituents of civil society generally? Only a few of these can be now referred to, although many deserve to be.

Some of the duties to one another as members of the organization, have already been stated in this communication. To them must be added all others to which the light of Truth may direct, fulfiling honestly and truly the Golden rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

The organization forms a Discipline, the provisions of which are derived from those great principles of Divine Truth which are the bases of Friends' profession, and necessarily harmonize with them to the highest degree that was manifested to the body of Society at the time the Discipline was formed. Herein are its great merit and power. As already stated, the discipline does not prescribe any *new* rule, as a "Law of the Church;" but it recognizes, invites and enjoins obedience to the *Divine* Law, which is manifest, as we believe, to every enlightened soul; and it *specifies* some particular practises, which are regarded by society as at variance with this Divine Law. And only so far as its requirements accord with the Divine law, will it be an instrument of good.

It must be remembered, too, that in an organization, the views of all the individual members, so far as these differ, cannot be embodied in the Discipline. Some must yield, in condescension, one in one way, and another in another. The Discipline will thus accord with the *prevailing sentiment* of the body; those members who entertain the more advanced views, being willing, under a feeling of patience, kindness and charity, to wait as for the hindmost of the flock, under the conviction, that "He that believeth will not make haste."

One peculiarity in Friends' organization is too frequently overlooked, while it deserves the most serious and deliberate consideration in connection with the practical exercise of the Discipline. Unlike those societies or organizations which persons of mature years attach themselves to understandingly, of Friends' organization, nearly all have become members, not by *choice*, but by *birth*. According to rules established by the Society to

which they were not a party, they *were born members*. The mere statement of this fact, shows a peculiar relation of Society to these "birth-right members," who are thus involuntarily placed in its charge, demanding the tenderest possible care of their character, reputation, and moral interests. The organization should regard them as children, and no sooner injure their character, or cut them off from its care and oversight, than would a tender parent his child.

Now, the high estimation in which the Society of Friends is held, by its own members and others, causes the disownment of a person whom the Society calls an "offender," to be regarded as more or less of a disgrace to such person. He is necessarily held in lower estimation. It is naturally believed that the Society of Friends, who are so noted for kindness, love, and mercy, would not disown one of its members, unless such member had been guilty of some highly obnoxious fault.

It therefore becomes in the highest degree obligatory upon the Society) and this fact cannot be too emphatically stated) that there should be no disownment of its birth-right members who had had no opportunity to participate in the formation of the Discipline, for any cause which is not, and *cannot be clearly shown to be* injurious to themselves or to others, an infringement of right and justice, or against the moral law as deduced from the precepts of Jesus. Upon no principle of right or justice, can the mere rule or law of Society be any ground for such disownment and its attendant disgrace.

It is gratifying and highly encouraging to observe, as it is believed is the case, that the "Spirit of Truth," which "guides into all Truth," is gradually directing the minds of many of our most valued members to the practical recognition of this most important and just principle, for the future government of the Society of Friends in the formation and administration of its Discipline.

THE living Christian has a certain sense of divine life in his own breast, which affords him instruction, strength, and comfort, in such a manner as he waits in faithfulness upon it, that he is under no absolute necessity to lean upon the teachings of other men; yet when they come in a degree of the same light, he accepts them as instrumentally from God.

A gay, serene spirit is the source of all that is noble and good. Whatever is accomplished of the greatest and the noblest sort flows from such a disposition. Petty, gloomy souls, that only mourn the past and dread the future, are not capable of seizing upon the holiest moments of life, of enjoying and making use of them as they should.—*Schiller.*

From "Imitation of Christ."

BLESSEDNESS OF INTERNAL CONVERSATION WITH CHRIST.

BY THOMAS A'KEMPIS.

(Continued from page 68)

Christ.—Son, there are many things in which thou art not yet sufficiently instructed.

Disciple.—Lord, show me what they are, and enable me to understand and do them.

Christ.—Thy desires must be wholly referred to me; and, instead of loving thyself, and following thy own partial views, thou must love only my will, and in resignation and obedience be zealous to fulfill it.

When desire burns in thy heart, and urges thee on some pursuit, suspend its influence for awhile, and consider whether it is kindled by the love of my honor or thy own personal advantage. If I am the pure principle that gives it birth, thou mayest yield thyself to its impulse without fear; and, whatever I ordain, thou wilt enjoy the event in tranquillity and peace: but if it be self-seeking, hidden under the disguise of zeal for me, behold, this will produce obstruction, disappointment, and distress. It is always necessary to resist the sensual appetite, and by steady opposition subdue its power; to regard not what the flesh likes or dislikes, but to labor to bring it, whether with or against its will, under subjection to the spirit. And it must be thus opposed, and thus compelled to absolute obedience, till it is ready to obey in all things; and has learned to be content in every condition, to accept of the most ordinary accommodations, and not to murmur at the greatest inconvenience.

Disciple.—O Lord my God, from thy instruction, and my own experience, I learn the absolute necessity of patience: for this fallen state is full of adversity; and whatever care I take to secure peace, my present life is a continual trouble and warfare.

Christ.—This, my son, will be the invariable condition of man till every root of evil is taken from him. But peace, so far from being found in a state that is free from temptation, and undisturbed by adversity, is derived only from the exercise of much tribulation, and the trial of many sufferings. Thinkest thou that the men of this world are exempt from suffering, or have but an inconsiderable portion? Thou wilt not find it thus, though thou searchest amongst the most prosperous and the most luxurious. Wilt thou say, that in the free indulgence of their own will, and the enjoyment of perpetual delight, their hearts are insensible to sorrow? And how long dost thou think this uncontrolled licentiousness and this uninterrupted enjoyment of sensual pleasure will last? Behold the mighty, the wise, and the

rich, shall vanish like the cloud driven by tempest, and there shall be no remembrance of their honors or delights! Even while they live, the enjoyment of what they have is embittered by the want of what they have not; is either made tasteless by satiety or disturbed by fear; and that from which they expected to derive pleasure becomes the source of pain.

O, how transient and false, how impure and disgraceful, are mere earth-born pleasures? Yet, wretched man, intoxicated by perpetual delights, and blinded by custom, is insensible of the poison he imbibes; and for the momentary delights of an animal and corruptible life incurs the danger of eternal death!

Do thou, therefore, my son, restrain the appetites of the flesh, and turn away from thy own will: "Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thy heart." If thou wouldst truly delight in me, and be plentifully enriched with the joys of my Spirit, know that such blessedness depends upon the conquest of the world, and the renunciation of its sordid and transitory pleasures; and the more thou abandonest the desire of finite good, the more truly wilt thou enjoy that infinite good which dwells in me.

But to the enjoyment of infinite good, thou canst not attain at once, nor without patient perseverance and laborious conflict. Inveterate evil habits will produce an opposition which can only be overcome by habits of holiness. The flesh will murmur and rebel, and it is only by increasing fervor of spirit that it can be silenced and subdued. The old serpent will deceive and trouble thee, and tempt thee to revolt; but he must be put to flight by ardent prayer, and his future approaches opposed by earnest vigilance and continual employment in some holy exercise or innocent and useful labor.

He that doth not freely and voluntarily submit to that superiority under which my providence has placed him, demonstrates that the flesh is not yet overcome. If, therefore, my son, thou desirest to subdue thy own flesh, learn ready and cheerful submission to the will of thy superiors: for that outward enemy will be much sooner overcome, if the mind is kept under strict discipline, and not suffered to waste its strength in dissipation and indulgence. There is not a more violent or more dangerous enemy than thy fleshly nature, when it does not freely consent to the law of the Spirit: thou must, therefore, be established in true self-abasement, if thou wouldst prevail against flesh and blood.

It is the inordinate love thou still indulgest for thy fallen self, that makes thee abhor submission to the will of others. Is it a great hing for thee, who art dust and ashes, to submit to man for the love of God; when I, the Supreme and Almighty, who created all things, submitted to man for the love of thee? I became the least and lowest of all, that human pride might be subdued by my humility. Learn, therefore, to obey, O dust! learn to humble thyself, thou that art but earth and clay, and to bow down beneath the feet of all men! Learn to break the perverse inclinations of thy own will, that with ready compliance thou mayest yield to all demands of obedience, by whomsoever made. With holy indignation against thyself, suppress every intumescence of pride, till it can no longer rise up within thee; and till thou art so little and worthless in thy own eyes, that men may walk over thee, and as the dust of which thou art made, trample thee under foot. What hast thou to complain of, who art vanity itself? What, O base and unworthy sinner, canst thou answer to those who reproach and condemn thee, thou who hast so often offended God, and incurred his terrible wrath? But thy life was precious in my sight, and my eye hath spared thee, that thou "mayst know my love, which passeth knowledge;" and in a perpetual sense of my mercy and thy own unworthiness, devote thyself to unfeigned humility, cheerful submission, and a patient bearing of the contempt of mankind.

Disciple.—I stand astonished, when I consider that the heavens are not clean in thy sight. If thou hast found folly and impurity in angels, and hast not spared even them, what will become of me? If the stars have "fallen from heaven; if Lucifer, son of the morning," hath not kept his place; shall I, that am but dust, dare to presume upon my own stability? Many whose holiness had raised them to exalted honor, have been degraded by sin to infamy; and those that have fed upon the bread of angels, I have seen delighted with the husks of swine.

There is no holiness, if thou, Lord, withdraw thy presence; no wisdom profiteth, if thy Spirit cease to direct; no strength availeth, without thy support; no chastity is safe, without thy protection; no watchfulness effectual, when thy holy vigilance is not our guard. No sooner are we left to ourselves, than the waves of corruption rush upon us, and we sink; but if thou reach forth thy omnipotent hand, we walk upon the sea. In our own nature we are unsettled as the sand upon the mountain; but in thee, we have the stability of the throne of heaven: we are cold and insensible as darkness and death; but are kindled into light and life by the fire of thy love.

How worthless and vain should I deem the good that appears to be mine! With what

profound humility, O Lord, ought I to cast myself into the abyss of thy judgments, where I continually find myself to be nothing! O depth immense! Where, now, is the lurking-place of human glory; where the confidence of human virtue? In the awful deep of thy judgments which cover me, all self-confidence and self-glory are swallowed up forever!

Lord, what is all flesh in thy sight? Shall the clay glory against him that formed it? Can that heart be elated by the vain applause of men, that has felt the blessing of submission to the will of God? The whole world has not power to exalt that which truth has subjected to himself; nor can the united praise of every tongue move him, whose hope is established in thee; for those that utter praise, behold they also are nothing, like those that hear it! they shall both pass away and be lost, as the sound of their own words; but "the truth of the Lord endureth forever!"

Christ.—Let this, my son, be the language of all thy requests: "Lord, if it be pleasing to thee, may this be granted, or withheld. Lord, if this tend to thy honor, let it be done in thy name. If thou seest that this is expedient for me, and will promote my sanctification, then grant it me, and with it grace to use it to thy glory: but if thou knowest it will prove hurtful, and not conduce to the health of my soul, remove far from me my desire." For every desire that appears to man right and good, is not born from heaven; and it is difficult always to determine truly, whether desire is prompted by the good Spirit of God, or the evil spirit of the enemy, or thy own selfish spirit; so that many have found themselves involved in evil, by the suggestions of Satan, or the impulse of self-love, who thought themselves under the influence and conduct of the Spirit of God.

Whatever, therefore, presents itself to the mind as good, let it be desired and asked in the fear of God, and with profound humility; but especially, with a total resignation of thy own will, refer both the desire itself and the accomplishment of it to me, and say, "Lord, thou knowest what is best: let this or that be done, according to thy will. Give me what thou wilt; and in what measure, and at what time thou wilt. Do with me as thou knowest to be best, as most pleaseth thee, and will tend most to thy honor. Place me where thou wilt, and freely dispose of me in all things. Lo, I am in thy hands; lead and turn me whithersoever thou pleasest: I am thy servant, prepared for all submission and obedience. I desire not to live to myself, but to thee: O grant it may be truly and worthily!"

Disciple.—Send thy Spirit, most merciful Jesus, "from the throne of thy glory," that it may be "present with me, and labor with me," and illuminate, sanctify, and bless me forever! Enable me always to will and desire that which is most dear and acceptable to thee. Let thy will be wholly mine: let it reign so powerfully in me that it may not be possible for me to oppose it, nor to like or dislike anything but what is pleasing or displeasing in thy sight!

Enable me to die to the riches and honors, the cares and pleasures, of this fallen world; and in imitation of thee, and for thy sake, to love obscurity, and to bear contempt. But transcending all I can desire, grant that I may rest in thee, and in thy peace possess my soul! Thou art its true peace, thou art its only rest; for, without thee it is all darkness, disorder, and disquietude. In this, peace, O Lord, even in thee, the supreme and everlasting good, I will "sleep and take my rest."

(To be continued.)

THE religion of the true Christian consists not in form but in substance; and arises not from the activity of human reason, imagination, or opinion, but from a heartfelt sensation of divine love in the light of life. Its foundation is no less than the immediate administration of God's Holy Spirit of man. This shows unto man what his thoughts are; what himself and what the Lord is, so far as properly concerns him. It opens the understanding, and directs the duty of the obedient; "for the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

MUSIC.

I have read with much interest and gratification the recent essays in the Intelligencer on the subject of music, and believe a discussion of it, with a view of arriving at a more correct understanding of its merits, is much needed in our Society.

A large portion of our members, particularly the old, condemn music altogether; while the young, and many of the middle aged, not only advocate a moderate enjoyment of it, but are continually making innovations on our time-honored practices by permitting its introduction into their families.

It is no part of the mission of a true Christian to maintain any testimony or doctrine simply because others have maintained it, though it be ever so ancient.

The fundamental ground work of our Society was in its beginning, and still is, a belief that our Heavenly Father reveals to the children of men now as much as ever he did, a knowledge of what they should do, and what they should leave undone—a spiritual law adapted to each and every one, which, if lived up to, would make our lives pure, to

the end that we may realize heavenly peace here, no less than an assurance of its enjoyment hereafter. This is known by Friends under various names, as the Spirit of Truth, Inward Light, and Immediate Divine Revelation.

Acknowledging this to be the foundation principle of our Society, its testimonies are but the outgrowth of the teachings of this principle:—testimonies which may be discontinued if the cause for them ceases, or be enlarged and directed against new things, if in the progress of time it should be necessary. We recognize but one central point on which Quakerism rests,—the inward light, and our obligation to obey its teachings. Our early Friends believing in this, were led, in obedience to its dictates, out of wrong doing, and testified against the evil practices of their time, and we must do the same for ours. It will be time unprofitably spent, labor that will bring no reward, if we bear testimony against things and names, simply because our forefathers did so. The testimonies of every individual and every age, to be of any value, must be against a present existing evil; it will not suffice us to clothe ourselves with the garments of our fathers and think that thereby we are established in righteousness.

It has been the privilege of our Society in the present century, in obedience to the dictates of this in dwelling higher law, in the profession of which we are a peculiar people, to testify against practices which our predecessors had not seen the impropriety of, and conversely, Friends have, in accordance with a more advanced civilization, and a more liberal and enlightened conception of Christianity, discontinued practices and rules of discipline, that our forefathers thought it right to establish, practices and rules that the most conservative among us would not now think it right to observe. Proofs of this statement might be easily adduced were it deemed necessary; but the recollections of the old, and a little investigation by the young, will readily supply them.

In this connection let us examine the subject of music. If early Friends found that the practice of music in their times was accompanied with bad associations, and its enjoyment pernicious, we must honor them for their testimony against it. But little will it avail us if we blindly proclaim their testimonies without examining them for ourselves, by the light of to-day, which is just as unerring and all-sufficient as it ever was, to the end that we may see if the things called wrong and pernicious are really so as they now exist. We find in nearly all the records of Friends, as well as in our Discipline, that the testimony against music is classed with stage-plays, frequenting taverns, racing, and gaming; practices which, to use their own words, "tend to debauch the mind." If in their times such were the associations of music it would be strange indeed if they did not testify against it. It is abundantly evident that the opinions of the religious world at the time of the rise of the Society of Friends and until a late period, were of a severe and austere nature. This Puritanical spirit, as it is generally designated, clothed religion with a sombre mantle, which, without passing judgment on the past, would, if now assumed, repel more than it invited to the fold.

Self-denial of the gratification of many of the senses was thought one of the essential requirements of religion; and asceticism peculiarly acceptable in the Divine Sight.

Our early Friends were more or less affected by this prevailing idea. The religious world has witnessed a great and, we trust, a happy change in this particular during the present century: wherein the religion of love is supplanting that of fear; clothing those who come under its influence with joy and gladness, and teaching them that all the passions and propensities of our nature are the good gifts of the Creator, who has given them to us for wise and beneficent purposes; only requiring us to hold them in their proper subordination to the Higher Law implanted in the heart.

It is a fact well known to those who have studied the laws of life, that a certain amount of diversion [meaning this in its true sense] is essential to our best interests.

This may be furnished by the sense of sight, in witnessing the beautiful objects of nature, the woods, mountains, lakes or rivers; the gorgeous and ever changing decorations of the heavens by the rising or setting sun. These may each in its turn gladden our sight, while others may find a more congenial diversion in the admiration of flowers: indeed there is scarcely a limit to our sources of amusement and diversion. A ride or a walk may furnish the needed relaxation from the cares or duties of life. All these are the pleasures of sight, and if restrained within proper limits we think them right; why should we, then, condemn those that are derived from our next highest source of enjoyment, that of hearing? Shall melodious sounds be called hurtful, while the pleasures of sight are thought harmless? who of us has not listened with rapturous delight to the song of birds, been moved to sadness by the sighing winds, or to solemn thoughts at the roar of the ocean? may not these sounds all minister unto us for good? Many a heart has found its sweetest memories awakened, its

finest feelings aroused by hearing the music of the human voice—so capable of producing the purest and highest of all melodies.

Admitting this, and knowing that the organs which produce the sound, that the ear which hears, and the emotions which are awakened, are the good gift of Him who made all things well, and feeling no condemnation for its enjoyment within proper limits, it may be presumed to be harmless; and Friends should bear testimony against its *abuse*, and not against the thing itself.

Let us then see that we call only that evil which upon examination we find to be so, remembering always that the manna gathered yesterday will not suffice for to-day—that though principles are unchangeable, testimonies may change. J. D. H.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 11, 1868.

Unity of Action.—The thoughtful observer cannot but notice, at times, indications of the *dawn* at least of that day, when the professed followers of Him who taught the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man shall lay aside sectarian distinctions and hostilities, and direct their efforts toward mitigating the sufferings and reforming the vices of their fellow beings. The power of a common cause, especially if it be a good and noble one, in uniting people together and causing them to forget minor differences is well known; and the same effect is produced by a common impending or present calamity. What cause can be greater or nobler than that which has for its object the rescue of our fellow beings from ignorance and vice, and what calamity more to be dreaded than the flood of iniquity which at times seems to be rising higher and higher as though it might overwhelm us?

The newspapers have lately given the proceedings of a "General Convention of the Evangelical Churches of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware," for the purpose, as stated by one of the speakers, "to devise better means of reforming the gamblers, thieves, and other wicked and blasphemous persons; there are prisons, police officers, and many other appliances for preventing and punishing crime, but we wish to work in another manner. We wish to restain them by the influences of kindness and love."

The convention was in session three days, during which speeches were made both by clergymen and laymen, nearly all characterized by much zeal and earnestness. A sphere of usefulness for women in this good work was pointed out, wider and more comprehensive than has been allotted to her in times past. R. J. Parvin said:

"It may be assumed that the work is no more committed to men than to women. There is no hardship that men can overcome that women cannot. They can penetrate the alleys and courts, and carry the missionary spirit into foreign lands. Was ever a church projected and carried successfully through that the women were not engaged in it? Everything connected with the Church will be found to have the agency of woman around it. Their names are found scattered all through the Holy Scriptures.

"They have one great virtue, and that is, a higher degree of endurance than men. We have in this fact an indication of power that it is not right to reject. Spiritual work is pre-eminently her special mission—all her attributes would seem to point this out. Woman's capabilities to conquer almost insurmountable difficulties have been shown throughout the history of the world.

"Why should they live idle and comfortless lives, when there are so many who need the great powers with which women are endowed?"

J. Wheaton Smith, D. D., said:

"The subject before us is one of transcendent importance, and the sessions of this convention will be important just so far as the consideration of this topic is impressed upon our minds. Some laymen speak of preaching as an essential, forgetting that there are many avenues open to us that are not inferior to it. Whatever will have the most impression on large masses of men will be the best. The saving of one single soul at least should be the constant thought of every Christian. It is when brought face to face with your fellow-man that the sense of the responsibility and great importance of the subject appears to you. The efforts of individual men often mould the after-character of many persons upon whom they are exerted. There is no way in which we can be so well engaged as in these individual efforts.

"Men and women can do more by their own individual exertions than is produced sometimes by a whole series of sermons. When God prepares a messenger He will find the means of effectually accomplishing his purpose. It is a small thing to give a cup of water to a sufferer, but it is a great benefit

to the one who receives it. So it is with these individual efforts. It may seem to do no good but its results are of incalculable value. The feeblest of all can do something for God by speaking kindly to all who they meet, and at the same time lay up a reward for themselves."

In reply to the question proposed for discussion,—"How can we influence the large proportion of our populace who are not reached by the ordinary means of grace?" D. L. Moody said:

"All we want on this question is more light as to how we can better reach the masses. The great fault lies in the way that the meetings in our churches are conducted.

"Many suppose they are only intended for Christians, and indeed they have at present but little interest to any but Christians. They are surrounded by too much awe and sanctity, so that the wicked will not enter them. I believe if Christ was on earth, he would consort with the vilest of mankind, and preach his Divine word to them. There is no excuse for having empty pews. Go into the streets, and take the first stranger by the hand, and invite him kindly to come in.

"The way to best reach the masses is to put the laymen into the pulpit, and let them preach. They understand the wants of the people, and can speak practically. If that is done there will be no scarcity in the attendance at church.

"It is men that we want, and not fine churches. If they will not come to church, go into the streets and preach to them there. Go into the bar-rooms and billiard saloons and preach the great cause. In the West the greatest success has attended efforts of this kind.

"Dr. Atwood thought the rich could take care of themselves, but the poor cannot, and they are the ones to be searched out. The poorer classes are not regular attendants at church They may come occasionally, but soon slip away. If our rich Christian men would spend their wealth by building small places of worship, and put a plain Christian minister in charge, much good might be done.

"The poor will not enter a fine large church, beautifully decorated, for they feel that they are not at home. That is one reason the Methodist Church has been so successful. Their churches are plain, but comfortable, the pews free, and every one gives what he can afford, and the poor person feels that he is welcome, and has a right there. They must have a church and pastor whom they love, or they will fall into their old habits."

D. L. Moody "thought there was too much sameness in the meetings. Persons who go to most of our churches hear the same prayers and exhortations from one year to another. If we wish to worship the Lord truly, we must do it in earnest, with a good spirit, and without the routine that is now too much in practice."

A summary of the views presented was embodied in a series of resolutions, which were adopted, and the convention adjourned to meet at the call of the officers.

The reflections that naturally arise in the mind of a *Friend* on reading these interesting proceedings, are, that were the views expressed by some of the speakers in regard to the duties of laymen and women fully carried out, the influence of the clergy as a distinct order would be abridged, and the weakening effect of employing one man to do the preaching, praying, and even *thinking* for a whole congregation averted.

An extract from an article in the Christian Examiner of last month, which treats of some of the results of the present system of religious instruction, may appropriately close this article.

"A successful Protestant city church, (as success in such matters is often reckoned,) is simply a very costly machine for securing a certain line of personal culture, or a certain amount of the personal luxury and delight of religious art. We do not condemn it for being only that. . . . . .

What we object to is calling this thing Christianity. At best it is only an ornament or a help. The error—we are moved to call it the guilt—consists in assuming that this pomp and luxury of worship really represents the idea of the Christian Church, or discharges the function of religion in the community. These handsome parlor churches, costing from fifty to five hundred thousand dollars; these tasteful services, involving an annual outlay of five to fifteen thousand more; these aisles so richly carpeted, and these pews so sumptuously furnished, that for their delicateness, no poor man's foot can adventure itself upon them,—it is mere mockery to call these the fruits and offerings of Christian piety.

MARRIED, on Second-day, Third month 23d, 1868, with the approbation of Gwynned Monthly Meeting, ALFRED D. SHARPLES, of West Chester, to RACHEL ROBERTS, daughter of Aaron Roberts, of Norristown.

——, on Fourth-day, the 1st of First month, 1868, with the approbation of Birmingham Monthly Meeting, THOMAS H. DARLINGTON, of Birmingham, to JANE S. PASCHALL, of West Chester.

DIED, on the 11th of Third month, 1868, at his residence 1460 Cherry street, Philadelphia, Pa., EDWARD CARROLL, in his 81st year, formerly of Ohio. A kind husband, father and friend, his end was peaceful.

——, at the residence of his daughter, in Zanesville, Ohio, THOMAS CONARD, in the 98th year of his age, a member of Concord Monthly Meeting; he was born 31st of Seventh month, 1798, in Philadelphia Co., and removed to Wheeling in 1807, where he has since resided. He passed away peacefully and quietly. His remains were taken to Wheeling and deposited by his wife, in accordance with his request.

——, on the 2d of Second month, 1868, at his residence and birth place, in Willistown, Chester Co., Penna., LEVI COX, in the 73d year of his age, an esteemed member and overseer of Goshen Particular Meeting.

THE GENERAL FIRST-DAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE

Will be held at Race Street Meeting House, Philadelphia, on 6th day evening Fifth mo. 8th, 1868, at 7 o'clock, (being the 6th day previous to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.) To this conference the Associations within the different Yearly Meetings will report and send delegates, and where no Association exists each school is requested to send delegates, and forward the information desired in the address and plan of organization agreed on Eleventh mo. 9th, 1867, and published in the Intelligencer. All interested in this movement are invited to attend and participate. Communications may be addressed to Jos. M. Truman Jr., 717 Willow street, Philadelphia, Correspondent.

ELI M. LAMB. } *Clerks.*
LYDIA C. STABLER. }

SWARTHMORE ASSOCIATION.

This organization will meet on Fifth-day evening, 4th month 16th, at 8 o'clock, at Race street Monthly Meeting Room. Edward Parrish is expected to lecture. Also other literary exercises. General attendance of Friends is invited.

D. NEWLIN FELL, *Clerk.*

ABINGTON QUARTERLY MEETING—*Correction.*

Through an oversight, the time of holding this meeting in 5th mo. is erroneously entered in the "Friends' Almanac." The correct time is Fifth-day, 5th mo. 7th, at Horsham.

FRIENDS' FREEDMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Stated Meeting on Fourth-day Evening, 4th mo. 15th, at 7½ o'clock, at Race street Monthly Meeting Room.

JACOB M. ELLIS, } *Clerks.*
ANNE COOPER, }

FRIENDS' ALMANAC FOR 1869.

Friends' Publication Association, desiring to make the Almanac for 1869 as near correct as may be, would request clerks and other interested Friends throughout the different Yearly Meetings to forward as soon as convenient lists of the different meetings in their respective neighborhoods, giving the proper titles,—the hour for gathering—names of correspondents or clerks, with their address, time of holding meetings of ministers and elders—and where circular meetings are held, the time of holding them, with any other information that will make the Almanac more useful to Friends. Communications should be sent to the "Almanac Committee," care of Wm. M. Levick, 331 N. Sixth street Philadelphia, or Nathaniel Richardson, Byberry, Philadelphia Co. Pa.

NEED OF RETIREMENT.

Christians now-a-days live too much in public. They neglect the closet for social religious duties, and lose in depth and strength of Christian character. J. C. Ryle gives a needed admonition;

Occasional retirement, self-inquiry, meditation and secret communion with God are absolutely essential to spiritual health. The man who neglects them is in great danger of a fall. To be always preaching, teaching, speaking, and working public works is unquestionably a sign of zeal, but it is not always a sign of zeal according to knowledge. It often leads to untoward consequences. We must take time . . . for sitting down and calmly looking within, and examining how matters stand between our own souls and Christ. The omission of this practice is the true account of many a backsliding which shocks the church and gives occasion to the world to blaspheme. Many could say, in the words of Canticles, "They made me a keeper of the vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept."

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer.

Your editorial remarks on the subject of covetousness are, I think, deserving of serious consideration.

With regard to the accumulation of property, Jonathan Dymond, in his Principles of Morality, makes some admirable remarks, a few extracts from which may be a fitting supplement to the editorial referred to.

"To a person that possesses and expends more than he needs, there are two reasonable inducements to diminish the amount—first to benefit others; and next, to benefit his family and himself. The claims of benevolence towards others are often and earnestly urged upon the public, and need not be repeated here. To insist upon diminishing the amount of a man's property *for the sake of his family and himself*, may present to some men new ideas and to some men the doctrine may be paradoxical. Large possessions are, in a great majority of instances, injurious to the possessor—that is to say, those who hold them are generally less excellent, both as citizens and as men, than those who do not. This truth appears to be established by the concurrent judgment of mankind. The most rational, the wisest, the best portion of mankind, belong to that class who possess 'neither poverty nor riches.' Let the reader look around him. Let him observe who are the persons that contribute most to the moral and physical amelioration of mankind; who they are,

that practically and personally support our unnumbered institutions of benevolence; who they are that exhibit the worthiest examples of intellectual exertion; who they are to whom he would himself apply if he needed to avail himself of a manly and discriminating judgment. That they are the poor, is not to be expected. We appeal to himself whether they are the rich? Who then would make his son a rich man? Who would remove his child out of that station in society which is thus peculiarly favorable to intellectual and moral excellence? If a man knows that wealth will in all probability be injurious to himself and to his children, injurious, too, in the most important points—the religious and moral character—it is manifestly a point of the soundest wisdom, and the truest kindness, to decline to accumulate it. Upon this subject, it is admirable to observe with what exactness the precepts of Christianity are adapted to that conduct which the experience of life recommends.

It will be said, a man should provide for his family, and make them, if he can, independent. That he should provide for his family is true;—that he should make them independent—at any rate that he should give them an affluent independence forms no part of his duty, and is frequently a violation of it. As it respects almost all men, *he* will best approve himself a wise and a kind parent, who leaves to his sons, so much only as may enable them, by moderate engagements, to enjoy the comforts and conveniences of life, and to his daughters a sufficiency to possess similar comforts, but not a sufficiency to shine among the great, or to mingle with the votaries of expensive dissipation. It were idle to affect to specify any amount of property which a person ought not to exceed. The circumstances of one man may make it reasonable that he should acquire or retain much more than another who has fewer claims. Yet somewhat of a general rule may be suggested.

He who is accumulating should consider *why* he desires more. If it really is that he believes an addition will increase the welfare, and usefulness and virtue of his family, it is probable that further accumulation may be right. If no such belief is sincerely entertained, it is more than probable that it is wrong. He who already possesses affluence should consider its actual existing effects. If he employs a competent portion of it in increasing the happiness of others; if it does not produce any injurious effects on his own mind; if it does not diminish or impair the virtues of his children, and if they are grateful for their privileges, rather than vain of their superiority; if they second his own endeavors to diffuse happiness around them, he may remain as he is. If such effects are not produced, but, instead of them, others of an opposite tendency, he certainly has too much. Upon this serious subject let the Christian parent be serious. If, as is proved by the experience of every day, great property usually inflicts great injuries upon those who possess it, what motive can induce a good man to lay it up for his children? What motive will be his justification if it tempts them from virtue?"

It seems as if some men regard repentance as the putting on the yoke, and becoming religious, as the taking up a burden, necessarily indeed, but which yet interferes somewhat with the joy of this present life. Never was there a greater mistake. The prodigal trembled as he went back over his long weary way, because he did not know how the father would receive him. But we know. We know that we shall be welcomed to the home from which we have strayed. There is joy even in heaven over one sinner who repenteth.—*S. A. Smith.*

"In our spiritual life we are surrounded by a spiritual world of holy truths, gentle affections, far-reaching hopes, noble aims, and sympathies as wide as the world. As the vital principle of plant or bird shows itself especially in the fact of growth, so one characteristic of the spiritual life is development and progress."

From "The Friend."

COMMON OBJECTS OF THE COUNTRY.

From our extensive piazza, the number and variety of birds that we daily behold are to me so marvellous, that, at the very least, I cannot forbear giving you a bit of "gossip" about them. As I have before stated, we live in the country, and are therefore supposed, by the pitying denizens of brick and stone, to be rather destitute of resources, and having no immediate neighbors, to be very dull and lonely,—but such is not possible where so many birds, insects, and creeping things abound, that the very air seems instinct with life and motion,

Sitting upon the piazza at this moment, I am not without companions, for the Mud-wasps are building upon the window ledges, the little brown Wren is in the box beneath the eaves (having first ejected the Blue-bird and its eggs), and the Carpenter-bee has accumulated quite a heap of saw-dust from the railing, which is bored in more places than one by her long galleries and passages. I can also see in the gravelled walk the ridges thrown up by the Mole, of which the common and star-nosed varieties have been captured here, and can detect in the grass the perforations of another animal of the rat or mouse

kind, a sight of which has thus far been denied us, as our old dog seems to think them too appetizing to exhibit before they are devoured. We only know they are plentiful, and their depredations annoying. The dogs were less particular with a muskrat which came to an untimely end through their means last season; when also a plump young woodchuck, captured by the mowers, and which they were endeavoring to place in confinement, fell a prey to their murderous propensities.

What place can be devoid of excitement where turtles are discovered feasting in the strawberry bed, and where, in the sleeve of a cast-off garment hanging in the bathing-house, we once found the nest of a field-mouse, and with breathless delight watched the frightened mother, with her large deer-like eyes and graceful motions, as she crept timidly to the spot, and one by one removed her young to a place of safety.

What revery can be lonely which is liable to be broken off by the plaintive cry of the fish-hawks, wheeling and circling about their nest, which is reared upon the summit of a blasted pine, not thirty rods from the house, and who may be descried passing overhead at any hour of the day, with some inmate of the deep depending from their talons?

We are also visited by another huge bird, a pair of which sit motionless, through the summer afternoons, upon the edge of the salt-marsh, and are known among the country people by the euphonious title of Quawks. The only ornithological description at all agreeing with them is that of the Qua-bird or *Night*-heron; and yet we certainly see them as early as three in the afternoon. In the same vicinity we occasionally see a blue crane, and another larger bird of the heron species. They treat their long red legs as something to be careful of, to be deposited gingerly upon the mud and lifted again with due deliberation. In strong contrast is the motion of the sandpiper, two or three varieties of which are always to be found gliding so quickly over the rocks, that whether they run or fly is almost a problem. In one of our drives we once captured an infant piper, and I have seen few things more comical than that minute downy ball adorned with bill and legs, seemingly out of all proportion. Not having always lived on the sea-shore, the foregoing birds are comparatively new to me, but I do not mean to neglect the more familiar ones who haunt the trees and bushes directly about the house,—the chipping sparrow who seeks his daily meal of crumbs upon the piazza, sometimes joined by the cat-bird,—the robin, oriole, and the cuckoo,—the pewee, martin, and swallow, who all have nests within our precincts,—the noisy bobolink, and in the season of cherries, which are abundant here, a countless crowd of chatterers which it would be needless to enumerate.

I saw this spring one bird which I had never before seen,—the American Redstart,—which remained poised for a moment upon the piazza rail, so that we had a fair view of it. The ferruginous thrush, which seems quite as tame here as the robin, is almost new to me.

As the season advances, the golden-winged woodpecker and quail give themselves airs among the flower-beds on the lawn, so confident are they of not being molested; but at present we are interested in a family of owls who have frequented our trees for the last fortnight, and whose species I am unable to decide, unless it be the mottled owl. There are six in the family: the two whom we suppose to be the parents, rather object to being looked at, so that I have only had a good view of one, of which the following is a description: back and wings of a sandy-red, with a white marking on the front of the wing similar to that on the wax-wing or cedar-bird; ears prominent, breast greyish speckled, and face ditto, with two dark lines extending from the base of the ears to the bill and enclosing the eyes. The four young ones, who generally sit side by side, and stare at us as long as we choose to stare at them, are all over of a silvery-grey, with less prominent ears. None of the company appear to be over seven inches high, and seem to haunt certain trees, where we can generally find them at any hour of the day, and they begin to be lively before sunset, often alighting upon the fence or the ground. We first discovered them by their peculiar hissing, like the spitting of a cat, the only other sound we have heard them emit is a faint "hoo-hoo," though while these six were in sight, we have heard the cry of the ordinary screech-owl in a grove at some distance.

Thus much for the owls; but when tired of Ornithology, we can resort to the insects, some of whom return the compliment by resorting to us, for we frequently find, in damp weather, a spider's web extending across the door (one in constant use,) or from the inkstand to the ceiling.

And when we weary of insects, there are the reptiles, toads, snakes, and turtles—the latter all sizes and kinds,—huge snapping-turtles who inhabit a small pond, the shores of which furnish a home to the crested king-fisher, as well as the fish-hawk; ugly yellow land-turtles and brook-turtles, in small compact boxes. I have witnessed on our own door-stone the phenomenon familiar to all naturalists, of a snake swallowing a toad, though in this instance he was not allowed to finish his meal.

in safety; but I have failed, in spite of all my efforts, thus far, to hear the song of the toad.

Finally, when reptiles fail, there is the beach with its shells, and other waifs of interest, to say nothing of crabs, eels, and porpoises, but what is a greater marvel to me than all the rest is, that such a wealth of animal life should exist unmolested within twenty miles of New York city, and in such a populous resort, that one may turn from the contemplation of Nature to that of Fashion or Art in all their splendor and perfection,—fish-hawks one moment, and flounces the next,—water-owl and water-falls in conjunction,—but—lest you should think I mean to rival the spider who spun from the inkstand to the ceiling, I will break my thread at once.—*C. Pierrepont, Wry Nose, N. Y.*

YAMA AND THE DISCIPLE.

To the young inquirer, Yama,
Many a precious gift had given;
And he urged him, "Show me Brahma!
Let me see the Lord of heaven!
Much thy wisdom hath imparted:
Let me tread not as I trod,
Empty-minded, vacant-hearted.
Show me Brahma, teach me God!"

"Ask me sons and grandsons, cattle,
Elephants or horses, gold,
Length of life, success in battle,
Every bliss by time unrolled;
Ask me empire wide extended,
Earth's most beautiful domains,
Nymphs in whom the graces, blended,
Far surpass what fancy feigns:
Of all wonders, ask the rarest;
Of all songs, the sweetest choose;
Of all gems, select the fairest:
Yama nothing shall refuse.
Ask me not, with vain persistence,
That to see which none can see,—
Mysteries of God's existence,
The Divine Infinity."

"What is empire? what is pleasure?
What is wealth! All vanities!
Time soon ends his little measure:
Wearied man, exhausted, dies.
Death conveys all mortals nearer
To the Father whom I seek:
Oh, reveal him! show him clearer!
Thou who know'st the Father, speak!
Solve my doubts, my vision brighten:
Other wishes have I none.
With God's light my soul enlighten;
Let me know the Unknown One!"
Still he urged his prayer on Yama,
Pleading, pleading, there he stood:
"Oh! unveil the hidden Brahma!
Show me his beatitude!"

"Do thou, in serene reflection,
Seek the purest human joys;
Answer pleasure by rejection;
Honor duty by thy choice;
Spurn the folly that invites thee;
Let all idle dreams be past;
Then the goodness that delights thee
Thy reward shall be at last.

Always asking, always gleaning,
Many a truth thy soul shall hold,
Many a deep and beauteous meaning
Shall be gradually unrolled.
Not by vain disputes and wrangles
Wilt thou fathom the concealed;
Quiet mu-ing disentangles
What the Father hath revealed.

"Many are his revelations;
Many a gently wafted word
Wanders 'mid-st the world's temptations,
All unnoticed, all unheard.
He who reverently listens,
He who meditating wakes —
He shall see heaven's light that glistens,
He shall hear Heaven's voice that speaks.
There's a Spirit in attendance,
Unobserved by ear or eye;
There is a divine resplendence
On the darkness of the sky,
Highest of all mountains shading
With its sweet serenity,
Deepest of all depths prevading
With its still felicity.
Sitting still, through space He travels;
Calmly resting, fills all time;
And to each true heart unravels
All his mysteries sublime.
He that wants him shall obtain him;
He that loves him wins his love;
Till God's truth shall teach and train him
For the highest seats above."

Eastern Poem.

WILLIAM RATHBONE.

Few deaths in Great Britain, during the present generation, have produced the wide-spread feeling of sorrow as that of this noble, Christian merchant, which took place on the first of last month, in the city of Liverpool.

Born of a Quaker family, Mr. Rathbone inherited from his father high qualities of character. The latter died just as his son William reached his majority and entered as a partner in the house which he had done so much to establish. It was the earnest vow of the young man to carry out every principle his father had advocated. No private charity, no public need went uncared for while his good right arm could administer charity, strike strong blows against public corruption and batter down the walls of oppression and wrong. Almost his first act, after assuming business responsibilities, was to lay aside £2,000 a year for private charities, and as his property increased he constantly added to that amount. No one knew the manifold ways in which that charity was dispensed, blessing and blessed, cheering the heart of the widow, aiding struggling youth, providing for orphaned childhood and destitute old age, the two latter classes appealing to him with a power he never attempted to resist. It is thought, though none ever knew, that his private charities exceeded those of any other merchant in England. No light thing to say,

for English merchants are never slow to bestow aid on charitable objects. Mr. Rathbone's charities were always marked by a fine discrimination, a delicate tact and the truest philanthropy.

His commercial and private engagements did not keep him from a wide political interest. With his far-searching eye he saw the necessity of reform and felt the upas influence of the wide-spread corruption which infected every part of the body politic. He first came forward for the emancipation of the Catholics, and labored incessantly in promoting the passing of the repeal of the Test Act. He then took up the great measure of reform which had its consummation in 1831–2, and immediately took an active part in the elections which followed. He was deeply pained to find bribery the rule, honesty the exception; and that this was the case quite as much in the municipal as in the county elections. It was therefore decided by the liberal reformers of Liverpool, at the head of whom stood the honored and beloved William Roscoe, to send a delegation to Parliament to petition for a "Municipal Reform Act," and William Rathbone and Robert Ellison Harvey were the two chosen to present the petition and represent the views of the enlightened men of Liverpool.

Mr. Rathbone was the life of all the reform movements of his age. He gave time, advice and influence for their advancement; and as years went on, his interest in all these things strengthened. White hairs brought no diminution of interest, no old, dead conservatism to clasp him with bands of iron, to chill the beatings of the warm heart, and stiffen the flexible fingers. He pressed on in the cause of a broad humanity. He stood by the side of Cobden and Bright, labored with them, and assisted them with the whole weight of his influence, his eloquence and his purse. Neither did he ever forget that with the children must begin true reform. He was active in the work of education, and with his party threw open the corporation schools under conditions which allowed every class of religionists to enjoy their benefits. This drew upon him such a storm as he had never before experienced. Bitter reproaches, vehement denunciations were showered upon him and those who had voted with him; and by one of those sharp, quick convulsions, they were excluded from their seats in the Municipal Council. Mr. Rathbone lived to see another and most gratifying change in public opinion respecting undenominational schools. Of all the words of praise heaped upon him, perhaps none ever gave him so much pleasure as the honorable title of "The Educationist," which was conferred at a time when the necessity for a sound, middle-class education was not recognized as it is now.

Whilst engaged so busily, apparently almost absorbingly, in every public interest, he kept a firm hand upon the rudder of his ship of commerce, guiding her with unerring skill through the reefs and quicksands which threatened her on every side. He was most enlightened in all his business views, clear-sighted and calculating, while his judgment was excellent. He never allowed himself to be drawn into the quicksands of speculation, and though he was sometimes shaken with the rest of the commercial community, the sound principles upon which he conducted his business transactions held him safe in the midst of general wreck. He was always ready for all legitimate enterprise, and his firm were the agents for the first line of packets established between England and America at a time when it was thought a most rash and hazardous thing to attempt a constant monthly intercourse between the two countries. He used to love to relate the story of eight bags of cotton, almost the first sent from America, and which were consigned to the house of Rathbone & Co. It was in 1784, and American cotton being a thing unknown, the custom-house officer coming across the eight bags would not believe they were the produce of American soil, and seized them as having been illegally imported from the West Indies. The matter was ultimately set right, and Messrs. Rathbone obtained the cotton; but as American cotton was in small repute, it was long before the eight bags found purchasers. It is difficult to believe this was the beginning of the reign of King Cotton.

Mr. Rathbone, in 1837, was elected Mayor of Liverpool, and he was the first who broke the rule of attending church in state on Sunday. He had, some time before, withdrawn from the body of Quakers and joined the ranks of the Unitarians, and always attended their simple worship. When solicited to attend the State Church, with the pomp of his office, he said, "Born a Quaker, I confess that to my mind, it would be painful to me to be accompanied to any place of worship by the paraphernalia of office. Personally I feel no scruple in going to any place where the gospel is taught freely and charitably, and therefore I shall feel no hesitation in going on any public occasion, as you wish." He inherited from his father the noblest spirit of toleration, and ever upheld the right of individual judgment. His charming home at Greenbank was the resort of all who had made sacrifices for conscience or principle. He and Father Matthew found a shelter, and Mr. Rathbone was mainly instrumental in raising a subscription to relieve the great "apostle

temperance" from the pecuniary difficulties brought upon him by his devotion to his self-imposed task. There, too, that extraordinary man, Blanco White, whose life was a struggle for truth which his mind never could attain to, found a congenial home until the morning arrived when, upon wakening, he said, "Now I die," and his soul went forth to slake its thirst at the only fountain which could ever satisfy it. And here, too, in this beautiful home of Greenbank, many years after, closed the earthly life of Wm. Rathbone. More than eighty years of a spotless life had he passed, filled with integrity, blossoming with benevolence, bearing fruit a hundred-fold of every virtue which constitutes the moral ideal of the man. In an unplumed hearse, without mourning-coaches, hat-bands, scarfs, or any of the usual pomp of civic funerals, this good man was borne from Greenbank to Smithdown-lane cemetery; and though the express wishes of the deceased and his family were respected in the simplicity of the funeral cortege, yet nothing could keep back the expression of public feeling and grief. Though the day was raw and inclement, the whole long distance was lined with thousands of people, who thus testified their respect for the good and true man whose virtues they had learned to love, the friend of the people, the friend of their children, the princely merchant, the wise legislator, the noble philanthropist, the simple but true Christian. The Unitarians may well rejoice that they have had a Rathbone in England and a Coquerel in France, and be grateful that their long and beautiful lives have borne such witness to the simple and pure faith which was as dear to them as their own lives.—*Christian Register.*

"The same inspiring influences are about the soul of the sinner, which, when received, bless and elevate the mature Christian. The heavens are rich enough for us all; not one is forgotten, not one is overlooked in the distribution of the divine gift. But, if the same gift is bestowed upon all, what makes the difference which we see in different persons? They receive it differently. When, yesterday, the shower so gladdened the earth, though it fell upon all alike, there were some spots upon which it did absolutely no good. They are to-day just as they were yesterday. It called forth an answering smile from the green lawn; but the ledge of the rock is just as barren and hard as before. It fell as gently on the dead tree as on the beautiful maples; but the unsightly wood sent forth not a single leaf in gratitude."

Your temptations are as much a proof of God's love as your comforts.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

THIRD MONTH.

	1867.	1868.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	5 days.	7 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	7 "	0 "
Snow, including very slight falls	8 "	5 "
Cloudy, without storms	4 "	7 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	7 "	12 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1867.	1868.
Mean temperature of Third mo., per Penna. Hospital,	37.93 deg.	41.12 deg.
Highest do. during mo., do.	61.00 "	76.50 "
Lowest do. do. do.	21.00 "	5.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	5.49 in.	3.36 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 5 current weeks for 1867, and 4 for 1868	1384	1096

Average of the mean temperature of 3d month for the past *seventy-nine* years.	39.08 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1859	48.25 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1843	30.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1867.	1868.
First month	1.70 inch.	3.62 inch.
Second month	2.89 "	2.52 "
Third month	5.46 "	3.36 "
Totals for each year	10.05 "	9.50 "

By the above it may be seen the quantity of rain this year has been about half an inch less than that of *last year*.

And as to *mortality*, deduct *one-fifth* from the number last year for the additional week, and the comparison for the *month* will stand 1108 against 1096 for 1868. While on this subject it may be well to say that appended to our review of last month was a description of *some* of the tenement houses of New York, commented on as one of the probable causes of the great excess of deaths in that city over those of Philadelphia.

As the plain unvarnished truth is sometimes unpleasant, occasionally giving rise to doubts as to its correctness, it would have been better to have stated that "the figures could be found in the report of a *competent committee*, made to a *public meeting* of the Friends of Home Mission, *held at the Howard Mission House, New York*, on the 3d of February last," (as our authority has it.) Much more of the same character, embodied in that report, was not introduced into our review for reasons of its *length*, and that the *great mass* of details there presented were, *as a whole*, almost too revolting for the public eye. And yet, if the presentation of such facts as are therein narrated only have a tendency to awaken an interest in the various existing evils, so detrimental to the public health, at all commensurate with the importance of the subject, their *repeated* re-publication would not be in vain.

The unusually high temperature of the 17th has already been noticed in the Intelligencer by the writer, but it may be well to repeat that in his own weather diary for *thirty-three* years past, and in

Pierce's, extending from 1846 as far back as 1790, nothing is recorded over 78 degrees, and that occurring *only three times* during that long period. viz.

3d mo. 27th, 1845,.....78 Deg.
3d mo. 2d, 1864,.....78 ,,
3d mo. 3d, 1864,.....78 ,,

We also find noted on Third month 3d, 1842, that the mercury rose to 110 in the sun.

While on the 17th of the month the present year it ranged in different localities in the city and suburbs from 74 to 78 degrees; and in one or two places it even reached to 80 degrees! And yet it may be fairly questioned whether 78 degrees on the second and third of the month, 1864, was not fully equal to the 80 degrees of this year so much later in the month.

On the 11th of the month we clipped the following from a daily periodical:

"Missouri is indulging in green peas and linen coats."

While in strong contrast to the above, such paragraphs as the following have constantly met the eye:

"In January the cold was 32 degrees below zero in St. Petersburgh, and 36 degrees in Moscow. Two children were frozen to death on their way to school."

March 4—"Persons walking across the Delaware river opposite Gloucester, and this morning at four o'clock the thermometer marked four degrees above zero. At seven o'clock the mercury stood at six degrees. On the same day it took *nine* engines to drag a train of cars at a very slow rate on the Saratoga road towards Troy, the train and *five* engines having remained on the track all the previous night."

And again:

"It appears to be the unanimous testimony of all who have had occasion to dig in the ground this winter, that the frost has penetrated to a greater depth than for many years."

In addition to the above contrasts the severe snow storm of the 20th, following only three days after the excessive heat of the 17th, is worthy of especial notice. It extended over a wide surface of country, and the depth of snow on a level has been variously estimated at from 15 to 18 or 20 inches. It is stated that "in the rural sections where the wind had a clear sweep there were *mountains* of snow. In the Twenty-fifth ward, in several places, the piles were at least fifteen feet in height!"

Although railroad detentions were extensive, but few serious accidents occurred, and the damage to shipping on the coast was far less than had been anticipated from the severity and duration of the storm.

One very remarkable feature in the temperature of the month under review was the difference of extremes, being at the Pennsylvania Hospital *seventy-one and a half degrees!* while in some localities it was even greater than this. It is believed this wide extreme has never been exceeded.

J. M. Ellis.

Philadelphia, Fourth month 3d, 1868.

ITEMS.

Object Teaching Extraordinary.—Perhaps the most striking example of object teaching, if we consider the instruction sought and the attainments of the class, is to be found in the recent tour of inspection of the mines, furnaces, mills, bridges and public works in the Lehigh Valley, by the students of the Philadelphia Polytechnic College. These young men had been pursuing their scientific studies for nearly two years, in the various departments of mining, metallurgy, engineering, &c., and an invitation to aid their studies by an examination of the great industrial works of the Valley of the Lehigh, was extended to them by the proprietors of the works in the vicinity of Catasaqua. During two full days, in a special train placed at their disposal—one of their own number acting as engineer of the locomotive—they visited most of the points of interest to them, stopping long enough to make the examination as full and satisfactory as possible. Every process of the iron manufacture was witnessed, from the removal of the ore to the drawing of the finest wire. The reduction of the ores of zinc, and the conversion of that metal into the white oxide used as paint, were examined. The dimensions of furnaces, the cost, method and amount of production were ascertained. This was followed by a critical examination of the various bridges, with measurements, sketches, &c. It will thus be seen that while the foreign correspondents of some of our American contemporaries are writing with deserved commendation of similar practical excursions by the students in the German schools, the same advantages are enjoyed on our side of the Atlantic, by the students of the Polytechnic.—*Ledger.*

A report on American silk manufacture, as connected with the display in the Paris Exposition, has been made to the Government by Elliott C. Cowdin, of New York. The report contends that it is as easy for the United States as for England to obtain direct supplies of raw silk, and shows that the silk trade might easily be made an important and profitable branch of our manufacturing industry. One reason for this belief is our exemption from the causes which have lately produced fatal maladies among the silk worms in Europe.

Female Physicians are gradually making their way into favor, if we may judge by their profits. It is reported that in this city six female physicians return incomes ranging from $2000 to $10,000 a year. In Orange, New Jersey, there is another, whose annual income ranges between $10,000 and $15,000. In New York city there is one whose income is rarely less than $20,000 a year. Some of these are successful surgeons, as well as capable medical practitioners.

The Dragon Tree of Teneriffe.—The destruction of this famous tree—almost one of the wonders of the world—during a severe gale last autumn, is exciting the laments of botanists and tree-lovers. The circumference of its trunk was about 78 feet; its height only 75 feet. It has been made memorable by the account given of it by Baron Humboldt, who estimated its age at about 6000 years.

The Cuba Telegraph Cable, connecting the United States and Havana, was completed as far as the coast some time ago. Within the last few days the wires have been carried up to the city of Havana and to the palace of the Captain General.

A silver wire, one-thirteenth of an inch in diameter, it is said will sustain 137 pounds. A wire of lead of the same size will sustain 28 pounds, and wire of tin 36 pounds.

The Lisbon journals record the death in that city of a man, named Jose Santereno, at the age of one hundred and thirteen. He was born in 1755 the year of the great earthquake, which destroyed a large portion of the Portuguese capital.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 18, 1868. No. 7.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, four copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

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SOME THOUGHTS IN RELATION TO FRIENDS' TESTIMONIES AND DISCIPLINE.

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

No. 4.

The great object of the organization of the Society of Friends is, that all its members, and particularly the precious young people, may be preserved in, or brought into, a *willing* obedience to the provisions of the Discipline, and a careful observance of all its requirements, which is synonymous with the requirements of truth, justice and Christian duty, according to the highest conception of the Society; and that this be done through the illuminations of the Light of Christ, and the operation of the Holy Spirit upon their hearts. Then these precious testimonies become living testimonies to *them*, and they become living testimony-bearers. It is this which imparts to these testimonies all their vitality, and all their practical value in the improvement of the heart, and in the work of individual righteousness.

Now, is this desirable object to be attained by *Law* or by *Love?* By the stern authority of parental command, and the cold disciplinary regulations of Society? or by the sweet influences of kindness and affection, patiently and prayerfully laboring to draw them, by the tender cords of love, to see the beauty and consistency of what is proposed for their observance, and voluntarily to adopt it?

A steady, patient, and persevering effort to this end, by a prayerful parent, or a concerned member of Society, craving for and humbly depending on the Divine aid and blessing, could scarcely fail of being ultimately successful. As has been remarked by a late writer,* the working power of our religion is not half appreciated. Few have any adequate idea of the transcendant excellence of Christianity as an agency for producing virtuous lives. For this purpose, *Law* is powerless, and *Love* omnipotent.

The problem is, how to prevail on our members to be virtuous; how to induce them to be good citizens, good neighbors, true and honorable in all the relations of life. "Men cannot be legislated into virtue, nor frightened into it, nor argued into it. They must be brought into it by *Love*; and this is the Gospel way," and this is the power to which Friends' Discipline looks, when its Spirit is rightly regarded.

"There are many things law can do. It can define virtue, forbid vice, and punish crime. It can lay its hand on the offender, and bring him to the bar of justice. It can fine him, imprison him, torture him, banish him, kill him. But there is one thing it *cannot do:* it cannot *reform* him. It cannot change his heart. It cannot secure his future obedience

* See New York Independent, 1st mo. 2d, 1868, page 5, "Law and Love."

to its enactments. In a word, law cannot produce virtue. It has no power to make sin loathsome, or virtue lovely. It exhausts itself upon the *conduct*, and cannot touch the *heart*."

Here we see the impotency of mere disciplinary action as a law—"complaining to Meeting," "dealing with," "disowning"—*it cannot reform;* it cannot change the heart. A mightier reformatory power is required. That power is love. Under *its* holy influence, how much can be done, one for another. The heart is reached, tendered, subdued. "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Love God; love man. On these two commandments hang all the law; and to these, Friends' Discipline eminently has regard, as being what comprehend our three-fold duties of life: our duty to ourselves, to our fellow creatures, and to our Creator.

The true system of Society government, if so it may be called, may be seen in that which we profess to imitate, and which imparts to it all its efficiency for good, namely: the Divine government. *This* is all in love, kindness, forbearance, and patience, recognizing the freedom of the will, acting solely for the good of the governed, and for the restoration of the disobedient to virtue and goodness.

Notwithstanding the Divine power exists, as we believe, to *enforce* obedience to the will or law of the Most High, were such exercise of his power compatible with that wise condition of freedom of choice in which He has thought it right to place and leave man in this probationary state; He yet permits him to go on in his course of sin, if he wills to do so, manifestly regarding his evil example of less injury to the human family than would be an arbitrary interference with individual freedom, from which arises individual responsibility, and individual accountability. Here is indicated the perfection of government of man as he is. Connect with this the fact, that in order to secure consistent action and permanent improvement, the *heart must* be reached and influenced—a "clean heart" created, and a "right spirit" renewed—so that in the Divine government, a person is made to *feel* and *know* that a thing which he is called upon and invited to forsake is wrong and hurtful; and when, through this affectionate invitation, he becomes prepared to make the sacrifice required, it is a *free-will* offering, and an acceptable one to God—whereas, if any thing is relinquished by a person who cannot be brought to see that it is any way wrong or hurtful, but who abandons it merely in compliance with the desire of another, or through fear of the Discipline, it may be a sacrifice to such person, or to the Discipline, or to Society organization, but it is no sacrifice to principle or to truth; and the heart of such person is in no way spiritually improved. Indeed, there is every probability that it may be injured thereby; for he has yielded obedience in a matter of conceived duty, to something besides the light or voice of God in the soul, and there is great danger of his being less able to know and follow the *true guide*, which alone can lead him to take straight steps in all things, and impart to him the power to do so. I speak of those who are of an age to be sensible of their responsibility to God.

This principle was instructively recognized by George Fox, in what is related respecting Wm. Penn's sword. He did not tell him to remove the sword, because he (G. F.) desired it done, but said, "Wear it as long as thou canst William," knowing full well, that the power of God, which was operating upon him, would in due time, when all was prepared, cause it to drop off by its own weight. It is for want of faith in this spiritual power, that disciplinary action is so frequently resorted to, to hasten God's work; and it then produces darkness and confusion.

Now, in accordance with the plan of Divine government, society should accord individual freedom and the fullest liberty to all its members, short of permitting them to intrude upon the just rights and privileges of others, as drunkeness, gaming, and all immoral, unjust and sinful actions and practices manifestly do. Our Society recognizes a bond of reciprocal obligations. One of the obligations of the Society is, that the poor and their children are to be assisted, and if need be, supported and educated. The reciprocal obligations of each member is, to avoid every thing which would lead to poverty. But drunkenness and gaming are the high roads to want. Hence, besides the Gospel requirements to endeavor to reclaim and restore one who indulges in such practices, as being deeply injurious to himself and to those connected with and dependent upon him, there are additional inducements for labor by the Society; because any such practices are liable to bring a tax upon it for the support of an impoverished family, from which it has a clear right to protect itself; and if the offender refuses to be reclaimed and restored by moral suasion, the Society possesses the undoubted right to separate him from the organization. So with dishonesty, theft, and every species of wickedness and sin. They degrade humanity, and inflict a positive evil upon society, both religious and civil, from which it possesses the unquestionable right to protect itself, the religious by a separation of the irreclaimable offender, so as to be free from further responsibility.

But, where there is no *manifest* immorality, wickedness, or wrong, the members of the Society should be left free from *Disciplinary action*, by which is meant, "dealing with as offenders," so that if they cannot be brought to acknowledge and condemn their conduct "as an offence," they are to be disowned, and thus the "offenders" to recive, as it is too generally understood, the censure and rebuke of Society.

In relation to marriage, those of our members were formerly "offenders," and were to be disowned, if they could "not be brought to a due sense of their error, and to make a satisfactory acknowledgment for the same.*

1. Who "join in marriage with such as are not in membership with us."†

2. Who "join in marriage in any other way than with the consent of the Monthly Meeting."‡

3. Who were "parents or guardians, and *consented* to the marriage of their children, and those members of Society under their care, in a manner contrary to our established order."*

4. For being "present at the marriage of a member accomplished contrary to our order."‡

5. For being "present at the entertainment given upon such occasion."§

Here was clearly an official interference with the members' just rights and privileges, in that in which there was no immorality; for it could not be morally wrong for an individual to marry a person he loved, and in every respect suitable, only that she did not belong to the Society he did; nor for the parent to be present with him, and more particularly with a daughter, on so important an occasion. Great caution was urged, too, in permitting such to retain their right of membership, even when disposed to acknowledge their offence. The Discipline said: "It is directed, that if any of our members join in marriage with such as are not in membership with us, or in any other way than with the consent of the Monthly Meeting, they should be dealt with, and if not brought to a sense of their error, disowned. And in all cases, Monthly Meetings are enjoined to exercise deliberate caution and circumspection in relation to the reinstatement of such; a religious conviction of the error of their conduct being the alone proper ground upon which they should be received, it ought to be satisfactorily demonstrated by a conduct and conversation of the parties, corresponding with such conviction; for which purpose, sufficient time should be allowed before an acknowledgment be received."*

Many could not conscientiously condemn their conduct and make such an acknowledgment of their error as was required by the Discipline, and the consequence was that large numbers of worthy young Friends of both sexes were disowned; more, perhaps for many years, than for all other subjects put together. When I was traveling by private conveyance through the Western country in 1863, on a mission of Gospel love as I believed, it was a *very common* occurrence, that a person would say in conversation, perceiving I was a Friend, "My father was a Friend, and was disowned for 'marrying out.' He could not say he was sorry, for he loved my mother, and she was a good woman. But he always loved Friends, and mother was sorry he had to be disowned, and we are always glad for Friends to come to our house." Sometimes, perhaps more frequently, it was the mother that had been a Friend, and disowned for "marrying out," but the same reason was always given why they could not say they were sorry, and a like regard for Friends was expressed, and regret that the parent was separated from the Society.

Happily, a change has since been made in this respect; but what a loss the Society sustained by these provisions of the Discipline! A most valued and observing aged Friend once said in a Yearly Meeting, at which I was present, referring to the offspring of such marriages, that "there were more precious lambs outside of the Society enclosure, bleating after the flock, than there were within it."

No doubt all was done in sincerity and in accordance with what was *then* believed to be right and best. And reference is made thereto in no disposition whatever to find fault, but in order that we may draw practical instruction from the lesson so impressively taught, by observing the consequences of failing to recognize the true relation of the organization to its members—which is to *leave them free from Disciplinary action or disownment, wherever there is no manifest immorality, wickedness, or wrong.*

The care and concern of the Society for its members should develop in love, not law—should depend upon a watchful and protecting guardianship previous to the act, more than upon Disciplinary action after it. Let the advice, entreaties and affectionate care under religious concern by individual members, in the love and tenderness with which true Gos-

* Discipline of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, edition 1821, page 40.

† Ib. page 39.

‡ Ib. page 33.

§ Ib. page 33.

* Discipline of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, edition 1821, pages 39 and 40.

pel concern will be accompanied, be full and strong against even the *appearance* of evil, and against whatever may possess ground for apprehension to be of a hurtful tendency; showing the parties wherein such danger exists; and while recognizing their freedom, show them the consequent responsibility, and affectionately endeavor, by enlightening their understandings, to keep them clear from what it is believed might injuriously affect them. Here is a wide field of useful labor, the *laborers* in which are sure to be blessed, since every *sincere effort* to do good *will* do good, at least to those who make such effort; and their *work* will often be blessed also. They will command the respect and kind feeling of those even who may not be at once convinced and see it right to comply freely with their wishes; and their labors would be like "Bread cast upon the waters, found after many days."

It has been significantly said, that "the world is ever repeating itself." In nothing is this more true than in the repeated efforts used in different ages of the world to *force* men to be good, or to comply with certain requisitions of the Church; and to punish in some way those who will not conform to church requirements. By the rack, the stake, and the halter, how many innocent victims have suffered martyrdom by church authority, in its efforts to *force* them to be of the "true faith," or in punishment of their "heresy." And how many have been imprisoned in dungeons, some dying from privations and exposure, for not conforming to church dogmas and requirements, when they had not violated any principles of the strictest morality, or of Christian duty.

Friends, in the early rise of the Society, having suffered so severely under a treatment of this character, it might have been naturally hoped and expected that they would exercise the keenest vigilance, and maintain, to the fullest degree, the feeling of Christian charity and toleration, so as to secure their members from "church punishment and censure," where there was no clear practical violation of right, or some moral principle. But as we have seen in the case of marriage, and shall also see in regard to music, this just expectation has not been realized. The same thing is repeated in them. It is so much easier to the natural will to apply law than love, force than affection, "complaining to meeting" and disownment, than humble, patient, earnest effort and prayer for restoration and preservation. Thus, where one religious sect used to fine and burn, another imprison and hang, Friends have been known to "deal with" and "disown," and thereby impose what is understood to be "church censure," for *no moral wrong*, in the same spirit and with the same object. But such proceedings being wholly against its spirit, are from no fault of the Discipline, or at least only so far as it *admits* of disownment where there has been no crime, or breach of morality. They arise from the weakness of erring humanity, repeating itself in all ages and sects; and from looking *outward* instead of *inward* for power to do good to our fellow creatures, which power is alone the reign of the love of God in the soul. Unsanctified persons are too frequently placed in administrative offices, and these are not careful to seek a preparation and qualification for the important duties entrusted to them! Oh! if these would only practically remember the assurance, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upraideth none, and *it shall be given him*," what a blessing it would be to them and to the Society!

A meeting can bestow upon its officers or a committee no power to do good. The *appointment* of a member does not, and cannot, change his heart. He possesses no more power for accomplishing the Divine purposes *after* such appointment, than *before*. Only so far as the spirit of God acts through him can he effect his purposes, or work righteousness. It is individual enlightenment, individual concern, individual labor, individual spirit-force, under Divine influence and guidance, which accomplish the good done in meetings, or by committees, or officers. When a meeting is favored with a number of spiritually-minded members, their united influence will possess a power not seen, nor heard, but *felt*, which will be irresistible, for it is the power of God. The only advantage a committee possesses in treating with one who has made a breach of Discipline, and of course a breach of *right*, is, that those appointed possess that evidence of having the confidence of the meeeing, and they will thereby be more likely to have the respect and confidence of the individual under their care, and cause what they may say or require to have more place in his mind.

When the Society assumes *authoritatively, to prescribe* a mode of family proceeding, government, or restraint, for parents to exercise over their children, it is repeating the practice of the priests and clergy, to draw obedience to *them*, and *their requisitions*, instead of the Divine principle or spirit of Truth in the individual soul, which will guide into *all* Truth, and regulate *all* things in accordance with the Divine mind; and *this*, Society, priest, or clergy, or any thing outward, can never do. Such proceeding *draws away from* God, the fountain of light, life, and power, and is always hurtful. The effort should be, in

order for true spiritual health, to draw *to Him*, and obedience to *His law;* for the work is *His*, and the power *His*, that to *Him* may be all the glory.

From "Imitation of Christ."

BLESSEDNESS OF INTERNAL CONVERSATION WITH CHRIST.

BY THOMAS A'KEMPIS.

(Continued from page 86.)

Disciple.—Whatever I can desire or conceive as essential to my peace cannot be the production of the world, and in this world let me not seek it. If all the good of the present life was within my reach, and I had both liberty and capacity for its enjoyment, I know that it is not only changeable and evanescent, but is bounded by the grave. Thy full consolation and perfect delight, therefore, O my soul, are to be found only in God, the comfort of the poor, and the exaltation of the humble. Wait a little while, wait with patience for the accomplishment of the Divine promise, which cannot fail, and thou shalt enjoy the plenitude of good in heaven. By the pursuit of earthly and finite good, thou losest that which is celestial and infinite; use this world, therefore, as "a pilgrim and a stranger," and make only the next the object of desire.

It is impossible thou shouldst be satisfied with temporal good, because thou wert not formed for it; and though all that the creatures comprehend was in thy possession, thou wouldst be still unblessed. It is in the Creator, the supreme God alone that all blessedness consists; not such as is extolled and sought after by the foolish lovers of the world, but such as the faithful Christian admires and sighs for; such as the pure in heart, whose "conversation is in heaven," are sometimes permitted to foretaste.

How vain and transient is all human comfort! how substantial and permanent that which is derived from the Spirit of Truth living and ruling in the soul! The regenerate man continually turneth to Jesus, the comforter within him, and saith, "Be present with me, Lord Jesus! in all places, and at all times. May I find consolation in being willing to bear the want of all human comfort. And if thy consolation also be withdrawn, let thy will and righteous probation of me be to me as the highest comfort; for "thou wilt not always chide, neither wilt thou keep thine anger forever!"

Christ.—Son, suffer me always to dispose of thee according to my will; for that which is most profitable and expedient for thee is known only to me. Thy thoughts are the thoughts of a man, and partial affections pervert thy judgment.

Disciple.—Lord, all thy words are truth! Thy care over me is infinitely greater than all the care I can take for myself. His dependence is utterly vain who casteth not all his care upon thee.

Bring my will, O Lord, into true and unalterable subjection to thine, and do with me what thou pleasest; for whatever is done by thee cannot but be good. If thou pourest thy light upon me, and turnest my night into day, blessed be thy name; and if thou leavest me in darkness, blessed also be thy name: if thou exaltest me with the consolations of thy Spirit, or humblest me under afflictions, still may thy holy name be forever blessed!

Christ.—Let this, O my son, be the prevailing temper of thy spirit, if thou wouldst live in union with me: thou must be as ready to suffer as to rejoice, as willing to be poor and needy as to be full and rich.

Disciple.—Lord, I will freely suffer, for thy sake, whatever affliction thou permittest to come upon me: I will indifferently receive from thee sweet and bitter, joy and sorrow, good and evil. For all that befalleth me, I will thank the love that prompts the gift, and reverence the hand that confers it. Keep me only from sin, and I will fear neither death nor hell: cast me not off forever, nor blot my name out of the book of life, and no tribulation shall have power to hurt me.

Christ.—The more truly thou disposest thyself to suffer, the more wisely dost thou act, and the greater will be thy recompense. By fortitude and habitual suffering, the severest evils are disarmed of their sting. Say not, "I cannot brook this injury from such a man; and the injury itself is what I ought not to bear; for he has done me irreparable wrong, and reproached me for evil that never entered my thoughts. From any other person I could have bore it without emotion; and there are many things that it is fit I should suffer." These are foolish distinctions, founded only on the nature of the offense, and the relation of the person who commits it, but regard not the virtue of patience, nor by whom it will finally be crowned.

He is not patient who will suffer but a certain degree of evil, and only from particular persons. The truly patient man considers not by whom his trials come, whether by his superior, his equal, or his inferior; whether by the good and holy, or by the impious and the wicked. But whatever be the adversity that befals him, however often it is renewed, or by whomsoever it is administered, he receives all with thankfulness, as from the hand of God, and esteems it great gain. There is no suffering, be it ever so small, that is patiently endured for the sake of God, which will not be honored with his acceptance and blessing.

If therefore thou desirest to obtain victory, make ready for the battle. The crown of patience cannot be received where there has been no suffering. If thou refuse to suffer, thou refusest to be crowned; but if thou wish to be crowned, thou must fight manfully, and suffer patiently: without labor, none can obtain rest; and without contending, there can be no conquest.

Disciple.—O Lord! make that possible to me by grace which I find impossible by nature. Thou knowest that I can bear but little, and by the lightest adversity am soon overwhelmed. Grant that every tribulation and chastisement may be welcome, yea, even desirable to me, for thy name's sake!

Disciple.—I will "confess my transgressions unto the Lord," and acknowledge my infirmity. How small are the afflictions by which I am often cast down, and plunged in sorrow! I resolve to act with fortitude, but by the slightest evil am confounded and distressed. From the most inconsiderable events, the most grievous temptations rise against me; and while I think myself established in security and peace, the smallest blast, if it be sudden, hath power to bear me down.

Behold, therefore, O Lord! my abject state, and pity the infirmity which thou knowest infinitely better than myself! Have mercy upon me, that I sink not; that the deep may not swallow me up forever! So apt am I to fall, and so weak and irresolute in the resistance of my passions, that I am continually driven back in the path of life, and covered with confusion in thy sight. Though sin does not obtain the full consent of my will, yet the assaults of it are so frequent, and so violent, that I am often weary of living in perpetual conflict. My corruption and weakness are experimentally known: for the evil thoughts that rush upon me take easy possession of my heart, but are with difficulty driven out again.

O that thou, the mighty God of Israel, the zealous lover of faithful souls, wouldst look down with compassion on the labors and sorrows of thy servant, and perfect and fulfil his desire of reunion with thee. Strengthen me with heavenly fortitude, lest the old man, this miserable flesh, which is not yet brought under subjection to the Spirit, should prevail and triumph over me: against him I am bound to struggle, as long as I breathe in this fallen life.

Alas! what is this life, which knows no intermission of distress and sorrow! where snares are laid, and enemies rise, both behind and before, on the right hand and on the left! While one tribulation is departing, another cometh on; and before the adversary is withdrawn from one severe conflict, he suddenly sounds a new alarm! And can a life life this, thus embittered with distress, thus filled with corruption, and subject to such a variety of evils, be the object of desire? Can it even deserve the name of life, when it is continually teeming with plagues and pains that terminate in death? Yet it is still loved and desired; and many place their whole confidence in it, and seek their supreme happiness from it.

The world, indeed, is frequently reproached for its deceitfulness and vanity; but while carnal affections govern the heart, it is not easily forsaken. It is both loved and hated by those who have neither inclination nor power to leave it: "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," being the offspring of the world, love it as their parent; but as these bring forth pain and misery, they bring forth also, in union with them, disgust and hatred of the world. But alas! while the soul is devoted to the delights of sin, the love of the world still prevails; and because she is a stranger to the joys of the Spirit, and hath neither tasted nor conceived the transcendant sweetness of communion with God, she still adheres to the world, and notwithstanding her manifold disappointments, still hopes to find pleasures hidden under thorns.

Those only who live to God in the continual exercise of faith and love, of patience, humility, resignation, and obedience, obtain the conquest of the world; and enjoy those Divine comforts that are promised to every soul that forsakes all to follow Christ: and those only truly discern how grievously the lovers of the world are mistaken; and in how many various ways they are defrauded of happiness, and left destitute and wretched.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

The enclosed articles on the subject of the "Indians" have already appeared in "Friends' Review."

I would have forwarded duplicates of them to the Intelligencer as soon as they could have been copied, but the supervention of a five weeks sickness, occasioned a delay which I much regretted.

I did not write these articles for sensational purposes, but to disseminate among our members information, which many among us are much in need of. Their expositions, derived from official documents, would constitute a condensed record, to which historical reference may hereafter be made in vindication of the Red Man against his calumniators.

It is doubtless owing to this want of correct information, that some Friends entertain sentiments upon the Indian question not

comporting with the high moral purity of our profession.

And why should it not be so? Our opinions upon such subjects are formed, or much modified by the current literature with which we are most familiar; and if that source of intelligence is impure, our moral sentiments are liable to be correspondingly degraded. It was in part for the enlightenment of this class that the essays were written, but more especially for the benefit of the rising generation; that they might be guarded against the vitiated public sentiment now prevalent in our land, respecting the extinction of the Indian race, and the appropriation of their lands to our own use. GIDEON FROST.

Greenvale, L. I., 2d mo., 1868.

THE INDIANS.

NO. I.

The government and its citizens are mainly responsible for the present and recent Indian wars, the causes of which may be stated as follows:

First. The United States government and people have taken possession of large tracts of Indian territory, have opened highways, built and are building railroads, and are destroying the buffalo and other game, upon which the Indians mainly depend for subsistence; that the whites are getting possession of their land by stealth or fraud, or force, and being increasingly hemmed in, their supply of buffalo meat must eventually fail; and that they might as well die now, in defending their rights, as to perish eventually by lingering starvation.

Second. They allege that our government has in numerous instances neglected to fulfil its treaty stipulations in regard to the payment of annuities, furnishing farming utensils, &c.; and that their annuities if eventually paid, are so long deferred that they have suffered intensely on that account.

Third. They allege that the Indian agents, appointed by government, one of whom is allotted to each of the several tribes, together with the contractors who furnish the goods, conspire together to defraud the Indians, so that in many instances they realize but a small part of the money and goods which are their due.

In relation to the first allegation, its truthfulness is too evident to need further testimony. There are now two railroads east of the mountains in course of construction, and two more projected. An Indian Chief, at a recent conference with the peace commissioners, stated that about fifteen years ago some white men came among them, and agreed to give many years annuity for the land over which the railroad was to be built; on account of which they received two annuities, since which they had not seen nor heard from them. Excepting this one instance, it does not appear that either of the railroad companies have made any compensation for land they have taken possession of. The value of this right of way would now be estimated at millions of dollars, for which, from what appears, they have not paid the rightful owners a dollar, except the two annuities stated.

In regard to the second series of complaints, the investigating committee appointed by government fully established the truth of the Indians' allegations. By a treaty with the Yankton tribe or nation, they ceded a large tract of their best land; the government agreeing to spend ten thousand dollars in building and furnishing school-houses, and maintaining one or more schools, and for training the Indians in letters, agriculture, the mechanic arts, and house-wifery.

Upon investigation, it appeared that no school-house had been built, nor a step taken towards fulfiling this part of the treaty, although seven years had elapsed since the stipulation was entered into. The agent writes: "Often and bitterly do they complain that their *Great Father* has forgotten his promises."

At a council opened by a chief of this tribe, he delivered the following speech: "Friends, my people are friendly to the white man. Our Great Father promised us money, a school-house, and a blacksmith shop; I have seen neither. . . . . My young men, squaws and children are starving, The black spots you see on the hills before you, are the graves of my people. The Indian stands as upon a snow bank; the sun of prosperity shining brightly for others, but it is gradually melting away our support, and by and by all will be gone."

Lieutenant-Colonel McDermott says, in relation to the Indians on the Truckee and Walker river reservations, "Upon an investigation of the treatment of the Indians by the agent, I am really surprised to know *that they have borne all their impositions so patiently.* Last year twenty five thousand dollars was appropriated for the purpose of cultivating the Truckee and Walker river reserves. The money has disappeared, and not one pound of anything has been raised on either reserve for the Indians."

The northwest treaty commission says: "In the course of our investigation, evidence of gross fraud in regard to government goods sent to the Blackfeet and other remote tribes, presented themselves. They have been so remote from remedies, and so ignorant of the

means of redress, *that fraud has become an established system of trade.*"

Senator Nesmith says: "From the personal inspection I have given those goods, and on comparing them with the invoices, I am thoroughly convinced that the contractors are guilty of the most outrageous and systematic swindling and robbery."

Agent Wilbur, after describing some of the worthless, decayed and damaged goods sent to the Yakama Reservation, says: "I think the government, in justice, owes the Indians of this agency twenty thousand dollars, for deficiency in quality and quantity of goods heretofore distributed among them."

L. V. Bogy, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who during the brief period he held the office, showed himself to be the Indians' friend, says: "Instances may be adduced where tribes have partially endured being plundered for years, and yet have kept their plighted faith to government."

A Yankton Chief thus pleads: "The agent constantly refuses to let me see the invoices of the goods sent. They can write what they please, and then go and show it to my grandfather, and he thinks it is all right. If I had understood that I was to have been treated as I have been, I would never have signed the treaty. According to the treaty there is twenty thousand dollars belonging to the poor orphan children. I don't know what has become of it. When I was talking that way to agent Burleigh, he said he did not care what I said to him: that all up and down the Missouri river all the big men and gents were on his side."

P. Elder, formerly United States Indian agent, says: "A treaty is the Indians' Bible —a sacred stipulation. Indians never violate treaty stipulations, unless provoked by improper conduct on the part of the whites. . . . The combinations (for fraud) run through all the ramifications of superintendents, agents, contractors, and traders."

J. B. Maxfield, missionary to the Pawnees, says: "The present hostilities of our western Indians were precipitated, if not caused, by the malpractices of government officers. The war with the Brulé Sioux, was occasioned by a wanton and unprovoked attack upon them by the military, instigated by an old corrupt agent."

General Sully reports a conference held in Fourth month last, with chiefs, representing a portion of several northern tribes, at which conference the Indians complained that they had left their own country and remained at peace, in order to comply strictly with their promises, but that of the thirty-five thousand dollars which was to have been paid them the preceding autumn, nothing had been paid or sent to them. General Sully says, "these complaints we found it difficult to answer," and adds; "notwithstanding their treatment they were disposed to remain friendly."

Enough has been written to show how manifold are the wrongs these primeval owners of the great western domain have received at the hands of the government and citizens of this country; but columns more might be filled with similar evidences."

It is, however, a satisfaction to record, that the present Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington, N. G. Taylor, is an earnest advocate of the rights of this people, and there is reason to believe that, under his energetic supervision, an improved condition of these western tribes will soon be realized. But notwithstanding this prospective improvement, the friends of the Indian should not abate their efforts in this interesting concern. Hostile elements are at work upon these vast Indian territories, against the influence of which all the vigilance and energy we are capable of bringing into exercise, will be needed to protect them against the furious war-cry of extermination.

The present and prospective railroads across those portions of the continent will probably represent a capital of four hundred millions of dollars. Judging from what has occurred, the preponderating bias of these mighty corporations will be arrayed against the welfare and even the very existence of this oppressed race. The law passed by Congress in Third month last, prohibiting peace negotiations with the Indians, when considered in connection with the fact, that large tracts of land, contiguous to the railroad, are owned by many members of the Congress which chartered the company, is suggestive of saddening considerations. G. F.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 18, 1868.

"THE BODY IS NOT ONE MEMBER, BUT MANY."—This apostolic testimony has reference to the body "which is the Church," and the apostle shows that in the economy of Divine wisdom each member of the body has assigned to it its own special place or service, and this specialty must be recognized if the harmony and beauty of the body be preserved. "The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee; nor, the head to the feet, I have no need of you, for God hath tempered the body together, having given more abundant honor to that part which lacked, that there should be no schism in the body; but that

the members should have the same care one for another." And again, quoting the same apostle, "As we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office, so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another."

Through the foregoing testimony we are shown how close is the bond of union between the several members, if, indeed, we *be* members of "the one body," for then are we "members one of another."

An acknowledgment that we occupy this position calls us to the exercise of charity, brotherly kindness and forbearance. The exhortation "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another," if heeded, would greatly tend to preserve the body as a perfect whole, having no schism in it. In view of the excellency of this state, we can scarcely doubt the general desire for it, but we may forget that we have a part to perform in order to ensure it.

It is well often to recur to the recorded testimony that there are diversities of gifts, and that these may all be exercised under the direction of the same spirit, even as the one great controlling power directs and abilitates the hand and the foot to perform their different services, and when we find we are stumbling over a diversity of views or, it may be, of action, among our fellow members, let us, instead of judging at first sight, look again and even more closely, and we will probably be able to recognize in this diversity the workings of the one Eternal Spirit, who divideth unto each man severally as He will.

"There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." So also, "one star differeth from another star in glory," but each has its place in the great Christian constellation.

A modern writer, alluding to the relative position of the different members of the Church militant, enforces the observance of the Christian virtue humility, and the duty of "in honor preferring one another." He says:

"If thou art a vessel of gold, and thy brother but of wood, be not high-minded: it is God that maketh thee to differ; the more bounty God shows, the more humility he requires; those mines that are richest are deepest; those stars that are highest seem smallest; the goodliest buildings have the lowest foundation; the more God honoreth men, the more they should humble themselves; the more fruit, the lower the branch on which it grows; pride is ever the companion of emptiness. Oh, how full was the apostle, yet how low was his language of himself—least of all saints, last of all apostles; all that he was, he was by Divine grace."

In conclusion, we quote our caption—"The body is not one member, but many." Hence the need of that charity, without which all gifts, even in their excellent diversity, are as nothing.

MARRIED, Fourth month 10th, 1868, at the residence of Lucretia Mott, under the care of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia, of which both parties are members, THOMAS C., eldest son of Edward and Margaret S. Parrish, and FANNY, eldest daughter of Thomas S. and the late Elizabeth M. Cavender.

——, at Exeter, Berks Co., Pa., at the residence of Dr. Henry Tyson, on the 27th of Second month, 1868, THOMAS LIGHTFOOT and AMANDA CASWELL, members of Exeter Monthly Meeting, Pa.

——, on the 16th of Tenth month, 1867, at the residence of her parents in East Chatham, after the order of the Society of Friends, ALBERT L. HUBBARD of Canaan, to ELIZA ANN, daughter of David L. and Eliza Finch.

DIED, on the 23d of Third month, 1868, at East Chatham, ELIZA ANN, wife of Albert L. Hubbard, aged 23 years.

Bright prospects beyond "life's troubled scene," cheered and sustained this dear sufferer, amid severe pains and months of affliction, during which not a complaint, murmur or regret was uttered, and a trusting peaceful close, affords the only consolation to many sorrowing friends.

——, Third month 29th, 1868, at the residence of his son-in-law, in Upper Providence, JOHN PALMER, in his 90th year, a member of Concord Monthly Meeting, Pa,

——, Third month 30th, 1868, AARON HANNUM, in his 81st year, a member of Concord Monthly Meeting, Pa.

——, on the morning of Fourth month 7th, 1868, JOSEPH B. HANSON, in his 63d year, a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

——, Fourth month 11th, 1868, at the residence of her son, Thomas S. Foulke, Gwynned Pa., MARTHA, widow of Hugh Foulke, in her 79th year.

——, on the 17th of First month, 1868, CATY HAZARD, wife of Josiah Hazard, in the 77th year of her age, a Minister of Cornwall Monthly and Particular Meetings.

——, Third month 16th, 1868, JONATHAN T. SHAW, in the 71st year of his age, a highly esteemed member and elder of Salem Monthly Meeting of Friends, Ohio.

——, in Loudon Co., Virginia, on the 20th of Third month, 1868, GEORGE W. SHOEMAKER, of Richmond, Ind., in the 48th year of his age.

DIED, in the city of Baltimore, on the 2d of Third month, 1868, CASSANDRA CHANDLEE, widow of the late Edwin Chandlee, and daughter of Rebecca and the late Joseph Turner, in the 36th year of her age; a member of Lombard Street Monthly Meeting.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

USE, BUT NOT ABUSE.

I was glad to see the article in Friends' Intelligencer on the evil influence of music when improperly indulged in; it may indeed lure the mind from what is pure and good, and assist to deaden the conscience in scenes of dissipation and self-indulgence, so that when its evanescent charms have passed away, nothing but bitter remorse remains. But we must not, because of its abuse, wholly condemn it. The *music* of the heart is alluded to, to express the joy of the soul when brought out of the darkness and shadow of death into the light of the glorious gospel of peace, as it is said, "A new song shall be put into their mouths." And the ransomed and redeemed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs of everlasting joy upon their heads. As it is with the improper use of sweet sounds and harmonies to the ear, so all undue indulgence in what is given by our beneficent Creator to gratify the senses can be the cause of great evil. So with the sight; when we look abroad on this beautiful earth, how exquisite is the enjoyment; and what gratitude fills the soul for our being placed here surrounded by so much to make us happy. In the glad season of spring when all nature is bursting into new life and budding into new beauty, what lovely sights greet the eye everywhere. The busy nest-building of each tiny bird, the quiet gladness of the domestic animal, and more than all, the glee of the children rejoicing in their liberation from an ice-bound winter. Then the sights of the glorious summer with its richer foliage, its deeper green, its brightly tinted flowers, its new-mown grass and ripening grain. Then the autumn with its treasures in orchard, and field and garden; when the beautiful foliage grows more beautiful still in its changing georgeous hues, reminding us that "blessings brighten as they take their flight." Then when winter's reign commences can there be in the whole year a more sublime spectacle than is afforded by the moon and stars shining through leafless trees on the snow-covered earth, so pure, so white, so beautiful; one can scarcely imagine while gazing on such a scene that sin can dwell in the heart of man when he sees with how much beauty his Almighty Father has surrounded him, but on the other hand, how sad is the perersion of His righteous intention; what fearful crimes have been committed in striving to gratify the pride of the eye, in the vain desire for display, and in the covetous spirit that would grasp all for its own using. And thus, too, it is with the sense of taste, when we gather round the social board with our families or friends, what grateful enjoyment we feel in partaking of food to sustain these mortal bodies? What desires are raised in our hearts that for the immortal soul food may be prepared as well. But yet, through the improper use of this sense, how many have become gluttons and wine-bibbers. What crimes have been committed under the influence of strong drink, scarcely a murder but can be traced in some way to this one source, and how many innocent must suffer with the guilty.

Brooklyn. L. F.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., 3d mo. 27th, 1868.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer.

I saw an article in the Friends' Intelligencer of Third month 21st, in regard to the so-called walled lakes of Iowa. The writer is partially correct, but does not state the manner in which the principal part of the stone, earth and sand, is piled up around the lakes of Iowa and Minnesota.

When I first came to this State, some eleven years ago, my curiosity was excited by seeing some of these lakes walled in, or high embankments around them, looking like work of human hands, and it was the belief of residents generally that that was the agency which accomplished it.

In the spring of 1858, I was visiting one of our beautiful lakes, "Calhoun," about three miles from here, and had the pleasure of witnessing the process of forming these banks. The ice had melted away from the shores for a considerable distance where the water was shallow, and a strong wind prevailing at the time of my visit, it was driving the ice on shore *en masse*, and as it pushed the huge cakes up the bank, it also pushed immense quantities of sand ahead of it. The ice being about twenty inches thick, it readily can be understood that it would necessarily push a large amount of sand. This lake, "Calhoun," is about one mile in diameter, and when this large field is put in motion its force is almost irresistible. At the time I allude to, I estimated that there were not less than one thousand loads of earth pushed ashore in a space of two hours. Now let the wind change, and the same operation is repeated on another shore of the lake. Of course there are seasons when there is not wind enough to make any impression on the shores by disturbing the ice.

Respectfully, B. L. TAYLOR.

Above all, we must remember, life is not measured, but it is weighed; the record is not how long, but how much.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AN ICY FLOOD.

Winter weather is fickle in any part of the middle zone of the United States; but the West, in this particular, is regarded as surpassing the East. Seven days since, (8th of Third month,) one of the most severe snow storms swept, as we learn, from Central Iowa over Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, and on to the Atlantic. The thermometer on the day after the storm denoted 12° below zero; and it continued cold until the middle of the week, when it began to moderate. During the two last days of the week it rained continuously with slight interruptions, filling the streams which had been very low, and pouring their turbid torrents into the great rivers, which in this latitude (41° 40′) were covered with ice from one and a half to two feet thick. Last night a noise, not alone of many waters, but the pitiless roar and concussion of huge masses of ice, startled and terrified many listeners. A great river, over 300 miles long, had broken its fetters, apparently with one mighty throe, from its source in Wisconsin to its terminus in the Mississippi. The floating masses rush on to be caught in some bend of the sinuous stream: the heads of the column are caught, and the great momentum of the icy ranks behind drive them upon the huge blocks in front: thus, for miles, the channel is filled to a depth of twelve or fifteen feet with pieces, thrown up in wild confusion. Though they are not frozen together, they are, apparently, as firm as rocks, and men and boys are out climbing over them in quest of timber, boards and planks, the ruins of bridges, and fences that had been swept along by the resistless power of the glacial flood.

The river channel, full to the top, of immovable ice, could not of course carry the torrents of water that were rushing in from every side; and the bottom lands adjoining the river were covered in a few hours from four to six feet deep. Houses were standing in the water, and the poor domestic animals,—many of them chilled by the ice-cold stream—perished.

These incidents had all occurred in about twelve hours. A great river, unusually low, and under a solid mantle of ice nearly two feet thick, rises at least fifteen feet, overflowing its wide intervals. Its strong chain of ice is broken into myriad links and piled up in terrific gorges, all in less than a day. Early in the afternoon the ominous crash again is heard. Men and boys hastily leave the solid hill; for it is soon to be borne on to the Father of waters. The evening twilight of that eventful day was as calm and beautiful as a summer sunset. Little birds were twittering overhead, and the wild water fowl were jubilant in an iceless flood. Seldom in life do the events of a single day present such scenes of wreck and ruin, to be veiled with the shadows of so calm an evening. Close to the river, and at the foot of a high bluff, a family of Indians had built a winter lodge; the crash of elements aroused them in the night, and on the morrow we found them unharmed, high above the water, in quarters as warm and secure as they had had a day before; to us an evidence that He who cares for the sparrows cares for them. S. A.

3*d mo.*, 1868.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

PROPHETSTOWN, Illinois.

"Day and night, summer and winter, seed time and harvest, shall not fail." Each succeeds the other in turn, all lovely in their different phases, and, while to the thoughtful they inspire gratitude, a sense of obligation settles deeper and deeper as time rolls onward. Even stern winter is grand, when the ice king rules with relentless sway over land and water. Fierce stormy winds have music in them, as they sweep on fulfilling the word of the great Supreme; they purity the atmosphere, and cleanse infectious regions as they pass, while fleecy clouds, "a beauteous semblance of a flock at rest," gather and then pass away, in quick or slow procession, scattering their treasures broadcast, like pearls and diamonds beautifying the landscape, and causing the embryo seed to generate, come to perfection, and crown the year with gladness. May it be thus with the immortal mind and all the gifts bestowed; though doomed to pass through summer's heat, and winter's cold, and all the varied changes meted here. May it endure all in patient resignation, though at times the heavens seem as brass and earth as bars of iron, no rain nor dew to nourish, no wine to cheer, nor oil of joy to smooth the rugged pathway; but the seed of life is there, watched over by a loving guardian, and by a hidden process being prepared for a more full development.

O, let us 'watch the time, and when the rising sun, that lights the inner chambers of the heart, shines there and warms the little seed, its growth be not hindered, but carefully tended, till all we have, and are, partakes its nature. Then will we lead the higher life, commune with God, and drink of the crystal streams, ever flowing from the stream of life.

Tis right to watch and wait, our Holy Leader said so; but quite as needful to rise up and work. The fig-tree that bore no fruit was cursed, though in the distant view so green that it drew the hungry toward it; but

alas 'twas only leaves it bore. May ours be fruit that will the Father honor. His children bless by bringing each into his own appointed sphere, to act the part assigned him, using every talent given. In acting thus, the giver has his share, and the receiver's portion is doubled.

We want such men and women now to enter into our ranks, who will feelingly do the Master's bidding.

And such there are among the young.

S. HUNT.

Third month 20th, 1868.

THE UNPROFITABLE SERVANT.

In a napkin smooth and white,
Hidden from all mortal sight,
My one talent lies to night—

Mine to hoard, or mine to use,
Mine to keep, or mine to lose;
May I not do what I choose?

Ah! the gift was only lent,
With the Giver's known intent,
That it should be wisely spent.

And I know He will demand
Every farthing at my hand,
When I in His presence stand.

What will be my grief and shame,
When I hear my humble name,
And cannot repay His claim!

One poor talent—nothing more!
All the years that have gone o'er
Have not added to the store.

Some will double what they hold,
Others add to it ten-fold,
And pay back the shining gold.

Would that I had toiled like them!
All my sloth I now condemn;
Guilty fears my soul o'erwhelm.

Lord, O teach me what to do!
Make me faithful, make me true,
And the sacred trust renew.

Help me, ere too late it be,
Something yet to do for Thee,
Thou who hast done all for me.

—*Advocate and Guardian.*

THREE OLD SAWS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather:
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,
Go, build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight;
Weeds and brambles smother;
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorner brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it!
Breathe the love that life endears,
Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
Blends with Hope's bright river!

For Friends' Intelligencer.

TO FRIENDS.

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

Are we, as a people professing to be adherents of the principles of our forefathers in the church, individually concerned to cultivate the talents committed to our keeping, that when the Master cometh, the greatly to be desired "well done" may be bestowed upon us?

Are we looking deep into the recesses of our hearts for the light which will enlighten the understanding and be a sure guide, or are we looking back and trying to pull around us the mantle of our ancestors?

The founders of our Society were, in one respect, a proselyting people; they labored and looked forward for an increase. They strove against sin and the allurements of the world, and they felt after their duty and the will of God in small things. The principles of the then recently established Society were not so manifest to the world as now, nor our testimonies so clearly stamped upon the minds of the people. By their obedience to the Light and their good works, golden fruits were produced and many were convinced of the truth; through their faithfulness even the highwayman's hand has been restrained from the commission of crime.

Though we may now have ceased to increase in numbers, I do not believe that our mission in the world is accomplished, or that there is no longer any field for active labor. Truly the harvest is abundant, and if our principles were lived up to they would not be unavailing.

As T. H. S., whose articles I have read with interest, has well said, "it is a subject of constant regret that some of our small meetings the young, especially, seldom attend, and take so little interest in them," I think the fault may be found in our midst. We meet for an hour once or twice a week, and when assembled perhaps no one feels called upon to utter a word of counsel or encouragement, and out of meeting are we not prone to let our farms, our workshops or our merchandize engross too large a share of our thoughts and conversation?

I welcome with hope the institution of

First-day Schools, and trust they may be incentives to direct the mind to things of a substantial character. The young mind grasps after knowledge, and if it cannot be found at home or within the pale of society, it is apt to go abroad in pursuit of it, and I think we should do something to meet the demands and wants in this respect. A FRIEND.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE FREEDMEN.

BY S. M. JANNEY.

At the request of Capt. S. B. Smith, the agent of the Freedman's Bureau at Leesburg Va., I have recently paid a visit to the school for colored people taught in that place by Caroline Thomas of Philadelphia. I found it in a flourishing condition, about forty pupils being in attendance, most of them children.

The exercises of the school in Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography and Grammar, were very interesting and satisfactory. I have seldom, if ever, witnessed more readiness and accuracy than were exhibited in most of the answers given. Some of the pupils, who were from seven to nine years old, answered promptly a variety of questions in Geography, and designated on an outline map the different countries and states, with their rivers and chief towns. They said a good lesson in Grammar, and parsed sentences with remarkable readiness. The government of the school was excellent, and the general appearance of the pupils impressed me favorably.

This school and another at Waterford, in this county, are supported by the Friends' Association of Philadelphia for the aid and elevation of Freedmen, and the contributors may rest assured that their liberality is well bestowed. The school at Waterford, under the tuition of Sarah Ann Steer, is said to be very well conducted, and I regret that I am not able to speak of it from personal observation.

The school at Lincoln in this county, formerly taught by Isabella Skillman, and more recently by Alice Duvall, is supported by an association of Friends on Long Island. It has been well taught, and has proved a great blessing to many. During the winter it was composed mostly of men, and numbered from forty to fifty. Some of them walked several miles to attend it, and two of them, living at a distance of nearly seven miles, were regular attendants.

Their progress in their studies was generally encouraging, and some of them showed remarkable aptness in the acquisition of knowledge. The great aim with many seems to be to learn to read the Bible, and to write legibly; while a few of the more advanced in Arithmetic express a desire to learn how to keep their own accounts. Within the last two weeks, nearly all of them have left school to engage in farm-work; a vacation of a month has been given, and we confidently expect that on the first of Fifth month a large school of boys and girls will be in attendance.

There is no better way to improve and elevate the freed people of the South than to aid them in obtaining an education suited to their condition. The Federal Government has judiciously bestowed upon the Freedmen the elective franchise, which is *found to be indispensable* for their protection, and for the safety of other Union men in the Southern States. In order that this high privilege may be exercised so as to ensure to themselves and to the nation the greatest benefit, they must be educated and taught to think for themselves. The use of the ballot is itself one means of educating a community and elevating them in the social scale, and the most important requisites for its proper exercise are honesty of purpose and true patriotism.

Our experience of late years has taught us that the most intelligent men, when actuated by ambitious motives and corrupted by the exercise of arbitrary power, are the most dangerous. Some of us can adopt the language of William Penn, who, when he was taunted for keeping company with such a "simple people" as the Friends, replied, "I confess I have made it my choice to relinquish the company of those that are ingeniously wicked, to converse with those that are more honestly simple."

Many of the Freedmen are "honestly simple," but they have a capacity for acquiring knowledge, and evince a desire for it such as I have never before witnessed among an illiterate people. It is very rare indeed for a white person of mature age and ignorant of letters to make an effort to learn to read or write, yet there are many thousands of adults among the colored people who have learned to read and write since their emancipation.

The munificent contributions of the Northern people and their benevolent efforts in this field of labor are worthy of commemoration, and doubtless will have a better reward than human praise.

Some of the contributors have expressed the sentiment that it is now time to withdraw their support and leave the colored people to help themselves, in order that they may learn self-reliance.

After a deliberate consideration of the subject, I have come to the conclusion that an entire withdrawal of support from the colored schools during the present year, would cause

many of them to be relinquished, and might prove disastrous to the cause we have at heart. The freed people are mostly poor and many of them thriftless, a state which naturally results from their former condition of slavery. They look up to the school teachers as friends and counsellors, and it appears to me that a gradual diminution of the aid afforded would be much better than its sudden and entire withdrawal. In most neighborhoods they could probably pay part of the expense of supporting the schools, and would cheerfully do so if the same class of teachers were continued.

We have reason to hope that, within a few years, legal provision will be made in the Southern States for the education of all classes in free schools, and then there will be no further need of assistance from other States for this purpose.

(From the London Times.)

A NEW VOLCANO IN NICARAGUA.

On the 14th of November last a new volcano broke out in Nicaragua, about eight leagues to the east of the city of Leon, on a crowded line of volcanoes running through the State parallel with the Pacific coast. It commenced about 1 o'clock in the morning, with a succession of explosions which were very distinctly felt and heard at Leon. These explosions opened a fissure through the earth's crust about half a mile in length, running from the old fissure in a south-west direction, and about midway between the extinct volcanoes of Las Pilas and Orota, they being two of the numerous cones which stud the ancient fissure. Before daylight on the morning of the 14th fire was seen issuing from the new volcano in various places. The explosions continued irregularly during the whole time that the volcano was in a state of eruption, sometimes in rapid succession, and at other times at intervals of half an hour. Low rumbling sounds were heard almost incessantly. In the course of a few days two craters were opened on the new fissure, about a thousand feet apart, the one on the south-western extremity discharging perpendicularly, and the other shooting out towards the north-east at an angle of 45 degrees from the perpendicular. The flame from these two craters steadily increased in size and height, while jets of flame and slighter discharges were emitted from two or three other side fissures.

On the morning of November 22, I rode out to the new volcano for the purpose of observing it more closely, though I had seen ad heard it, and felt the concussions very plainly each day and night from Leon. The best view which I obtained of it on this occasion was before daylight, from a mountain summit about one mile to the north-west of the fissure and at right angles with it. The main crater at the right hand was actively at work, throwing out flames and half-meltedcinders through a circular orifice about 60 feet in diameter, which was constantly filled to its utmost capacity with the mingled contents of the fiery realms below. A regular cone, built up entirely by the falling cinders, to the height of about 200 feet, had already formed around the crater. The rim and throat of the cone were white with heat, while the outside was red-hot half-way down, and the remainder black, but still glistening down to its base with innumerable glowing sparks. It was puffing quite regularly about once a second, with a strong constant blast, which kept up a column of flame filled with flying cinders to the height of about 500 feet above the mouth of the crater. Irregular explosions occurred at intervals varying from ten to thirty minutes, increasing the force and volume of the discharges, and sending their contents far up into the black rolling clouds above. The cinders went up in blazing, half-fused masses from one to three feet through, and after ascending an immense height came rattling down upon the cone, hardened, striking with a clinking metallic sound. After daylight the red appearance of the cone changed to a bluish-black.

The left-hand crater was shooting out oblique discharges of flame and cinders of a similar character, at an angle of 45 degrees from the other, and evidently communicated with it about 1,000 feet below the surface, the two orifices being that distance apart, and both discharging simultaneously. This half-horizontal crater appeared to be about 20 feet in diameter.

The afternoon of the 27th, after a series of explosions which seemed to shake the earth to its centre, the volcano commenced discharging vast quantities of black sand in connection with the heavier rocks. The column of flame at night was considerably increased in height, and bright, meteor-like spots were seen from Leon, ascending in the flames, to the height of not less than 3,000 feet. These were large spherical rocks, from four to five feet in diameter. The next morning the streets and housetops of Leon were covered with a thick coating of fine black sand from the volcano, and a vast luminous cloud of raining sand overspead the whole surrounding country. This rain of sand continued until the morning of the 30th, when the volcano gradually died away, apparently smothered by its accumulated eruptions. The sand now covers the whole surrounding country, from the volcano to the Pacific, a distance of more

than 50 miles from it. At Leon, it lies from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in depth. As we approach the vicinity of the volcano, it gradually grows deeper and coarser. For a mile around the crater it lies in particles from three-eighths to half an inch thick, and is about a foot in depth. Still nearer to the cone the sand increases to several feet in depth, and the particles gradually increase in size till they become small broken rocks. Around the base of the cone, round heavy rocks, from 4 feet to 5 feet in diameter, lie thickly scattered, but much the larger portion of them are broken into fragments. The cone itself is now 200 feet high, with a crater in the top the same number of feet in diameter, and about the same in depth. The inside of the crater is covered, the same as the outside, with hard broken rocks, generally less than a foot in diameter. The throat of the crater is entirely filled up. A long ridge of black scoria leads out from the smaller crater, in a north-easterly direction. The slaggy, lava-like scoria which first issued from the main crater is now principally covered up by the hard, plutonic rocks which came out with the later discharges from a greater depth. The forests for leagues around is scarred and maimed by the swift-falling showers of keen-edged sand, and for half a mile from the cone the trees are levelled with the ground and their scattered fragments lie buried under the broken rocks.

The volcano was an active and interesting sight for sixteen days, and now, in its repose, affords an ample and instructive field for the geologist. Indeed, no country in the world presents a more interesting study than the plain of Leon. Twenty volcanic cones are seen bristling from it at a single view. Its soil is inexhaustible in fertility, and as finely pulverized and as evenly distributed as the soil of the Nile or the Mississippi.

This wonderful soil, however, has not been pulverized or distributed by water, but by fire. It has literally rained down from the volcanoes, richly freighted with fertilizing materials. Humboldt regretted before his death that men of science had not more fully investigated this remarkable region of country, and I hope it may not much longer be neglected by them.

The recent fall of sand has been followed by a shower of rain, and corn, cotton, and grass have grown more rapidly under its fertilizing influence than I have ever known plants to grow before. Some weeds and plants it kills; to others it imparts new life and vigor.

I send herewith a specimen of the sand gathered at Leon before the rain, hoping it may be analyzed.

It is proper, in connection with this occurrence, to call attention to the recent destructive storms, earthquakes, and eruptions, on and around the islands of St. Thomas and Jamaica, during the same period of time which I have been describing, and which undoubtedly sprung from the same general cause, as those earthquakes were distinctly felt at Leon.

Yours obediently, A. B. Dickinson.

Legation of the United States, Leon, Nicaragua, Dec. 4, 1867.

ON MOURNING COSTUME.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

It is a matter of education. In so far as high colors have come to signify gayety and pleasure, there may be a good reason for dismissing them. If one would mark one's grief, why not by the color chosen by the Bible to express spiritual things? White signifies purity, triumph, spiritual gladness, and this ought not to be uncongenial to the moods of Christian grief.

It is not the custom of our people to symbolize their feelings by a change of dress, with this solitary exception. If a man becomes bankrupt, or has his house burned down, or loses heavily in commercial operations, or has a son in disgrace or a child misled by evil company, or any other experience of grief, he does not change his garb. The one solitary and exceptional case is bereavement! But there is in domestic sorrow a delicacy, or ought to be, which should shrink from an ostentatiousness such as mourning apparel cannot fail to have. No one has a right so to express his sorrows as to intrude them upon every eye wherever he goes. Custom has long justified it, otherwise it would be esteemed an indelicacy for one to be a walking advertisement of one's own private griefs. But, even if one were permitted to announce this one side of domestic experience by change of garb, the question still remains, whether expression should be given to the weakness of natural feeling, or the triumph of Christian faith? Whether we should symbolize the darkness of the grave as unenlightened nature shows it, or the grave made luminous by the triumph of our Saviour and the glories of immortality beyond it? We may be sure there is something wrong in a Christian community where death is surrounded with associations of terror, where the young are reared to a horror of the sepulchre, where present grief rises up like a dark cloud and shuts out the heaven, where—in sermon services, conversation, and dress—every thing conspires to shroud death and the grave with darkness. Has sorrow a right to be selfish? May it bear false witness against immortality? Has a Christian under bereavement a right

to declare by his conduct, "There is no light in the grave, none beyond it, and no comfort for the bereaved but only black, black, black sorrow!" I never met one muffled in black from head to foot without a certain horror. The smell of crape is to me like the smell of a charnel house!

Did it ever occur to mourners to ask, what, if those for whom I grieve were to speak to me out of their blissful abode in Heaven, would it be their choice—that I should be shrouded like one in despair, or robed as one who mourns, but with Christian hope?

LUTHER'S SIMPLE LIFE.

Luther's own life was a model of quiet simplicity. He remained poor. He might have had money, if he wished; but he chose rather, amidst his enormous labor, to work at a turning-lathe for his livelihood. He was sociable, cheerful, fond of innocent amusements, and delighted to encourage them. His table-talk, collected by his friends, makes one of the most brilliant books in the world. He had no monkish theories about the necessity of abstinence; but he was temperate from habit and principle. A salt herring and a hunch of bread was his ordinary meal; and he was once four days without food of any sort, having emptied his larder among the poor.—*From Froude's Short Sermons on Great Subjects.*

CARVING CHARACTER.

Did you ever watch a sculptor slowly fashioning a human countenance? It is not moulded at once. It is not struck out at a single blow. It is painfully and laboriously wrought. A thousand blows rough-cast it. Ten thousand chisel points polish and perfect it—put in the fine touches, and bring out the features and expression. It is a work of time, but at last; the full likeness comes out, and stands fixed and unchanging in the solid marble. So does a man carve out his own moral likeness. Every day he adds something to the work. A thousand acts of thought, and will, and efforts, shape the features and expressions of the soul. Habits of love, piety, and truth—habits of falsehood, passion, or goodness, silently mould and fashion it, till at length it wears the likeness of God, or the image of a demon.

The devotion which Christianity teaches is nothing less than perpetually thinking, feeling and acting, as becomes a child of God—a perpetual worship.

God is to be served by the entire life; by its actions as well as its thoughts, its duties as well as its desires, its deeds as well as its feelings.

ITEMS.

The Naturalization treaty between the United States of America and the North German Confederacy has been ratified by the Federal Parliament.—The Austrian Reichsrath has passed the bill providing for general education by a system of public schools.—

Poland is no longer in existence Russia has abolished even the local government, and, declaring her an integral part of the Russian empire, has handed over the control of her concerns to the Imperial authorities.

It is announced that Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated African Explorer, has been heard from, through a letter by himself to a friend in England. This intrepid traveller, who has been lost from sight for over a year, and regarding whose death we have had such positive statements, is likely to be again restored to his friends.

Our U. S. Consul at San Juan, Porto Rico, says that he is informed that the cholera had disappeared at St. Thomas. In Porto Rico good health generally has prevailed.

Number of Useful Plants.—A German author states that the number of useful plants has risen to about 12,000, but that others will no doubt be discovered, as the researches yet made have been completed in only portions of the earth. Of these plants there are 1,350 varieties of edible fruits, berries, and seeds; 108 cereals; 37 onions; 460 vegetables and salads; 40 species of palms; 32 varieties of arrowroot, and 31 different kinds of sugars. Various drinks are obtained from 200 plants, and aromatics from 266. There are 50 substitutes for coffee, and 129 for tea. Tannin is present in 140 plants, caoutchouc in 96; gutta percha in 7; rosin and balsamic gums in 387; wax in 10; and grease and essential oils in 330; 88 plants contain potash, soda and iodine; 650 contain dyes; 47 soap; 266 weaving fibres; 44 fibres used in papermaking; 48 give roofing materials, and one hundred are employed for hurdles and copses. In building, 740 plants are used, and there are 615 known poisonous plants. One of the most gratifying developments is, that out of 278 known natural families of plants, there are but 18 species for which no use has yet been discovered.—*Presb. Banner.*

In California there are two kinds of winter—a wet and a dry one. The present season has been wet. A San Francisco paper says: This winter opens with a severe rain-storm in December, which interrupts mining and travel in the interior, floods many of the valleys, and does more or less damage to shipping and buildings along the coast. During this storm there falls upon the great water-shed of the Sierra Nevada from twenty to thirty inches of rain, which is thence drained into all its gorges, and poured at last into two principal valley channels of rather narrow and shallow dimensions. The flood that follows is simply inevitable. The mountain streams have risen from ten to twenty-five feet, and many bridges, flumes and dams have been destroyed, and mining claims filled up. The experience of former seasons has taught the people of these regions to adopt various precautions against disaster. Houses and cattle have been saved on mounds, and towns protected by levees. That of Sacramento has proved a complete defence this season, and other towns have also escaped the flood through the same means. It adds that, taken altogether, there is reason to hope that the present winter, though nearly as wet, will not be nearly as destructive as those of some previous years in California.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 25, 1868. No. 8.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, four copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*
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For Friends' Intelligencer.

SOME THOUGHTS IN RELATION TO FRIENDS' TESTIMONIES AND DISCIPLINE.

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

No. 5.

(Concluded from page 101.)

Returning again to the duties and privileges of the members of Friends' Society, it must be borne in mind that, in an organization, each member cannot have every thing in accordance with his own views. There must be a yielding of individual opinion to such decisions of the organization as it may make by its mode of determining questions; and a *complaint* or *expression of dissatisfaction* in regard to a decision which the Society thus makes, is not in harmony with its fundamental constitution. Any member, however, has the right in a meeting of competent jurisdiction—as a Monthly, Quarterly, or Yearly Meeting—to propose an alteration in the Discipline, and give his reasons therefor; then, if the meeting unites with him in the concern, there is a regular mode of proceeding to have such alteration made, if the Society is ready for the change. If it is not, there must be a patient abiding for the present with the Discipline as it is.

Individual members, too, are at liberty to exercise their talents and employ their means, in any manner not inconsistent with the principles and testimonies of the Society, and to labor in any sphere in which they can serve the cause of humanity and advance the eternal interests of right and justice among men.

Moreover, individual members possess the inherent right to conduct their home affairs and make all their family arrangements in such way as seemeth to *them* best and proper; and, so long as these are clear of *manifest* immorality, or crime, or what is *necessarily hurtful*, to be free from all Society interference. *Society* has no right whatever in such case, to make official intrusion upon the sacredness and privacy of home; although *concerned members* of the Society, drawn by Gospel love for the good of those whom they may apprehend to be in danger of suffering spiritual loss from some family arrangement, may labor in kindness and affection for its relinquishment, or for any end or object to which they may feel called.

If a man thinks it best to have any thing in his family, as a part of his family regulation, for the amusement and recreation of his children, and to attach them to their home and family circle, he certainly has a clear right to do so, under healthful regulation and restraint. There is no Discipline against it. There is no Discipline against a musical instrument, whether it be a piano or a Jewsharp. *Society* interference in such case with the sacredness of home privileges and domestic arrangements, would be highly unjust, inquisitorial, and oppressive. *Always, however*, leaving the way

open to concerned Friends to labor in Gospel love, to observe caution, moderation, and the limitations of Truth. "To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven."*

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."†

For myself, I do not desire music, or musical instruments. In my present state of experience, they would be rather an annoyance than a gratification to me; and I would advise all our members to abstain from them, believing there are more improving and useful engagements in which they can employ their time. But I do love that *liberty—freedom*—which has been imparted to us by a *wise* and *good Creator*, and I desire that this should be accorded by *our beloved Society* to all its members, in the fullest degree short of intruding upon the just rights and privileges of others. How, as we may well suppose, would the spirit of George Fox have revolted at interference with his private rights! He recognized the great principle in Society organization, "One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren," subject and accountable to one common Father, and to Him alone. It was not whether his hat was on his head or elsewhere, that was the point which had influence with his lofty, noble, and truly Christian mind, but the *spirit that demanded its removal.* This he felt himself bound to resist, as an unwarrantable interference with his rights and personal liberty. So with Wm. Penn. So with all men of elevated minds, conscious of that innate dignity and individual freedom, the sense of which is wisely inspired by their Creator, in order to sustain a healthy individual action, and individual responsibility among their fellow creatures.

In beautiful accordance with this personal freedom, on which rest individual responsibility and accountability, was George Fox's remark to Wm. Penn referred to in my last communication, in relation to carrying his sword. He did not arbitrarily tell him to take it off—that would have been "lording it over God's heritage"—asking a compliance by Wm. Penn with the dictates of *George Fox*, instead of the *Spirit* of *God* which was at work within him.

Here is manifested the true and pure spirit of the real Friend, and the living basis of all beneficial operations under Friends' Discipline. No arbitrary demand or official exaction, but an abiding trust in the power and spirit of God to *influence* the *heart*, and, in due time, to remove every thing that his controversy is against. What is so strongly objected to as at variance with every principle of Friends' organization, is the arbitrary and unwarranted exercise of the Discipline to *separate* a *member* from *Society* for something connected with his domestic arrangements which is not morally wrong, or positively and necessarily hurtful. The effort which love and Christianity call for in such a case—and may this ever be earnest and strong—should be to *heal*, *restore*, and *gather*, not to *disown*, *cut off*, and *thrust away*.

Friends frequently overrate the restraining and beneficial power of the Discipline. A person of mature understanding who is not restrained by something higher than the Discipline, is not a *Friend*, although he may be a *member*.

Clarkson, in the following paragraph, shows what was claimed for the Discipline by Friends. "The Quakers," he says, "in consequence of the *vast power* they have over their members by *means* of *their Discipline*, lay a *great stress* upon the latter. They consider *their prohibitions*, when duly watched and enforced, as *so many barriers against* vice, or *preservatives* of *virtue*."*

The arbitrary requirement of obedience to the Discipline, instead of the spirit, to protect from vice, and preserve in virtue, weakens the feeling of individual responsibility and accountability to the Supreme Ruler, and is entirely at variance with the fundamental principle of Friends' profession. The effort ever has been, and ever will be vain, to substitute, in moral government, power and law, instead of principle and love.

What our Society so much needs is a recurrence to first principles, which *preceded* the Discipline, as well as all our precious testimonies, and from which these all sprang. These principles are, a looking to, and depending upon, the Spirit and power of God acting upon the soul, and bringing it into the Divine nature as the *alone* guide to all Truth, and source of all righteousness. As it was this spirit and this power which led our worthy predecessors to see the real nature of all hurtful and corrupting things, and imparted to them ability to come away from them and walk in the path which is pleasing to God, so will it do the same *now*, as much as at any former period, if only we will recur to it, and faithfully and practically trust in it. The Divine light shines as brightly *now*, as it has done at any former period; God is as good and merciful to *us now*, as He has ever been to *any people*, at *any time*; and He will show *now*, *immediately*, to the humble, atten-

* Ecclesiastes iii. 1.
† 1 Cor. xiii. 2.

* Portraiture of Quakerism, vol. i. page 32.

tive, and obedient, what it is right for them to do, and what to leave undone, in order to please Him. It will lead them to see that they must do a thing not *because* George Fox, Wm. Penn, or any others did it, or the Discipline requires it, or that they must not do it, *because* these are against it; but that they must be *obedient* to the *light* of *Truth in their own souls*, and that *thereby* they will be led in the way which is pleasing to God.

The Good Being does not lead all His children in the same path. It is a frequent and very hurtful error for a religious person to believe that God requires every one to do just what He requires him to do, and to give up just what He requires him to give up. Noah, Daniel, and Job were not tried in the same way Abraham was. God knows the condition of every soul, and in kindness and mercy deals with *it*, and leads *it* in that way which is best adapted to its condition, most calculated to bring it into obedience to all His requirings; and so resigned to His will, that its continued aspirations will be, "Not my will but Thine, Oh God! be done."

We must not be afraid to trust our children or young people. We must remember that they are not born *Friends*, although they are born *members* of the Society. It is just as hard for *them* to be good as it is for *any other children*. They are influenced by the same desires, appetites, and propensities; and they have to become Friends, if they ever do, in the same manner as all former worthies have done, by the purifying operation of the power and grace of God upon *their* hearts. They must be invited and encouraged to yield obedience to this inward principle, and we must manifest our confidence in *it* and in *them*, by giving evidence that we believe it *will* preserve them in the path of purity and virtue. An unnatural or arbitrary restraint, whether it be in dress, manners, or any thing else, is unfavorable to their spiritual interests and perceptions.

Plainness, *in itself*, is of no value whatever; nor are any external observances. They do not and cannot affect the heart. Only when they are the result of the regulating influence of the Spirit of God acting on the soul, are they worthy of consideration. This illuminating spirit shows individual duty in all these things with its *measure at the time*, adapting the requirements to the spiritual condition, and imparting power to fulfil every requisition. Herein consists one great superiority of Divine over human instruction, that it is, *always*, both wisdom and power; so that with the manifestation of duty, power to perform it is simultaneously imparted.

Friends' Society in its objects and offices is very lovely. But, unhappily, its loveliness is very much concealed from the young. It is surrounded by *a something*, through which their perceptions cannot penetrate. It is thus rendered, practically, an unknown object to them; and the unknown may be dreaded or feared, but it is not loved. Herein is one great cause of our present weakness, the want of a general prevalence of the attachment of the young people for the Society of which they are members. Let this fact be seriously regarded. It is not inherent in our organization. It has resulted from circumstances which can readily be traced, and the remedy is within the easy reach of the Society. The Society must gain their love. To be beloved, it must *show itself lovely*. Then its influence over the youth will be great; for love is stronger than fear. What is needed to secure the important remedy referred to, with the Divine blessing, is to bring into properly directed active employment by the Society, the talents and spirit-forces which are now suffering in every Friends' settlement for want of use.

It is from a conviction forced upon my mind from all my experience, observation and reflection, that the one sufficient, universal, ever-present, and eternal Guide, which is the fundamental doctrine of Friends' profession, should be their *practical* dependence, and looked to singly for direction and help, and that the dependence upon anything else is spiritually hurtful, that I entertain so deep a concern that Friends' Discipline shall be held in its right place. Not as a *separate teacher*, *rule*, or *law*, but all its requirements harmonizing with the Divine teachings to the soul, and *inviting obedience* to these teachings, it is affectionately recommended to the observance of all our members as being highly promotive of their present and eternal interests. *Not as a hedge*, for no limitations are needed but those imposed by the spirit of Truth. Not as a *sword* to *cut off*, for Friends are not separatists, and wish not to *scatter*, but through the power of the love of God they desire to *gather all people* to the one true fold of which Christ is the shepherd. Not as a search *warrant*, to enter officially into the houses and private concerns one of another, but that all may be brethren and sisters, and "walk by the same rule and mind the same thing," and "enjoy the glorious liberty of sons and daughters of God."

It is my abiding belief, that the position in which Friends have placed their Discipline, or have permitted it to occupy, particularly in former times, and the mode or spirit in which its provisions have often been administered, have done more than all other things together to injure, weaken, and scatter the Society, and to estrange the young people from it.

By seeing great importance attached to things which their hearts' highest conviction tell them are not important; the prominent place these unimportant things appear to occupy with the Society; and the *particular* rigidity and pertinacity with which the provisions of the Discipline relating to these minor or secondary things are enforced—the whole organization loses their respect and confidence.

Let the Discipline contain *advice, entreaties,* and *exhortations,* affectionate and earnest, on all subjects pertaining to the interests of our members, such as will contribute to their preservation, tend to guard them from what is deemed to be injurious, and to enlighten their understandings in relation to the evils warned against. Let these be repeated, and extended, if need be, by advices from the Yearly Meeting, and recommendations to the Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, to appoint committees, or, what is better, to receive the names of those who are concerned, to visit the members, read to them the advices contained in the Discipline, or issued by the Yearly Meeting, on any and all subjects causing uneasiness or concern, and affectionately encourage the faithful observance of them, by earnest labor, as with shoulder to shoulder throughout the Society, in the ability which God gives to promote the cause of Truth and the welfare of the flock, humbly trusting for His blessing, and all will yet be well with us as a people; sons and daughters that have been driven from our fold will be gathered back to behold the beauty of our Zion and of the Light which enlighteneth it.

Oh! if Friends would only recur to *first principles,* and invite to a dependence upon that spirit and power which first gathered us to be a people, which has built us up, and has so far in mercy sustained us, to *regulate all outward things, impose every needed restriction,* and to *guide* into *all Truth,* and look singly to *it,* it will continue to sustain us, so that we shall have "judges as at the first, and counsellors as at the beginning." Then "the axe," instead of as now being so much aimed at the branches, would be "laid to the root of the corrupt tree," and with *its* fall, the evil branches of every kind *must fall with it.*

While a deep concern exists that our Discipline may not be so perverted in its practical administration as to abridge the just privileges of our members, or unwarrantably to interfere with their individual freedom or domestic arrangements, it is at the same time *most ardently desired,* and *earnestly* and *affectionately recommended,* that there may be on the part of all our members a *watchful, thoughtful,* and *abiding concern* to restrain their desires within the bounds of strict moderation, propriety, economy, and simplicity *in every thing*—furniture, equipage, speech, dress, provisions of the table, and all domestic arrangements—and maintain a willingness to make any and every sacrifice called for by the Holy Spirit, and then they will be blessed, and all occasions for uneasiness or concern will be avoided.

The great point is, and in this *all* is included, to *live up day* by *day* to the *highest evidences* of *right* and *convictions* of *duty,* which, in our thoughtful and retired moments are manifested to *us.* Different persons may be differently led. The *obedience* of others is an example to us, their *particular conduct* is not necessarily so. Also, with the change of outward circumstances, certain external reqirements may be reasonably expected to change, so that what was regarded as important at one period, may not be so regarded at another. But, *in all times,* love, mercy, justice, truth, patience, charity, purity, and holiness, and obedience to the law of God manifested to the soul, *must be felt and practiced* by *all the servants* of the *Most High;* and *wherever* these are known and observed as the regulating principles of daily life, *there* is the *true Friend—there* is the *earnest follower* of *George Fox* in the way he walked—*there* is the *genuine* and *acceptable disciple* of *Christ—there* is a *Son of God.*

THOSE who have resources within themselves, who can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but, at the same time, best know how to prize them the most

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

I feel that I owe a legacy of love to Friends wherever scattered, in the flowing of that divine love which extends to all the rational creation.

Dear Friends:—"Mind the light," were the words of that dear worthy elder, George Fox; the glorious light of Christ revealed in the hearts of all the rational creation, agreeably to the saying of Christ, when in the outward advent, "Lo I am with you alway even unto the end of the world." "The grace of God which bringeth salvation, hath appeared to all men, teaching them that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, they should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world." To this Holy Light and Word revealed in the hearts of all the rational creation do I ardently recommend your most serious attention, both individually and collectively. In proportion as this is experienced in our organization, and as individuals are faithful herein, shall we be enabled to come to the blessed experience of the early Christians,—viz., that of living in moderation, in

plainness of dress, and also in language; the same which early Friends also came to experience, when they were drawn to forsake a life in the vain fashions and customs of the world, and to be a separate people; by which they were enabled to hold forth the various testimonies given them to bear. And, dear friends, if we of the present time are also faithful, we shall be qualified by the same power to bear up those precious testimonies in our time. We shall then be enabled to discover the wiles of our potent enemy, to draw our minds out after new views and inventions and delusive enjoyments. Therefore wait in stillness and abstractness of mind upon that Holy Light which is a sure guide into all truth and out of all error, into the marvellous liberty of the children of God.

A query arises. Does faithfulness keep pace with knowledge? Have the members of our Society in the present day faithfully followed the manifestations of the divine light or grace in their minds?

If it is discovered that we are not in a state to answer this query in the affirmative, would it not be the greatest wisdom to make a stand, and, in the first place, endeavor to come to a state of repentance for past failure, and then commence a daily and continual watch, and endeavor with ardency of spirit to adhere to divine impressions for the future?

Our testimonies to plainness of speech, behaviour and apparel, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and in the daily cross to our natural and unregenerate propensities, are jeered at by some, yet it is calculated to have a very salutary effect upon the community at large by way of example. But there seems to be an idea that the time has arrived when plainness has ceased to be a testimony, and another idea is, that to appear in the common costume of the day is sufficient plainness. But, alas, how do both these opinions fail to support in the most remote degree the testimonies of early Friends which were brought forth under the influence of self-abasement and the daily cross. And can it be reasonably supposed that our Heavenly Father, who we believe called our early Friends to bear testimony to a life of strict plainness, and who is unchangeable, should now, in these days, call from this testimony back again into vanity; when we may remember it was said, "they that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercies."

And now to conclude, may we all, both young and old, be willing to attend to the exhortation of the dear founder of the Society, 'Mind the light."

If this exhortation is faithfully attended to with a full belief of the appearance of Christ in his outward advent, and in his spiritual direction in the mind, we may, like the holy apostle Paul, if not in his words, yet manifest near the close of our time here, I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing. ELKANAH WOOD.

Westbury, 3d mo. 30th, 1868.

We are all much more willing to work than to trust. Do you doubt this! It is so much so, that usually God's only way to teach us to trust in Him is by the lesson of sickness and deprivation and loss; by placing us where we cannot help ourselves, and then saying, Trust in me now and find how strong and ready I am to help. It is often only as a last resort, when we are helpless and powerless, that we turn to the Father in heaven, and seek strength from him. And thus we have to be taught that lesson of far-advanced Christian experience; thus learn that "his strength is made perfect in our weakness."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE INDIANS.

No. II.

One cause of the imperfect view, and, in many instances, false impressions received, relative to the comparative criminality of the whites and Indians on our frontier, is that when personal violence or depredations upon property are committed by the Indians, or alleged to have been committed, the intelligence is conveyed by telegraph and newspapers to every portion of the Union, and even to European countries.

However false or over-colored the representations may be, the red man has no opportunity to deny the allegations, nor to place the blame where it properly belongs. However wronged by these false accusations, he has but to bow the head in silence, for the pen of the correspondent he cannot wield, and telegraphs and newspapers are not at his command. In many or most instances, the whites, who are the really guilty aggressors, are the only medium through which the community receives the intelligence. Under such circumstances, no arguments are necessary to prove that the guilty whites would endeavor to show that themselves were the injured parties, and that the Indians were the aggressors.

There has been a veil of almost impenetrable ignorance spread over the people of this nation for years past, in relation to the difficulties with the western Indians; and if no investigating committee had been appointed by Government, and the military extermina-

ting mandate had been executed, and these Indians swept from existence, their history would have descended to posterity coupled with the epithets of *treacherous, vindictive* and *wantonly cruel*, and they would have been thought deserving of the extermination which had overtaken them.

Let us notice how false is the popular version of the alleged massacre of the Fort Phil. Kearney garrison by the Indians some twelve months or more ago. The impression, I believe, universally given was, that a large number of Indians, without provocation, surrounded the fort, and, by assault or siege, compelled a surrender, and massacred the entire garrison. I am not aware that this false representation has ever been corrected, (unless perhaps quite recently,) and the battle—which it really was—is uniformly stigmatized by the military and government officials as a massacre.

The report of the investigating committee, however, shows that the Indians concerned in this affair had their indignation previously wrought up to the highest degree by the U. S. Commissioner having obtained, by bribery, from illegitimate chiefs and unauthorized Indians, a cession of highly valuable territory, within the limits of which the Government built the fort called Phil. Kearney.

The Indians, who were the real and legitimate owners of the territory thus fraudulently obtained by our Government, began to harass the troops in the garrison, and on the day of the fight, Col. Carrington sent a detachment of sixty-seven troops to protect a wood train, which was being attacked on its way to the fort. The Indians retreated, and were pursued about three miles by the U. S. troops, where they were ambushed by a large number of Indians, when the battle began, and the U. S. troops, being greatly outnumbered, were all killed.

Instead of its being what is ordinarily termed a massacre, it was a regular hard-fought battle, during which, according to Col. Carrington's own words in a telegram for reinforcement, he said, "I spare none, and they spare none." The remainder of the garrison were not then nor afterwards molested. I have dwelt more especially upon this Fort Phil. Kearney conflict, from the fact that its falsified history has made it the occasion of a war-cry throughout the country against the Indians. The exposition above given will enable the friends of equal justice to give a corrected version of the affair when necessary.

While the above-recited conflict has been historically perverted to the discredit of the Indians, and published throughout the country, the merciless procedure of Gen. Hancock, as disclosed by the commissioners, and narrated in the succeeding paragraph, has not in one instance that I know of been publicly alluded to in political papers.

A tribe of three hundred lodges of friendly Indians were resting in their encampment, secure, as they thought, in the consciousness of their own friendly intentions. Hancock sent them word that he was coming to visit them in their own camp with his army. The Indians, remembering the terrible massacre of a part of their tribe about two years before, by troops under Chivington's command, were so terrified, especially the women and children, by the approach of the U. S. troops, that they could not be restrained from fleeing; and their so doing was interpreted by Hancock as an evidence of hostile feeling, although Colonel Wyncoop earnestly assured him that he had been well acquainted with them for years, and was satisfied that it was fear of another massacre, and not hostility, that induced their flight. Col. Wyncoop's expostulation was, however, disregarded, and, by Hancock's order, the three hundred lodges of these poor, helpless, unoffending creatures, were wantonly burned, including tents, housekeeping utensils and apparel, officially valued at about one hundred thousand dollars. Their flight took place in the night, and being impelled by fear, was so hasty, that some of them had not clothing sufficient to protect them from the weather.

The inclement season which is now about passing away is usually one of much social festivity; and while most of us have been enjoying our comfortable homes, and genial firesides and companionships, and luxuriantly spread tables, many of these destitute outcasts, made so by the accredited agents of our own Government, have been suffering—and not a few have probably perished—from hunger and exposure, produced by the wanton destruction of their property by Gen. Hancock.

Among the Indians fleeing from their camp were six men, who, being overtaken by a detachment of Hancock's cavalry, were all killed and (one account says) scalped. It does not appear that Hancock expressed any disapprobation of this unprovoked massacre by his troops.

Among the complaints made by an Indian chief on another occasion, one was that Hancock's men cut down the scaffolds whereon were laid the remains of their deceased friends, broke open the coffins, and cut off and carried away as curiosities the fingers and other extremities of the shrivelled dead. We may imagine the feelings of the relatives when witnessing the sacrilegious outrage. Gen. Sanborn and Major Wyncoop do not hesitate, in their official correspondence, to express their feelings of just indignation at the wan-

ton cruelty which marked the military career of Gen. Hancock.

These remarks upon his conduct are to show, by way of contrast, that while the conflict at Fort Phil. Kearney has been published through the whole country as an unprovoked massacre, the barbarities practised by Hancock and his troops upon the Indians appear to have had but little or no publicity, except through the periodicals conducted by Friends.

The original members of the Society of Friends were called out of the various religious denominations, amid suffering, hate and scorn. They were disciplined in the school of affliction, and purified as in the fires of religious persecution. The wrongs they endured at the hands of violent and unreasonable men taught them to feel for the sorrows of others; and this ray of sympathy has been a holy inheritance, descending from generation to generation, and to the present day forms a bright feature upon the pages of their history; and perhaps it is a part of their present and prospective mission to be enabled, in reference to the fast wasting aboriginals of our land, to adopt the language of Job, "I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame; I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched ont."

GIDEON FROST.

Greenvale, L. I., 3d mo., 1868.

From Hannah Moore's Christian Morals.

THE WANT OF VITAL RELIGION.

It is a spectacle to excite the tenderest commiseration when we observe the excellent gifts of God to some of his most favored creatures; when we see the brightest natural faculties improved by high cultivation, together with that degree of acquaintance with religion, which not only expels infidelity, but leads to a certain vague adoption of the Christian creed; when we see men, not only rich in mental endowments, but possessed of hearts glowing with generosity and kindness; when we see such beings as much absorbed in the pursuits of time and sense, as dead to the highest ends of their being, limiting their plans to the present life as completely as if they did not believe in that immortality which yet makes part of their system!—to see them overlooking the excellencies which may be attained in this state preparatory to their perfection in a better; unobservant of that deep basis which God has laid in our very nature for the condition of future blessedness—forgetting how he has not only graciously put us in the way to attain it, but has exhorted, has invited us, only to consent, only to submit to be eternally happy! When we hear the Saviour of sinners condescending to express this tender regret at their reluctance, "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life," who can, without sorrow, contemplate such a discrepancy between the practice and the destination, the pursuits and the interests, the low desires and the high possibilities, the unspeakable offers and the incorrigible blindness? But in our lapsed humanity, sense, in opposition to faith, is too frequently the dictator. If we see through a glass, and that darkly, it is because the medium is clouded by the breath of sensuality. Appetite is the arbitrary power which renders every appeal to reason and religion fruitless. The pleasures of the present life have matter and substance, and we act as if those of Heaven were dreams and visions. Self-love errs only in mistaking its objects, in putting the brief discipline which we are called to exercise here on a level with eternal suffering; it mistakes in fastening itself on the lower part of our nature, and forgetting that our souls are ourselves.

But surely God did not give his creatures such improvable powers, such strong notices of himself, without some farther end and design than can be perfected in this state of being! He never would have given us a nature capable of knowing and loving him here, if it were not part of his scheme that our knowledge and love of him should be perfected in eternity.

We are not the creatures of casuality. We did not come into this world by chance, or by mistake, for any uncertain end, or any undetermined purpose, but for a purpose of which we should never lose sight; for an end to which we should have a constant reference, that we might bring glory to God now, and be received by his grace to glory everlasting.

SUNSHINE.

"The country-houses of Great Britain are by no means so shaded as our own; and the most considerable piles of buildings, such as Eaton Hall, Blenheim, Dalkeith, and Burghley House, have hardly a noticeable tree within stone's throw of their walls. The flower-patches and coppices of shrubbery approach more nearly, and to the garden-fronts of those magnificent homes you walk through walls of blooming shrubs. But the full flow of the sunshine upon the window is a thing courted. Allowing for all difference in climate, I think there may be a question if we do not err in this country by over-much shading. A cottage in a wood is a pretty subject for poetry, but it is apt to be uncomfortably damp. And there are village streets with us so embowered that scarce a ray of sunshine can play fairly upon the roofs or fronts of the village houses from June

to October. A summer's life under such screen cannot contribute to the growth of roses in the cheeks any more than to the growth of roses at the door. There is no provision against agues—whether moral or physical—like a good flow of sunshine."—*Rural Studies, by Donald G. Mitchell.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 25, 1868.

DIED, on Fifth-day evening, 16th of Fourth month, 1868, of congestion of the lungs, THOMAS BLAKEY, aged 58 years, a member of Green Street Monthly Meeting.

——, in Philadelphia, on the 1st of Seventh mo., 1867, after a short illness, ELLA, only child of William and Annie C. Durell, aged 1 year and 10 months.

——, on the 26th of Third month, 1868, at Hot Springs, Arkansas, STEPHEN PROCTER, M. D., late of Philadelphia, in the 55th year of his age.

Friends at a distance proposing to attend the approaching Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and not having secured accommodations, are desired to write to the committee having the matter in charge, and an effort will be made to find lodgings for them. Direct to the care of E. Comly, 144 N. 7th St. Friends in the city willing to accommodate strangers will oblige by leaving information at the same place.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet Sixth-day afternoon, Fifth month 1st, at 3 o'clock. Business preparatory to the annual meeting.

L. H. HALL, *Clerk.*

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The General Conference will meet in Philadelphia, Sixth-day evening, Fifth month 8th, at 7½ o'clock, at Race Street Meeting-House. Reports and representatives from the different associations and schools throughout the country are desired, and a general invitation is extended to all who feel an interest in this concern to attend and participate.

2t. ELI M. LAMB, LYDIA C. STABLER, } *Clerks.*

First-day School Executive Committee of the General Conference will meet Sixth-day afternoon, Fifth month 8th, at 4 o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting Room at Race Street.

2t. WM. W. BIDDLE, *Clerk.*

From every sorrow which you receive in a spirit of Christian resignation, from every pain you bear patiently, from every great trial you bravely meet, there silently passes to those about you strength and comfort and encouragement. Without saying a word, you are exhorting to faith and patience and trust; you are inspiring in others the Christian spirit, and building them up in the Christian life. Have you never come from a sick-room, where life was slowly wearing out by a painful and hopeless disease, a terrible trial bravely met,—have you not come away, feeling stronger for bearing your own burden? Is not this the thought on your mind: How wrong it is for me to complain of my little pains, and murmur in my little trials, while she can bear with so much Christian patience, without a single murmur, her crushing affliction! It is even so. From suffering come some of our best lessons.

LIFE ON THE NILE.

1st mo. 17th, 1868.

From the land of the palm, where pyramids grow and sand blooms and deserts abound, this comes greeting. We have been sailing up the Nile the past eighteen days, have accomplished 350 miles of our way, and still have 250 before we reach the first cataract. The chant of the sailors as they labor with their poles or tow the dakabeak on the river bank, is not musical to our ears, but it has a certain wild harmony that leads one to regret when the refrain is ended. The bracing air and warm sunshine of this country must be very curative. We have scarcely seen a cloud, and rain rarely falls. The air consequently becomes very dry. The nights are very cold, making overcoats necessary to comfort, if you are on deck after sunset. Probably the mercury would not fall below forty or fifty Fahrenheit, but the evaporation is so great from the dryness of the air, that we feel much colder than with such a temperature at home. At mid-day we naturally seek the shade, but on the cushions in our cabin, with a free circulation of air, we are thoroughly comfortable. The atmosphere is much superior to that of Italy. The beautiful palms are around us in profusion, but the voice of the mocking-bird is not heard. Silence reigns almost unbroken.

The valley of the Nile seems to be an almost level plain, of from ten to twenty-five miles in width on each side of the river, and bounded by ranges of hills 500 or 600 feet high, from which commence the great deserts of Africa through which the Nile meanders for hundreds of miles—a ribbon of life on a plain of desolation. The land is well cultivated for the capacity and means of the people; but little space is unoccupied by crops, and as the annual overflows of the river leave a deposit of the richest kind to fertilize for the coming crops, much of the labor of the farmer is needless. The crops in Lower Egypt are mostly corn, wheat and cotton. The corn grows like ours, in stalk, but the grain, which is very small, is found in a small bunch, shaped like a bunch of grapes, growing upright on the top of the stem, as a head of broom-corn not fully opened. The people are busy now threshing out this crop, by trampling it over with cat-

tle and donkeys, or by beating it with long sticks. We have seen the operation, and it is very novel. A man driving a pair of oxen, sat on a chair, which was placed on a sledge, and as he rode round and round the heap of grain, it rolled down under his pressure, from the pile above. When the wind blows, they winnow it by throwing it in the air and letting the chaff float away. The grain is then gathered into coarse sacks, taken to the nearest port on the river by camels and donkeys, and there loaded into sail boats, until the gunwale is nearly level with the water. A rough board side and stern are then run up for two feet, and the outside covered with a thick coat of black Nile mud, mixed with cut straw, which hardens in the sun, and makes a water-proof siding that keeps the cargo entirely dry. When the load is thus on board, a few cages of turkeys and chickens are added, and the boats start off on their long voyage, floating, sailing or being rowed, down to Cairo. As you ascend the river to the south, sugar-cane appears a prominent crop, and large steam-mills are erected. Here the juice is converted into brown sugar and molasses for the general market. I visited one mill, where four thousand persons were said to be employed by the Pasha, and long trains of camels were passing to and fro from the factory. The people of Egypt are wretchedly poor and ignorant. They know nothing of comfort or cleanliness, live in dirt and rags, and seem as nearly barbarians as any descendants of Egypt could be expected to become. After leaving Cairo, where there are some clever stores and a few nice houses, you find nearly all the towns and villages mere collections of huts, built one story in height, of sun-dried bricks or mud, with flat roofs covered with corn-stalks to keep off the sun, and the only opening a small door, loosely fitted with boards or covered with a mat. These houses stand on each side of a narrow unpaved alley, and appear to be located at the option of the builder, with little regard to the general comfort or convenience. In many towns, pigeon-houses several stories high are arranged around the grounds of the better class, and afford homes for large flocks of birds. The occupants furnish a very acceptable and nutritious dish. How such a people as the present Egyptians manage to live through a summer in one of these towns, is a curious problem. In dress there is great simplicity. The men generally wear a single garment—a dark blue shirt reaching nearly to the ground, and having their heads covered with a close-fitting fez, round which they wind in folds their snow-white turban. Bare-footed and bare-legged, they travel over the hot sand, rough fields, or piles of stones, as though shod with the latest and best of London shoes. The women, in addition to the dark blue dress, wear a covering for their heads, which reaches to their knees and protects them from the curious eye of the stranger, as well as from the driving dust of the plains. From long habit in carrying upon their heads, the women of Egypt acquire a step of unusual dignity and grace. The little ones wear a thin shirt or runabout covered only by the sun—either dress appears natural to those around them, and neither of course attracts attention. In general the people are quiet, good natured and civil. When excited in conversation, they use vehement gestures, and seem to express almost as much by their hands as by their voices.

You probably wish to know something of the craft we call our Dakabeek. Do you recollect the canal boats by which passengers were once carried in America? Our boat is much like one of them with a cabin occupying the latter half, in which is placed our suite of apartments. We have a saloon fourteen feet square, and sleeping apartments sufficient for our party. Our boat measures eighty feet by sixteen, with a crew of ten men, besides a reis, rudder-man and boy, and carrying a party of six persons and a kitten, a dragoman, two waiters and a cook—twenty-three in all—a goodly number for such a craft.

Above the First Cataract, 2d mo., 1868.

We hope to be at "Aboo Simbal" (the second cataract) in about ten days. Our visit to the ruins on the "Island of Philæ" was exceedingly pleasant. It is an island of half a mile in length, and beautifully shaded in spots by groves of palm trees. A sandy beach, almost like Cape May, where we anchored, afforded us a nice dry promenade, whenever we chose to enjoy it. On a green bank overlooking us rose the ruins of a most elaborate and beautiful temple, left partially finished by the Egyptians; further on, and occupying nearly the whole island, is the "Temple of Isis," and its various belongings, built by Ptolomy Philadelphus," and added to afterwards by numbers of the Roman Emperors. These ruins are very perfect, and occupying as they do this lovely green island, are thought to be the most attractive of any on the Nile. They certainly possess an extra charm, because being isolated, visitors are free from the incessant screaming of the rabble which attends them at any spot on the mainland. You cannot form an idea of the degraded condition of the people in Egypt. The women and children seem to us little else than masses of dirt and rags, and the valley through which the Nile

flows is so narrow, you see, in passing, all the population. Indeed the announcement of a "boat in sight" is a signal for a general rendevous on the bank, where they screech "bucksheesh" as long as the boat is in sight.

As we go up the river we have on our left hand the Arabian desert, stretching away to the Red Sea, and on our right, the Great Lybian desert. This side contains the larger part of the population. The deserts on both sides come quite near the river, and in places where the hills are tolerably high and the sand (which is a pale gold color) has been driven over them by high winds, the effect greatly resembles some of the glaciers of Switzerland. The river varies in width. At some points it is quite narrow, at others a mile or more across. The sloping banks on each side, which are annually overflowed, present a luxuriant and refreshing appearance, for every inch of the precious soil is planted with peas, beans, lupin, castor oil plant, wheat, corn, &c., and all seem to flourish with a vigor *we* rarely see equalled in our country. The plain beyond this bank, as far as the hills of the desert, is kept continually watered, by means either of water-wheels, worked by oxen and called "Sakias," or by buckets, which men fill and empty one above another. These are called "Shadoofs," and you see them at close intervals, steadily going all day, and hear them all night. The strip of valley land is narrow, and it being all the people have to live on, they are compelled to work it industriously; though we have yet very rarely seen man or woman at work. It may be that at this season there is not much to do. To-day we passed "the Tropic of Cancer," in latitude 20°. The weather is exceedingly warm—80° Fahrenheit in our boat dining room.

Here, above the first cataract, we are in Nubia, and the character of the country is changed. The hills come very near the river, leaving a strip of green not more than a few yards wide, but *beautifully* green. The "feathery date palm" is a continual delight. They grow seventy or eighty feet high, sometimes singly, but oftener in groves, and whenever you see a mud village, there you see a grove of palms. They are all taxed by the government one and a half piastres annually, and they yield abundantly at seven years old, bear fruit ten years or thereabouts, and then wither. The dates are very fine, and sell here in jars—twenty pounds for two dollars. The Dom Palm, which is quite different, bears a nut, said to taste like our gingerbread. We passed some fine ruins a short time ago,—"The Temple of Dendra," These Egyptian temples seem nearly all to have been built on one general plan, having two large square towers, containing many chambers and passages, (connected by a grand gateway, the principal entrance to the temple,) their inner sanctuaries, porticos, corridors, &c., &c. Many of these are as perfect as when just finished, thousands of years ago, and all covered with hieroglyphics and figures of gods and animals, fish and fruits,—some of them admirably drawn, and the paint with which they were colored still bright. The climate of Egypt is so dry, that these things are thus preserved, while in a few years, in a climate like ours, every trace of them would be lost. Whenever you find temple ruins in Egypt, you find a mud village. The moderns evidently lack all reverence for their ancestors, as they make the sacred buildings serve the most ignoble purposes. At Philæ, on top of one of the most beautiful of these temples, they had built up a mud wall, hacked holes all around the sculptured walls to put in joists for a floor, and then smeared the pillars and ceilings till you could scarcely distinguish a trace of the original design. All this vandalism is attributed to the Coptic Christians, who wished to destroy these temples; but even now the modern villages are built up close under the ruined walls, so that you cannot possibly visit them without a troop of ragged men, women and children following at your heels. This is the first cloudy day since we have been on the river. At home, we should say it was going to storm, but our dragoman says, "Oh no, it never rains here;" and even while I write the blue sky appears and the sun shines. Our crew of ten men gather around in a ring, of an afternoon, sit cross-legged on the deck and discourse the strangest music. It is something like a wail—a low monotonous chant, without a particle of music in it; one of them will play on the "Tarabuka," striking with the palm of the hand. This instrument is made of fish skin stretched over an earthen jar, and gives a dull hollow sound. Another plays the tamborine, while all the rest clap together the palms of their hands, high over their heads, and sing in unison their wild songs. They have a different tune when changing sail and when furling or unfurling it—different still in "poling," and quite another when they are "tacking;" in fact they are seldom silent. They live very simply. They only bake bread *twice* during the *three months* of our voyage. They spread it out in the sun for a few days, then cut it into slices and dry it so hard that you cannot possibly break it with the hand. This is all they eat, except chance bits of sugar-cane, dates or greens, picked while they are ashore. Morning and evening they take a frying pan, with a little *fat*, and cut up several onions in it; this they

cook thoroughly. Their bread they soak in boiling water, in a large wooden bowl, until it has become one soft mass; they then stir in the onions, and at a given signal all gather around the bowl, and each dips in his three fingers and eats till the last morsel disappears. You would think it was the most savory dish in the world, did you see the smacking of lips and licking of fingers. When this is done and the bowl scraped, they all go to the sides of the boat and wash their hands and faces, wiping them on their only garment; then sit around and sing a song of thanks. Soon after this, their cook boils a pot of coffee, holding about a pint, and gives to each one a little cup, containing certainly not more than two table-spoonfuls; this they sip as if it was really nectar. And this is part of *life on the Nile.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE YOUNG FRIENDS' MANUAL.

Feeling an interest in the establishment and proper conduct of First-day schools, and learning that a little work, entitled the "Young Friends' Manual," had been compiled for the use of such schools and their teachers, I purchased a copy, in order to judge of its adaptation to the purpose for which it was intended. I have long been desirous that we should possess a more ample supply of Friends' literature, especially adapted to the capacity of children and the younger part of our Society.

The perusal of the work led to the conclusion that it contains much that is valuable and which will repay the youthful mind for its perusal, while other parts impressed my mind with a degree of sadness. The sentiments that "Friends as a society have no testimony against music; that plainness of dress has no connection whatever with any peculiar mode or color, and that our discipline against stage plays, horse-races, music and dancing, and other vain sports and amusements, is against *frequenting* these places, —that is, *visiting them often*, and evidently implying leaving home to attend them,"—are so startling, that I do not feel like entering much upon a discussion respecting them.

Every discipline in this country and in England, both now and at all previous times, has classed music with stage plays, horse-racing and other vain diversions which are to be avoided.

In regard to the alleged unfrequent allusion to these practices in the early stages of the Society, it may be answered, there was little necessity, so far as members were concerned, for any testimony against them, for Friends in those days generally came in by convincement; and the suggestion that any who were able to stand the ordeal of the severe persecutions to which they were subjected,—that such should be found mingling in the hilarities of the ball-room,—was not even a supposable case; but in after years, when a relaxed concern began to spread, and a disposition appeared to indulge to some extent in these practices, the Yearly Meetings found it necessary to issue epistles of advice to its members upon the subject. This will sufficiently account for the unfrequent allusion to these immoralities in the advices of the early Yearly Meetings.

If the unfrequent allusion to music by early Yearly Meetings is an evidence that they had no testimony against it, then the unfrequent reference to balls, theatres, gaming, horse-racing &c., is an argument that they had no testimony against these demoralizing practices.

In relation to music and dancing in Friends' families, and the reason why early Yearly Meetings did not testify against the practices, either in connexion or against music alone, was, that because such things were not known in that day, nor probably until a hundred years after the rise of Friends; and there is reason to believe they were not permitted even among the exemplary members of other religious societies during that period.

But my especial object on the present occasion is to suggest that if a new edition of the work be published, the remarks upon the subject of music, comprised upon four pages, beginning with page 148, be omitted. When it is considered that Friends have no testimony in favor of music; that the omission of the pages designated, will likely increase its circulation and its usefulness, and that the retention of the objectionable portions will be likely to prevent its introduction into some First-day schools, for which it was especially designed, it would appear that the proposed omission might advantageously be acceded to.

A PARENT.

JOHN HOWARD AND HIS SON.

Few men have been more truly good than John Howard, and he knew how to "let his light shine" to all the nations of the earth. But he had not the art of rendering virtue attractive to his only son. Living, as he did, under a constant and awful sense of the unseen realities of another world, he undervalued the charms of this, and felt that man's only business here is to prepare for hereafter. He dwelt upon those truths too exclusively. For *him*—a man who had outlived the illusions of youth, whose only joy was to do good by self-denying and perilous toil, a lonely widower, too—those austere conceptions of duty were satisfying and comforting. How

repulsive must they have been to a young man, abounding in spirits, eager for enjoyment, and possessing superabundant means of gratifying every desire! What a pity his father could not have sympathized with his youth, and ennobled his pleasures by sharing in them!

I have frequently observed how similar habits and scruples tend to divide young people from their elders, making in each family two distinct classes, one of which forswears all pleasure, and the other cares for nothing but pleasure, each bitterly censuring the other. A sight more melancholy than this, a state of things more demoralizing than this, I have never beheld; because we see here the noblest forces of human nature—the authority of conscience aud the impulses of youth—warring upon and spoiling one another; parents injuring their children from their very anxiety to keep them from harm.—*James Parton's "People's Book of Biopraphy."*

THE HOLLY-TREE.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree!
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear
Harsh and austere—
To those who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude;
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities, I, day by day,
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And as, when all the Summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly-leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem among the young and gay,
More gravely than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green wineter of the holly-tree.

NOTHING TO DO.

The following expressive effusion points a tale for older boys than the child of the poetess's imagination. We commend its moral to those oppressed with that terrible ennuf oi "nothing to do," simply because they prefer to do nothing:

I have shot my arrows, and spun my top,
And bandied my last new ball;
I trundled my hoop till I had to stop,
And I swung till I got a fall;
I tumbled my books all out of the shelves,
And hunted the pictures through,
I've flung them where they may sort themselves,
And now—I have nothing to do.

The tower of Babel I built of blocks,
Came down with a crash to the floor;
My train of cars run over the rocks,
I'll warrant they'll run no more—
I have raced with Grip till I'm out of breath;
My slate is broken in two,
So I can't draw monkeys! I'm tired to death,
Because I have nothing to do.

The boys have gone to the pond to fish,
They bothered me, too, to go;
But for fun like that I hadn't a wish,
For I think it's mighty "slow"
To sit all day at the end of a rod,
For the sake of a minnow or two,
Or to land, at the farthest, an eel on the sod—
I'd rather have nothing to do!

Maria has gone to the woods for flowers—
And Lucy and Nell are away
After berries—I'm sure they've been out for hours,
I wonder what makes them stay;
Ned wanted to saddle Brunette for me,
But riding is nothing new;
"I was thinking you'd relish a canter," said he,
"Because you had nothing to do."

I wish I was poor Jim Foster's son,
For he seems so happy and gay,
When his wood is chopped and his work all done
With his little half hour of play;
He neither has books, nor top, nor ball,
Yet he's singing the whole day through;
But then he never is tired at all
Because he has nothing to do.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer.

ESTEEMED FRIENDS:—I am an attentive reader of your valuable paper, and fully appreciate the labors of its Editors who prepare and arrange the mental aliment which is furnished weekly to its subscribers. The Intelligencer is a vehicle for the exchange of views among our members who are interested in the great principles which the Society has upheld for two centuries, and it is gratifying to find there is an increasing number of contributors to its columns.

I would respectfully suggest whether the interest would not be promoted by placing an original article of merit, when such is presented, on the first page of the paper, instead of some old and stale material, however reliable it may be.

I am led to these remarks by the perusal of the last number, which, to my mind, is one of the most interesting that has appeared for

several years past. In it, there are three original articles of unusual merit. One by B. Hallowell, another by E. Parrish, and another by T. H. S.

The excellent selection from Thomas A'Kempis will no doubt be read by very many with interest, but the progressive minds in the Society will always seek in preference those communications which bear upon its welfare. Hoping you will receive this suggestion in the spirit in which it is made, I subscribe, your friend, A SUBSCRIBER.

4th mo. 5, 1868.

Extract from the Valedictory Address delivered to the Graduating Class of 1868 *of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy.* By EDWARD PARRISH.

The hall in Filbert street, built in 1832, has ceased to be adequate to the purposes of the College, and has already passed into other hands; and, having procured a lot more than four times its size, we are about to erect a building having two lecture halls, each large enough to seat 350 students, an ample assembly room, suitable cabinet and apparatus rooms, a library, and a commodious laboratory for chemical investigations and instruction.

The location purchased, on North Tenth Street, is remarkably eligible; while it is removed from the noise and bustle of the thoroughfare, it has ample entrances, and is in the heart of the city, adjacent to its chief business resorts, and almost in the centre of its extended system of city railways.

All must have remarked how, under the impulse I have alluded to, Philadelphia is being enriched with edifices devoted to learning, to rational amusement and recreation, and to works of charity and beneficence. Thirty-three new public school-houses have been scattered over the several school districts during the past year; these are mostly of handsome brown stone, relieving the monotony of bricks and mortar which has so detracted from the architectural beauty of our city, and most of them, being tastefully constructed, are fitting monuments to that noble system of public instruction which is designed to furnish an elementary education to every child in the Commonwealth.

I need not enumerate the other public buildings which mark the progress of our city during the past year,—the several national banking houses, the Horticultural Hall, the Polytechnic Institute, the Ledger Building, the Naval Asylum, nor the numerous projected improvements upon which so many public-spirited citizens are now engaged.

There is one important measure proposed, and we may hope likely to be consummated, which is calculated to give a just pre-eminence to Philadelphia. I allude to the clustered institutions of science, philosophy and the arts, to be located on the plot which William Penn designated as the Centre Square. This miniature park, from which the Schuylkill water flowed into the houses of our ancestors, has long since been divided by the broad avenues which there intersect each other, and rendered almost useless for the purposes of rural retirement and healthful exercise. It seems exactly adapted, by location and extent, to a group of substantial and ornamental buildings, the depositories of our large libraries, of the archives of our time-honored American Philosophical Society, of the museum and library of our Academy of Natural Sciences, the cabinet and library of the Franklin Institute for the promotion of the mechanic arts, the galleries of the Academy of Fine Arts, and the School of Design.

To promote the growth and improvement of these institutions, to be thus happily associated in the midst of our city, should be the special pride of every Philadelphian. We need their civilizing influence. As they are extended in their several spheres, and controlled by a liberal policy, they will attract a class of students and cultivators of science whose influence can scarcely be over-estimated. It is well that a population so largely devoted to commerce and the mechanic arts, by which the external circumstances of the community are improved, and the people fitted for a high state of civilization, should be continually reminded of those scientific and literary pursuits without which enterprise is turned exclusively into utilitarian channels, and labor degraded to mere drudgery.

We especially need museums and botanical and zoological gardens in America. Every European capital offers incentives to liberal culture by throwing open to the people at large, and especially to the votaries of science, vast collections, embracing the visible and tangible objects provided by the Creator, as if with the special design of awakening the mind to profitable and elevating thought.

We little appreciate what our young people miss from the want of facilities for educating their senses and improving their taste by the examination and study of natural objects,—a branch of general education as yet everywhere in its infancy.

The recent annual departure from our shores of thousands of our citizens, for a more or less protracted sojourn in the great centres of European civilization, among its other good results, is producing a more general recognition of the want of such institutions for the promotion of science and the liberal arts among the people.

The traveller who passes through the imposing entrance to the British Museum, one of the numerous free exhibitions in London, immediately finds himself in the midst of a vast collection. Geology and palæontology are illustrated by minerals, meteoric stones, fossils, and other inorganic remains; botany, by many hundreds of volumes of plants, collected and arranged by world-renowned botanists, full of interest to all who know how to read them intelligently; zoology, by immense numbers of specimens of animal species of present and former eras, ascending from radiata and mollusca to the great gorilla, nearly six feet high, shot by Du Chaillu, the skeleton of which, and those of his mate and their offspring, stand at the entrance to the zoological hall.

But the natural history collections are perhaps the least part of this great museum. In the department illustrating the history and progress of mankind, the visitor finds himself among monuments of the decayed civilizations of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome and Ancient Britain; here he may trace the arts of civilized life, from rude beginnings through thousands of years. The celebrated "Elgin marbles," representing the best ages of Greek sculpture, the Etruscan vases, bronzes, bas reliefs, coins, &c., are the collection of more than a century of persevering labor, and of vast and well appropriated means.

The library of the British Museum exceeds 700,000 printed volumes; it contains 1650 copies of the Bible in various editions and languages, including the Mazarine Bible, the earliest of printed books, issued in 1455. Many thousands of manuscript volumes are also included in this vast collection. A reading room is provided for the use of the people at large, who may consult any book in the library free of charge. This library, though four times as large as the Congressional Library in Washington, the largest in this country, is only half the size of the Imperial Library in Paris,—one of the numerous attractions by which that great capital draws students from all parts of the world.

But it is not so much in books that we experience a deficiency. The greater part of every large library is of little value, except for reference; the multiplication of books sets at defiance all efforts to read, much less to study a tithe of them. Although those which really contain contributions to human knowledge never cease to be necessary in tracing the history of its progress, yet of the 75,000 books annually added to the library of the British Museum, nine-tenths will rarely if ever be consulted after the contemporaneous generation has passed; such is the rapidity with which the human mind moves forward in its innumerable channels of growth.

Our large public libraries, growing as they are annually with the treasures of our own and foreign literatures, leave us no excuse for ignorance of that vast domain of knowledge contained in books. It is less so with relics, medals, and other means of antiquarian research, with the conceptions of genius embodied in pictures, statuary, and other works of art, and, above all, with cabinets of natural history,—libraries of the Creator's works.

It must be admitted that in natural science our Academy, so unassuming that many of our citizens are ignorant of its real merits, holds a just pre-eminence in several departments, and comprises a large and valuable nucleus for a comprehensive museum of all branches of natural history. Its collection of birds is unequalled in America, and probably not surpassed in the world, and the rare and unique collection of skulls bequeathed to it by Dr. Morton has no parallel elsewhere.

Yet however valuable such museums may be to the few possessing those tastes which compel them, as it were, to become naturalists, it is apparent that to the mass of the people they must always be of far less interest than botanical and zoological gardens, in which the living and expressive organisms are seen surrounded by their appropriate conditions of life.

Any one who has visited the great botanical gardens at Kew, and in Regent's Park, London, can hardly fail to have had a new interest awakened in his mind by those wonderfully varied and beautiful forms of vegetable life, specimens of which, as dried, pressed and labelled in the herbarium of the professional botanist, will scarcely elicit a passing glance from the uninitiated.

The Kew Gardens, within half an hour's ride of the heart of London, cover an area of seventy-five acres, beautifully laid out with living trees and herbaceous plants. In twenty-five or more hot houses are cultivated a vast variety of exotics, and in the great glass palm houses, sixty feet high, are noble specimens of that rare and graceful genus. In the Linnæan Society's Gardens, still more centrally located, in Regent's Park, a selected assortment of living plants, scientifically arranged, invite the student to an acquaintance with those beautiful relationships which form the basis of botanical classification, while systematic instruction by an able professor facilitates the acquisition of that noble science, which, through companionship with plants, opens to its possessor a boundless field of rational enjoyment and self-culture.

The Zoological Gardens, in the same park

are of course exceedingly interesting and instructive. Many hundreds of quadrupeds, birds and reptiles are here living in accordance with their natural habitudes. Two enormous hippopotami, a present from the Viceroy of Egypt, transported from their native Nile, luxuriate in an artificially prepared pool. The aquaria of living fishes and other marine and fresh-water animals form a very attractive feature of the exhibition. It is interesting, in connection with this great collection, to know that it belongs to a Society, the members of which contribute to its support, and their annual subscriptions and the small entrance fee exacted from visitors pay all its expenses. When shall we have Botanical and Zoological Societies in Philadelphia, which will give us something better to look at than dwarfs, giants, living skeletons, fat boys, albinos, and monstrosities of various kinds, which deprave the taste of those who, for lack of something better, go to look at them?

I might occupy you further in describing the educational influences to be found in the great cities of the old world. I might speak particularly of the Crystal Palace of Sydenham, in which are now permanently deposited so many objects of historical and scientific interest,—a world of curious and beautiful things, displayed in one of the finest and most imposing of structures, surrounded by grounds tastefully planted with flowers, and embellished with sparkling fountains,—a garden spot to be long remembered by all who have visited it, to be appreciated by none who have not.

Enough has been said to show the contrast between the cities of the old and new worlds in this particular, my only object in presenting it being to promote the desire, already growing in this community, for increased means of instruction by the eye,—for beautiful objects to look upon,—for the volume of nature to be opened that all may read it. As Philadelphians we may properly desire to see our city take and maintain the position of the leading metropolis of science in America. Let our men of wealth contribute of their means, our scholars of their stores of knowledge, our men of talent of their intellectual powers, our business men of their energies, and *all* of their active interest and public spirit, and we shall see our fair city, as her population and wealth increase, grow also in the elements of true civilization.

Among the characteristics of our country which distinguish it widely from European nations, is the absence of aristocratic classes, among whom vast stores of wealth are concentrated, to be expended in the cultivation and improvement of the country, the encouragement of works of art, and the promotion of science and liberal learning; and yet, in a young and growing republic like ours, such educational means are in the highest degree important.

Utilitarian pursuits are liable to absorb an undue share of the energies of our people; the struggle for wealth, for social position, and for political preferment, seem in danger of usurping the place of those higher aims of ambition which lead to the cultivation of science, literature and art. To counteract this tendency, the principle of association, the combination of many interested in a common pursuit, is the most obvious means; it fits exactly upon the republican system, and has the advantage of popularizing, while it promotes and encourages knowledge and skill.

CHRISTIANITY AND BUSINESS.

Several months since, at a time when business prospects looked specially gloomy, a young wholesale merchant sought advice of three of the best men whom he knew, one of them, at least, a church officer, and they all recommended that he should call his creditors together, make an exhibit of his affairs, and propose to settle by paying fifty cents on a dollar. This, they said, was regarded as an honorable course, and in view of the uncertainty of his ever being able to pay in full, his creditors would doubtless cheerfully acquiesce. But the young man could not make the thing look quite *right*. He saw that by paying debts in that way, he should have a fine chance to go on in business, and should actually be worth more than he had ever been before; therefore, as a matter of Christian principle, he discarded the advice given him, went to work with a will, and came out safe and sound, paying every dollar he owed. Such a course was not only heroic, but showed an earnest Christian principle, such as we need a great deal more of in all departments of business.—*Moravian.*

Thirty-eighth Annual Report of the "Female Association of Philadelphia for the Relief of the Sick and Infirm Poor with Clothing.

In submitting a report of the past season, we refer with pleasure to the gratifying results that have attended the labors of the Association, and would return to our friends and contributors our sincere gratitude for the assistance rendered by their valuable donations of money and goods.

The general attendance of the members has been greater than that of last year, and our Meetings have been characterized by a renewed interest, and an earnest co-operation in extending a charity which has for its object,

not only the relief of the needy, but incites to industry those who are able to labor.

The continued severity of the winter, and the want of employment as felt by many, have increased the demands for both clothing and sewing, and we have regretted that our funds have not enabled us to meet all of the numerous appeals.

Employment in sewing has been furnished to many who are unable to engage in other work, and the sick and aged, as well as little children, have been the grateful recipients of the clothing thus made. In reviewing the good that has been accomplished the present year, we would hope that the future may bring even a more zealous working on the part of our members, and from our friends and contributors a renewed interest in the Association. 1170 garments have been distributed during the winter.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Receipts.

To balance in treasury last year,	$ 5.44
" Annual Subscriptions and Donations,	596.00
" Interest on Bonds and Dividends,	358.04
	$959.48

Expenses.

By Cash paid for Goods,	$703.93
" " Sewing,	242.63
" Printing Circulars, Stamps, &c.,	10.47
Balance in Treasury,	2.45
	$959.48

Donations in Goods.

4 ps.—221 yards Gingham,	Price, Parrish & Co.
Trimmings, valued at $7.88.	Mellor, Bains & Mellor.
46 yards Canton Flannel,	A. Campbell & Co.
1 ps. " "	J. & D. Kelly.
22 yards Calico,	J. P. Coeper.

E. J. FERRIS, *Treasurer.*

3d mo. 21st, 1868.

HELEN G. LONGSTRETH, *President*,
110 S. 17th Street.

ANNE CALEY, *Secretary*,
1618 Summer Street.

ELIZABETH J. FERRIS, *Treasurer*,
937 Franklin Street.

ITEMS.

The House of Representatives recently received a communication from the Commssioner of Indian Affairs relative to the necessity of speedy legislation on the Indian appropriations, in order that the faith of the government and the promises of the Indian Peace Commissioners may be kept good. He says: "If we expect to keep the Indians friendly to the Government, and at peace with it, we must fulfil our promises to them; otherwise we can but expect, as would be the case were we dealing with white men and Christians, a renewal of the troubles had with them last summer. Besides if our agreements are not faithfully carried out, the Indians will soon lose all confidence in the Government; they will believe nothing that is told to them by its officers, and an almost endless war will be the result, which will cost millions of dollars to suppress, and to avoid which thousands only are asked."

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD has climbed to the summit of the Rocky Mountains and begun its descent on the Pacific Slope. A dispatch from the Chief Engineer of the work announces the laying of the rails upon the summit, with befitting ceremonies, on the 16th of the present month.

After a litigation extending over nearly thirty years, Myra Clark Gaines has finally a decision in the Supreme Court of the United States in her favor. By this decision she comes into possession of about six millions of dollars, and is thought to be the wealthiest woman in the United States.

A large cave is said to have been explored near Bentonville, Ark., to the distance of nine miles. One chamber is 600 feet wide, and 300 feet high.

The total number of human beings on the earth is computed at 2 000,000,000,000, and they speak 3063 known tongues.

The average duration of life is estimated at 33½ years.

One fourth of those born die before they are seven years old, and one-half at the age of 17.

Out of one hundred persons, only six reach the age of 50.

Out of 500 persons, only one attains the age of 80.

Sixty persons die every minute.

Rich men live, on an average, 42 years, but the poor only 30.—*The Moravian.*

MOULDED STRAW HATS.—A new American invention for making light water-proof summer hats from Manilla paper pulp is mentioned among the recent patents. Straw hats of the desired dimensions and shape are first made in the usual way, and after being sized, to protect them from injury, are coated with black lead (bronze powder is suggested as better than the lead), and copper wires passed around in various directions, to serve as conductors. The whole is then immersed in a bath of sulphate of copper, and connected with a battery. A thin film of pure copper is first deposited on the straws and the wires then removed; after which the film is allowed to become sufficiently thick to resist the pressure of moulding. The copper cast is then cleaned, dried, and the straw burned out. The prepared paper pulp is pressed into the mould and allowed to dry there; the hat thus formed shrinking sufficiently to admit of its being readily withdrawn. The process is equally applicable to the fabrication of bonnets, caps, etc., and it is believed that elegant designs can be furnished at comparatively low prices, much superior to those in straw, as the paper can be made water-proof.

CORK has numerous uses. There is necessarily waste in cutting wine corks, which was formerly of no value; now this waste, ground very small and mixed with India-rubber, forms "kamptulicon." Ground to powder, it is used in the process of vulcanizing India rubber, which can then be moulded into the most delicate forms. Matresses filled with fine cork cuttings will resist damp. Pillows, or belts, stuffed with cork shavings, or cork jackets, are useful as helps in gaining a near shore in case of shipwreck. Slabs of thick cork are used in England for standing upon in shower baths. The rough cork of the first year's gathering, which has been hitherto useless, is now converted into rustic work for gardens. The fine Spanish black used by artists is prepared by burning cork shavings in close vessels.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 2, 1868. No. 9.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, four copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

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From "Imitation of Christ."

BLESSEDNESS OF INTERNAL CONVERSATION WITH CHRIST.

BY THOMAS A'KEMPIS.

(Continued from page 102.)

Disciple.—Open my heart, O Lord, in thy law, and teach me to walk in thy commandments. Give me understanding to know thy will; and to remember, with faithful recollection and profound reverence, thy innumerable benefits, as well general as personal, that I may be always able worthily to praise thee, and give thee thanks. I know, and confess, that of myself I am not able to render thee due praise for thy smallest benefits: for I am less than the least of all thy mercies; and when I attempt to contemplate thine excellent majesty, my spirit fails, unable to sustain the vast idea.

All faculties of mind and body, all endowments of nature, and all advantages of grace, are the gifts of thy hand, and proclaim the infinite love and munificence of the Giver, from whom all good eternally proceeds: and though one receiveth more, and another less, yet it is all thine, and without thee the least portion cannot be enjoyed.

He that hath received great gifts hath no reason to glory, nor to exalt himself above others, nor to insult his brother who hath received less. He is the greatest and best who ascribes least to himself, and is most devout and humble in the acknowledgment and praise of that infinite liberality from which every good and perfect gift proceeds.

He that hath received sparingly, ought not, therefore, to be troubled, to murmur at, or envy the larger portion of his wealthy brother; but rather, in humble resignation to thy will, O God, extol that universal goodness, which is so abundantly, freely, voluntarily, and without respect of persons, dispensed to all. Thou art the inexhaustible fountain of good; and for all that flows from it, thou only art to be praised. Thou knowest what is fit to be given, and what to be withheld; and why one hath more, and another less, is not in us, but in thee only to discern, who hast weighed the ability and state of all creatures in thy righteous balance.

Therefore, O Lord God, I esteem it a signal mercy that I do not possess many of those qualities and endowments which in the eyes of men appear glorious, and attract admiration and applause. Did we truly consider the Divine economy of providence and grace, so far from being disquieted, grieved, and dejected, we should rather derive comfort from considering that God has chosen the poor in spirit, the humble, the self-despised, and the despised of the world, for intimate friends, and the children of his family. Of this, the apostles are eminent instances, who were appointed to "sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." These

passed a life of indignity and opposition without complaint, and even rejoiced to "suffer shame for the name of Jesus;" and with ardent affection embraced that poverty which the world despises, and with unshaken patience endured those afflictions which the world abhors.

Nothing, therefore, should give so much joy to the heart of him that truly loveth thee, O God, and is truly sensible of thy undeserved mercies, as the perfect accomplishment of thy blessed will, not only in his temporal, but in his eternal state. He should feel so much complacency and acquiescence as to be abased as willingly as others are exalted; to be as peaceful and contented in the lowest place as others are in the highest, and as gladly to accept of a state of weakness and meanness as others do of the most splended honors and the most extensive power. The accomplishment of thy will, and the glory of thy name, should transcend all other considerations, and produce more comfort and peace than all the personal benefits which have been or can possibly be conferred.

Christ.—I will now teach thee, my son, the way to peace, and to true liberty of spirit.

Disciple.—Gracious Lord! do what thou hast condescended to offer. Such instruction I shall rejoice to hear, for such I greatly need.

Christ.—1. Constantly endeavor to do the will of another, rather than thy own:

2. Constantly choose rather to want less, than to have more:

3. Constantly choose the lowest place and to be humble to all: and

4. Constantly desire and pray, that the will of God may be perfectly accomplished in thee, and concerning thee.

Verily, I say unto thee, he that doeth this, enters into the region of rest and peace.

Disciple.—Lord! this short lesson teacheth great perfection; it is expressed in few words, but it is replete with truth and fruitfulness. If I could faithfully observe it, trouble would not so easily rise up within me; for as often as I find myself disquieted and oppressed, I know I have wandered from the strait path which thou hast now pointed out. But do thou, O Lord! who canst do all things, and evermore lovest the improvement of the soul, increase the power of thy grace, that I may be enabled to fulfil thy word, and accomplish the salvation to which thou hast mercifully called me.

"O God, be not far from me: O my God, make haste for my help;" for a multitude of evil thoughts have risen up within me, and terrible fears afflict my soul. How shall I pass them unhurt? How shall I break through them, and adhere to thee?

Christ.—I will go before thee, and humble the lofty spirits that exercise dominion over thee: I will break the doors of thy dark prison, and reveal to thee the secrets of my law.

A PRAYER FOR DIVINE ILLUMINATION.

Disciple.—Fight thou my battles; and with thine Omnipotent arm scatter all my enemies, those deceitful lusts, and malignant passions, that are continually at work to betray and destroy me. In thy power may I obtain peace, that my purified soul, as a living temple consecrated to thee, may resound with songs of thankfulness and praise! Rebuke the storms that rise within me. Say to the sea, "Be still;" and to the north wind, "Blow not;" and a heavenly calm shall instantly succeed.

Send forth thy light and thy truth, that they may "move upon" this barren "earth:" I am as the "earth, without form, and void;" a deep covered with darkness, till thou sayest, "Let there be light." Pour forth thy treasures from the throne of grace; water my heart with the dew of heaven, that the barren soil may produce good fruit worthy to be offered up to thee. Raise my fallen soul, oppressed with the burden of sin; draw all my desire after thee; and give me such a perception of the permanent glories of heaven, that I may despise and forget the fleeting vanities of earth! O force me from myself! snatch me away from the delusive enjoyment of creatures, who are unable to appease my restless desires! Unite me to thyself by the indissoluble bonds of love; for thou only canst satisfy the lover, to whom the whole universe, without thee, is "vanity and nothing!"

Christ.—Son, indulge not vain curiosity, nor surrender thy spirit to the dominion of unprofitable cares: "what is that to thee? follow thou me." What, indeed, to thee, are the words, the actions, and characters of the idle and the busy, the ignorant and the vain? The burden of thy own sins is as much as thou canst bear, thou wilt not be required to answer for the sins of others; why perplex thyself with their conduct? Behold, I understand the thoughts afar off, and nothing that is done under the sun can escape my notice. I search the personal secrets of every heart, and know what it thinks, what it desires, and to what its intention is principally directed. All inspection, therefore, and all judgment being referred to me, do thou study only to preserve thyself in true peace, and leave the restless to be as restless as they will. They cannot deceive Omniscience; and whatever evil they have done or said, it will fall upon their own heads.

Hunt not after that fleeting shadow, a great name; covet not a numerous acquaint-

ance, nor court the favor and affection of particular persons; for these produce distraction and darkness of heart. I would freely visit thee with instruction, and reveal my secrets to thee, if, in abstraction from cares, thou didst faithfully watch my coming, and keep the door of thy heart open to receive me. Be wise: "watch and pray;" and humble thyself continually, under the sense of thy numerous imperfections and wants.

Son, I once said to my disciples, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you." Peace is what all desire; but the things that belong to peace, few regard. My peace dwells only with the humble and the meek, and is found only in the exercise of much patience. If thou wilt hearken to me, and obey my voice, thou mayest enjoy a large portion of true peace.

Disciple.—Lord! what shall I do?

Christ.—Keep a strict guard over all thy words and actions; let the bent of thy mind be to please me only, and to desire and seek after no good but me; and if, with this, thou refrainest from censuring the words and actions of other men, and dost not perplex thy spirit with business that is not committed to thy trust, thou wilt but seldom feel trouble, and never feel it much.

Indeed, to be wholly exempt from trouble, and suffer no distress either of mind or body, belongs not to thy present life, but is the prerogative of that perfect state where evil is not known. Think not, therefore, that thou hast found true peace, when thou happenest to feel no burden of sin or sorrow; that all is well, when thou meetest with no adversary; neither exalt thyself in thy own esteem because thou hast felt the raptures of devotion, and tasted the sweetness of spiritual fervor: for by these marks the lover of perfection is not known; nor doth perfection itself, and man's progress toward it, consist in such exemptions and enjoyments.

Disciple.—In what then, O Lord?

Christ.—In offering up himself, with his whole heart, to the will of God; never seeking his own will either in small or great respects, either in time or in eternity; but with an equal mind, weighing all events in the balance of the sanctuary, and receiving both prosperity and adversity with continual thanksgiving.

If, when deprived of spiritual comfort, thou prepare thy heart for severer trials, not justifying thyself, and extolling thy holiness as that which ought to have exempted thee from such sufferings, but justifying me in all my appointments; then thou wilt walk in the direct path to true peace, and thy spirit will be supported with the sure hope of seeing my face again in unutterable joy. The ground of this high attainment is an absolute contempt and forgetfulness of self; and when that is established, know that thou wilt enjoy peace in as full abundance as it can possibly be enjoyed in this state of exile from heaven!

Disciple.—Lord! it is the prerogative of a regenerate man never to relax in his desire after his first state in thee; and in the midst of innumerable cares and dangers that surround him, to pass on without solicitude, not from insensibility, but by a power of liberty peculiar to the mind that is delivered from inordinate affection to the creatures. I beseech thee, therefore, O my most merciful God! to preserve me from the cares of this fallen life, that my thoughts may not be darkened and perplexed; from the importunate wants and necessities of the body, that I may not be ensnared by the love of sensual pleasure, and from all impediments to the regenerate life, that I may not be subdued and cast down by trouble and despair.

O my God! who art benignity and sweetness inexpressible! turn into bitterness all such consolation, as draws my mind from the desire of eternity. O my God! let not flesh and blood subdue me; let not the world, and the transient glory of it, deceive me; let not the devil, and his subtle reasoning, supplant me. Give me courage to resist, patience to suffer, and constancy to persevere! Give me, instead of worldly comfort, the divine unction of thy Holy Spirit; and for carnal love, pour into my heart the love of thy blessed name!

Behold, the care of food and raiment, which it is difficult to separate from vain decoration, and the indulgence of the sensual appetite, is grievous and burdensome to a fervent spirit. Grant me grace, therefore, to use all things pertaining to the body with moderation; and not anxiously to desire the possession of them, nor bitterly lament the want. To cast all away, the law of nature does not permit; for nature must be sustained: but to desire superfluity, and that which ministers to delight more than to use, the holy law forbids, lest the flesh should grow insolent, and rebel against the Spirit. In all these difficult and dangerous paths, let thy wisdom and power govern and direct me, that I may not deviate to the right hand nor to the left.

(To be continued.)

No one who wishes that conversation should be pleasant to his neighbors as well as himself should speak more than two or three sentences at once. However much he may have to say, it will be all the more agreeably said for giving others the opportunity of assenting, illustrating, qualifying, or even contradicting.

The ball needs to be returned by the opposite player to make a lively game.

SKETCH OF ELIZABETH, LUCY AND JUDITH USHER.

Elizabeth, Lucy and Judith Usher, late of the city of Waterford, Ireland, were the descendants of two ancient and honorable families, whose rank in life had placed them in the gay world and furnished them with opportunities of participating in many of its more refined dissipations; but whilst young, esteemed and accomplished, they were strengthened to withdraw from these fascinating pleasures, the love of Christ having touched their hearts, the love of this world was thereby stained in their view; thus yielding obedience to Him who called them to glory and virtue, they had their understanding enlightened to behold the superior excellency there is in the Truth, and were at seasons favored to enjoy its enriching Heavenly influence.

Elizabeth, the eldest sister, died of a consumption, at Bristol Hot Wells, in the early part of the year 1796, at about twenty-four years of age. She was educated in the communion of the Church of England; but not satisfied with it, she frequented some meetings of other Christian societies in the hope of finding that instruction and comfort her soul greatly desired. She was deprived of a very affectionate father about the age of seventeen. A few years after, one of her sisters being ill in consequence of a hurt, was ordered to Bath, where her mother and three sisters accompanied her, and staid the winter. During this period Elizabeth went to Bristol Wells to visit an aunt, with whom she afterwards resided, who was a religious person, and had withdrawn from gay life and a conspicuous rank in which she was placed, as also from the established worship; she attended at different dissenting meeting houses; to one of these Elizabeth accompanied her, when these words reached the witness in her mind, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," &c.

At this time she wrote the first letter to her mother at Bath, and went thither herself after; when the sweetness of her countenance was *remarkable;* she seemed a changed creature, given up and united to Him, who in adorable mercy had not only *convinced* but *converted* her.

She was become a child not through John's elementary baptism of water, but by the one only effectual baptism, that of the Holy Ghost and of fire; not in words, but in truth, a child of God and an inheritor of the Kingdom of God.

When her family returned to ———, she desired she might remain at the Wells with her aunt, which seemed extraordinary, as a short separation was usually trying to her; but she expressed a fear of returning to her gay acquaintance whilst in the infancy of religious experience, lest through weakness and instability she might be tried beyond her power of resistance, and thus lose an immortal inheritance. As soon as her heart was convinced that her former dress was contrary to Gospel simplicity, she put away all the vain and superfluous parts of it, requesting she might never be pained by seeing them.

She remained in England about two years, growing in grace and favor of the Lord.

A neglected cold fell on her lungs; her mother and sister Lucy hastened to her, and about two months after were witnesses to her close. A few days before her departure, when she appeared to be asleep, her mother remarked to her sister, she considered it a favor that such a covering of peace was granted to them under the prospect of losing such a precious and beloved friend, when Elizabeth, raising herself, said, in a lively manner, "Peace, O virtue, peace is all thy own!"*

Just as the spirit quitted its enfeebled tenement, Lucy was sitting by her bedside, and the curtain being drawn between them, she was not sensible of the change being so near, but was impressed with this language, which she thought she would have uttered, but through diffidence withheld it, "Open ye the everlasting gates, and let the righteous enter in."*

Lucy, the second sister, was taken ill of a consumption, and died the latter part of the year 1797, aged about twenty-one years.

She was very pleasing in her person, of a meek spirit, and religiously thoughtful, yet partook of what she, at that time, deemed innocent recreations, and, in the way she was educated, what were esteemed polite accomplishments such as music, dancing, painting, &c.; but as she became convinced that to purchase the pearl of great price we must sell all that is vain and superfluous, all that divides and separates the heart from the one great and only good, she relinquished these inferior pursuits, which faded as shadows at the rising of the sun of righteousness in her soul. She was dissatisfied with the forms and repetitions of the established worship, and longed for right direction to worship God in spirit and in truth.

About this time, she became acquainted with the Society of Friends, and with her mother accompanied them to their meetings when in silence, that is *outward* silence, she was convinced that Friends were united

* See Isaiah xxvi. 2.

the one precious principle; and these words were intelligently sounded in her spiritual ear, "Join thyself to these people," which divine intimation she readily obeyed; and submitting to the yoke of Christ, she cheerfully endured the refining power that was to judge every thing her dear Lord's controversy was with, and nail it to the cross.

At this time, these words were frequently impressed upon her mind, "The valley of Achor shall be the door of hope;" not remembering such words, she took her Bible and opened it at that passage, and found it was there the Babylonish garment was to be burned; she consulted not with flesh and blood, but set fire to all her fine clothes, a great part of which were her own work, and beautiful, besides others that had been bought; she left none of gold or silver or costly array, making of them a fire sufficient to warm water to wash her hands. The peace of her countenance afterwards evinced that the sacrifice was accepted, and the outward purification seemed emblematical of the purity of her mind. She had strong and lively feelings, and though young in years, was deeply taught by uncommon baptisms tending to her further refinement.

Her sister Judith took notes concerning her after she had taken to her bed, of the illness of which she died, from which the following is extracted:

"She had been for some time deeply exercised, but at this season her mind seemed to be sweetly relieved and covered with Divine love, which flowed to all around her. She called me to her, and said, the way before her was dark, and she knew not whether to look for life or death, but was resigned to the event, saying, she believed if it was the Lord's will to take her, it would be to Himself; expressing in much tenderness of spirit, that if her life was prolonged, she hoped it would be entirely dedicated to His service, for what else was worth living for? and with great earnestness, expressed her desire that I should be faithful unto the Lord, and not withhold any thing he may require; likewise, that she had often felt much interested for me, and had received this comfortable impression, that the Lord would give me change of raiment.

"One evening, being so ill as to think she could not hold out long, and getting me to sit by the side of her bed, she gave some directions about the disposal of her property, and with her love given to her sister Susan and her dear brother John, she desired (as nearly as I can recollect) they would keep much inward to the Lord, who would direct them. She expressed great resignation to whatever was the Lord's holy will concerning her; adding, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," and said, she thought she felt resignation in me also, in which I was wonderfully supported about that time, for though I did not think I could love her better, yet such were my feelings, that had the Lord demanded it, it seemed as if I could part with all that was near and dear to me in this life, in acquiescence to His will.

"A few days before dear Lucy's departure she called to her mother and said, she remembered in a particular manner, what a powerful impression the last testimony of Mary Ridgway's, that she heard at meeting, had on her mind; that it seemed to have passed away, but then revived, and she felt easy to repeat so much: 'Ye are they that have been with me in my trials and in my temptations, and for you my Father has prepared a crown of glory that fadeth not away.' At another time she said, 'Oh! what an awful thing to appear before a God of purity!'

"Her bodily pains seemed excessive, yet she never complained, but with a sweet countenance often said, 'It is not of any consequence, if it does the work of purification it is a favor.'

"She said she remembered, at the only meeting for Discipline that she sat, an epistle was read, where, after much encouragement was expressed to the young, there was added a desire for those who should be cut off in their bloom, that their conduct and example might be such that would leave a savor behind; and at the same time she believed she was of the number that was to be removed, and did ardently crave that the latter part might be applicable to herself."

She was admitted into membership with the Society of Friends about a year and a half before her decease.

If half the pains were taken by some people to perform the labors allotted to them that are taken by them to avoid it, we should hear much less said about the troubles of life, and see much more actually completed.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

BY I. W. G.

My attention was arrested by two articles in your paper written by Benjamin Hallowell, on the subject of music, and in defence of his assertion in a recent publication, that "Friends as a Society have no testimony against music in itself;" he explains that he means by a testimony against music in itself, "an objection or aversion to melodious, harmonious, and musical sounds, such as we have to drunkenness, &c."

Now if he merely means that Friends have no testimony against harmonious and melodious sounds when proceeding from the inferior part of creation, such as the singing of birds, insects, &c., or when produced by the voice of man under the influence of and directed by the power of God, I suppose there can be but little controversy; but, I think, we may conclude that he refers to music in a much broader sense. Yet he states "there is a state attainable in sweet communion with God, in which music of any artificial kind would be rather an annoyance than a gratification." But as to attain to this state of communion with God is the end and object of all true religion, how can it be that that which is an annoyance to this state can be allowed of, much less defended, without weakening the cause of religion itself? and as it was the whole end and object of the labor of George Fox and Friends of his day to bear testimony to pure Christianity, how could they, if faithful to their righteous calling, avoid testifying against that which annoyed them therein? George Fox says, "I was moved also to cry against all sorts of music, and against the mountebanks playing tricks on their stages," (now mark the reason,) "for they burdened the pure life and stirred up peoples minds to vanity. *G. Fox's works*, vol. i, page 92.

Again, in some "Queries to all the teachers and professors of Christianity to answer," George Fox asks, in Query II., "where was any instruments of music allowed of God to be invented and used by the Jews to themselves, but unto the Lord? Indeed David used them as unto the Lord, and danced before the ark of the Lord; but what is the use and end of *all* the music and dancing in Christendom? Was not the melody the true Christians made in their hearts to the Lord?

Query III., where did the primitive Christians invent plays and shows, as those called Christians have done since the apostles' days? . . . . . .

Query VII., whether all these plays, games, shows, sports, and other *vain exercises*, countenanced in Christendom, do not spoil and corrupt youth and men, and ruin them in person and estate?

And doth not Amos say, "Woe to such that chant to the sound of the viol, and invent to themselves instruments of music like David." Amos vi.—*George Fox*, vol. iv., page 316.

It may be observed that Friends generally distinguish between music and the melody made by true Christians from their hearts to the Lord; thus while George Fox heartily approved of the latter, he was moved to cry against *all* sorts of music, because it burdened the pure life, or, to state it differently, he clearly seems to have considered (at least so far as man is concerned) every kind of music that does not proceed from the heart to the Lord an abuse of it; and he queries, "What is the use and end of all the music and dancing in Christendom?"

In view of the preceding, may we not safely conclude that Clarkson was correct in saying, "George Fox and his followers were of the opinion that it (music) could not be admitted in a system of pure Christianity?"

And ought not Friends, making the profession they do, to be too self-denying and practical a people to allow, much less defend, any thing of so seductive a character, the use of which may and has become "almost inseparable from its abuse," unless indeed it was one of the most absolute necessities of life?

SELF-CONSECRATION.

Between thirty and forty years ago, a ship bound for Quebec, with about a hundred and fifty persons on board, was wrecked on the southern shore of Newfoundland, not fifty miles from Cape Ray. It occurred in a fog, and at ten o'clock in the forenoon. All the passengers and seamen, however, after various perils, managed to reach the land in safety and to clamber up on the rocks, whence, after about a week, they were taken off by some fishing vessels and carried, some to the United States, and others to Canada or the different British Provinces. There was among them one youth of about seventeen, who, as he afterwards wandered on that rock-bound coast, and noticed the thousand chances of destruction that he had passed safely through in that scene, kneeled and prayed that the life redeemed from death might be consecrated to the service of the Great Being who had spared it. The feelings of the moment soon passed away, but that solemn act of self-consecration to the service of his Maker has never been forgotten. His effort ever since has been to be dead to the world and alive to God. Only very slowly, perhaps, did this scene have much effect upon his after life. But it was never forgotten, and became by degrees the basis of his whole subsequent life. He was not less cheerful or happy for having an Almighty Father and Friend to whom he could confide all his daily cares, but the habit of praying restrained him from indulging in many of the sins of the people surrounding him, and he occupied his leisure time in reading the Scriptures to the sick and suffering, praying with them, and exhorting them, until opportunity offered, when he studied for the ministry, and devoted his

life to its duties with sincerest pleasure. Nor has he ever desired to retract the consecration of himself then made.

Who can doubt that such a consecration of life is the wisest for all? To live in harmony with the laws of the Universe, even as a matter of philosophy, must be the best life possible for every one. To be guided by the Divine Spirit at every step must give superior wisdom and success in life, amid the complicated mazes of earthly affairs, and their constant fluctuations, and cannot fail, however imperfectly followed, to exert a very marked and favorable influence upon the life of any man. In the course of years, the effect of this will become noticeable and influential. It must confer an elevation and superior direction to life, such as nothing else can afford. Nor can any good man doubt that it is a duty —the duty of all. It stands, as it were, at the threshold of the religious profession, and is given by St. Paul as containing the earnest of the whole life. Indeed, it embraces essentially the comprehensive effort of every wise and good man's life. This must include also the highest and most refined happiness that is to be found on earth, because it is the most elevated and abiding. Such a life, in proportion as it is sincerely followed, leaves no regrets. Its struggles and difficulties are many, at the outset, but it leaves no aching disappointments or wounds or stings behind. The man who is thus consecrated to the service of his Maker has, in fact, a source of pleasure within, independent of the favors or frowns of any one on earth. His life is dedicated to a work that cannot fail in its great purpose, and therefore will not cease to afford him superior and increasing happiness, while the influence he exerts in adding to the happiness and elevation of others will augment through life.

The object in which he is engaged will be certain to bring to him the friendship of the good. For there must always be, as society improves, and the world grows more intelligent, an increasing number, not only interested in the same subjects, but the success of every good man. Friends will arise and do arise, in unexpected quarters, so that though a man may begin a thousand enterprises alone, and may fear he has got to stand and walk alone through life, he will find an ever increasing company of friends walking in the same path—while he who is seeking for friends first, and truth or duty second, will continually find all on whom he has trusted leaving him alone. Thus the self-consecrated man will be more successful in life than others. Not perhaps in obtaining wealth or honors, but in securing what he seeks, the consciousness of serving his Maker and acting nobly and well. The simplicity of his object is favorable to this. God is on his side, and is making the world better in each generation, and in proportion as men devoted to His service abound. No doubt the objects at which good men aim often seem to fail for a while. Many of these enterprises bring rather perplexity and trouble for the time. But these failures often purify and elevate or enlarge their ideas; so that he whose life is most consecrated to the service of his Maker, will be most fully satisfied in this life with the degree of success he attains. The objects on which he most sets his heart he will find growing towards an accomplishment. He will not be left disappointed; and his hope will ever be found to rise in death itself. Often at the beginning of his course he may seem only to sow in tears, but as he draws towards the end, he reaps in joy. No man who has given up anything for truth and goodness' sake, but finds the reward a hundred fold in this present life besides the eternal reward of the life to come.—*Phila. Ledger.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

SORROW AND CONSOLATION.

We present to the readers of Friends' Intelligencer the following striking passage from the elegant pen of John Wilson, the Christopher North of Blackwood's Magazine. They will not fail to perceive that though under a different form of words, he acknowledges the Divine Light in the soul, to which the Society of Friends has ever been concerned to bear witness, as his teacher and minister of consolation. M. T.

"When the hand of death has rent in one moment from fond affection the happiness of years, and seems to have left to it no other lot upon earth than to bleed and mourn, then in that desolation of the spirit are discovered what are the secret powers which it bears within itself, out of which it can derive consolation and peace. The mind, torn by such a stroke from all inferior human sympathies, which, weak and powerless when compared to his own sorrow, can afford it no relief, turns itself to that sympathy which is without bounds. Ask of the forlorn and widowed heart what is the calm which it finds in those hours of secret thought which are withdrawn from all eyes? Ask what is that hidden process of Nature by which grief has led it on to devotion? That attraction of the soul, in its uttermost earthly distress, to a source of consolation remote from earth, is not to be ascribed to a disposition to substitute one emotion for another, as if it hoped to find relief in dispelling and blotting out the vain passion with which it labored before; but, in the very constitution of the soul, the capacities of hu-

man and divine affection are linked together, and it is the very depth of its passion that leads it over from one to the other. Nor is its consolation forgetfulness. But that affection which was wounded becomes even more deep and tender in the midst of the calm which it attains."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

I have noticed, rather with regret, the discussion in the columns of the Intelligencer upon the views of our religious Society, as defined in our Discipline, upon the subject of Music.

I do not believe any advantage will result from it. The youth of our Society are certainly not suffering from over-restraint in this direction. Music in its most enchanting and exquisite form is so wrought up with that which tends to lead the mind of its votary from beneath the restraining power of Divine grace, that safety consists rather in abstinence than indulgence. Herein is our testimony. The desires of the human heart may only be gratified within the limits of purity and holiness of life. The testimonies of Friends are deeply and solidly laid upon the true foundation, and experience has verified them. No candid mind, I think, can hesitate to acknowledge that the effect of indulgence in music as it generally obtains is weakening to the restraints of religious influence. Unlimited gratification of the senses forms the character adverse to the Divine Harmony. The grace of God is given to control the powers of the mind, keep them within legitimate bounds, and lead us onward and upward to the attainment of the perfection to which we are called as disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Philada., 4th mo. 18, 1868. W.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 2, 1868.

QUESTIONS UPON BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. *Designed for the use of Schools and Families. Compiled by a Teacher.*

A little book under the foregoing title has just issued from the press in Baltimore. It has been prepared with much care by a young Friend, who from week to week penned the questions as needed by her class, and though not at first intended to be given to others, is now offered as a help to those who may desire it. The questions are short and comprehensive, and the answers mostly obtained by special references to Scripture texts, while the applications interspersed are simple and teaching. We believe it will be a valuable addition to the limited number of books now in the hands of mothers and First-day school teachers.

MARRIED, on the 9th of Fourth month, 1868, at Rahway, N. J., by Friends' ceremony, EDWARD J. MAGINNIS, of Philadelphia, to KATE L., daughter of H. R. Shotwell.

DIED, on the 1st of Second month, 1868, at the residence of her husband Pemberton Borton, Evesham, N. J., ANNA W. BORTON, in the 51st year of her age.

——, in the city of Baltimore, on the 27th of Third month, 1868, HANNAH P., wife of Joshua I. Atkinson, and daughter of the late Jos. Townsend, in the 60th year of her age; a useful and active member of Lombard Street Monthly Meeting.

——, 2d month, 1868, at her husband's residence, Nether Providence, Delaware county, Pa., MARTHA D., wife of Eli D. Peirce, Sr., in her 80th year.

——, on the 19th of Second month, 1868, at the residence of her son, Hestonville, Philadelphia Co., PHEBE, relict of Jacob Hoffman, in her 90th year.

——, on the 20th of Fourth month, 1868, RACHEL, wife of Thomas Garrett, a member of Wilmington (Del.) Monthly Meeting.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting will be held on Second-day evening of Yearly Meeting week, Fifth month 11th, at 8 o'clock, in Race Street Meeting House, Philadelphia. The attendance of Friends generally is invited.

THOS. GARRIGUES, } *Clerks.*
2t PHEBE W. FOULKE, }

A meeting on the subject of Education, especially in connection with the completion of Swarthmore College, will be held on Third-day evening of Yearly Meeting week, at 8 o'clock, at Race Street Meeting House. 2t

The Annual meeting of the Association of Friends for the aid and elevation of the Freedman, will be held on Fourth-day evening of Yearly Meeting week, at 8 o'clock, at Race Street Meeting House.

JACOB M. ELLIS, } *Clerks.*
2t ANNE COOPER, }

The Executive Committee of the "Association of Friends for the promotion of First-day Schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting," will meet on Sixth-day evening next, at 7 o'clock precisely, in the Monthly Meeting Room at Race St.

A meeting on the subject of First-day Schools will be held on Fifth-day evening of Yearly Meeting week, at 8 o'clock, in Race Street Meeting House.
2t

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The General Conference will meet in Philadelphia, Sixth-day evening, Fifth month 8th, at 7½ o'clock, at Race Street Meeting-House. Reports and representatives from the different associations and schools throughout the country are desired, and a general invitation is extended to all who feel an interest in this concern to attend and participate.

ELI M. LAMB, } *Clerks.*
2t. LYDIA C. STABLER, }

First-day School Executive Committee of the General Conference will meet Sixth-day afternoon, Fifth month 8th, at 4 o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting Room at Race Street.

2t. WM. W. BIDDLE, *Clerk.*

NOTICE.

Hereafter communications and other business, connected with Friends' Publication Association, will be attended to by the Treasurer, Jos. M. Truman, Jr., 717 Willow street, Philadelphia.

T. E. Chapman, No. 3 South Fifth, up stairs, has consented to keep an assortment of its publications for sale.

AGENT APPOINTED.

Phebe Griffith, West Chester, Pa., has been appointed agent of Friends' Publication Association, and will keep an assortment of Friends' books for sale.

FRIENDS' ALMANAC.

"C. C., Wilmington," is informed that the Almanac, published by "Friends' Publication Association," has not been, nor is it intended to make it, an advertising medium.

"Questions upon Books of the Old Testament, with sundry references, &c.," prepared by a Baltimore teacher, having been examined by the First-day School Executive Committee, is recommended by them as a work much needed by teachers. It may be obtained by addressing Eli M. Lamb, Friends' School, Lombard St., near Eutaw, Baltimore. Price, 25 cents. In Philadelphia at T. E. Chapman's, No. 3 South Fifth, up stairs.

EARLY ANTI-SLAVERY REFORMERS.

Samuel J. May has published in the "Christian Register," Boston, a series of interesting essays, entitled, "Recollections of the Early Anti-Slavery Reformers."

Alluding to the important part taken by women in this great movement, and enumerating many of them by name, he gives the following sketch of two who are known to some of our readers.

The account is suggestive of the fact that the emancipation of the slave was an aid in the emancipation of woman.

But though the excellent women whom I have named, and many more like them, constantly attended our meetings, and often *suggested* the best things that were said and done at them, they could not be persuaded to utter their thoughts aloud. They were bound to silence by the almost universal sentiment and custom which forbade "women to speak in meeting."

In 1836, two ladies of a distinguished family in South Carolina—Sarah and Angelina E. Grimké—came to New York under a deep sense of obligation to do what they could in the service of that class of persons, with whose utter enslavement they had been familiar from childhood. They were members of the "Society of Friends," and were moved by the Holy Spirit, as the event proved, to come on this mission of love. They made themselves acquainted with the abolitionists, our principles, measures and spirit. These commended themselves so entirely to their consciences and benevolent feelings, that they advocated them with great earnestness; and enforced their truth by numerous facts drawn from their own past experience and observation.

In the fall of 1836, Miss A. E. Grimké published an "Appeal to the Women of the South," on the subject of slavery. This evinced such a thorough acquaintance with the American system of oppression, and so deep a conviction of its fearful sinfulness, that Prof. Elizur Wright, then Corresponding Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, urged her and her sister Sarah to come to the city of New York, and address ladies in their sewing circles, and in parlors to which they might be invited to meet anti-slavery ladies and their friends. No man was better able than Prof. Wright to appreciate the value of the contributions which these South Carolina ladies were prepared to make to the cause of impartial liberty and outraged humanity. As early as 1833, while Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Western Reserve College, he published an elaborate and powerful pamphlet on "The Sin of Slaveholding," which we accounted one of our most important tracts. Commended by him and by others, who had read her "Appeal," Miss Grimke and her sister attracted the anti-slavery women of New York in such numbers, that soon no parlor or drawing-room was large enough to accommodate those who were eager to hear them. The Rev. Dr. Dunbar, therefore, offered them the use of the vestry or lecture-room of his church for their meetings, and they were held there several times. Such, however, was the interest created by their addresses, that the vestry was too small for their audiences. Accordingly, the Rev. Henry G. Ludlow opened his church to them and their hearers, of whom a continually increasing number were gentlemen.

Early in 1837, the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society invited these ladies to come to Boston to address meetings of those of their own sex. But it was impossible to keep them thus exclusive; and soon, wherever they were advertised to speak, there a large concourse of men, as well as women, was sure to be assembled. This was an added offence which our opposers were not slow to mark, nor to condemn in any small measure. It showed plainly enough that the Abolitionists were ready to set at naught the order and decorum of the Christian church.

My readers may smile when I confess to them that, at first, I was myself not a little disturbed in my sense of propriety. But I took the matter into serious consideration. I looked the facts fully in the face. Here were millions of our countrymen held in the most

abject, cruel bondage. More than half of them were females, whose condition in some respects was more horrible than that of the males. The people of the North had consented to this gigantic wrong with those of the South, and those who had risen up to oppose it were denounced as enemies of their country, were persecuted, their property and their persons violated. The pulpit, for the most part, was dumb; the press was everywhere, with small exceptions, wielded in the service of the oppressors; the political parties were vying with each other in obsequiousness to the slaveholding oligarchy, and the petitions of the slaves and their advocates were contemptuously and angrily spurned from the legislature of the republic. Surely the condition of our country was wretched and most perilous. I remembered that in the greatest emergencies of nations, women had again and again come forth from the retirement to which they were consigned, or in which they preferred to dwell, and had spoken the word, or done the deed which the crisis demanded. Surely the friends of humanity, of the right and the true, never needed help more than we needed it. And here had come two well-informed persons, of exalted character, from the midst of slavedom, to testify to the correctness of our allegations against slavery, and tell of more of its horrors than we knew. And shall they not be heard because they are women? I saw, I felt, it was a miserable prejudice that would forbid woman to speak, or to act, in behalf of the suffering, the outraged, just as her heart may prompt and as God has given her power. So I sat me down and penned as earnest a letter as I could write, to the Misses Grimké, inviing them to come to my house, then in South Scituate, to stay with us as long as their engagements would permit; to speak to the people from my pulpit, from the pulpit of my excellent cousin, Rev. E. Q. Sewall, Scituate, and from as many other pulpits in the county of Plymouth as might be opened to them.

They came to us the last week of October, 1837, and tarried eight days. It was a week of highest, purest enjoyment to me and my precious wife, and most profitable to the community.

On Sunday evening, Angelina addressed a full house from my pulpit, for two hours, in strains of wise remark and eloquont appeal, which settled the question of the propriety of her "speaking in meeting."

The next afternoon she spoke to a large audience in Mr. Sewall's meeting-house in Scituate, for an hour and a half, evidently to their great acceptance. The following Wednesday I took the sisters to Duxbury, where, in the Methodist church, that evening, Angelina held six hundred hearers in fixed attention for two hours, and received from them frequent audible, as well as visible, expressions of assent and sympathy.

On Friday afternoon I went with them to the Baptist meeting-house in Hanover, where a crowd was already assembled to hear them. Sarah Grimké, the state of whose voice had prevented her from speaking on either of the former occasions, gave a most impressive discourse of more than an hour's length, on the dangers of slavery, revealing to us some things which only those who had lived in the prison-house could have learnt. Angelina followed in a speech of nearly an hour, in which she made the duty and safety of immediate emancipation appear so plainly, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, must have seen the truth. If there was a person there who went away unaffected, he would not have been moved though an angel, instead of Angelina, had spoken to him. I said then, I have often said since, that I never have heard from any other lips, male or female, such eloquence as that of her closing appeal. Several gentlemen, who had come from Hingham, not disposed nor expecting to be pleased, rushed up to me when the audience began to depart; and after berating me roundly for "going about the neighborhood with these women, setting public sentiment at naught, and violating the decorum of the church," said "there can be no doubt that they have a right to speak in public, and they ought to be heard; do bring them to Hingham as soon as may be. Our meeting-house shall be at their service." Accordingly, the next day I took them thither, and they spoke there with great effect on Sunday evening, November 5, from the pulpit of the Unitarian church, then occupied by the Rev. Charles Brooks.

The experience of that week dispelled my Pauline prejudice. I needed no other warrant, for the course the Misses Grimké were pursuing, than the evidence they gave of their power to speak so as to instruct and deeply impress those who listened to them. I could not believe that God gave them such talents as they evinced to be buried in a napkin. I could not think they would be justified in withholding what was so obviously given them to say on the great iniquity of our country because they were women. And ever since that day I have been steadfast in the opinion that the daughters of men ought to be just as thoroughly and highly educated as the sons that their physical, mental and moral powers should be as fully developed; and that they should be allowed and encouraged to engage in any employment, enter into any profession for which they have properly qualified themselves, and that women ought to be paid the same compensation as men for services of an

kind equally well performed. This radical opinion is spreading rapidly in this country and in England; and it will ultimately prevail, just as surely as that God is impartial, and that "in Christ Jesus there is neither bond nor free; neither male nor female."

From the Fourth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Board of State Charities.

INDIANS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Mr. Sanborn has an interesting account of the condition, social and legal, of the last remnants of the Indian tribes in Massachusetts. A hundred years ago there were three thousand six hundred left; to-day there are only one thousand six hundred and ten persons, who compose three hundred and seventy-six families. Mr. Earle, the Massachusetts authority on these subjects, says that of all these persons it is safe to announce there is not one of unmixed Indian blood. There are a few who claim it, but there claim does not seem to have any satisfactory basis. When it is considered that the intermixture both with the whites and the blacks commenced more than two hundred years ago, and that in the course of ten or twelve generations there has been an opportunity from intermarriages among themselves for the foreign blood to permeate the whole mass; and when it is considered that the intermixture has been constantly kept up from the outside also down to the present time, it would be a marvel indeed if any Indian of the pure native race remained. Of the publishments of colored persons entered on the early records of Dartmouth, by far the larger number are those of negro men or Indian women. In Yarmouth a large portion of those of Indian descent have intermarried with the whites till their progeny has become white; their social relations are with those of that color, and they are mingled with the general community, having lost their identity as a distinct class. Mr. Earle adds:

"The distinct bands, communities or tribes, having funds or reservations, or which have had them and are recognised as wards of the State, are the Chappequiddick, the Christiantown, the Gay Head, the Marshpee, the Herring Pond, the Natick, the Punkabog, the Troy, or Fall River, the Hassanamisco, and the Dudley. The Indians and descendants of Indians, of whom there are considerable numbers in any one vicinity, whose descent can be distinctly traced, but who do not stand in the same relation to the State, are those of Dartmouth and Yarmouth. There are, in addition, considerable numbers, belonging originally to some of the tribes before named, as the Gay Head, Marshpee, &c., but who, having left them to reside elsewhere, have lost their original rights as members of the tribes, and are not acknowledged as belonging to them; and some others, residing either in neighborhoods or scattered abroad in the community, who originated from other sources or whose descent is not precisely known, but of whose identity as Indians there is no doubt."

The miscegenation in most of the tribes has been more with the negro race than with the white, till that blood probably predominates, "though there are still a considerable number who have the prominent characteristics of the Indians—the lank, glossy, black hair, the high cheek bones, the bright dark eye, and other features peculiar to the race."

The Massachusetts Indians form five distinct communities—the larger portion of whom live at Gay Head, on Martha's Vineyard. Gay Head is of nearly equal length and breadth, between a circle and a square in form, and contains about 2,400 acres of land. A portion of this tract is held by individuals, and is fenced in and occupied; the remainder is owned by the tribe in common. Mr. Sanborn says of these people:

"The population here appears to be gradually increasing, and the increase would be more apparent but for the emigration which has taken place. The whole population of the plantation, including a few in the vicinity who are recognised as having rights as members of the tribe, was 204 in 1860, and cannot now be less.

"The inhabitants of Gay Head, like all whose legal condition is that of Indians, are the involuntary wards of the State. It has taken their property into its own keeping, they can make no sale of their land or improvements out of their tribe, and so there are few or no purchasers. They can make no valid contract, and can neither sue nor be sued in the courts. 'They are, therefore,' says Mr. Earle, 'tied to the plantation by the act of the State, with all its disadvantages and their own disabilities; or if they leave it, it must be at the sacrifice and loss of the income of all their rights there.'"

Of their local government and social condition he says:

"The municipal organization of Gay Head consists, mainly, of three overseers, a clerk, treasurer, school committee and committee on public lands. The school committee performs the duties incident to such committees in the towns, and those of prudential committee also. The school is kept usually about seven months in the year, and is well attended; but its value is greatly impaired by the inability of the parents to procure suitable books, stationery, &c.

"The support of the poor is a severe tax

upon the people, absorbing the entire revenue of the public lands—the largest, best, and most valuable portion of the property of the tribe.

"I visited Gay Head in the early part of August, and observed, as well as time would permit, the condition of the tribe. They are poor, and they are by no means all industrious, or skilful in the tillage of their valuable lands. But they seem to be improving in all respects, and to be much attached to their town organization, without any very strong desire to become a political member of the State."

The Indians cost the State from $3,000 to $5,000 yearly.

Mr. Sanborn recommends that the Indians be enrolled and enfranchised and counted among the regular citizens of the State. But he says that there is an unwillingness among the Indians themselves to assume the burdens of citizenship and a feeling among their white neighbors that they are not to be desired as townsmen, though they might not be objectionable as citzens of the commonwealth. He adds:

"It is feared by the Indians themselves that taxation, military duty, &c., will be more than an equivalent for any advantage they may receive from the privilege of citizenship; while, on the other hand, their white neighbors fear that an increased cost of supporting the poor and other inconveniences would arise from the annexation of an Indian tribe to their township."—*New York Evening Post.*

BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US.

The time for toil has past, and night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest, and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain
As with heaviness of heart and brain;
Master, behold my sheaves.

Few, light and worthless—yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves,
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And staid and toiled till it was dark and late,
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares then wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat,
"Master, behold thy sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value nor utility—
Therefore shall fragrance and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves!

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do—
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Selected.

THE BORDER-LANDS.

Father, into thy loving hands
My feeble spirit I commit,
While wandering in these border-lands
Until thy voice shall summon it.

Father, I would not dare to choose
A longer life, an earlier death;
I know not what my life might lose
By shortened or protracted breath.

These border-lands are calm and still,
And solemn are their silent shades;
And my heart welcomes them, until
The light of life's long evening fades.

I heard them spoken of with dread
As fearful and unquiet places;
Shades, where the living and the dead
Look sadly in each other's faces.

But since Thy hand hath led me here,
And I have seen the border-land,—
Seen the dark river flowing near,
Stood on its brink as now I stand.—

There has been nothing to alarm
My trembling soul; how could I fear
While thus encircled with Thine arm?
I never felt Thee half so near.

What should appal me in a place
That brings me hourly nearer Thee?
When I may almost see Thy face—
Surely 'tis here my soul should be.

They say the waves are dark and deep,
That faith has perished in the river;
They speak of death with fear, and weep;
Shall my soul perish? Never, never!

I know that Thou wilt never leave
The soul that trembles while it clings
To Thee; I know Thou wilt achieve
Its passage on Thine outspread wings.

NOAH WEBSTER.

Like Columbus, when he began his labors, he embarked on an almost unknown sea, and like him was sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust and the consecration to God of all his better part of man. I stopped the other day to peruse anew that sentence in the preface to his Quarto Dictionary, the edition of 1828, wherein Dr. Webster, in words of humble devotion and earnest ardor, declares anew his allegiance to God, and his thankfulness for the Divine encouragement during his long and arduous labors. When I first read this, years ago, it made an indelible mark upon my memory. I will venture to give it here, feeling sure that it may still be the source of profit:

"To that great and benevolent Being, who, during the preparation of this work, has sustained a feeble constitution, amidst obstacles and toils, disappointments, infirmities, and depression—who has borne me and my manuscripts in safety across the Atlantic, and given me strength and resolution to bring the work

to a close—I would present the tribute of my most grateful acknowledgments. And if the talent which He intrusted to my care has not been put to the most profitable use in his service, I hope it has not been 'kept laid up in a napkin,' and that any misapplication of it may be graciously forgiven."

It is God alone that giveth the increase, and it would seem that the Divine aid which thus supported Doctor Webster had been continued, until the talent he so meekly tendered to his Maker has in our day been augmented with abundant usury for the benefit of the world.—*Paris Correspondent of Boston Post.*

For the Children.

THE GOSSAMER SPIDER.

"Oh, papa," said Emma Elwood, "I wish you would tell us something about the Gossamer spider. I will listen so attentively, and so will Frederick. Won't you, Frederick?"

Mr. E.—Happily, my dear, I have leisure to gratify you. Dr. Leister noticed the falling of these webs, and in them discovered more than once a spider, which he named the *bird.* On one occasion, whilst he was watching a common spider, it suddenly turned on its back, darted forth a long thread, and, vaulting from the place where it was, was carried upwards to a great height. He further discovered, that, while spiders fly in this manner, they pull in their long thread with their fore-feet, so as to form it into a ball—or, as it may be called, air-balloon—of flake. So high did they ascend, that one day in autumn, when the air was full of webs, he went to the top of the highest steeple of York Minster, from whence he could see the floating webs still far above him. He took some of the spiders that fell and were entangled on the pinnacles. They were of a kind that never enter houses, and, therefore, could not be supposed to have taken their flight from the steeple. Of one insect he observed, he says, "Certainly this is an excellent rope-dancer, and is wonderfully delighted in darting its threads; nor is it only carried in the air like others, but it effects itself its ascent and sailing; for by means of its legs closely applied to each other, it, as it were, balances itself and promotes and directs its course no otherwise than as if nature had furnished it with wings or oars."

F.—Has any other person particularly noticed them?

Mr. E.—Mr. White has done so. "Every day in fine weather in autumn," he says, "do I see these spiders shooting out their webs and mounting aloft; they will go off from the fingers if you will take them into your hand. Last summer, one alighted on my book as I was reading in the parlor; and running to the top of the page, and shooting out a web, took its departure from thence. But what I most wondered at was, that it went off with considerable velocity in a place where no air was stirring; and I am sure I did not assist it with my breath. So that these little crawlers move faster than the air in the air itself."

E.—Are they often to be seen papa?

Mr. E.—Yes, sometimes in great numbers. I will give you Mr. White's account of a shower of these webs. On the 21st of September, 1741, intent upon field diversion, he rose before daybreak; but, on going out, found the whole face of the country covered with a thick coat of cob-web drenched with dew. When his dogs attempted to hunt, their eyes were so blinded that they were obliged to lie down and scrape themselves. About nine o'clock, a shower of these webs, formed not of single floating threads, but of perfect flakes, some near an inch broad and five or six long, was observed falling from very high regions, which continued through the whole of the day; and they fell with a velocity which showed that they were considerably heavier than the atmosphere. On ascending the highest parts of the country where this was observed, the webs were still seen falling and twinkling like stars in the sun. The flakes of the web hung so thick upon the hedges and trees, that baskets-full might have been collected. In Germany, these flights of gossamer appear so constantly in autumn that they are there called "the flying or departing summer;" and authors speak of the web as often hanging in flakes, like wool, on every hedge and bush throughout extensive districts,

E.—For what are these webs made papa?

Mr. E.—As the single threads shot by other spiders are usually their bridges, this, perhaps, may be their object, and thus the spiders may be conveyed from spot to spot with less labor than if they had traveled over the ground. And, as Kirby says, also, as they seem so thirsty, may not the drops of dew with which they are always as it were strung, be secondary objects with them? So great are their numbers, that sometimes every stock of straw in the stubbles, and every clod and stone in the fallows, swarms with them. Dr. Strach assures us that twenty or thirty often sit on a single straw, and that he collected about two thousand in half an hour, and could have easily doubled the number had he wished it.

E.—But, papa, what makes the spiders go up, up, up, like Mr. Green's balloon, which I saw at Stamford, until it looked not larger than an orange, and then went quite out of sight?

Mr. E.—It is probable that they do so in pursuit of food, for the rejected parts of gnats and flies are often found in the falling webs.

Perhaps the flight of some particular species, forming a favorite food of the little æronauts, may take place at these times. No doubt, however, that the end is worthy such extraordinary means. And I wish you particularly to observe, when you see this spider's thread floating in the air, and stretching from hedge to hedge across a road or brook of four or five yards wide, that this little creature has *no wings* wherewith to fly, nor muscles to enable it to spring or dart to so great a distance; and hence its Creator has laid for it this path in the atmosphere. Though the insect itself be heavier than air, the thread which it spins is lighter. This, then, is its *balloon*. Left to itself, the spider would drop to the ground; but, being tied to its thread, both are supported! This also mounts and bouys up the insect itself, as the tail of a kite does the body, Some of them, it seems, not only bestride their film, but roll it up in a mass, and then sail in a balloon.

Mrs. E. My love, the web of the gossamer spider finely illustrates Paley's doctrine of compensation. It supplies the place of wings; and the defects of one part or of one organ are often made up for by the structure of another part or of another organ. Let us try to recollect some instances. I remember, he says, that the common parrot has, in the structure of its beak, both an inconvenience and a compensation for it. By an inconvenience, he means what appears when the peculiar structure of an organ which fits it for one purpose unfits it for another. Thus the upper bill of the parrot is so much hooked, and so much overlaps the lower, that if, as in other birds, the lower part alone had motion, the bird could scarcely gape wide enough to receive its food; yet this hook and overlapping of the bill could not be spared, for by it the bird climbs; to say nothing of its use in breaking nuts and the hard substances on which it feeds. How, therefore, is the difficulty prevented? By making *both* parts of the jaw movable. In most birds the upper chap is connected and makes but one piece with the skull; but in the parrot the upper chap is joined to the bone of the head by a strong membrane placed on each side of it, which lifts and depresses it at pleasure.

E.—That's a delightful story, mamma; perhaps while you are thinking of another papa will tell us what he remembers.

Mr. E.—Birds have no teeth:—I mean such as common fowls, pigeons, ducks, geese, &c. What have they then to make up for this want? A most powerful muscle called a gizzard, the inner coat of which has rough plaits, which by strong friction against one another, break and grind the hard food as effectually, and by the same sort of action, as a coffee-mill would do. Without this it is proved that a chicken would starve upon a heap of corn! This contrivance goes no farther than the necessity. The food of birds of prey does not require to be ground in a mill and in them a gizzard is not found. I almost forget what he says about the bat.

Mrs. E.—I remember it perfectly. At the angle of the bat's wing there is a bent claw, exactly in the form of a hook, by which the creature attaches itself to the sides of rocks, caves and buildings, laying hold of crevices, joinings, chinks, and roughnesses. It hooks itself by this claw, remains suspended by this hold, and takes its flight from this position, which compensates for the shortness of its legs and feet. Without its hook the bat would be the most helpless of all animals. It can neither run upon its feet, nor raise itself from the ground. But all this is made up for by the contrivance on the wing; and, in placing a claw on that part, the Creator has deviated from what is observable in winged animals. "A singular defect," says Paley, "required a singular substitute."

F.—Cannot you give us one more such fact, papa?

Mr. E.—Yes, my dear, but that one must suffice. The short, unbending neck of the elephant is made up for by the length and flexibility of his proboscis or trunk. He could not reach the ground without it, or, if he could have fed on the fruit, leaves or branches of trees, how was he to drink? Should it be asked why is the elephant's neck so short, it may be answered, that the weight of a head so heavy could not have been supported at the end of a longer lever. And then the proboscis itself is so curious—so wonderfully arranged to make up for all the apparent defects. The more we study these wonders of nature, the deeper must be our reverence for Him who created the delicate gossamer spider and the unwieldly elephant.—*Exchange.*

Have you not found that sometimes, when you thought you were bearing the heaviest burdens, you were unconsciously entertaining angels unawares? The time will come to us all, when, as we look back, we shall estimate all things at their true value. And it will be well for us now, while we are passing through the experiences of life, to take them to trust at that estimate. We must remember that every thing which God sends he means for blessing; and it will be blessing, if we do not wrest it from its purpose. And so we can learn with each new experience, difficult or sorrowful as it may appear, still to trust in him, and to say with Job, "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive

evil?" feeling all the while, what the patriarch did not feel, that God's evil is always good, perhaps the highest good.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

The man who thoroughly understands the art of conversation, all that it means and demands, may be considered to have mastered one of the most important departments of the great art of living. As conversation is the most common and frequent form of intercourse between man and his fellows, to have grasped its significance and its principles is to have grasped a just theory of all the ordinary human relations. Superficial people, who are content to take words very much as they find them, think that conversation is the art of talking. There could not be a greater blunder. Its difficulty would be much more truly expressed by defining it as the art of being silent. Any blockhead is able to talk. To know when and how to be silent is the gift of the wise. The common phrase, a good talker, is more usually than not applied to a man who is profoundly ignorant of what it is that conversation means, or else who knows what it means, but does not much approve of it. As a rule, the persons with the most universal reputation for good talk are foes of conversation. They have no more right to be set up as patterns of conversation than a popular preacher or a teetotal lecturer or a public reciter. Preaching or lecturing is, in its way, just as little conversation as the utterances of the professed talker. Among other evils, the talker is pretty sure to be aware of his reputation, and therefore to be constantly on the strain in order to maintain it. Effort may beget talk, but the charm of conversation is spontaniety and freedom from self-consciousness. It is here as it is with literary style. Style is the unaffected and unconscious outcome and expression of the author's habitual way of thinking and feeling about things. The moment he begins to study style for style's sake, he inevitably becomes stilted, rhetorical, and, to a wholesome taste, intensely disagreeable. The professed stylist is a creature as little to be endured in literature, as the clipping of box-wood into peacocks is to be endured in landscape gardening.

The only way to arrive at a lucid or sympathetic style is to acquire lucid habits of thought and to cultivate humane moods. If an author thinks little of his style, and much of his subject, and of what is due to his own mind and character, his style will take care of itself. It is the same with conversation. The same qualities which make a man a right-living person will of themselves make him good in conversing. To live well one must have a lively intellect and right feeling. To converse well you want no more. Special training for conversational purposes is a superfluity—nay, is worse than a superfluity, just as washes and cosmetics are worse than superfluous for the skin or the hair. The theory is that if we want to do anything we need no more than to buy and ponder the given handbook. Do you desire to swim, for example? Then buy the handbook of swimming. The water may be dispensed with until you have mastered the art. Is a man ambitious of shining in conversation? Let him meditate the precepts contained in the handbook for conversation. The truth is that a handbook for conversation, to be complete, must also be a perfect handbook of morals, manners, literature and most other subjects. As the whole of a man's thinking and feeling shines through his demeanor in society—through his conversation, that is—a complete manual of conversation would be indirectly a complete manual of conduct.—*Saturday Review.*

HOME LIFE.

The other day I chanced to enter a friend's house. He did not know I was in the parlor, and I overheard his conversation. He was very harsh in his dealing with his child. He was "out of sorts" that morning. "The wind was east," and the east wind blew into his lungs, and into his soul, and soured his mind, and soured his heart, and so, like a base miscreant, as he was, he vented his bad temper on his wife and children. It is a habit some men have. This man was talking in a hard, unchristian tone—talking as no father should talk. He had lost his temper. He was saying what he would be sorry for in a few moments. And then the servant announced my presence. Mind you, the man would have said he could not help it: "The boy teased me! He did what I cannot endure, and, on the impulse of the moment, I spoke my anger. I could not control myself." There was a frown on his face; but when I was announced, being more or less of a stranger, demanding of him certain courtesies, he at once smoothed his face as though nothing had happened—as though the sun were shining brightly in the heavens, and the wind were south, and not east. He came into the room where I was, and, in the most cordial and courteous way possible, gave me his hand, and smilingly bade me welcome. He could not control himself, simply because he did not think enough of his boy—because he did not sufficiently appreciate his family; and because he thought that his home was a den in which he could roar with impunity, and not the great temple of God, where he should walk as priest and king. And yet, I, almost a stranger, was sufficiently strong in

my presence, to cause him at once to cool down into courtesy, into affability, into politeness! I tell you that many and many a man, and many and many a woman in this strange world of ours, in which many things seem to go wrong, will be gentle, and kind, and charitable, and full of smiles outside of their houses, with strangers, for whose opinion they do not care one jot or one tittle, and in the house, where all the happiness of years depends upon their sweetness of soul, and where they are constantly shedding influences that will ripen into the good or bad life of boy or girl, will yield to a pettishness and peevishness, unworthy of them as men and women, and wholly unworthy of them as Christians.—*Hepworth.*

Christianity is not a passing phase of Society, a religion very well for its time, a single stage in human progress, which, like every other such stage, must have its beginning, its middle and its end. It is "an everlasting profession," This I have shown to follow from the fact that Christianity is true and Divine, and from the express teaching of Scripture. But I have not stopped there. I have also shown it to follow from the nature of the religion itself, and from the character of its Founder, and from the adjustment of both to the essential and indestructible needs and capacities of the human soul. In proportion as Christianity educates men up to a level with its own teachings, they will find the witness in themselves. The deep intuitions of our spiritual nature, once awakened by the Gospel, will shine in their own light, and shine on forever.—*Dr. Walker.*

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received, since last report,

From city contributions	$10 00
" Solebury, per Mary Magill	20 00
" R. A. S., Illinois	5 00
" Stephen Mosher, West Liberty, Iowa	10 00
" A. R. Paul's School, Salem, N. J.	8 00
" Abby Goodwin, Salem, N. J., a legacy	35 00
	$88 00

Also received from Friends of Trenton, N. J., in Twelfth month, $76.50.

Also received from Friends of Mill Creek, Del., and credited to Abington, Pa., $11.

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer.*

Philadelphia, Fifth mo. 1st, 1868.

ITEMS.

The eruption of Vesuvius continues, and volumes of smoke and fire now issue from an opening at the base of the mountain. The present eruption has continued longer than that of any recorded in modern times.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, near Vicksburg, is said to be threatening to change its channel. The point on the Louisiana shore of the river opposite that city is being gradually worn away, whilst a sandbar is being formed near the Vicksburg shore, and it is feared that the river will ultimately break a new channel and close up Vicksburg harbor altogether. The press of that city are in serious alarm, and advise that piles be driven and boat-loads of stone sunk, so as to prevent any further crevasse, and force the river back to its old channel.

TEACHING deaf mutes by the system of articulation, which has been successfully practiced in the institutions of France, Belgium, Italy, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, and lately introduced into this country at Northampton, Mass., is just now attracting merited attention. The system brings the lips into requisition, and the movements are the same in conversation as though sound were actually produced. This is said to be easier and more speedily learned than conversation by signs. Education can be pushed into a wider field. The awkardness of sign-language is abolished. The Legislature of Massachusetts propose giving this institution special recognition. The report of the asylum in the District of Columbia signally favors the new system.

IT is a fact at once creditable and significant, that Australia has a common school system which in all its harmony of parts, its perfect adaptation and didactic efficiency, may well serve as a model for the mother country. If the growth of such a system in such a place be not miraculous, it is at least curious. It has sprung from a soil made up of poverty, wit, crime, genius, ignorance, and all the incongruities of society. The implements of culture have been manufactured in the workshops of Kildare, and as if to show the absolute power of discordant elements when they become fused by misfortunes, the ploughmen who first broke the wild soil were a little convention of twenty-three Anglicans, four Quakers, two Presbyterians, and two Romans.

The House of Lords has just yielded the privilege of voting by proxy. Hitherto a lazy lord might stay at home or go to the races and give one of his fellow peers the privilege of uttering his vote in the Upper House.

EVIDENCE continue to accumulate showing that the Coolie traffic is rivalling the slave trade for inhumanity. The ill-treatment suffered by the Chinese laborers on their passage from their native land is becoming notorious, and is evinced by the fact that the Coolies, on arriving at Havana, seek the first opportunity to commit suicide. The number drowning themselves is stated to average twenty a week.

A warrant has been issued by the Bow-street police magistrates for the arrest of Ex-Governor Eyre of Jamaica, on the charge of illegally proclaiming martial law during the disturbances in that island. It is believed that by this means the legality of his action, while governor of Jamaica, in adopting extraordinary measures to suppress the insurrection there, will be finally and satisfactorily tested.

The rights of English women are recognized in parochial if not in parliamentary affairs. A Sarah Wooster has been appointed by the Aylesbury magistrates to the offices of overseer of the poor and surveyor of highways for the parish of Illmire and, last year, four women filled similar offices in the Aylesbury district. Among other places for which it has been held that women are eligible, are those of high chamberlain, high constable, common constable, sexton, and returning officer at an election to Parliament.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 9, 1868. No. 10.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, four copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

LAY-PREACHING.

Every religious movement which appears likely to lead to important consequences must possess some interest to the readers of Friends' Intelligencer; I have therefore selected from the columns of the New York Independent the subjoined article on "Lay-preaching in the West." As Friends have a testimony to bear against the assumption by the clergy that they alone are authorized to preach the Gospel, it is encouraging to observe that this pretension is no longer supported, as it formerly was, by public opinion, and that large masses of people are receiving religious instruction from earnest men and women who have not been ordained by the imposition of hands, but claim as their commission a sense of duty which they believe to be of divine origin.

The division of the Christian church into two classes, clergy and laity, a distinction unknown in the apostolic age, has been attended with very injurious consequences, and the most decided protest ever made against it was by the preaching and example of the early Friends.

The Methodist lay-preaching, alluded to in the following article, commenced nearly a century later than that of George Fox and his coadjutors, and was less consistent than theirs; for Wesley ordained a bishop for the Methodist church in America, and never renounced his connexion with the Church of England. The conferences of the Methodist Episcopal church in this country, are composed entirely of the itinerant preachers, but the question of admitting lay-delegates to participate in them is now being discussed, and most probably this privilege will not much longer be withheld. Every movement by which the power of the clergy is restricted and the privilege of the people extended promotes religious liberty. S. M. J.

LAY-PREACHING AT THE WEST.

A movement of great significance has begun at the West. It is little noticed as yet in the Western religious papers; but it seems to be destined to influence all the future aggressive labors of American Christianity in this country. We mean lay-preaching. No new thing, to be sure; as old as the days of good Deacon Stephen the Stoned, and Deacon Philip, who had an especial call to carry the truth to neglected classes—Samaritans and negroes—and whose daughters inherited his preaching gifts. Not new even in modern times, since the revival movement, led by the Wesleys, Whitefield, and Lady Huntington, raised up a host of mighty preachers from the laity. The present Western movement seems to be a repetition of that of a hundred years ago; except that it is not likely to take any organic form, but rather to prove a mighty leaven of life to the religious bodies generally.

The origin of this movement may be traced to the mission Sunday-school work, which is carried to a high degree of efficiency and perfection in the West. Out of the necessities of these missions it grew; but the laborers had first learned to forget their traditional theories of propriety in the army-work of the American Christian Commission. This lay-movement may really be considered one of the many benefits we have derived from the war.

First, in his prominence before the public, with a European and American reputation, is Mr. Moody. He has been several times sketched in these columns. With no graces of manner or diction, with no advantages of education, he is a blunt, abrupt, direct and earnest speaker. He does not appeal so much to the tenderness of his hearers as he startles them with his solemn, sturdy, and tremendously earnest denunciations and appeals. He is not troubled with any delicacy or caution; but, by virtue of his very eager but kindly directness, awakens into consciousness men that could not be touched by a more refined speaker. And there is a young man, with one arm, who is Mr. Moody's other self. On packing-box or platform, he is earnest and effective. That is Charles M. Morton, whom Mr. Moody pulled out of a saloon, and who has in turn done the same thing by scores of others. A brand plucked from the burning, he is eminently useful.

If you were to take your seat in the noon prayer-meetings in Chicago, you would probably observe among those taking part in the exercises a quiet, unostentatious man, of about forty or less, in a suit of drab. His eye is cool and unsympathetic, but his whole manner is that of a man whose Christianity has taken hold upon the very roots of his life. That is John V. Farwell, the head of the largest dry-goods house in the West. Not only does he give his money without stint, but he likewise preaches. At nine o'clock every Sabbath morning he holds service in the Bridewell, and never hesitates to speak for Christ anywhere when an opportunity offers. Then, too, there is Major Whittle, superintendent of the great Tabernacle Mission School, and holding a business position of great responsibility. He is one of the most effective street-preachers in Chicago; a man who can reach the masses as well as any man in the city, but who can never be anything but a refined and polished Christian gentleman. There, too, is Mr. B. F. Jacobs, superintendent of the First Baptist Sunday-school, and a peculiarly happy and fluent speaker; and Mr. Hawley, who preaches every Sabbath, without license, in the William Street mission.

Nor are these all in Chicago. Many others there are of great zeal and usefulness. In addition to lay sermons in mission chapels, there were two hundred and fifty open-air meetings held in that city last summer. Nor must we fail to mention the sweet-voiced Quakeress, Mrs. Elizabeth L. Comstock, who is another Elizabeth Fry. We wish there were more such preachers as she, both in Chicago and in New York.

But it is not in Chicago alone that laymen are learning to use their gifts to spread the knowledge of Christ. Mr. K. A. Burnell, of Milwaukee, whose pecuniary support is provided by some truly Christian man in Boston, is in labors more abundant. The antipodes of Mr. Moody in disposition, he is like him in zeal. Sweetness, tenderness, and sympathy, we should say, are prominent traits in Mr. Burnell's character. He does not carry his point by storm, as Mr. Moody, but rather by address. In saloons, in the streets, in the children's meetings, on depot platforms, everywhere, he preaches Jesus, day and night. From state to state, from city to city, he moves, stopping but a day or two in a place. Engaged always in what he calls "sea-side service," Mr. Burnell seems to keep the example of Christ always in view.

It is not for us to draw comparisons. But to our minds there is no abler man among all the Western lay-preachers than Wm. Reynolds, of Peoria, the present president of the Illinois State Sunday-school Convention. With a mission Sunday-school of six hundred children under his care, with a large and engrossing business, one would think that he had no time for outside work. But he has been known to attend a dozen Sunday-school conventions in half as many weeks, holding open-air meetings every evening. He is a man of means and social position, with the advantages of European travel, and yet quite young. He preaches constantly in the street and elsewhere. The results following his labors are as encouraging as his labors are multiplied.

Prof. Gillett, of the Illinois Deaf and Dumb Institution, and one of the most eminent of Western Sunday-school workers, does not usually take a text and preach, as the other lay-preachers do; but he makes so many earnest "addresses" and "talks" that he has come to be ranked in the same class. And, indeed, the results of his labors are of the most encouraging character. He is a man of classical culture and a telling speaker; and, when once emancipated from his fear of assuming clerical functions, will be one of the most efficient lay-preachers."

Mr. A. G. Tyng, of Peoria, is a layman worthy of the honored name he bears. No

less sturdy and no less gifted than the clerical members of his family, he does not hesitate to do so uncanonical a thing as preaching the Gospel from a packing-box pulpit, in so unconsecrated a place as the street; and that, too, without regard to any stubs and bogs that may obstruct his course.

We must not fail to do justice to Mr. E. D. Jones, of St. Louis, who fairly comes under the same head. Mr. Jones is president of one bank and cashier of another, and has half a dozen other irons in the fire; but he finds time to do most valuable service in the Sunday-school, and is besides a forcible and sometimes exceedingly humorous speaker. He is in every way adapted to lay-preaching, of which he is an earnest advocate; and, if he lived in Chicago, instead of St. Louis, he would long since have taken high rank in the list of "packing-box preachers."

The instances of lay-preaching which we have mentioned will serve to show how general is the movement. Mr. Moody and Mr. Morton are members of an Independent church, Mr. Reynolds is an Old School and Mr. Hawley a New School Presbyterian, Mr. Burnell and Major Whittle are Congregationalists, Mr. Farwell and Prof. Gillett are Methodists, Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Jones are Baptists, and Mr. Tyng is an Episcopalian in his denominational relations and a successor of the apostles in his spirit. Nor must we forget to do justice to the Western clergy, who have given the movement all the encouragement that could be desired; and who, like Moses, have been willing that all the Lord's people should prophesy.

The greatest benefactor to society is not he who serves it by single acts, but whose general character is the manifestation of a higher life and spirit than pervades the mass.

From "Imitation of Christ."

BLESSEDNESS OF INTERNAL CONVERSATION WITH CHRIST.

BY THOMAS A'KEMPIS.

(Continued from page 131.)

Christ.—My son, thou must give all for all, and make an absolute surrender of thyself to me. The inordinate love of self is more hurtful to the soul than the united power of the world: for the creatures of the world have no dominion over thee but in proportion to the affection and desire with which thou adherest to them for thy own sake. If thy love was pure and fixed only upon me, no creature would have power to enslave thee. Covet not that which thou art not permitted to enjoy; retain not the possesssion of that which will obstruct thee in the pursuit of true good, and rob thee of inward liberty. How can it be that from the depth of thy heart thou dost not resign thyself, and all thou canst desire and possess, to my will!

Why dost thou pine away in useless sorrow? Why is thy strength consumed by superfluous cares? Establish thyself in absolute resignation to my good pleasure, and thou canst suffer no evil. But if, for thy own appropriate good, and the gratification of thy own will, thou desirest change of enjoyment, and seekest change of place, thou wilt always be tormented with anxiety, and made more restless by disappointment; for in all earthly good thou wilt find a mixture of evil to imbitter its possession, and in every place meet some adversary to oppose thy will. It is not the acquisition nor the increase of external good that will give thee repose and peace; but rather the contempt of it, and rooting the very desire out of thy heart: not only of the luxury of wealth, but of the pomp of glory, and the enjoyment of praise.

Neither can change of place avail, if there is wanting that fervent spirit devoted to me, which makes all places alike. Peace sought for abroad, cannot be found; and it will never be found by the heart, that, while it is destitute of me, wants the very foundation upon which alone peace can be established. Thou mayest change thy situation, but canst not mend it: the evils which thou hast fled from will still be found, and more may soon arise; for thou hast taken with thee the fruitful root of every evil, thy own unsubdued selfish will.

Disciple.—"Uphold me, O God, with thy free Spirit! strengthen me with might in the inner man!" that being emptied of all selfish solicitude, I may no longer be the slave of restless and tormenting desires; but with holy indifference may consider all earthly good, of whatever kind, as continually passing away, and my own fallen life as passing with it: for there is nothing permanent under the sun, where "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

But what wisdom, O Lord! can consider this truly, but that which was present with thee when thou madest the world, and knew what was acceptable in thy sight? O send me this wisdom "from the throne of thy glory," that I may learn to know and seek thee alone, and thus seeking find thee. May I love thee, and delight in thee, above all beings; may I understand all that thou hast made as it is in itself, and regards its various forms only according to that order in which thy infinite mind hath disposed them!

Grant that I may carefully shun flattery, and patiently bear contradiction; that being neither disturbed by the rude breath of impotent rage, nor captivated by the softness of

delusive praise, I may securely pass on in the path of life, which, by thy grace, I have begun to tread.

Christ.—Be not impatient, my son, when men think evil of thee, and speak that which thou art not willing to hear. Thy own opinion of thyself should be much lower than others can form, because thou art conscious of imperfections which they cannot know. If thy attention and care were confined to the life of the internal man, thou wouldst not feel the influence of fleeting words that dissolve in air. In times of ignorance and wickedness like this, it is most wise to bear reproach in silence, and in full conversion of thy heart to me not to regard the judgment of men.

Let not thy peace then depend upon the commendation or censure of ignorant and fallible creatures like thyself, for they can make no alternation in thy real character. True peace and true glory are to be found only in me; and he that seeking them in me loves not the praise of men, nor fears their blame, shall enjoy peace in great abundance. By love of human praise, and fear of human censure, nothing but disorder and disquietude are produced.

Disciple.—Blessed be thy name, O Lord, forever, who hast permitted this tribulation to come upon me! I am not able to fly from it; but it is necessary for me to fly to thee, that thou mayst support me under it, and make it instrumental to my good. I am in deep distress, and my heart faints and sinks under the burden of its sorrows. Dearest Father, encompassed thus with danger, and oppressed with fear, what shall I say?—O save me from this hour!—But for this cause came I unto this hour, that, after being perfectly humbled, thou mightest have the glory of my deliverance. Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me! Poor and helpless as I am, what can I do, and whither shall I go, without thee? O fortify me under this new distress; be thou my strength and my support; and whatever be its weight, whatever its continuance, I will not fear.

Lord, thy will be done! This tribulation and anguish I accept as my due: O that I may bear it with patience till the dark storm be overpast, and light and peace succeed! Yet thy omnipotent arm, O God, my mercy! as it hath often done before, can remove even this trial from me, or so graciously mitigate its severity that I shall not utterly sink under it. Though difficult it seems to me, how easy to thee is this change of thy right hand, O Most High!

Christ.—"I am the Lord, a stronghold in the day of trouble;" when, therefore, trouble rises up within thee, take sanctuary in me. The support of heavenly consolation comes slowly, because thou art slow in the use of prayer; and before thou turnest the desire and dependence of thy soul to me, hast recourse to other comfort, seeking from the world or within thyself that relief which neither can bestow. Thy own experience should convince thee, that no profitable counsel, no effectual help, no lasting remedy, is to be found, but in me. When, therefore, I have calmed the violence of the tempest, and restored thy fainting spirit, rise with new strength and confidence in the light of my mercy; for I, the Lord, declare, that I am always near, to redeem all fallen nature from its evil, and to restore it to its first state, with superabundant communications of life, light, and love.

Dost thou think that "there is anything too hard for me?" or that I am like vain man, who promiseth and performeth not? Where, then, and what is thy faith? O believe, and persevere! Possess thy soul in patience, and comfort will arrive in its proper season. Wait for me; and, if I come not, wait; for I will at length come, and "will not tarry." That which afflicts thee, is a trial for thy good; and that which terrifies thee is a false and groundless fear. What other effect doth thy extreme anxiety about the events of to-morrow produce, than the accumulation of anguish upon anguish? Remember my words, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." It is unprofitable and vain to be dejected or elevated by the anticipation of that which may never come to pass. Such disorders of imagination are, indeed, incident to fallen man; but it is an evidence of a mind that has yet recovered little strength, to be so easily led away by every suggestion of the enemy; who cares not whether it is by realities or fictions, that he tempts and betrays thee: whether it is by love of present good, or the fear of future evil, that he destroys thy soul.

"Let not thy heart be troubled," neither let it be afraid. "Believe in me," whose redeeming power has "overcome the world," and place all thy confidence in my mercy. I am often nearest thee, when thou thinkest me at the greatest distance; and when thou hast given up all as lost in darkness, the light of peace is ready to break upon thee. All is not lost, when thy situation happens to be contrary to thy own narrow and selfish judgment. It is injurious to thy peace to determine what will be thy future condition, by arguing from present perceptions; and it is sinful to suffer thy spirit to be so overwhelmed by trouble, as if all hopes of emerging from it were utterly taken away.

Think not thyself condemned to total dereliction, when I permit tribulation to come

upon thee for a season, or suspend the consolations which thou art always fondly desiring; for this is the narrow way to the kingdom of heaven: and it is more expedient for my servants to be exercised with many sufferings, than to enjoy that perpetual rest and delight which they would choose for themselves. I, who know the hidden thoughts of thy heart, and the depth of the evil that is in it, know that thy salvation depends upon thy being sometimes left in the full perception of thy own impotence and wretchedness; lest, in the undisturbed prosperity of the spiritual life, thou shouldst exalt thyself for what is not thy own, and take complacence in vain conceit of perfection, to which man of himself cannot attain.

The good I bestow, I can both take away and restore again. When I have bestowed it, it is still mine; and when I resume it, I take not away that which is thine; for there is no good of which I am not the principle and centre. When, therefore, I visit thee with adversity, murmur not, neither let thy heart be troubled; for I can soon restore thee to light and peace, and change thy heaviness into joy; but in all my dispensations acknowledge that I, the Lord, am righteous, and greatly to be praised. If thou wert wise, and didst behold thyself and thy fallen state, by that light with which I, who am the Truth, enlighten thee; instead of grieving and murmuring at the adversities which befall thee, thou wouldst rejoice and give thanks: nay, thou wouldst "count it all joy, thus to endure chastening." I once said to the disciples whom I chose to attend my ministry upon earth, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you;" and I sent them forth into the world, not to luxury, but to conflict; not to honor, but to contempt; not to amusement, but to labor; not to take repose, but to "bring forth much fruit with patience." My son, remember my words?

(To be continued.)

Advices issued by New York Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders, held in 1800.

The following advices are recommended to Ministers and Elders as caution and counsel, and to be communicated to their several meetings:

1*st.* Against undue and restless behaviour under the ministry of any Friend, while in the unity of the body.

2*d.* That *all* be cautious in their public appearances of using unnecessary preambles, and of too positively asserting a Divine motion, as the baptizing power of truth accompanying the words is the only satisfactory evidence of the authority of such offerings.

3*d.* Against misquoting and misapplying the Scriptures of Truth; and to be careful, when led into disputed points in their testimonies, how they make objections they do not clearly answer; and that all concerned be particularly guarded against delivering prophetic declarations without the most clear and certain evidence of truth requiring it.

4*th.* Against hurting meetings toward their conclusion, by unnecessary additions, when they are left well before.

5*th.* Against unbecoming tones, sounds, gestures, and all affectations which are not agreeable to Christian gravity.

6*th.* Against undertaking or running into employments they have not knowledge or experience of, but that they employ themselves in business they are acquainted with.

7*th.* That their apparel and the furniture of their houses and tables and their way of living may be with decency, moderation and temperance, that they may therein be good examples to others.

8*th.* That none show or expose manuscripts, so as to give expectations of their being printed before they are approved by the Friends appointed to peruse them.

9*th.* That Ministers and Elders be careful to keep their whole conversation unspotted, being examples of meekness, temperance and charity.

10*th.* And as prayer and supplication to God is the most solemn part of public worship, let ministers be careful to wait for the pure influence of the Holy Spirit in the performance of that great duty; and that all unnecessary declarations and repetitions be avoided.

Signed, JAMES MOTT,
Clerk to the Meeting this year.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LETTER FROM HUGH JUDGE.

BALTIMORE, 3d mo. 24, 1868.

The following letter from Hugh Judge's journal may be a word in season to some young persons, and I offer it for insertion in the Intelligencer. J. M.

Sixth mo. 20th, 1787.

My dear young friend,—Thou art almost daily in my remembrance, and I can do no less than manifest my regard and care for thee, in spending a little time to write to thee. I shall treat thee with the same freedom as if thou wast my own son; for I think I could hardly feel more concern for thee, hadst thou sprung from my own loins. Dear child, when I was last in town, the tears frequently flowed from my eyes on thy account; but I said, What can I do for him? I must leave him here in a place that looks like leaving a lamb in the midst of wolves. But I remembered

there was an all-seeing, protecting God who delivered David, when a youth as thou art, out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear: and I cried to him to preserve thee also. This, I am satisfied, he will do as thou makest it thy study and care to fear and serve him as David did. Doubtless he is as able and as willingly disposed as ever he was to manifest his fatherly care over all those that seek him early. Let it then be thy engagement to remember thy Creator with revence and fear, assured that the fear of "the Lord keeps the heart clean;" yea, that it is as a "fountain of life to preserve from the snares of death." Thou art now grown to the years of maturity and manhood; and though thou art fatherless, yet remember thou hast an aged mother who loves thee. Suffer me to entreat thee not to grieve her righteous soul, nor bring down her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave: but yield thyself to be actuated and governed by the dictates of Divine grace,—the principle of Divine light and life bestowed upon thee,—and do not stifle conviction, by disregarding its illumination. Let not the ardor of youth prompt thee to neglect thy duty,—thy indispensable duty to Him who formed thee for a purpose of his own glory. Remember him, fear and serve him, for thou knowest not how soon thou mayst be brought before his dreadful tribunal.

There are those around thee who will be artful in persuasion to draw thee in the way that they go; but they cannot force thee. Do not suffer thyself to be carried away by their entreaty. The power of acting or withholding lies in thy own breast; and if thou wilt but attend to the voice of wisdom, thou wilt be preserved. Hear now this language which she utters: "My son, if thou wilt receive my words, and hide my commandments with thee, so that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding; yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding—if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures,—then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. For the Lord giveth wisdom; out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding. He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous; he is a buckler to them that walk uprightly. He keepeth the paths of judgment, and preserveth the way of his saints. Then shalt thou understand righteousness, and judgment, and equity; yea, every good path. When wisdom entereth into thy heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul, discretion shall preserve thee,—understanding shall keep thee; to deliver thee from the way of evil men, from the man that speaketh froward things; from those who leave the paths of righteousness to walk in the ways of darkness; who rejoice to do evil, and delight in the frowardness of the wicked; whose ways are crooked, and they froward in their paths. To deliver thee from the strange woman, even from the stranger which flattereth with her words, (O my dear child, give attention to this) which forsaketh the guide of her youth, and forgeteth the covenant of her God. For her house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead. None that go unto her return again, neither take they hold of the paths of life. But do thou walk in the way of good men and keep the paths of the righteous; for the upright shall dwell in the land, and the perfect shall remain in it; but the wicked shall be cut off from the earth, and the transgressors shall be rooted out of it." I might copy much more of the words of wisdom as applicable to thy case, and which I hope thou wilt attentively read. Read it often, and be not backward in letting me know whether thou receive my letters or not.

30*th*. I am still deeply concerned for thy preservation, for I think I often see thee in very great danger. Thou art surrounded with temptations; many endeavoring to draw thee from the paths of piety and virtue. Dost thou not see thyself exceedingly exposed, and that if thou art not very watchful and careful, they will prevail against thee, to the wounding of thy own soul? But if thou duly remember and fear the Lord, who beholds us at all times, those temptations will never be able to overcome thee.

Thou can hardly be more closely tried than Joseph was; and though thy trials may not be in the very same way as his were, yet every thing that leads from the holy command, or manifested will of God, if yielded to, is a transgression, and will ultimately prove our ruin. So that I wish thee to be always fortified with that grace which induces to say on the presentation of every temptation, "How can I do this wickedness and sin against God?"

Whatever arguments may be used to draw thee into things inconsistent with our religious principles and holy profession, yield not thereunto, I affectionately entreat thee, for the moment thou doest so, thou losest ground, and the strength goes from thee, as Samson's did. Mark the consequence,—blindness, derision and shame. So that thou canst not be too careful: to tamper at all with temptation to evil, is to lose ground; and it is vain for any to imagine they can go only so far and no farther. I know what I say by sad and sensible experience; having trod the path of youth and exposure to dangers before thee, as well as felt the chastising rod for transgression. Thus, in pure love and good will, I am

led deeply to feel for and to desire the preservation and the good of all, and particularly those who feel to me as my own children. Oh! that it was in the power of my pen to convey to thee the tender feelings of heart I am now possessed of on thy account. Surely they would then have place with thee.

With the salutation of dear love, I bid thee farewell, and remain thy unfeigned friend,

HUGH JUDGE.

PRAYER.

Many years ago, when the telegraphic wires, now so common in our streets, were beginning to be established, a convict, just liberated from the Penitentiary, inquired of a man he met in the streets what they were erected for. The person addressed endeavored to explain the rapidity and extent of this means of conveying information. But it all appeared to the convict so incredible, that, regarding it as an attempt to impose upon him, he struck a blow at his instructor, and was again incarcerated. Yet not more incredible —not more hard to believe or understand— is the fact that God hears prayer. Wherever the sincere suppliant kneels before his Maker, there is a line which instantaneously conveys his supplication to the Throne of Grace and Mercy; and while the suppliant is yet speaking, the prayer may be answered. Nor is the one more incredible or difficult to believe, apart from personal experience, than the other. A thousand difficulties and objections hard to meet might be brought against each; but the evidence arising from experience in both cases is so overwhelming. that few civilized people now doubt either the one or the other. Faith in prayer appears to be one of the most universal and instinctive beliefs of man, as it is certainly one of the most ancient. The earliest written records of man remaining to us on earth are those of his attempts to address the Deity. The desire for the establishment of a holy friendship between the Creator and the creature is one of the most important as well as ancient of the records of our race. If in the course of ages we have gained anything on the most ancient records, it is chiefly in the trustfulness and earnestness. The words of the Saviour leave nothing more to be desired. None have ever suggested any possible improvement upon them. To approach God as father, all-wise and all-powerful, and express the deepest wants of the soul with the utmost simplicity and earnestness, is the great object of his teachings on this subject in the sermon on the Mount.

Now let any man try prayer, not for the speculative purpose of testing the ability of Providence, but by asking, with a contrite heart and in good faith, the Heavenly Father for those things which are really for the suppliant's good, and he will find such proofs that God is the hearer and answerer of prayer, that he will cease to doubt, though lost in wonder and adoration at the goodness of that Being whom he without seeing worships. He will find it good for him to draw near to God. In what way prayers and confessions, praise or adoration, can affect the Infinite Being when addressed by the devout man or woman, must ever be to a great extent a subject of mystery. But yet it will be impossible for such persons to doubt that their prayers are heard and answered, not always immediately, or in the ways they had hoped for, but in such a manner as to show them that their petitions have been accepted. So great is the effect of devotional habits subjectively upon the heart and character of a person who prays that many have been disposed to question whether it is necessary to look for any further or objective effects of it at all. Nor need there be any question that its reflex influence in the formation of the character of the petitioner is so valuable, that on that ground alone it would be eminently appropriate for all good people to cultivate and cherish their habits of addressing their wants to the Deity. But the wisest and best, as well as the poorest and most illiterate in all ages, have delighted to make known their requests to the Father of all, and have felt abundantly assured that they were both heard and answered. Thus did Socrates from his own personal experience advise his atheistic friend Aristodemus, to go to God as to a friend, and consult him in his hours of weakness and distress, and assured him that then he shall know by his own personal experience that there is an ear open to every sound, and an eye that pierceth through all space, and a care and watchfulness that none can limit. In fact, the best people have ever had the greatest confidence in God as the hearer and answerer of prayer. And man is never so disposed to pray and worship God as when the judgment is most mature and ripe. Here all philosophy resolves itself into experience, a personal experience, which language can only imperfectly express, but which is not the less convincing or comforting on that account.

In fact, prayer is a universal instinct; and apart from all external revelation, in all ages of which we have the faintest records, the heart of man has ever taught him that it is good to draw near to God. This instinct is confirmed by the experience of all who have examined the subject. So that we may safely infer that, as there never was a time, since man began to exist on earth, when worship was unknown, so there never will be a period

when, in the progress of the race, man will have outgrown it. That men, in their worship, will become more full of trust, more earnest and truthful in all their approaches to the Deity, and that they have been moving forward in this direction through all recorded time thus far, need not be doubted. It is by the greatest simplicity alone that the mind is best enabled to receive what is most sublime, and that which brings the soul nearest to God must best purify and purge it from all that is impure, unjust and unbecoming; since the very thought of the eye of God resting upon us is the best means of cleansing the soul from all improper motives, unjust desires and unrighteous actions. Before Him there can be no disguises.—*Public Ledger.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 9, 1868.

"SOMETHING FOR STRANGERS."—An editorial note in the "British Friend" of Fourth month bears the above prefix. It says,

"We have had sent us a small, neat four-page card, issued by Friends of Upper Holloway, announcing, on the first page, the hours of meeting, and intimating that a free, lending library is in the meeting-house premises, attendance being given before and after meeting hours, when books explanatory of the faith of Friends are to be obtained. On the second page, the views of Friends on worship and ministry are clearly and concisely stated. The other pages are devoted to extracts from the Society's "Advices," winding up with two questions for self-examination, viz., the first and second unanswered Queries.

"The example set by Friends of Holloway in this matter seems well deserving the attention of meetings everywhere, such a card as that above noticed being very suitable to be put into the hands of strangers coming to our meetings."

This note calls attention to a subject that has for sometime rested as a concern on the minds of some of our Friends, who have felt a fear lest in the desire to avoid the charge of seeking to proselyte, we are neglecting a proper effort to show forth to the world the beauty and simplicity of Truth as professed by Friends. They have feared that we were dwelling too much at ease in our ceiled houses, contenting ourselves with *secret* or *Society* acknowledgment of the correctness and vitality of our profession, forgetting that there are many honest inquirers without its pale, who are waiting for an invitation to enter and examine for themselves those truths which we have received from the fathers.

Some cases in point have recently come under our notice, and have strengthened our convictions that there is *something* for us, as a Society, to do in this direction, in order, not only that our doors may be wide open to receive the inquiring, seeking stranger, but that those thus seeking may be *helped to find* a people with whom, "without money and without price," they may gather to enjoy the privilege of social worship.

One of the cases alluded to was a young man and his wife, not members of our Society, from Canada. His object in spending the winter in our city was to attend medical lectures. They were strangers, and took apartments in a retired location, and lived so much to themselves that they knew not where our different meeting houses were located, and it was only during the last four weeks of their stay here, that they found their way to the meeting-house at the corner of Fourth and Green Sts., where they said they felt at home at once, and where they were both afterwards regularly seen on First-days, and the wife on Fifth-days. Previously they had been drifting about among various places of worship without finding what their spirits craved. On their first attendance, they halted at the gate and asked if the meeting-house was *free* to any who wished to come.

Now, if our principles are of value, why do we hesitate to extend the knowledge of them, even though in doing so we must necessarily step into paths not heretofore trodden by us as a people? Why do we not avail ourselves of every right opening whereby this knowledge may be disseminated? If *we* are comforted by a belief in an Omnipresent God, one whose teachings are available in our every-day life, why should we be so tenacious of former customs as to object to any enlargement which might happily tend to gather others to that faith which we feel has been to us a rich blessing?

The inquiry made at the gate of the meeting-house by the strangers, shows that all do not know that *our seats are free* to any who may wish to occupy them. A want of this knowledge may keep from us some earnest seekers whose presence might bring a blessing, even as the blessing formerly was not

given until the little lad was found having in possession the few barley loaves and fishes.

We can bring this matter more closely home by speaking of our own experience. Returning from a visit to some friends in Canada, we were landed at an early hour on First-day morning at Rochester. We were strangers in the city, and although we knew there was a Friends' meeting-house there, we had considerable difficulty in finding it. At the hotel they could give us no information, and it was only after walking many squares, and inquiring of those we met, that we succeeded in the object of our search. This difficulty would have been avoided had we found at the hotel a card giving notice of the time and place of meeting.

We think this subject merits the serious attention of Friends, and perhaps a calm interchange of views upon it may be beneficial, and open a way to disseminate a knowledge of our "places and manner of worship" that may not be objectionable to any concerned mind, and at the same time tend to the relief of those who have long felt some action should be taken in this direction.

Died, at her residence, Glen Cove, L. I., on the 22d of Second month, 1866, Hannah Mudge, widow of Jacob Mudge, aged about 85 years. For very many years she was an Overseer of Matinacock Preparative Meeting, and was an Elder of Westbury Monthly Meeting when disease disqualified her for usefulness.

——, at her residence, Greenvale, L. I., on the 8th of Eleventh month, 1866, Sarah W. Underhill, wife of Thomas Underhill, in the 73d year of her age; a member of Westbury Monthly Meeting. Her delicate state of health often prevented her from mingling with Friends in a meeting capacity, yet she felt a deep interest in the prosperity of the Society.

——, at Monallen, Adams County, Pa., on the 28th of Third month, 1868, Elizabath H. Moseby, wife of Andrew F. Moseby, and daughter of Job and Rhoda Hoopes, in the 30th year of her age; a member of Monallen Monthly Meeting.

It is seldom we are called upon to record the death of one who will be more missed in the family circle. But we have sweet consolation in believing that although her indisposition was of short duration, she was not unprepared for the final summons, and is now in the enjoyment of perfect happiness. For although she was one that "looked well to the ways of her household and ate not the bread of idleness," she was not unmindful of her religious duties and devotion to her Heavenly Father.

——, on the 14th of Fourth month, 1868, at the residence of her son-in-law, Briggs Kay, near Marlton, N. J., Sarah Conard, in the 80th year of her age; an Elder and much esteemed Friend of Haddonfield Monthly Meeting. Our dear friend lived a quiet, unobtrusive life, and during her sickness, which was protracted, she furnished comfortable evidence that she was prepared to enter into the kingdom of rest and peace.

——, of apoplexy, on the night of the 19th of Fourth month, 1868, at the residence of her brother Cyrus Griest, Monallen, Adams County, Pa., Edith Griest, an approved Minister and a consistent member of Monallen Monthly and Particular Meeetings, in the 68th year af her age.

——, on the 27th of Fourth month, 1868, Hannah, widow of the late Isaac Townsend, in the 87th year of her age; an Elder of Green St. Monthly Meeting of Friends.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting will be held on Second-day evening of Yearly Meeting week, Fifth month 11th, at 8 o'clock, in Race Street Meeting House, Philadelphia. The attendance of Friends generally is invited.

Thos. Garrigues, } *Clerks.*
Phebe W. Foulke, }

A meeting on the subject of Education, especially in connection with the completion of Swarthmore College, will be held on Third-day evening of Yearly Meeting week, at 8 o'clock, at Race Street Meeting House.

The Annual meeting of the Association of Friends for the aid and elevation of the Freedman, will be held on Fourth-day evening of Yearly Meeting week, at 8 o'clock, at Race Street Meeting House.

Jacob M. Ellis, } *Clerks.*
Anne Cooper, }

The Executive Committee of the "Association of Friends for the promotion of First-day Schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting," will meet on Sixth day evening next, at 7 o'clock precisely, in the Monthly Meeting Room at Race St.

A meeting on the subject of First-day Schools will be held on Fifth-day evening of Yearly Meeting week, at 8 o'clock, in Race Street Meeting House.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

No. 8.

THE SEPARATION.

What has thus far been said in these communications has had reference exclusively to Friends, as distinguished from Orthodox. The design of the writer, however, as indicated by the general heading, has been and is, to speak of the Society of Friends in a general way; and to refer to the past in whatever it may seem to afford lessons of value to the present and future. It is with this view that it is now proposed to devote an article or two to the subject of the separation of 1827.

The mere occurrence of such an event, independently of all particular circumstances, involves considerations seriously affecting the reputation of the Society, and it furnishes to us of the present day a theme for the most careful and anxious retrospect and self-examination, with a view to a proper understanding of our present situation, and the principles which must be our guide if we would prosper in the future.

No other religious body, it is believed, has ever made so high a profession. We have claimed to be guided by the revelation of Divine light or truth in our own minds, and have proclaimed its sufficiency to guide into all truth, and to produce that love one toward another which we have regarded as the highest evidence of true godliness, as was said by Jesus Christ, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have *love* one to another."

The remark, in the early history of our Society,—"See the Quakers how they love one another," was proudly preserved and handed down to us; but alas! that the vanity of our forefathers did not let it sleep in forgetfulness, instead of arraying it before us now, to render more glaring the state of degeneracy to which we have descended. Instead of "see the Quakers how they *love* one another," it may now be well said, "see the Quakers how they *hate* one another." By the test which Christ gave for all men, as before cited, we certainly cannot any longer claim to be His disciples; and as we cannot serve two masters at the same time, the alternative to which we are driven is rather an embarrassing one. In reviewing the separation of 1827, it is impossible to conceive that the fault could *all* have been upon either side. The principle is believed to be, without exception, that it requires two to make a quarrel. A genuine and thorough Christian spirit on either side will prevent it. "But I say unto you,—that ye resist not evil; but whosoever smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." And again, "But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." No general separation could, it is believed, have taken place had the spirit taught in these quotations been lived up to upon either side. He who first commits any aggression upon the rights of another, is the first to do wrong; and when the party aggrieved repels the aggression in a resentful or quarrelsome spirit, he becomes the second to do wrong; and the difference in degree of guilt, between one who begins, and another who continues a controversy, is very slight indeed.

It is not my purpose, however, to consider the question who is to blame, or who most to be blamed, for a rupture that brought disgrace and shame upon the once fair name and reputation of the Society of Friends, but, by a brief and impartial glance at that unhappy event, to deduce from it whatever lessons of wisdom it may be capable of imparting.

The most important consideration connected with the separation, with a view to its bearing upon the future welfare of the Society, is, that however apparent and however potent may have been the immediate cause, there must have been an ulterior or first cause, that, however less apparent, is vastly more important to be understood, inasmuch as it antedated the separation, and, for aught we know, still exists in greater or less degree as a cause of deterioration and decline in both branches of the Society, and liable to repeat itself at any time. The Society could not have been in a healthy condition, or in other words, there must have been something fundamentally wrong, or such a rupture could not have occurred; and hence a cause other than the apparent one.

The immediate cause of the separation was the assertion by some in authority, that others held and promulgated unsound doctrines, accompanied by proscriptive measures for the suppression of those alleged unsound doctrines. Now if that question of the soundness or unsoundness of certain doctrines had been a proper one for the Society of Friends to meddle with in the way of one portion of the members judging and deciding upon the soundness of others, and there had been some definite creed or standard by which to judge of such soundness, one party or the other might have been proven to be wrong, and the matter then and there definitely settled; but as the question did not admit of any such adjustment, we must go further back for a practical solution of the difficulty, and the development of a cause sufficiently primary in its character to serve as the basis of a remedy, or the starting point of reform.

The true and ultimate cause of the separation the writer conceives to be the introduction and recognition among Friends of *scholastic* or *speculative theology* in the light of a creed for the regulation of matters of faith instead of adhering to the simple doctrine of the inward manifestation of Divine truth, as the ultimate and all-sufficient standard. Or in other words, the cause may be said to have been the setting up and recognition of theological opinions, instead of virtuous conduct and purity of life, as the evidence of pure discipleship.

The origin of these deviations dates far back in our history, and indeed it may be even doubted whether since Friends became a regularly organized body, they have ever lived up to the sublime simplicity of the original principle upon which, as upon a rock, the foundation of our church was laid. The temptation has ever been great as it still is, of which we have constant evidence, for ministers to indulge in rhetorical

displays and long discourses on popular theology, which have tended to beget a sentiment among us at variance with the true simplicity of our profession. Moreover, the influence of the surrounding churches, and the professional theology maintained by the system of a paid ministry, has constantly tended to turn us from our true course, and to entangle us in the intricacies of a system of religious doctrines well adapted to the maintenance of an order of professional teachers of religion, but little calculated to promote practical righteousness, or the welfare of a free religious community, as ours was intended to be.

When opinions about matters that do not admit of demonstration are set up as the test of true fellowship, discord and dissension are the inevitable result, unless there be a central authority to enforce acquiescence in the opinions prescribed as the creed of the body. Men being differently constituted cannot see or think alike about mere abstractions; and when opinions are made the test, every man very naturally thinks his own the best; and a few who may happen to agree, very honestly, perhaps, think they are right and all who differ from them wrong, and hence become intolerant and proscriptive: thus a party spirit is engendered, and the breach becomes wider and wider until a schism is the result. The history of Friends in this particular has been the history of nearly all the principal denominations, and from the same general cause; but while for them there is the excuse that professedly favors scholastic divinity, for us there is no such paliation. Our Orthodox Friends, who, as their name implies, are much inclined to church theology, have largely experienced its effects since the separation. These things are fraught with lessons of instruction which it is well for Friends carefully to consider.

T. H. S.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE INDIANS.

No. III.

Considerations connected with their removal upon reservation.

It appears to be the present policy of the government to place upon reservations the various tribes now scattered over the far west regions. This measure will probably be executed as soon as practicable, for almost the whole current of public sentiment is flowing in that direction. The military are in favor of it, and the great railroad interest of that vast domain, it is believed, advocates it. The express companies believe that the safety of the property under their care would be promoted by that course. Land speculators look with approbation upon this intention because it will sooner or later throw vast tracts into market, and afford the much wished for opportunity to grasp extensive areas of Indian territory.

Emigrants and border squatters urge the same course, and gold-diggers contemplate greater security for themselves and their treasures. In addition to which, many sincere friends of the Indians also believe that their improvement in the arts and usages of civilized life could be more effectually advanced by a change from the condition of hunters to that of agriculturists.

Excepting the last named class, the greater part of those who are advocating the reservation policy, do so from motives of self-interest, and would give but little thought to the problem, how much of suffering, of exposure, of sickness, and even death, would probably attend upon the introduction of these Indians to their new mode of life.

Many of the well-wishers of this people may not have given this subject an adequate attention, not, however, from an unwillingness to do so, but because no opportunity to obtain information has been presented. The sentiments herein expressed are deduced from the experience of similar measures heretofore pursued, and are presented for the consideration of Friends, in order to show, that although the war cry of extermination has been hushed, still there is, and will be, a wide field for the labor of the benevolent, and without an energetic and persevering effort on the part of the friends of the Red men, the process of extermination may be as wasting and as effectual hereafter, especially during their transition state, as it has heretofore been through the instrumentalities of other agencies.

I shall not dwell upon the sufferings endured by the Cherokees, Choctaws and Chickasaws, and also a portion of the New York Indians, upon their removal to their present location beyond the Mississippi, which are known to have been very great, although they had made important progress in the various branches of husbandry, and were therefore much better prepared than our wild Indians are to contend with the adverse exigences consequent upon their removal and settlement upon a new and uncultivated region of country.

We may therefore conceive what must be the destitution and sufferings of the wild tribes upon their being suddenly detached from the resources of the chase, and compelled to obtain sustenance by agricultural pursuits, with which they have no more acquaintance than children.

No doubt it is the intention of government, or at least some members of it, that adequate measures be taken to insure their comfortable support, until they can be self-sustaining, but the history of the past shows, that the intentions of government have in many instances been frustrated to a degree that has occasioned great distress and even loss of life.

Genl. Sanborn, the well-tried friend of the Red man, speaking of the removal of the Indians to new reservations, says, "The result to the Indian is starvation and death. Within a few years, tribes have been removed against their most earnest protestations, and have lost by death, forty out of a hundred of their entire number within eighteen months afterwards."

Commissioner Bogy says, "Homes should be provided them, and their annuities should be greatly increased * * * and they should be furnished with stock of cattle and sheep," which would imply that heretofore these necessaries had either been unprovided or very imperfectly supplied.

The Winnebago tribe formerly lived in Minnesota, and were peaceable and prosperous, and were not at all implicated in the massacre which there occurred, but were driven out of the State at short notice. Their chief, "Little Hill," testified as follows, in relation to their destitution, after they arrived upon their reservation: "They sometimes gave us rations, but not enough to go around most of the time. Some would have to go without eating two or three days. Some of the women and children were sick, and died, and we think many of them died because they could not get enough to eat while they were sick. * * * You see us here now; we are most all naked, the whole tribe; some of the tribe are more naked than we are. There are a good many women and children who are naked, and cannot come out of their tents."

J. P. Williamson, a missionary among the Santee Indians, testifies in regard to their removal to the Crow Creek reservation, after detailing an account of the insufficiency of their food, and exposure and sickness during their transmigration from their former to their new residence, during which fifteen died, says, "We were without any medical attention or supplies of any kind, on the trip. For six weeks after they arrived at their new residence they died at the rate of three to four a day; within that time one hundred and fifty died, and during the first six months, two hundred of them died."

"The first season was very dry, and no crop of any kind was raised. During the summer the Indians were fed upon flour and pork. Their rations were not more than half a soldier's rations. No clothing had been issued to them since 1862, and consequently they suffered a great deal for want of clothing. During the fall, winter and spring, these Indians went as far as thirty miles up and down the Missouri River, to the different military camps, to pick up the scattered corn that had been left when the horses and mules had been fed, for the purpose of eating it, and also to pick up dead horses and mules to eat." For a year past, no provision has been made for medicine or medical attention.

B. L. Fairfield, agent on the Non-cult reservation, testified, "That in consequence of the neglect of government to furnish clothing, many of the Indians labored in the field without any clothing at all.

Wm. H. Johnson says of these same Indians, "Many of them work on the reservation, nearly or quite naked, and that it is near two years since they had any clothing issued to them by the department."

The suffering condition of the tribe on behalf of whom Bishop Whipple made his impressive appeal is indicative of the unhappy destiny to which many other tribes will be subjected, if the government's reservation policy be carried out recklessly.

The destitution and suffering arising from the causes herein recited are sufficient to show that the settlement of Indians upon reservations has in many instances proved to be the beginning of their sorrows; and although the searching investigation recently made into Indian affairs will probably lead to an improvement in that department, still their removal will always be liable to be attended with much suffering; and on this account, since becoming better acquainted with the perils attending their gregation upon reserves, I have doubted the propriety of Friends asking government to promote their removals, lest we should unintentionally become implicated with the cause of their sufferings.

There is reason to believe, now that the reservation policy for all the tribes has been adopted, that a combined and powerful pressure, instigated by unrighteous motives, will be brought to bear upon government hastily to execute the measures contemplated by that policy.

With the information now possessed relative to the sufferings caused by gathering the Indians upon reservations, without timely provision being made for their comfortable support, it would seem to be right that Friends should use their influence with members of Congress and the heads of the Indian department, even to *prevent* their removal until official information is received that houses are built, sheds and enclosures for

their stock prepared, farming utensils furnished, the services of a blacksmith secured, and, above all, a sufficient supply of nourishing food and comfortable clothing provided, and arrangements made for medical attention.

It would appear that an ample field of benevolence is open, in which Friends, whose sympathies run in that direction, might labor advantageously with the government on behalf of a race whom we as a nation are ceaselessly crowding towards the verge of extinction.

GIDEON FROST.

Selected.

UNCERTAINTY.

O! Father, hear!
The way is dark, and I would fain discern
What steps to take, into which path to turn;
O! make it clear.

My faith is weak;
I long to hear Thee say, "This is the way;
Walk in it, fainting soul, I'll be thy stay;"
Speak, Lord, O speak!

Let thy strong arm
Reach through the gloom for me to lean upon,
And with a willing heart I'll journey on,
And fear no harm.

I wait for Thee
As those who, watching, wait the coming dawn;
Pant, as for water pants the thirsty fawn;
O! come to me.

It is *Thy child*,
Who sits in dim uncertainty and doubt,
Waiting and longing till the light shine out
Upon the wild.

My Father! see,
I trust the faithfulness displayed of old,
I trust the love that never can grow cold—
I trust in *Thee*.

And Thou wilt guide;
For Thou hast promised never to forsake
The soul that Thee its confidant doth make;
I've none beside.

Thou knowest me;
Thou knowest how I now in darkness grope;
And O! Thou knowest that my only hope
Is found in Thee.

—*Chris. Intel.*

From the Atlantic Monthly.

THE CLEAR VISION.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I did but dream. I never knew
What charms our sternest season wore.
Was never yet the sky so blue,
Was never earth so white before.
Till now I never saw the glow
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,
And never learned the boughs designs
Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Did ever such a morning break
As that my eastern windows see?
Did ever such a moonlight take
Wierd photographs of shrub and tree?
Rang ever bells so wild and fleet
The music of the winter street?
Was ever yet a sound by half
So merry as yon schoolboy's laugh?

O Earth! with gladness over-fraught
No added charm thy face hath found;
Within my heart the change is wrought,
My footsteps make enchanted ground.
From couch of pain and curtained room
Forth to thy light and air I come,
To find in all that meets my eyes
The freshness of a glad surprise.

Fair seem these winter days, and soon
Shall blow the warm west winds of spring,
To set the unbound rills in tune,
And hither urge the bluebird's wing.
The vale shall laugh in flowers, the woods
Grow misty green with leafing buds,
And violets and wind-flowers sway
Against the throbbing heart of May.

Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own
The wiser love severely kind;
Since, richer for its chastening grown,
I see, whereas I once was blind.
The world, O Father! hath not wronged
With loss the life by thee prolonged;
But still, with every added year,
More beautiful thy works appear!

As thou hast made thy world without,
Make thou more fair my world within;
Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt;
Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin;
Fill, brief or long, my granted span
Of life with love to thee and man;
Strike when thou wilt the hour of rest,
But let my last days be my best!

Extract from Valedictory Address to the Graduating Class of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, at the Sixteenth Annual Commencement, March 14th, 1868. By EMELINE H. CLEVELAND, M. D.

The fear has ever been entertained by some who hold women in the highest reverence and esteem, lest their participation in the study and practice of medicine should tend to lessen their sense of delicacy and destroy that love of the pure and beautiful in nature and in life which constitutes one of the greatest charms of womanhood. This honest fear is worthy of all respect, and is to be met with no denunciations. No one can be blind to the fact that though as a class in the community physicians are men of high tone, of reverent regard for the truth, and whose influence is a power for good, there are found, nevertheless, individual doctors who scorn not the baser motives or the more ignoble practices. That these are victims of an unfavorable profession we cannot admit. We are loth to believe that there is aught in the study or practice of medicine to excite feelings of irreverence in any breast, or to disturb that nice sense of harmony and fitness which is the birthright of the good. We feel sure that, on the contrary, you have found the study of Anatomy "a hymn in honor of the Creator," that Physiology has been to you but the revelation of the glories of a majestic temple, that you have learned

to regard disease as an exceptional perversion of a divine order, and that your study of remedial agents has led you to admire the beneficent wisdom that has made every department and kingdom of nature subservient to the comfort and healing of man; in fine, that the study of medicine has but strengthened your womanly feeling, your reverence for the Divine, whether in the Godhead or in humanity; your love for the right, whether toward the Maker or the humblest of his creatures.

Some of you may labor under disabilities in consequence of a prejudice which still obtains in certain localities. We are glad, however, to believe that a friendly welcome awaits the most of you, not only from the communities in which you shall settle, but from gentlemen of your own profession. The testimony of those who have preceded you as graduates of our school, warrants us in this hope for yourselves. Besides, the feeling that places obstacles in the way of the culture and the honorable employment of any human being—man or woman—is but the relic of a barbarous age, and must yield before the advancing idea of individual liberty—liberty of conscience, of judgment, of action. The conclusion is already foregone, even in circles where marked opposition has prevailed, that women have the most natural claim to participation in the acquirements, the labors, and the emoluments of the medical profession, that this movement for their education is but the natural expression of the general onward movement of the race in intelligence, in culture, and in ripeness of moral character.

You well know that this movement is not confined to our own country; that the idea of medicine as a profession for women cannot longer be regarded as the idle vagary of a people yet in the infancy of its development; that in England, France, Prussia, Russia, and even in Algeria, women have felt the demand for more extended intelligence and for broader activity, and have looked to medicine as the science most fitting their genius. We are gratified to learn that in some of these countries educational facilities are not denied to them. Our latest advices inform us that "the University of Zurich has already conferred the degree of doctor of medicine upon one woman, and that two others are attending lectures there." We are also informed that "an American woman" (a graduate of our college) "has, during the past year, not only visited freely the hospitals of Paris, but been admitted to attend the lectures at l'École Pratique." Her letters have frequently graced the pages of our medical journals, and have given ample proof of intelligence in observation and of enthusiastic appreciation of the lectures and other advantages enjoyed. We learn also, through the *London Lancet*, that the question of choosing a woman to fill a chair in the obstetric section of the Academy of Medicine of Paris is being considered, and that the chief midwife of the Maternité Hospital will probably be so elected. Madame Alliot, the present incumbent of this office, is a woman of profound knowledge and vast experience, a worthy successor of Boivin and La Chapelle, and an honored co-worker with the most enlightened obstetricians of Paris. In England, though the doors of Apothecaries' Hall are closed to lady students, we are informed, upon reliable authority, that Miss Garret, the first graduate of an English school, is doing honor to herself and her profession by the quiet but convincing manner in which she is pursuing her vocation. Her ministrations are sought by noble and intelligent women, while some of the foremost of the honorable profession of London accede, with pleasure, to her calls for counsel. A dispensary is already organized under her supervision, and a number of lady students are availing themselves of its advantages. A college is also in operation in London, under other auspices, for the education of women in the science of midwifery, and the accessory branches of medicine. The special objects of the founders of the college are "to promote the employment of capable and well educated women in the practice of midwifery, and the diseases of women and children;" but no limitation is set by the college charter to the branches of medicine that shall be taught, nor to the development and perfection of the arrangements of the college. It is intimated that the work shall be extended as public feeling becomes awakened to its importance. The present course of lectures include "Anatomy and Physiology, with Dietetics, and a general survey of disease—its causation, results, and treatment"—"Hygiene and Preventive Medicine," "Midwifery, and the Diseases of Women and Children." This latter chair is occupied by Dr. Murphy, long and well known as Obstetric professor at University College. The movement is sustained by men and women of intelligence and social position, among whom may be mentioned Lords Shaftesbury and Houghton, Florence Nightingale, Dr. Farr, the eminent vital statistician, and John Stuart Mill, a name synonymous with all that is just and generous. The arguments in favor of the movement are based not alone upon the necessity of devising means for the employment of cultivated women in suitable occupations, but upon the advantages destined to accrue

to society from the ministrations of well-instructed and capable midwives. Interesting statistics are adduced to show the lesser degree of mortality from the various puerperal causes in the *clientelle* of lady practitioners, as also to prove the competency of women not only to superintend the common process of parturition, but to meet successfully the most formidable emergencies. It is averred that the first Cæsarian operation performed successfully in the United Kingdom, was by an Irish midwife, Mary Donaly. The great skill displayed in the operation and in securing and dressing the wound is especially noted, and is regarded as proof that woman may, when properly educated, become equal to whatever is necessary to be done. Thus the seed is sown which shall ripen to a harvest even in England. Women may be excluded for a time from college and hospital advantages, and courts of examiners may refuse to receive any certificates of lectures or instruction delivered outside of the public recognized medical schools; but with the demand for lady physicians continually increasing, and with the question of woman's franchise, already before the Parliament, and sustained by some of the greatest intellects of that body, and by many of the young men, on whom the future of England depends; and with the question already practically settled by the recorded vote of Lily Maxwell for the return of the brother of John Bright to the councils of the nation, we cannot believe that a step will be taken backward.

THE REDWOOD TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

At a recent scientific meeting at San Francisco, Dr. Gibbons, of Almeda, referred to the extinct forest of redwood on the coast-range, near San Antonio. He directed attention to the fact that some of those stumps indicated a method of growth different from ordinary forest trees. Their immense size was due, in some cases, to the fact that three or four trees, growing in proximity, would ultimately impinge on each other, and, if supplied with sufficient nourishment, they would grow together and form one immense trunk. This theory was verified by the statements of Dr. Kellogg and Mr. Bolander, who mentioned the fact that near Searsville several redwood trunks had grown together, and for forty feet formed a solid tree. There is no dependence in estimating the age of such trees in any other way than by carefully counting the number of concentric growths from a centre. The oldest of these redwoods is about 1,500 years of age. The *gigantea* of Calaveras is about the same age. These redwoods are evidently the second generation of the race; hence we may infer that 3,000 years, at least, have passed by since the present growth first commenced on the coast-range. But long before this must vegetation have covered portions of these hills, as the *Sequoia* reposes in a bed of alluvium twenty or thirty feet in depth. He also referred to the bulbous expansion of these trees near the base. These are composed of large expanding roots, growing together and forming a complete network. The height of this indicates the degree of denudation which the soil has undergone during the lifetime of the tree. This is about five feet in 1,500 years. Some of these trunks have from 10,000 to 14,000 buds, partially developed, around their base, each bud having the power, under favorable conditions, of being developed and containing a perfect tree. The mass of wood contained in a tree 25 feet in diameter is equal to 40,000 cubic feet, weighing, over 2,500,000 pounds.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.—FEVERS AND FRUITS.—Let's have a little talk about orchards and gardens as life-preservers. Many a farmer thinks he "can't fuss about a garden" with vegetables and small fruits in ample variety, hardly about an orchard, especially beyond apple-trees. So he goes on to weightier matters of grain, or stock, or dairy, and eats potatoes, wheat bread, pork, and salt beef all summer long; no fine variety of vegetables, no grateful berries, no luscious peaches or juicy cherries. By October fever comes, or bowel complaints of some kind, or some congestive troubles, most likely. He is laid up, work stops a month, the doctor comes, and he "drags round" all winter, and the doctor's bill drags, too. The poor wife, meanwhile, gets dyspeptic, constipated, has fever, too, perhaps, and she "just crawls round." What's the matter? They don't know, poor souls. Would they build a hot fire in July and shut the doors? Of course not—in their rooms; but they have done just that in their poor stomachs. How so? They have been eating all summer the heat-producing food fit for a cold season, but not for a warm one. A Greenlander can eat candles and whale fat, because they create heat. In January we are up toward Greenland—in climate. A Hindoo lives on rice, juicy fruits and tropic vegetables, cooling and opening to the system. In July we move toward Hindostan, in a heat almost tropical. Diet must change too. Have apples, pears, cherries, &c., from the orchard every day, of early and late kinds. Let there be plenty of good vegetables, raspberries, strawberries, &c. It takes a little time and trouble, *but it's the cheapest way to pay the doctor's bills.* You study what feed is good for pigs and cattle. All right; but wife and children are of higher consequence; and it's a

shame, if, with all our great gifts of intellect and intuition, we do not obey the Divine laws in our own physical being so well that the doctor shall visit the house less than the horse-doctor goes to the barn. Don't fail of vegetables, berries and fruits. Try it, and you'll say we hav'nt told half the truth.—*Rural New Yorker.*

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

FOURTH MONTH.

	1867.	1868.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	6 days.	9 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	2 "	5 "
Snow, including very slight falls	1 "	3 "
Cloudy, without storms	5 "	3 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	16 "	10 "
	30 "	30 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1867.	1868.
Mean temperature of Fourth mo., per Penna. Hospital,	54.12 deg.	48.24 deg.
Highest do. during mo., do.	80.00 "	73.50 "
Lowest do. do. do.	38.00 "	26.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	1.81 in.	5.44 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 4 current weeks for 1867, and 4 for 1868	1088	1059

Average of the mean temperature of 4th month for the past *seventy-nine* years.	51.21 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1865	56.50 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1794, 1798	44.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1867.	1868.
First month	1.70 inch.	3.62 inch.
Second month	2.89 "	2.52 "
Third month	5.46 "	3.36 "
Fourth month	1.81 "	5.44 "
Totals for each year	11. 86 "	14.94 "

The month under review this year has been a very unpleasant one, while, in addition to the very low temperatures recorded in our statistics above, it may be well to add we have not had as cold a Fourth month since 1859, when the mean was 45.29, while during the month six and three quarter inches of rain fell.

Our friend HOMER EACHUS has published a valuable statement of the *Snows* of the past season (too lengthy to be embodied here) wherein he records *twenty-three* snows, with a total depth of *sixty-five* inches. In *our* diary we have noted *twenty more*, making *forty-three* days in all on which snow fell, commencing with Eleventh month 12, 1867, and the last occurring Fourth month 12th, 1868. This is not intended to invalidate his statement, as we have dotted down every instance in which a few feathery flakes have reached the ground.

He also states that the snow of 21st and 22d of Third month was 12 inches, but being very light, made but ¾ of an inch of water to the square foot.

It will also be seen that the deaths for the month are somewhat less than for the corresponding month of last year.

Philadelphia, Fifth month 2, 1868. J. M. E.

ITEMS.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.—The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has received from Superintendent F. H. Head, in charge of the Utah superintendency, a report dated Salt Lake City, Fourth month 14th, detailing the condition of affairs in that superintendency for First, Second and Third months last, in which it is stated that during that period no disturbances of any character have occurred among the Indian tribes. The eastern bands of Shoshones have now started from the Wind River Valley, and are now en route for Fort Bridger. Many are about the new mining camps on the Sweet Water River, but no trouble has arisen between them and the miners.

M. Dodge, the agent at Mirta Reservation, was at Salt Lake City on the last of Third month, to report concerning the condition of affairs at that point. The preparations for farming are going on as rapidly as the season will permit, and the Indians evince considerable interest in the matter. At Corn Creek, among the Paleventos, and at Deep Creek, among the Western Shoshones, and also, at Ruby Valley, the Indians are putting in good crops. Considerable amounts of provisions have been issued to the different tribes during the past quarter, and general good feeling prevails throughout the superintendency.

DISPATCHES have been received in London which give the intelligence of the defeat of the Abyssinian forces, the capture of Magdala, the liberation of the English captives and the death of King Theodore. In the budget presented to the English Parliament, the cost of the war is estimated at £5,000,000.

IT IS understood at Washington that the Arlington estate will be divided soon into small farms and sold to freedmen. General Lee is not known to have made the least effort to recover the property which he forfeited. The family mansion is in a ruinous condition, and the fine-shade trees have nearly disappeared.

THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE across the Hudson river, at the Highlands, has been planned. Its total length is to be 2409 feet, with a span between the towers (which are 1665 feet apart) of 1600 feet. The bridge is to be 155 feet above high water, and is to bear a pressure of 5280 tons. There are to be 20 cables, each about 14 inches in diameter. The towers are to be 270 feet high, and the iron and steel in the bridge will weigh 17,005 tons.

A COPY OF ELIOT'S INDIAN BIBLE, a very old and rare American book, was recently sold at auction for $1130. The New York Tribune says this is the highest price ever paid for a printed book in this country, and that the volume sold is "a work which no living man can read."

A CORRESPONDENT of the London Times, at Athens, has lately been describing the decadence of Greece as compared with its ancient activity and splendor. He writes that now a cart cannot pass along the road from Pylos to Sparta where a carriage could travel in the days of Homer, and that a mule now travels with difficulty over rocks through which Pyrrhus led a train of elephants. Even vegetation has withered and decayed. Mountains once covered with forest are now bare rocks. Water is sought for in vain in the channels of streams immortalized in song. The oak tree has disappeared, and the forests of chestnut are yearly diminishing in extent.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 16, 1868. No. 11.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, four copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

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From "Imitation of Christ."

BLESSEDNESS OF INTERNAL CONVERSATION WITH CHRIST.

BY THOMAS A'KEMPIS.

(Continued from page 149.)

Disciple.—O my God, what grace do I still want, to be able continually to turn to thee without adherence to the creatures; who, while they retain the least possession of my heart, keep me at a tremendous distance from thee! He truly desired this liberty who said, "O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest." And what can be more at rest, than the heart that in singleness and simplicity regardeth only thee? What more free than the soul that hath no earthly desires? To be able, therefore, in peaceful vacancy, and with all the energy of my mind, to contemplate thee, and know that thou infinitely transcendest the most perfect of thy works, it is necessary that I should rise above all created beings, and utterly forsake myself; for, while I am bound with the chains of earthly and selfish affections, I find it impossible to adhere to thee.

Christ.—Few, my son, attain to the blessed privilege of contemplating the infinite and unchangeable good, because few totally abandon that which is finite and perishing. For this, a high degree of grace is necessary, such as will raise the soul from its fallen life, and transport it above itself. And unless man, by this elevation of spirit, is delivered from all adherence to the creatures, and united to God, whatever be his knowledge, and whatever his virtue, they are of little value: he must remain in an infant state, groveling upon earth while he esteems anything great and good but one alone, the eternal and immutable God. The difference between the meek wisdom of an illuminated mind devoted to me, and the pompous wisdom of a critical and classical speculatist, is as incommensurate, as between the knowledge that "is from above, and cometh down from the Father of light," and that which is laboriously acquired by the efforts of human understanding.

Many are solicitous to attain to contemplation as an exalted state, who take no care to practice that abstraction which is necessary to qualify them for the enjoyment of it: for while they adhere to the objects of sense, to external services, and the signs of true wisdom, instead of the substance, rejecting the mortification of self, as of no value, they adhere to that which principally obstructs the progress to perfection.

Disciple.—Alas, Lord! we who have assumed the profession and character of spiritual men, know not at what our purposes aim, nor by what spirit we are led, that we exert so much labor, and feel so much solicitude about that which is external, but retire so seldom to the sacred solitude of the heart to

learn what passes within us. Irresolute and impatient as we are, after a slight recollection, we rush into the world again, unacquainted with the nature and end of the actions which we pretend to examine. We heed not by what our affections are excited, nor in what they terminate; but, like those of old, "when all flesh had corrupted his way," an universal deluge of earthliness overwhelms us, and we are lost in folly, impurity, and darkness. Our inward principle being thus corrupt, it cannot but be that our actions, which flow from it, must be corrupt also; for it is only out of a pure heart that the Divine fruits of a pure life can be brought forth.

We busily inquire what a man hath done, but not from what principle he did it; we ask whether this or that man be valiant, rich, beautiful, or ingenious; whether he be a profound scholar, an elegant writer, or a fine singer: but how poor in spirit he is, how patient, how meek, how holy and resigned, we disregard as questions of no importance. Nature looks at the outward man, but grace at the inward. Nature dependeth wholly upon itself, and always errs; grace trusts wholly in God, and is never deceived.

Christ.—My son, fix thy heart steadfastly upon the Lord; and while conscience bears testimony to thy purity and innocence, fear not the judgment of man. It is good and blessed to suffer the false censure of human tongues; nor will the suffering itself be grievous to the poor and humble in spirit, who confideth not in himself, but in God.

The opinions and reports of men are as various as their persons, and are, therefore, entitled to little credit. Besides, it is impossible to please all: and though Paul endeavored to please all men in the Lord, and was "made all things to all;" yet, with him, it was "a very small thing to be judged of man's judgment." This faithful servant labored continually to promote the edification and salvation of men; but their unjust judgments, and cruel censures, he was not able to restrain: he therefore committed his cause to God, who knoweth all things; and sheltered himself against the false suggestions of the deceitful, and the more open repoaches of the licentious, under the guard of patience and humility: yet he sometimes found it expedient to support his character, that he might not give occasion of scandal to the weak, who are too apt from silence to infer guilt.

"Who," then, "art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man, that shall be made as grass, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven?" Fear God, who is a "consuming fire;" and thou wilt no longer tremble at the terrors of man. What hurt can man do thee, by his most malignant censures, or his most cruel actions? He injureth himself more than he can injure thee; and whoever he be, he shall not escape the righteous judgment of God. Set God, therefore, continually before thy eyes, and strive not with the injustice of man: and though at present thou art overborne by its violence, and sufferest shame which thou hast not deserved; yet suppress thy resentment, and let not impatience obscure the lustre of thy crown. Look up to me in the highest heavens, who am able to deliver thee from all evil, and will render to every one according to his deeds.

Endeavor, my son, in every place, and in every external employment and action, to be inwardly free, and master of thyself; that the business and events of life, instead of ruling over thy spirit, may be subject to it. Of all thy actions, thou must be, not the servant and slave, but the absolute lord and governor; a free and genuine Israelite, translated into the inheritance and liberty of the sons of God; who stand upon the interests of time, to contemplate the glories of eternity; who cast only a hasty glance on the transitory enjoyments of earth, and keep their eye fixed upon the permanent felicity of heaven; and who, instead of making temporal objects and interests an ultimate end, render them subservient to some purpose of piety or charity, even as they were ordained by God, the sovereign mind, who formed the stupendous fabric, in which nothing disorderly was left.

If thus, in all events, thou sufferest not thyself to be governed by appearances, nor regardest what is heard and seen with a carnal purpose; but in every difficulty and danger enterest immediately into the Tabernacle with Moses, to consult the Lord, thou shalt often receive an answer from the Divine Oracle, and return deeply instructed both in things present and things to come. And as Moses always retired to that holy place, for the determination of doubtful and disputed questions, and fled to prayer, for aid in times of danger and wickedness, so shouldst thou also enter the sacred temple of thy heart, and, on the same occasions, fervently implore the guidance and support of Divine wisdom and strength. Thou hast read, that Joshua and the children of Israel, "because they asked not counsel at the mouth of the Lord," were betrayed into a league with the Gibeonites, being deluded by fictitious piety, and giving hasty credit to deceitful words. Commit thy cause invariably to me, and I will give it a right issue in due season. Wait patiently the disposals of my providence, and thou shalt find "all things work together for thy good."

Disciple.—Lord, I would most willingly resign my state, present and future, to thy disposal; for my own restless solicitude and feeble reasoning serve only to perplex and torment me. O that I took no anxious thought for the events of to-morrow, but could every moment unreservedly offer up all I am to thy good pleasure!

Christ.—Man vehemently labors for the acquisition of that which he desires; but possession defeats enjoyment, and his desire, which is restless and insatiable, is immediately turned to some new object. It is, therefore, no small advantage to suppress desire even in inconsiderable gratifications.

Self-denial is the basis of spiritual perfection; and he that truly denies himself, is arrived at a state of great freedom and safety. The old enemy, however, whose nature is most repugnant to that which is most good, never remits his diligence; but night and day forms the most dangerous ambuscades, if peradventure, in some moment of false security, he may surprise and captivate the unwary soul. I have, therefore, cautioned thee, continually to "watch and pray, that thou enter not into temptation."

(To be continued.)

The day laborer, who earns, with horny hand and the sweat of his face, coarse food for a wife and children whom he loves, is raised by this generous motive to true dignity, and though wanting the refinements of life, is a nobler being than those who think themselves absolved by wealth from serving others.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

MUSIC.

There are some subjects which scarcely admit of being discussed; such as, the facts of consciousness, the fundamental principles of morality, and those self-evident truths which must be admitted before any subject *can* be discussed. A discussion, therefore, is presumptive evidence that the subject under review is not settled to the satisfaction of every sincere, candid mind. This seems to be the case with the one which has of late so interestingly occcupied some of the pages of Friends' Intelligencer, and which has called forth on both sides much earnest, honest feeling. It may be asked, Why discuss a matter which is not capable of being finally settled? To which it may be answered, that no discussion can be considered useless which brings people to the conclusion that the subject is not capable of being finally settled, and must therefore be left to individual judgment. The numerous controversies on theological questions which have agitated the Christian world for centuries, are likely to result in this conclusion. In an age of less thought and enlightenment, conclaves and councils might seem to have settled these questions, but they have recurred again and again in some form or other, until of latter time there seems to be a growing disposition among the thoughtful and sensible in almost all sects, to lay these disputed questions aside and unite on those points which are of practical value.

In regard to music, the question now under discussion is not whether it shall be introduced into Friends' families, but whether, being already in many of them, it shall be tolerated. Singing, and the use of the simpler musical instruments, have been indulged in, and the indulgence at least winked at, in our Society, as far back, it is believed, as the earliest recollection of the mothers and grandmothers of the oldest among us, and it was not until the introduction of the piano into Friends' parlors that attention was called to the subject. It would appear, then, that we have permitted music in its simpler forms, as one of the things in which the young might be indulged, but that we now wish to set a limit beyond which they must not pass. Some limitation in regard to this and all other indulgences, a wise and reasonable head of a family will make; but can or ought a religious society composed not of children only, but also of adults, to do so? Can it do more than give general counsel and advice in regard to things in themselves innocent, and where the evil lies in their immoderate use or perversion? Our Discipline contains cautions against the immoderate pursuit of business, but does not define where the limit shall be. Our Discipline cautions against following the vain customs and fashions of the world, but it does not prescribe the dress in which we shall appear. The Discipline cautions against the luxury and self-indulgence which wealth brings in its train, but it does not prescribe the size of the house which a wealthy man may build, the cost of his furniture, or the figure and color of his carpets. These things must of necessity be left to individual conscience and good sense. Why then should music be an exception? There seems no reason for it except that it is found in the Discipline in connection with things which can form no part of the enjoyments of home, and which religious persons of nearly all sects condemn.

In the training of children, especially in large cities, the question with the concerned parent is constantly recurring, How much of those enjoyments which are innocent in themselves, but which if immoderately indulged in may lead to evil, may I allow my children? Practically to answer it, is like steering between Scylla and Charybdis. It can only be

determined by the parent, assisted by the spirit of wisdom and love. No society can lay down precise rules for this. Circumstances vary; the dispositions to be wrought upon are so various, that no rule can be made that will apply to every case.

The Society of Friends have never, I think, distinctly asserted the doctrine that any part of man's nature is sinful or depraved, although traces of this old error may be found in a modified form in the writings of individual members. But the more enlightened view is now almost universally taught, that man's whole nature as it came from the great Creator is good, and that it is in the perversion or abuse of any part of it that evil or sin arises. Is the love of music an exception to this rule? If not, would it not be wise, instead of either ignoring or condemning it, to endeavor to find out what is its legitimate province, and what are its healthful limitations? When Friends are able to do this, and when the education of our children shall teach these limitations, and shall furnish innocent substitutes for enjoyments that are dangerous in their tendency, they can move understandingly in the matter. In this age of inquiry and investigation, it cannot be expected that laws will be obeyed unless they can be shown to be reasonable, and if they cannot, an attempt to enforce them will often react in an opposite direction.

The piano and the music teacher are only among the many indulgences that wealth too often brings with it; and when large estates are left to children to *enjoy* while they have never been taught the right *use* of wealth, no new enactments nor the revival of old ones will avail to stem the torrent of luxury and fashion. When we remove from our children the blessed stimulus of *necessity* for earning a livelihood, we also deprive them to a greater or lesser extent of the blessings involved in that necessity; these are abstinence from expensive luxuries, bodily activity, health and cheerfulness; and we must not be surprised if in the absence of this healthful stimulus, artificial ones of all kinds should be resorted to. Were the attention of Friends seriously turned to these subjects with an earnest desire that the axe might be laid to the *root* of the corrupt tree, it might perhaps be found that we have only been attempting to lop off the branches.

Although moderation in the desire to accumulate wealth, and a right use of it when it may be accumulated, cannot be enforced by enactments, yet caution, advice, and a healthy public sentiment may do much; and could the Society of Friends be instrumental even in promoting these objects alone, its mission for usefulness in the world would be no small one. S.

Philadelphia, 5th mo., 1868.

Extracts from "The Power of the Invisible."

BY BISHOP SIMPSON.

This world is a mingled scene of light and darkness, of joy and sorrow. There is much in it that is beautiful. God hath made the heavens above us, and the earth beneath and around us, to manifest his glory; to charm with beauty, as well as to minister to all our wants. There is much to rejoice our hearts in beholding and studying the works of God; and yet there are also occasions of sorrow in the world around us. There are sickness and death; there are misfortunes and sufferings, distresses and calamities—those who perish early in life, smitten down and removed from us, and those who may wander and perish, not by the hand of death, but through misfortune and vice; and the anguish of the heart sometimes is so deep that the earth is not a place of rejoicing, but our hearts sink within us, and we would often leave this scene of trial and sorrow. Sometimes there is so much sadness that, were it not a sin to hasten away from the world, we might wish to depart. If there were any means by which the shadows of life could be turned into light, by which the sorrows of life could be turned into joys, by which we could make a revenue of pleasure and happiness out of the occasions of sorrow and sadness, what a glorious place this earth would be! If, instead of shadows, there should come up smiles and joy: if, instead of every pang of sorrow, there should be feelings of ecstasy, this life would be raised to the very suburbs of glory, and we should delight to live, even forever. Philosophy has not been able to find out any method by which the sorrows of life could thus be transmuted; but the religion of Jesus Christ teaches us not only to bear the afflictions of this world with patience and calmness and resignation, but it assures us that this sorrow shall be turned into joy, and that our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. And this is to be when "we look, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen."

This passage presents us with the habit of mind which the Christian should cultivate, and in the cultivation of which there may be perpetual joy to swell the human heart.

The *habit* here spoken of is that of *looking* at the invisible—"not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." The phrase, "to look," as employed in this passage, means to gaze intently, to fix the mind continually upon some specified object. Thus, I may pass through the garden of a friend. I may notice there are walks tastefully laid out; there is beautiful shrubbery on either hand; there are flowers which may

charm, and yet, as I am passing along these walks, in the midst of these flowers, he asks me: Did you notice that beautiful variety of pink? Did you notice that passion-flower, or that lily from Southern lands?" I had seen all the flowers as I passed, but I had not paused to look particularly at any one; and I step back again, and before that flower I pause until I behold its petals, see the form of its leaves, and look on all its beauties, and it becomes imprinted on my heart—"a thing of beauty," which shall be "a joy forever." I *saw* it before: I have *looked* at it now.

Something of this same habit of mind is alluded to by the Apostle. "We look not at the things which are seen"—not that we do not notice the things of this world as we pass along; not that the heavens seem not to smile in beauty, and the earth in gladness, but our attention is not so strongly fixed upon the earth as it is upon the invisible. The force of contrast here is peculiar to the oriental form of expression—a kind of Hebraism. So this passage expresses merely this idea: that we should look more intently, should gaze more earnestly, more fixedly on the unseen than on the visible.

This does not mean that our minds are not enough fixed on the things seen to enable us to attend to the ordinary duties of life. The Christian has his employment in the world; he follows some honest calling, some proper pursuit, and to it he gives due attention, for he is to be "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." It does not mean that he does not attend to matters of learning—that his mind is not absorbed at times with thoughts of literature and science. The Christian has a right to study to ascertain the properties of all that nature around him which God has formed. He is the "son of God." The universe is his Father's handiwork; and there is no height of science, there is no depth of attainment, but the Christian may attain. He may examine the walks of life—the trees, the animals, the stars in the heavens. He may be at home everywhere in the universe God has formed, because God has said: "All are yours, and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's." He is not to be indifferent to the charms which God has spread around nature. The Christian has a right to love the beautiful. He may stand in the morning on the mountain-top and gaze upon the mingled light and shadow. He may, as the shadows deepen, look out and behold the firmament which God has spread above him, and with the psalmist, "be wrapped in spirit, and adore." But, while all these things are proper for him, he soars above and beyond all these, and looks into the invisible. This claims his highest thought; this claims his most earnest attention. But is it said this habit of mind is not reasonable, is not necessary? God hath made us to cultivate this habit even for *human* excellence. He has spread lessons all around us leading us toward the invisible.

I go out into the field, and I stand before the forest-tree; its bark may be rough, its trunk large—there may be little beauty; but I look at that tree, and, as the trunk ascends, the branches come out on every side; they divide and subdivide; and at the extremities the clusters of leaves gather, and the flowers blush out beautifully toward the unseen; and the lesson seems to be that, just as we extend out toward the invisble, we find the lines of beauty, as if from the unseen world there came a halo of glory to enrich, and charm, and beautify all things here. I have wandered sometimes in a narrow valley, near the going down of the sun. Around me there has been gloom; but, as I gazed up upon the mountain's brow, I have seen the radiance of the sunlight—not shining on me. The trees and hill-tops have been clad in glory, and I know there is a sun which shines unseen by me, which is gilding these summits with this beauty; so, as I wander over the face of nature, and as I gaze on hill-top and on tree, on shrub and on flower, I can see the radiance of the invisible world. God hath thrown a halo of beauty over all things visible here, and they blush out as toward the unseen. I notice the same things in the works of man.

When man begins to labor, his own strength can accomplish but little. He seizes the beast of burden, and subdues it to his will; he lays his hand on the sublimest cataract, and makes it turn his machinery; he spreads out a sail, and catches the passing breeze. He has done much to subdue nature, and, as he rises in civilization, he seizes on more impalpable elements. He converts water into steam as it passes into vapor, and it becomes a powerful agent. He employs it in driving his engine, in making the steamship pass rapidly over the waves, and in driving the locomotive-car with great velocity. Rising still higher, he takes the sunbeam, and it draws his portrait; seizes the lightning-flash, and sends his messages from land to land, girding this whole earth, and giving him power, as in a moment, to commune with all the minds of the world. Man rises on the triumphs of art just in proportion as he approaches toward the invisible. The studies of men lead in the same direction. We commence with the simple elements around us—the visible. We take hold, in philosophy and chemistry, on what might be termed the alphabets, the elements, the grosser forms. As we rise in our speculations, we go still higher, and light, and heat,

and electricity, and magnetism, in all their impalpable forms, pass before us in review; and to-day a large part of chemical and philosophic science is employed in reference to this impalpable and imponderable element, and science rises to its highest glory as it lays hold of the invisible. Now, if we find that man rises in civilization just as his thoughts are directed toward the invisible, shall it not be so that the Christian, in grappling with the highest possible thoughts, shall find himself passing over toward the unseen? So far from this habit of mind being unreasonable, then, we find it to be in harmony with all the laws of God.

But let us notice some of the results of this habit of mind. The first is, that it gives decision of character. Man needs something to steady his course while he is in the midst of the excitements of earth; and that he may be steadied, he needs a view of the distant, he needs a look into the unseen. When men commenced navigation along the coasts of the mainland, they were governed by a view of the mountain-tops or hills—some marked object; but navigation never could attain a wide range until there was something to guide the course of the vessel in darkness as well as light, far out upon the ocean as well as near the shore. Man found the compass, discovered that the needle was touched by some strange power of magnetism, that needle pointing at all times toward the north; and then, under the influence of this, far out on the ocean, in times of darkness and storm, the mariner could keep steadily on his course, without a view of things near him or around him.

So is it with the mariner in life. He needs something that shall guide him amid all the excitements and all the turmoil of life. The young man is liable to waver, to be led astray; but if he can look out into the unseen; if his course can be directed, not only for this year or for the next year, but for the whole career of life; if he can see the grand and the distant, his mind shall be raised above the excitements of the present; and just as, in swimming some swollen river, the eye fixed on a distant bank gives steadiness; just as, in mounting amidst the cordage of the ship, the eye fixed forward enables one to work securely; so he who looks out into the unseen is able to preserve his course amidst all the attractions and all the allurements of life. There may be in philosophy much to give decision of purpose; there may be great fixed principles that can guide us; but religion alone opens up the distant to our view.

He that can understand and delight in greatness, was created to partake of it; the germ is in him; and sometimes this admiration in what we deem inferior minds, discerns a nobler spirit than belongs to the great man who awakens it; for some time, the great man is so absorbed in his own greatness, as to admire no other; and I should not hesitate to say, that a common mind, which is yet capable of a generous admiration, is destined to rise higher than the man of eminent capacities, who can enjoy no power or excellence but his own.—*Channing.*

JUDITH AND SUSANNA USSHER.

(Continued from page 133.)

Judith, the third sister, died of consumption after a short confinement, early in the year 1798, aged 18 years and about 3 months.

This precious child had by nature somewhat more to subdue than her sisters, but being daily favored with the touches of Di vine truth, and made sensible of its attractive loveliness, she hesitated not, but gave herself up to its powerful influence, knowing all she could do was to be as passive clay in the hand of the great Potter; by thus submitting, the Lord, in whom she delighted, worked mightily for her deliverance, and subdued all things unto himself. Her baptisms were deep and incommunicable; she dwelt much in inward retirement, and her words were few and weighty. She bore her last sickness with unremitted patience and meekness; she often said there was no cloud before her. Two day previous to her decease, she was obliged to take to her bed, when she sweetly said, had it been permitted, she hoped to have been of the number of those who were not confined to bed, that she might not give trouble. The next morning her mental faculties were much impaired; she seemed to lose the recollection of those about her, until one of her brothers came into the room, when she called out, "Oh, ——, all is peace, sweet peace!"

Before her departure, she seemed long engaged in supplication; but these words only were clearly understood: "It is all grace, free grace and mercy!" After which, with upraised eyes and hands, she expressed she saw an angel! when quickly her sweet spirit took its flight to the mansions of eternal rest and peace.

She was admitted into membership with the Society of Friends about eighteen months before her decease.

A covenant with God, made by her when about thirteen years old:

"O Almighty and incomprehensible Being, I am now about to fulfil what has been long foretold by the prophet Isaiah. 'One shall say I am the Lord's, and another shall call himself by the name of Israel.' I do here before thee, this night, oh, my heavenly Father,

subscribe with my hand that I am thine; and I do, from the bottom of my heart, desire no portion but thee my God; deny, or give me what thou pleasest, but never let me be without thee, and I shall have enough: in thee is centered all my happiness. I do from this moment renounce all the pomps and vanities of this false, wicked world; but, oh, what have I to renounce, but what would forever make me miserable! Let angels and archangels be my witnesses, if ever I am so base as to break this my covenant, let my name witness against me.

1793. "JUDITH USSHER."

Susanna, the youngest sister, died also of consumption, early in the year 1798, aged nearly fifteen years. This dear child was sweetly taught in the school of her dear Lord; she was drawn into great simplicity, and evinced that truth leads into plainness. Her bodily sufferings were great, but He who thus was pleased to carry on the work of purification supported her. A few days (if not the day) before her final removal, being with her mother, she expressed nearly this language: "Mother, I am not afraid to die, but feel comforted to be taken from the evil to come, which probably I should not have the power to resist."

In a letter to her mother, when at Bristol, is the following paragraph: "I am sure thine and dear Lucy's sufferings on dear Eliza's account are very, very great, but I believe the Lord in his great mercy will support all those that trust in Him alone."

The following lines were found among her papers, written in her own hand:

"Many are the trials and the conflicts the spiritual mind has to sustain before it can enter the promised land, but if it endure to the end, it shall obtain the prize.

"The foundation of God standeth sure, having this precious and unbroken seal, 'The Lord knoweth them that are his.' Strive manfully to enter into the straight gate, for many are the hindrances and besetments with which the adversary of the soul's happiness will invade it, and endeavor to turn it into the broad road of eternal destruction.

"O bring more of thy children under the yoke; make them think thy yoke easy, and thy burden light; make them follow thee and thy faithful ones for ever and ever. Have mercy and forgive the sins of thy children, and the outsteppings of thy chosen ones.

"Encourage, O Lord, I beseech thee, them that are heavy laden, help them through the waters of affliction, support them over all that it is thy will to put upon them; Thou wilt have mercy and not sacrifice; Thou wilt have compassion on the children of men; O look down with compassion upon them, for thou art merciful, long-suffering, patient in mercy!"

For Friends' Intelligencer.

I have read several of the late communications in the Intelligencer on the state of our Society, and though evidently written with a desire to advance the welfare thereof, I cannot unite with the views expressed, and am painfully impressed with the fear that such views tend to change both our Discipline and mode of worship.

I shrink from holding in undue reverence any institution or society gotten up by man, and would desire to estimate all such at their true value. Still, very dear to me are the testimonies of the Society of Friends, and their mode of worship comes closer to me as an evidence of the working of the Divine mind than any other. In the solemn silence of a Friends' meeting, what can be more elevating and strengthening to the weak but honest seeker after Truth, than to drink from the pure fountain of love. I have mingled much with other religious denominations, and I turn from their outward ceremonies to our plain and beautiful mode of worship with the deep feeling that I have but to ask and I shall receive, but to knock, and the door will be opened unto me. I feel, too, that the desire expressed in some of the late communications, that the younger members of the Society should take a more active part in our meetings, as dangerous in its tendency. Surely the very foundation and strengh of our Society consists in the Divine experience of our members, whether young or old. The true follower of the Cross *always* makes himself known and felt; and it is by the teachings and wisdom of such that the integrity of our Society is to be maintained. With fear and trembling does the concerned mind find utterance. And yet, if I understand the views expressed in the communications herein referred to, the writer speaks of the young participating in the important matters of our meetings, as though they were debating societies. Let no member of our Society attempt the guidance thereof till endowed with power from on High. *Then* he will speak, and though differences may seem to exist, there will be no clashing; a Divine harmony will prevail, and under its nourishing influence a new strength and life will be felt throughout the Society. R.

DECISION WITH CHILDREN.

Whatever you think proper to grant a child, let it be granted at the first word, without entreaty and prayer, and above all without making conditions. Grant with pleasure,

refuse with reluctance, but let your refusal be irrevocable; let no importunity shake your resolution; let the particle "no," when once pronounced, be a wall of brass, which a child, after he has tried his strength against it half a dozen times, shall never more endeavor to shake.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 16, 1868.

PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.—The meeting of Ministers and Elders was held as usual on Seventh-day, the 9th inst. All the representatives were present except four, three of whom were prevented from attending by indisposition.

The first sitting opened under a remarkable degree of the feelings of reverence and love,—reverence for the great, universal Parent, and love for each other. And we were reminded that coals were brightened by being drawn together, and that even those which from being scattered had become black, were renewed in brightness by contact with living ones.

The report from one of the Quarterly Meetings having failed to reach us, the suggestion was made that Quarterly Meetings should forward such reports by mail, and also send duplicates.

Several minutes for Friends of other Yearly Meetings, Ministers and Elders, were read. All received a warm welcome. In this connection, allusion was made to the case on record, when little David was sent by his father to see how his brethren fared, and was entrusted with some of his father's substance for the nourishment of those to whom he was sent.

The first query and its answers were read, and a living concern obtained that, in the attendance of meetings, parents may be more earnest in taking the children with them, so that they may receive their share of the heavenly blessing, and the view was expressed that if the older Friends were concerned to hold their meetings in the life, there would be found with the children a feeling which would so respond to the concern of their parents that they would be ready to accompany them on such occasions.

A view was also expressed that if parents and children were more generally companions in the social circle, and parents more careful to bring their children forward on occasions when strangers were with them, there would sometimes be known the overshadowing of love and life, under which influence the family bond would be strengthened and the children be prepared to sympathize with their parents and older friends.

Parents were encouraged not to fear the interruption of their children on such occasions, but to open wide the door through which all the family might enter and partake together in either social or religious communion.

In the afternoon meeting there was a reappointment of the former clerk and assistant clerk. The reading of the second query and the answers introduced the subject of the ministry. Its importance was acknowledged, and a concern was expressed that each one should centre to the Divine Gift within, and try ourselves by it, without engaging in any discussion. This proposition introduced the meeting into a solemn quiet, which afforded opportunity for profitable self-examination. A lively testimony was then borne to the excellency of *silent* ministry, attained through secret travail, which can bring the soul under the baptizing power of Heavenly Truth, which exercise is not restricted to those who are called to be public advocates of the Gospel of Christ, but may be experienced by all who are concerned to draw near to the Author of all good, and through the influence of His Power the Meeting may be baptized by one Spirit into one body.

While the third query was before us, a living concern was expressed that our labor for the promotion of Truth be not confined to the time spent in our meetings, but that it be maintained wherever we go—in our own homes, in our social circles, in the sick room, and in the home of the destitute. We were told this labor is not confined to Ministers, but is a ministration of love that is open to all. All are called to it. It is the uplifting of the great standard which this people are laboring to exalt in the view of the people.

The fourth query introduced a concern that parents should be more guarded in their con-

versation in the social circle. It was feared much was indulged in that was neither profitable nor interesting, and which had no power to attract or gather the young around them. Particular allusion was made to the tendency, too rife among us, to make the doings or perhaps the failings of others the theme of discourse, and thus when the children ask bread we give them a stone.

A concern was also expressed that we might each one examine whether our feet were firmly established on the rock of Divine revelation, as that can alone stand amid the storm of conflicting opinions.

A feeling exercise was expressed (under the remembrance that those who have long borne the burden of the day are being called from this field of labor) that in the appointment of Elders, Friends may look toward some of our younger members; the view was given that there are many of this class qualified to sympathize with Ministers, especially in their first steppings.

In conclusion, the acknowledgment was general that we had had two favored opportunities, and the meeting concluded.

On First-day morning the houses for worship were all open; both wings of the Race Street house were filled to their utmost capacity, and the Lecture room in the School building was also occupied for a religious purpose. Although many stood all the time, the large audiences were quiet and attentive. The word of exhortation, persuasion and encouragement flowed freely from the lips of the gospel messengers, and a feeling of earnestness and solemnity pervaded the assemblies.

The company at the Green Street house was not so large, but abundant evidence was furnished that numbers are not requisite for the acceptable worship of the great Author of our being. The stream of Divine life flowed as from vessel to vessel in a remarkable manner. And whilst there was no obstruction to the pure flowing of gospel truth, there was, in the solemn quiet that prevailed, the full acknowledgment of the great principle that God is the teacher of His people himself.

The meetings held in the afternoon at Spruce Street, and in the evening at both Race and Green Streets, were well attended.

On Second-day, the 11th inst., the Yearly Meeting gathered under a solemn feeling. The absence of some dear friends who had been removed by death since our last meeting was feelingly alluded to. Amongst these were those who had passed fourscore years or more, and in the undoubted evidence that they had faithfully performed their duties and were gathered to the mansions of the blessed, we were reminded that it is not only important to begin and run well for a season, but to hold on to the end. Upon the reading of the minutes of Friends in attendance from other Yearly Meetings, a warm welcome was extended to them, and it was remarked that it might be considered as an evidence of Divine favor that the feet of the messengers from other quarters were directed toward us to stir up the pure mind by way of remembrance. Not that we were to depend upon these, for all must do their individual work. The representatives were present except seven, for the absence of most of whom reasons were assigned. Epistles were received from all the Yearly Meetings with which we hold correspondence, and a committee was appointed to produce essays of replies. A committee was also appointed to assist the Clerks in collecting the exercises of the Meeting.

A proposition came up from Abington Quarter recommending that the time of holding our Yearly Meeting be changed from the Fifth to about the same time in the Tenth month. Upon this subject a joint committee was appointed, which closed the proceedings when our paper went to press.

One Generation passeth away and another Generation cometh.—As it was in the former day, so it is now, and perhaps there is no truth more frequently brought into view by the events that are transpiring around us than that one generation passeth away and another cometh. So rapid has been, of late, the succession of removals among those of mature age, members of our Society, that it would seem that one generation was now passing away before another is prepared to fill the vacancies. But our con-

fidence must not fail in the wisdom of Him who has promised that "spring time and harvest, summer and winter shall not fail," and if the seasons of labor are to return, laborers will be found in due season, unless those into whose hands the implements of labor would be placed, refuse to come under the needful preparation for the work assigned them.

Among many others of advanced age whose names have recently been in our obituary column, are two members of Green St. Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia. Perhaps we may be excused for a personal allusion to these, when our intimate connection with them as members of our own Quarterly Meeting is considered. We allude to our friends Silas Yerkes, aged very nearly 89 years, and Hannah Townsend, who was within two months of 87. The former Friend, during his long life manifested a steady interest in the welfare of our Society, and was constant in the attendance of meetings, both for worship and Discipline, until prevented by physical disability, after which his sweet submission to the wishes of those around him, and the cheerful patience with which he bore his helplessness, proved that a part of the work of his life was performed after he was reduced physically to the helplessness of an infant. Some of us can acknowledge we have brought from his sick-room seeds of submission and holy trust, which have taken root, and may peradventure become plants, bearing fruit.

With our friend, Hannah Townsend, some of us were in almost daily intercourse, and now that her place is left vacant, we feel prompted to offer a tribute of affection, by a brief review of her long and loving life. Her earnest devotion to the welfare of the Society of Friends was largely shared by her husband, Isaac Townsend, and was manifested by their hospitality to strangers, and warm reception of those who bore to the people the glad tidings of the gospel of peace. Their home was for many years several miles distant from other neighborhoods of Friends, and it was the general resort of those who travelled in Truth's service. Those acquainted with her private life say that no matter how busily engaged she might be upon these frequent and unexpected arrivals, a cordial greeting was ever extended to the visitors, and the comforts at her command were bestowed with a liberal hand. In those days, the sparse settlement of the southern part of New Jersey made it necessary that strangers should have a guide from meeting to meeting. Our friends Isaac and Hannah Townsend were ever prompt in rendering this service, and on occasions of her husband's absence from home, our dear friend, H. T., would leave her little flock with a trusting spirit, and overcoming her native diffidence, would act as pilot for those who were engaged in the cause she loved.

In the latter part of her life, after their removal to Philadelphia, she passed through many and varied trials, amid which the Christian spirit was more and more manifest. As gold purified by fire, she came out with increased lustre, and realized the fulfilment of the promise to those whose trust is in the Divine Arm, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be."

In 1867 she was separated by death from her beloved husband, then in his 91st year, with whom she had lived in unbroken harmony for nearly 66 years, and a few months after she lost a daughter, whose marked characteristic was devotion to her aged parents. The Christian resignation with which she bore these great bereavements is worthy of note. It seemed to be the crowning virtue of her life. Her demeanor was marked with dignity and affability, and we may truly say, "She looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness."

Even after her age had exceeded fourscore years she was rarely absent from our religious assemblies, and two weeks before her death she attended both the morning and evening meetings.

As a true mother in Israel, her feelings were often drawn out in concern for the young people, whom she feelingly addressed at the last Monthly Meeting she attended, encouraging them to put away little hindering things, and assemble with their elder Friends for the soul-ennobling purpose of offering adoration and worship to the Great Head of the Church, testifying in earnest

language to what had been her own experience, and expressed her belief that however great might be the present sacrifice, they would never regret having made the offering.

Her illness was a short one. At its commencement, under the anticipation that she would not recover, she sent a message of love to all her friends. Her sickness was marked by a pure resignation and a loving and active concern for those around her, from whom she was soon to be separated. Her mind retained its clearness until within a few hours of her close, and she was able to bestow a parting salutation and blessing upon her childern, giving emphatic utterance to this word of counsel, "Children, do your work in the daytime."

To Correspondents.—The continued reception of communications in relation to music, repeating views similar to those already published, makes it unprofitable to give publicity to all. This may account to some of our correspondents for the non-appearance of their articles. Some weeks since we opened our columns to the expression of the views of Friends who may feel concerned for the welfare of the Society, and who apprehend that its strength may be increased by an interchange of honest conviction and sentiments in relation to its principles and testimonies; but we feel a care that the discussion be not unduly prolonged.

Died, at the residence of her son-in law, R. M. Lukens, of Fall Creek, Ind., on the 4th of Third month, 1868, Hannah Thomas, aged 78 years; a member of Fall Creek Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 13th of Third month, 1868, at the residence of her son-in-law, John B. Drake, of Albany County, N. Y., Hannah Hallenbeck, in her 89th year. She was willing for the great change, and, we trust, prepared.

——, at the residence of her sister, in Zanesville, Ohio, on the 9th of Fourth month, 1868, Hannah Conard, aged 60 years, daughter of Thomas and Sarah Conard, deceased; a member of Concord Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 19th of Fourth month, 1868, at his residence, Pike Run, Penna., Ellis Lilley, in the 67th year of his age; a member of Friends' meeting, Salem, Ohio.

——, on the 26th of Fourth month, 1868, Susan S. Russell, wife of Wm. Russell, in the 47th year of her age; a member of Pipe Creek Monthly Meeting, Carroll County, Md.

——, on the 8th of Fifth month, 1867, Jacob Pratt, in the 70th year of his age; a member of Easton Monthly Meeting.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

MUSIC.

When opinions appear in print, purporting to be the views of a religious society, which any member of that society conceives is not altogether correct, it is certainly the right, if not the duty, of said member to state his own views.

In several essays which have lately appeared in Friends' Intelligencer under the head of "Some thoughts in relation to Friends' Testimonies and Discipline," it is asserted, and sundry extracts quoted from the Discipline of several Yearly Meetings to prove, that "against music in itself, although individuals may have, Friends as a Society have no testimony." The writer subsequently says, "What I mean by a testimony against music in itself, is an aversion to melodious, harmonious, and musical sounds, such as we have to drunkenness, slavery, &c." I find no mention made of "music in itself," in the Discipline or Testimonies issued by any Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, or by any writer upon the subject, previous to the one under review. I have no knowledge of individuals in the Society of Friends, bearing a testimony against natural, melodious, harmonious, or musical sounds, nor against those spiritual songs that seem to have burst forth occasionally from dedicated minds, but ample quotations have appeared in various essays published recently in the Intelligencer, from the Disciplines of several Yearly Meetings, and from an address issued by the Meeting for Sufferings of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, showing that Friends have long had, and continue to have as a Society, a testimony to bear against music as a "vain amusement," whether studied or practiced at home or abroad.

In the essay in the fifth number of the Intelligencer, quotations are made from several Yearly Meetings to prove that the testimony of Friends was against *going to* or *frequenting* places of music, dancing, &c. Can we then for a moment suppose that a body of professing Christians, who call music and dancing "vain amusements, vain sports and pastimes," could have meant going from *home* to attend them, whilst they might with impunity have stage-plays, horse-racing, music and dancing *at home?* or justify practising these vain sports, provided they did not *frequent* them? I find nothing recorded as the sentiments of Friends, either collectively or individually, except by the author under review, where an exception is made in favor of "music in the private family circle, under healthful regulations or restraint," nor against the "abuse of music." Hence I conclude, that though individuals may not have, the Society

of Friends has a testimony against music, and not against its *abuse*, as I believe its attention has not been directed to that view of the subject. I know of no better reason for Friends' testimony against music than that given in the essay on page 52 of the Intelligencer —viz., "on account of the waste of precious time consequent upon an indulgence in it, in its various connections, especially instrumental; the injurious effect upon the health in the sedentary habits induced in acquiring an acquaintance with it; the attendant expense, and other considerations." "Then it will be experienced that there is a state attainable in sweet communion with God, in which music of an artificial kind will be rather an annoyance than a gratification." Is this, here referred to, music in itself? Can that be righteously pursued or encouraged which is an annoyance to a Christian state? A quotation from Clarkson, given by the author under review, says, "The Quakers therefore have thought it proper to interfere upon this subject, and to draw a line between those amusements which they consider to be salutary, and those they consider to be hurtful," and he specifies music, novels, the theatre and all games of chance, among those amusements that are forbidden."

As I neither feel inclination nor ability to extend controversial essays, further than to offer my mite to sustain what I conceive to be a testimony of the Society of which I am a member, I will leave this subject, after recommending young Friends, as well as some more advanced in life, who have been disposed to gratify a fondness for music, and who may have felt somewhat encouraged therein by the late essays that have appeared in the Intelligencer, to carefully and impartially read, and deliberately reflect upon that most valuable address on the subject of music issued by the Meeting for Sufferings of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, in 1852, and published in Nos. 1 and 2 of this periodical, in Third month last.

I have carefully read the Discipline of several Yearly Meetings authorizing disownments in certain cases, and considering also the practice of Monthly Meetings in such cases, so far as I have been acquainted with it, I must say I think the Discipline is excellent; and in the exercise of it, much tenderness, forbearance and Christian charity towards offenders, and a desire to *restore*, than to *cut off*, is generally manifest.

Having these feelings and views, I cannot say with the author under review, "Where one religious sect used to fine and burn, another imprison and hang, Friends have been known to deal with, and disown, and thereby impose what is understood to be Church censure, for no moral wrong, in the *same spirit*, and with the same object."

T. W.

SPRING.

BY CLARA F. BERRY.

The Spring is very beautiful; God's love is everywhere;
Each tiny flower, each blade of grass reveals a Father's care;
Each little drop of morning dew, that trembles on the leaf,
And sparkles like a jewel bright, gives faith to unbelief.

The Spring is very beautiful; the brook that babbles by,
And wanders through the meadows green, gives pleasure to the eye;
A thousand insects fill the air, while sporting in the sun,
And bright-hued wings of every shade, seem mingling in one.

The earth is carpeted to day with web of living green,
While woof of fragrant flowers rare are woven in between;
A carpet such as human skill could never yet devise,
So soft and pliant to the touch, so grateful to the eyes.

The Spring is very beautiful; the birds that fill the air,
The turtles in the meadow brooks make music everywhere;
The flowers spring up at Nature's touch and blossom by the way,
Oh! what can be more beautiful than laughing, blooming, May.

The lilac sheds its petal sweet beside the garden wall,
And throws its perfume round the home so loved and dear to all;
The purple violet is seen just peeping through the grass,
And hangs its head in modesty, if ere we chance to pass.

The Spring is very beautiful; the birds, the flowers the trees,
All send a thrill of gratitude with every passing breeze;
The apple blossoms on the trees are pink and white to day,—
Oh! what can be more beautiful than laughing, blooming, May?

North Andover, Mass.

THE TIMES OF PRAYER.

Come to the morning prayer,
Come let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shadow from the heat
When the sun smites by day.

At eve, shut to the door,
Round the home altar pray,
And finding there "the house of God,"
At "heaven's gate" close the day.

When midnight seals our eyes,
Let each in spirit say,
"I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray.
—*James Montgomery.*

THE CITY AND THE COUNTRY.

BY HORACE GREELY.

I presume it is already widely known that I habitually and systematically discourage the migration of young men to our great cities. Let me say why I do so.

Strictly, however, what I do is to decline *promoting* or *encouraging* the migration of young men to our city. I would leave it as free and open to them as it ever was to me. I came hither, not quite of age, with a tolerable knowledge of my trade (printing), resolved to make my way here, if I could—if not, to make my way *from* here, directly. I knew no one living within two hundred miles; I wrote to ask help or favor of no one; I came in quest of work—found it pretty soon—took the worst that was going, because those who were here before me had secured the best—and gradually fought my way to a better position.

There is a class of country-bred persons who can, sometimes, do well in a great city, almost from the day they enter it. This is the class of thoroughly capable, energetic, temperate, thrifty mechanics, who have not yet married. Any one of these may drop into the city, in March or April, of any prosperous year, when work abounds and everything is thriving, and find employment at good wages, of which he may save half if he will. True, his expenses will overtake his income if he stays here until surrounded by a swarm of children; but why *should* he stay here so long? If he develop qualities which insure him a leading position and a liberal income, he can well afford to stay; if not, let him be off in season to have his children country-born. To rear sons and daughters in narrow, crowded city quarters, on the stinted allowance of a mere journeyman or laborer, is not to treat them fairly. Give them air to breathe, hills to roam over, and woods to frequent, so that they shall grow up in health and vigor. The city is hard enough on the poor man; it is entirely *too* hard on the poor man's children. But for our common schools, I would advise them to get away, even though they had to run away.

But there is an innumerable multitude of boys, of young lawyers, clerks, journalists, etc., who look wishfully to this city, or to some other great city, seeking therein employment, as a stepping-stone to consideration, position, affluence. These I habitually discourage, to their sore discomfort, and even at the cost of invoking their indignation. Why? I answer:

I. Because the cities are largely overpeopled. There are, always, thousands here, "willing *to do anything*," they say; which too often implies that they know how to do nothing well. Every new comer, of course, lessens the chance—small enough at best—that these shall gain here a subsistence. Now, if these could be driven out to some purpose—if they were not too old to learn a trade—or if they had one already—if I knew what they could do to their own and others' advantage, or where to put them—I would not so strenuously object to the coming in of others to crowd them out of their last hope of earning a decent livelihood. As it is, I must.

II. Because this is no place in which to learn. Living is very dear on this island. It costs more to lodge a person decently here, than to board, as well as lodge him, in a rural township. A great, world-known lawyer might come hither and thrive from the outset; a young, undistinguished lawyer must expect to be many years working his way up to a business by which he may live in comfort. A skilful, driving mechanic, who is still single, may generally get on here, but this is no place for a boy to learn a trade in, unless he has parents here who can support him at least for his first year. He who can do three average men's work will probably go ahead here; if he is only a fair journeyman, he pretty surely will not. So a clerk, or salesman, of established and eminent ability, may probably find a welcome here; but woe to the youth who comes hither hoping to *learn* to be a clerk or salesman! He has scarcely a chance.

III. In the world, as God made it, there is room and work for all. If one hundred thousand new clearings should this year be opened in the wilderness, which still covers so large a share of our country—if so many more dwellings should be planted on the hitherto virgin prairie, and the plow and cultivator set in motion around each of them—there would be no glut in our food-markets—no surplus of corn or cattle to go to waste. Wheat and beef have rarely been dearer (in coin) than they are to-day. But goods are superabundant almost everywhere. Manufactures are depressed and stagnating for want of markets; cities are full of suffering because trade is dull, and because there is very little to do. There should, there *must* be a heavy migration from the cities and villages to the broad, free country—to the West, the South, the Rocky Mountains, the great Plains, or wherever else fields want tillage, and mines are still unworked, or the

wilderness is yet to be subdued to the uses or powers harnessed to do the bidding of civilized man.

IV. Our own country, to say nothing of others, lies, for the most part, untilled and unfruitful. There are woods to be cleared away, prairies to be fenced and broken, dwellings to be built, swamps and marshes to be drained, soils to be deepened, orchards and vineyards to be planted, dams and mills to be constructed, and all manner of abidingly useful work to be done. Little or none of this is wanted in cities; in fact, the cities languish and suffer because it is not yet done. There is scope enough for all energies, work for all hands, and employment for all capacities, in the vast, unpeopled, or far too thinly peopled, districts of this capacious republic.

The cities are plethoric with population in excess of all demand for their services and efforts. The problem that presses for solution is how to restore the equilibrium—to move hundreds of thousands from spots where they are in excess, and are burthensome, to regions where men and women, willing to labor, are still badly needed. If I can do very little toward solving this problem, I will, at least, do nothing to aggravate its difficulties. Whatever power or influence I may have shall be exerted in favor of abating the pressure of population on subsistence in our cities—in favor of turning the current of migration away from pavements toward the forests, the prairies, the mines and the fields.—*From Packard's Monthly.*

From the Christian Register.

MISS CARPENTER'S INTERVIEW WITH THE QUEEN.

From our Regular English Correspondent.

It is well known that our Queen is a friend to America, and it is equally well known that your people take an interest in our Queen. Your readers may, therefore, like to hear that my sister, Miss Carpenter, was allowed an interview with her in reference to her Indian mission. "The Queen's Journal" confirms our belief, that the stiffness and ceremony of a court is irksome to her, and that part of her enjoyment in the Highlands arises from the greater freedom of intercourse which is suitable to the place and people. In England, however, some difficulty of access is obviously essential to her peace; and my sister was glad to be under the kind escort of Sir Stafford Northcote, the Secretary of State for India, with whom she had first become acquainted from his interest in the reformatory movement. For the last few months she has been closely occupied with the preparation of her book, (*Six Months in India*, &c., 2 vols., a copy of which I have sent you.) A few days after it was published she received a letter, informing her that the Queen, who had just returned to Windsor, appointed an interview with her there, for the following Friday, March 13th, at 3 P. M. As she went as the representative of a public movement, there is, I think, no impropriety in relating what passed, which I can do in her own words, by copying part of the narrative which she drew up for her family. She had sent her book by post to the Queen, for which she had received a polite acknowledgment.

On arriving with Sir Stafford Northcote, at the equerry's entrance at Windsor, she observed that "There were no guards, soldiers, police, or liveried footmen to be seen. The remarkably quiet simplicity about this grand old royal castle indicated the security of a beloved sovereign, dwelling among her people. The officials were not aware of an interview, and Sir Stafford desired them to mention our arrival to the Queen. No cards were sent in, as was absolutely essential in India. Indeed I was much struck with the contrast to the pomp and circumstance of the Calcutta and Madras government houses. People have asked me if I did not feel nervous. I was not in the least so, for I was not going for myself, but for the women of India. Indeed I told Sir S., on the way down, that I was not anxious about this interview, as I was when about to have one with him in the India house! We were shown into the luncheon-room and requested to take refreshment; and at length a lord in waiting told Sir S. where we were to go, and we went up a broad staircase, leading into a splendid corridor surrounding a square court, and built by George IV. There was gilded carving on the ceiling, and busts were on each side. Walking slowly along, and observing the objects we passed, Sir Stafford suddenly drew my attention to the presence of the Queen. She had entered from the other end, unattended except by the Princess Louise and Prince Leopold, and was now standing quite near me. We bent low and respectfully. Her countenance beamed with intellect, sweetness and animation; and though perfectly simple in her manner, she was so full of quiet dignity that she instantly inspired me with the feeling that I was in the presence of the sovereign. She very kindly opened the interview with expressing to me her satisfaction with my having gone to India. I then handed her the beautiful, carved, sandal wood card-case presented to me at Surat, and begged her to grant to the ladies of Surat the pleasure of knowing that she retained it in her possession. She took it gracefully. I would not have parted with that treasure to any one else in the world! (See 'Six Months,' &c., Vol. I., p. 92.) I then

showed her Majesty, one by one, the various things I brought, which she looked at with interest. (Designs from the Madras School of Art, illuminated writing from a Poona school, a map, &c.) When I came to the notes in English, from the native girls in the Alexandria School at Bombay, she remarked that this was the school for which the bazaar was to be held. She then handed the various things to the Princess Louise (who appeared to take interest in the interview) saying, 'Will you take care of these, my dear?' I then showed the Queen the writing of ladies in my extract-book. Her eye rested with interest on every one, beginning with the last —a beautifully neat, Bengalee lady's letter to her husband, proceeding to the firm, good writing of the Sheriff of Bombay's good wife, the few English words of the Brahmin's lady, (Vol. II., p. 2.,) the lady guests of the Rajah at Kishnaghur, (Vol. I., p. 263,) and lastly the writing of my dear young widow, (Vol. I, pp. 159–160,) with the translation by her husband, then by her side. When I briefly mentioned the misery and cruel treatment imposed on those who already had the deepest affliction, the Queen's countenance expressed the deepest commiseration. Sir Stafford remarked that it is a part of my plan to employ the widows. I added that I desire to return to Madras to help these poor young ladies. The Queen asked me whether I understood Hindoostanee? I answered that I had not had time to learn a new language, and that I did not think that this would have been of much use to me. I found no difficulty in conversing with educated gentlemen, as they were familiar with English.

"I then expressed to her Majesty our thanks for having permitted us to sympathize with her in her book. She looked pleased and animated, and said that the Hindoos wished to have it translated. Sir Stafford said that the matter is in the hands of an English professor. I ventured to suggest that native gentlemen are so perfectly acquainted with English that they would perfectly understand her book, and would, of course, be more able to render it satisfactorily in their own vernacular, than an Englishman would.

"On our taking leave the Queen expressed her satisfaction that I purposed again going to India. She then shook hands with me cordially; the Prince and Princess did so also. She and they drew back a few steps, as we did; and then she turned with the Prince and Princess, leaving us at liberty to do so also. She was dressed, as in her portraits, with deep crape, and a Mary Stuart cap, which looked quite becoming. No likeness I have seen gives any idea of the expression of her countenance, or her gracious demeanor.

"At the entrance of the corridor was a large, marble group, veiled with muslin. A servant removed the covering. It was a very fine statue of the Prince Consort, in Saxon dress, looking affectionately at the Queen, who is regarding him most lovingly, slightly leaning on him. Beneath was inscribed 'Departed to a brighter sphere,' or some such words. When we were putting on our outer coverings, a servant requested us to wait in the drawing-room. There was a very beautiful full-sized painting of the Duchess of Kent, and on each side of the fire-place a full-length portrait of the Prince and Princess of Wales. A servant soon brought in a small parcel and a note. Sir Stafford handed the parcel to me. It was the 'Queen's book,' in which she had written—'To Miss Carpenter, from Victoria R., Windsor Castle, March 13th, 1868.' This is indeed a treasure! So ended this eventful hour. We took a turn in the garden, and then left the castle.

"I thanked Sir Stafford Northcote much for his kindness in this matter. I said that my loyalty and affection to our beloved Queen had seemed at its height before, but that this interview had intensified my feelings; with this he quite sympathized. He said that I need not hesitate to give a full account of it to my Hindoo Friends, as it would do good in India for it to be known how much interest the Queen takes in that country."

PARDON FOR OMISSIONS.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, in writing to his mother, says:

"You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman in this world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and I beg forgiveness of all I have done ill, and all I have *omitted to do well.*"

So in the prayer he composed at the same time:

"Forgive me whatever I have done unkindly to my mother, and *whatever I have omitted to do kindly.*"

There is a deep meaning in this. Our offences against God and our fellow-men are far greater in the omission of duties than in the commission of sins. Let any one think over it faithfully, and see if the weight of condemnation does not rest there.

And how much point in the expression—"omitted to do *kindly.*" We might—often at least—almost as well not speak the truth at all as to speak it not "in love;" so it may often happen that an act in itself eminently proper has a dreadful *omission* about it simply because it is not done *kindly.* What is charity, however bountifully bestowed, if *sympathy* be wanting? It is often positive insult.

Without pursuing the hint further, let each

one search for the catalogue of what he has left undone, and strive for a better spirit and a better life.

A FEW WORDS TO A FATHER.

Take your son for a companion whenever you conveniently can; it will relieve the already over-burdened anxious mother of so much care. It will gratify the boy; it will please the mother; it certainly ought to be a pleasure to you. What mother's eye would not brighten when her child is fondly cared for? And when his eye kindles, his heart beats, and his tongue prattles faster and faster with the idea "of going with father," does she not share her little boy's happiness, and is not her love deepened by her husband's consideration, so just, and yet too often so extraordinary? It will keep him and you out of places, society, and temptation into which separately you might enter. It will establish confidence, sympathy, esteem, and love between you. It will give you abundant and very favorable opportunities to impart instruction, to infuse and cultivate noble principles, and to develop and strengthen a true manhood. It will enable him to "see the world," and to enjoy a certain liberty which may prevent that future licentiousness which so often results from a sudden freedom from long restraint.—*Ex. Paper.*

ITEMS.

The coming Eclipse.—Both English and French astronomers are making preparations for observing at the East an eclipse of the sun on the 18th of Eighth month next, which will be total for the space of 6 min. 46 sec. along a line passing through Southern New Guinea, Hindostan, the Bay of Bengal, the Malayan Peninsula, and the Gulf of Siam. Leverrier recommends that the French ships be placed on the eastern side of the Malayan Peninsula for the accommodation of the observers. Some interesting questions regarding the "corono" and "red flames," it is hoped, will then be satisfactorily settled by means of the spectroscope.

Mauna Loa, the Hawaiian volcano, which has again broken out in eruption, is one of the famous volcanoes of the world. It is situated in the centre of the island of Hawaii, of the Sandwich Island group, and is 13,758 feet high. Whilst the lower parts of the mountain are fertile and were inhabited before the recent eruption, its top is covered with craters, the principal of those heretofore in eruption being 15,000 feet long by 8,000 feet wide and some 700 feet deep. The present eruption, however, was from another crater on the side of the mountain, but 4000 feet above the sea level, and which is 3½ miles long, 2½ wide, and over 1000 feet deep. This crater has always had in it a lake of liquid lava surging and emitting clouds of steam. Heretofore eruptions of this volcano have taken place in 1841, 1855 (lasting thirteen months) and 1859 (lasting ten months). The present eruption is said to exceed any preceding one in magnificence, and has been accompanied with a terrible destruction of life and property.

In France, it is proposed to organize a system of signals where telegraphic wires do not exist, to apprise each district of the country of the approach of storms, in order that the crops during harvest may be quickly gathered. A similar system is proposed for the United States by the plan of Prof. Watson, at Washington. It is said that at least a quarter of the aggregate hay and wheat crops of the temperate zone are annually lost by tempests.

The Dispensary, as a means of supplying medicines to the poor, originated with the wife of Duke Christopher, in what is now known as the kingdom of Wurtemburg, in the year 1559. Within the next half century four others were established, all of them by women, in different European courts, for the same purpose. But dispensaries as separate and distinct institutions were the result of a quarrel between the apothecaries and physicians of London, that lasted nearly a century, and gave rise to the Royal General Dispensary, which was established in 1770. Out of the benevolence of women and the bickerings of men sprang one of the worthiest of modern charities.

In Canada, a law recently went into operation, which practically excludes United States newspapers. It requires the payment to the Canadian Post-office of two cents (gold) a copy on every newspaper from the United States. Complaint of this excessive postage having been made, it is said that the Canadian authorities have reviewed the matter, and will soon promulgate an order restoring the old rate.

The Union Pacific Railway crosses the Rocky Mountains at an elevation of 8,242 feet, being, it is asserted, the highest point reached by any railroad. The summit was reached on Fourth month 16th, and the iron is now being laid on the slope descending towards the Pacific.

New York has a Newsboys' Home, which, during the past fifteen years, has provided partially for 57,507 boys, and has restored 4000 truants to their relatives and friends. It has also provided situations at labor, chiefly in the West, for about 13,500. All this has been done at an expense of $65,000, of which $18,000 were the voluntary contributions of the boys themselves.

The Agent of the Peabody Southern Education Fund, Dr. Sears, has appropriated $12,000 for the current year, to various existing schools in the leading country towns of Louisiana. He has also assigned $5,000 for the aid of Normal Schools in that State, $2,000 being given to the Normal School at New Orleans.

In New Jersey, a report of the State Agricultural College has recently been made, which gives a statement of the value of the farm lands of the State. The total cash value is $180,250,338. Burlington has the largest area of the counties, whilst in Hudson county the average value is $551 per acre, the highest in the State. Essex county reports an average of $106 per acre, Bergen is third, and Mercer fourth. New Jersey contains, out of a total area of 7575 square miles, 1,944,441 acres of improved land, and 1,039,084 acres unimproved. There are also 300,328 acres of meadow and marsh lands.

The First Paper in Alaska.—A newspaper has already made its appearance in Alaska. It is styled the Alaska *Herald*, and is printed in Russian and English.

Less than 12 per cent. of the population of Ireland support the established Church. No county, it is said, contains more than 20 per cent. who accept its worship.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 23, 1868. No. 12.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, four copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
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Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
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From "Imitation of Christ."

BLESSEDNESS OF INTERNAL CONVERSATION WITH CHRIST.

BY THOMAS A'KEMPIS.

(Continued from page 163.)

Disciple.—"Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him; and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" What, indeed, is he, and what hath he done, that thou shouldst bestow upon him thy Holy Spirit.

What cause have I to complain, O Lord, when thou withdrawest thy presence, and leavest me to myself? or how can I remonstrate, though my most importunate requests are not granted? This only I can truly think and say: "Lord, I can do nothing, and have nothing; there is no good dwelling in me that I can call my own, but I am poor and destitute in all respects, and always tending to nothing; and if I were not quickened by thy Spirit, I should immediately become insensible as death."

"Thou, O Lord, art always the same, and shalt endure forever." Thou art always righteous and good; with righteousness and goodness governing the whole universe, and ordering all its concerns by the counsels of infinite wisdom. But I, who of myself am more inclined to evil than to good, never continue in holiness and peace; I am changeable as the events of time that pass over me; am tossed upon every wave of affliction, and driven by every gust of passion. Yet, Lord, I shall find stability when thou reachest forth thy helping hand; for thou canst so firmly strengthen and support me that my heart shall no longer change with the various changes of this fallen life, but being wholly turned to thee, shall in thee find supreme and everlasting rest.

Wherefore, if I could but perfectly abandon all human consolation, either from a purer love and devotion to thee, or from the pressure of some severe distress, which, when all other dependence was found ineffectual, might compel me to seek after thee; then might I hope to receive more abundant measures of confirming grace, and to rejoice in new and inconceivable consolation from thy Holy Spirit.

Thanks are due to thee, O Lord, from whom all good proceeds, whenever my state is better than I have reason to expect. I am an inconsistent and feeble man, and vanity and nothing before thee. What have I then to glory in? and why do I desire to be esteemed and admired? Is it not for nothing? and that, surely, is most vain. Vain glory is not only the vainest of all vanities, but a direful evil, that draws away the soul from true glory, and robs it of the grace of heaven: for while man labors to please himself, he labors to displease thee; while he sighs for the perishing laurels of the world, he loses the unfading crown of thy righteousness.

Truly glory and holy joy are to be found

only in thee; and man should rejoice in thy name, not in the splendor of his own imaginary virtues, and delight in no creature but for thy sake. Praised, therefore, be thy name, not mine; magnified be thy power, not my work! yea, forever blessed be thy holy name; but, to me let no praise be given! Thou art my glory, and the joy of my heart! In thee will I glory, and in thee rejoice, all the day long; and "of myself I will not glory, but in mine infirmities.

Christ.—Grieve not, my son, when others are honored and exalted, and thou art despised and debased. Lift up thy heart to me in heaven, and thou wilt not be disturbed by the contempt of men on earth.

Disciple. Lord, I am surrounded with darkness, and easily betrayed into a vain conceit of my own dignity and importance; but when I behold myself by thy light, I know that no creature has done me wrong; and, therefore, surely I have no cause to complain of thee. On the contrary, because I have heinously and repeatedly sinned against thee, all creatures may justly treat me as an enemy, and make war against me. To me only shame and confusion of face are due; but to thee, praise, and honor, and glory. And, till I am perfectly willing to be despised and forsaken of all creatures, as that nothing which in myself I truly am, I know that my restless spirit cannot possibly be established in peace, nor illuminated by truth, nor brought into union with thee.

Christ.—Son, if thou sufferest even a conformity of sentiments and manners, and the reciprocations of friendship, to render thy peace dependent upon any human being, thou wilt always be unsettled and distressed; but if thou continually seekest after me the everliving and abiding truth as the supreme object of thy faith and love, the loss of a friend will be no affliction, whether it happens by falsehood or by death. The affections of friendship must spring from the love of me; and it is for my sake alone that any person should be dear in the present life, as there is no goodness in man but what he receives immediately from me. Without me, therefore, friendship has neither worth nor stability; nor can there be any mutual ardors of pure and genuine love but what I inspire.

As far as the distinct improvement and perfection of thy own spirit is concerned, thou shouldst so mortify personal affections and attachments as to make them hold a subordinate place in thy heart. The soul draws near to God only in proportion as it withdraws from earthly comfort. With so much higher exaltation doth it ascend to him, as, with deeper conviction of its inherent darkness and impurity, it descends into itself, and becomes viler and more contemptible in its own sight. But he that claims any goodness in himself bars the entrance to the grace of God; for the Holy Spirit chooses, for the seat of his influence, a contrite and humble heart.

If thou wert brought to a true sense of thy own nothingness, and emptied of all selfish and earthly affections, I would, surely, with the treasures of grace, "come unto thee and make my abode with thee:" but while thou fondly gazest upon, and pursuest the creature, thou turnest from the presence and sight of the Creator. Learn, therefore, for the love of the Creator, to subdue this earth-born love of the creature, and thou wilt be qualified to receive the light of eternal truth. It matters not how inconsiderable the object of pursuit is in itself: while it is vehemently loved, and continually regarded, it corrupts the soul, and keeps it at an infinite distance from its supreme good.

It is expedient for thee, my son, to be ignorant of many things; and to consider thyself as "crucified to the world, and the world to thee." Like one deaf, let what is said pass by thee unnoticed, that thou mayst keep thy thoughts fixed on "the things that belong unto thy peace." It is better to turn away from all that produces perplexity and disturbance, and to leave every one in the enjoyment of his own opinion, than to be held in subjection by contentious arguments. If thou wert truly "reconciled to God," and didst regard only his unerring judgment, thou wouldst easily bear the disgrace of yielding up the victory in the debates of men.

Disciple.—Do thou, O Lord, "give me help from trouble; for vain is the help of man!" How often have I failed of support where I thought myself sure of it; and how often found it where I had least reason to expect it! Vain and deceitful, therefore, is all trust in man; but the salvation of the righteous, O Lord, is in thee! Blessed, therefore, be thy holy name, O Lord, my God, in all things that befall us! We are weak and unstable creatures, easily deceived, and suddenly changed.

Where is the man that, by his own most prudent care and watchful circumspection, is always able to avoid the mazes of error and the disorders of sin? But he, O Lord, that puts his whole confidence in thee, and in singleness of heart seeks thee alone, will not easily be betrayed into either: and though he chance to fall into some unexpected trouble, and be ever so deeply involved in it; yet thy merciful hand will soon deliver him from it, or thy powerful consolations support him in it, for thou wilt not utterly forsake him that putteth his whole trust in thee. A comforter, that will continue faithful in all the dis-

tresses of his friend, is rarely to be found among the children of men; but thou, Lord, thou art most faithful at all times, and in all events; and there is none like unto thee in heaven or earth. O how Divinely wise must be that holy soul, who could say, "My heart is firmly established, for it is rooted in Christ!" If this was my state, I should no longer tremble at the threats of wrath, nor be disturbed by the calumnies of envy.

Who can foresee future events? Who can guard against future evil? If those evils that are foreseen often hurt us, we cannot but be grievously wounded by those that are unforeseen. But, wretched creature that I am, why did I not provide more wisely for the security of my peace? Why have I given such easy credit to men like myself, who are all destitute both of wisdom and power, though many think us, and call us angels? Whom ought I to have believed? Whom, Lord, but thee! who art the truth, that can neither deceive nor be deceived! But "all men are liars;" so frail and inconsistent, so prone to deceive in the use of words, that hasty credit is never to be given, even to those declarations that wear the appearance of truth.

How wisely hast thou warned us, O Lord, to "beware of men!" How justly said, that "a man's enemies are those of his own house!" and how kindly commanded us to withhold belief, when it is said, "Lo, Christ is here:" or, "Lo, he is there!" I have learned these truths, not only from thy word, but at the expense of peace; and I pray that they may more increase the caution than manifest the folly of my future conduct.

With the most solemn injunctions of secrecy, one says to me, "Be wary, be faithful; and let what I tell thee be securely locked up in thy own breast:" and while I hold my peace, and believe the secret inviolate, this man, unable to keep the silence he had imposed, to the next person he meets, betrays both himself and me, and goes his way to repeat the same folly. From such false and imprudent spirits, protect me, O Lord! that I may neither be deceived by their insincerity, nor imitate their practices. Give truth and faithfulness to my lips, and remove far from me a deceitful tongue; that I may not do that to another, which I am unwilling another should do to me.

How peaceful and blessed a state must that man enjoy, who takes no notice of the opinions and actions of others; who does not indiscriminately believe, nor wantonly report, everything he hears; who, instead of unbosoming himself to all he meets, continually looks up to thee, the only Searcher of the heart; and who is not "carried about with every wind of doctrine," but studies and desires only, that everything, both within and without him, may be directed and accomplished according to thy will.

It is of great importance, Lord, for the preservation and improvement of thy heavenly gift, to shun the notice of the world; and instead of cultivating attainments that attract admiration and applause, to aspire, with continual ardor, after inward purity, and a perfect elevation of the heart to thee. How often has the growth of holiness been checked, by its being too hastily made known, and too highly commended! And how greatly hath it flourished, in that humble state of silence and obscurity, so desirable in the present life, which is one scene of temptation, one continual warfare!

(To be continued.)

The best way to do good to ourselves is to do it to others; the right way to gather is to scatter.

THE LOVE OF HUMAN KIND.

The first method of training this passion which Christ employed, was the direct one of making it a point of duty to feel it. To love one's neighbor as one's self, was, he said, the first and greatest *law*. And in the Sermon on the Mount, he requires the passion to be felt in such strength as to include those whom we have most reason to hate,—our enemies, and those who maliciously injure us,—and delivers an imperative precept, 'Love your enemies.' But the question suggests itself, Can this be done to order? Has the verb to love, really an imperative mood? Certainly, to say that we can love at pleasure, and by a mere effort of will summon up a passion which does not arise of itself, is to take up a paradoxical and novel position. Yet if this position be really untenable, how is it possible to obey Christ's command?

The difficulty seems to admit of only one solution. We are not commanded to create by an effort of will a feeling of love in ourselves, which otherwise would have had no existence; the feeling must arise naturally, or it cannot arise at all. But a number of causes which are removable may interfere to prevent the feeling from arising, or to stifle it as it arises, and we are commanded to remove these hindrances. It is natural to man to love his kind, and Christ commands us to give nature play. He does not expect us to procure for ourselves hearts of some new supernatural texture, but merely the heart of flesh for the heart of stone.

What, then, are the causes of this paralysis of the heart? The experience of human life furnishes us readily with the answer. It constantly happens that one whose affections

were originally not less lively than those of most men, is thrown into the society of persons destitute of sympathy or tenderness. In this society each person is either totally indifferent to his neighbor, or secretly endeavoring to injure or overreach him. The new-comer is at first open-hearted and cordial; he presumes every one he meets to be a friend, and is diposed to serve and expects to be served by all alike. But his advances are met by some with cautious reserve, by others with icy coldness, by others with hypocritical warmth, followed by treacherous injury, by others with open hostility. The heart which naturally grew warm at the mere sight of a human being, under the operation of this new experience, slowly becomes paralyzed; and there seats itself gradually in the man's mind a habit of gathering himself into an attitude of self-defence whenever he deals with a fellow-creature. If, when this new disposition has grown confirmed and habitual, he be introduced into a society of an opposite kind, and meet with people as friendly and kind as he himself was originally, he will not at first be able to believe in their sincerity, and the old kindly affections, from long disuse, will be slow to rouse themselves within him. Now to such a person the imperative mood of the verb to love may fairly be used. He may properly be told to make an effort to shake off the distrust that oppresses him, not to suffer unproved, suspicious, causeless jealousies to stifle the warmth of feeling natural to him.

But we shall have a closer illustration if we suppose the cold-hearted society itself to be addressed by a preacher who wishes to bring them to a better mind. He, too, may fairly use the imperative mood of the verb to love. For he may say, "Your mutual coldness does not spring from an original want of the power of sympathy. If it did, admonitions would indeed be useless. But it springs from a habit of thought which you have formed, a maxim which has been received among you, that all men are devoted to self-interest, that kindness is but feebleness and invites injury. If you will at once and by a common act throw off this false opinion of human nature, and adopt a new plan of life for yourselves, and new expectations of each other, you will find the old affections natural to all of you, weakened indeed and chilled, but existing, and capable of being revived by an effort."

. . . Humanity is neither a love for the whole human race, nor a love for each individual of it, but a love for the race, or for the ideal of man in each individual. In other words, he who is truly humane considers every human being as such, interesting and important, and without waiting to criticise each individual specimen, pays in advance to all the tribute of good wishes and sympathy. Now this favorable presumption with regard to human beings is not a causeless prepossession, it is no idle superstition of the mind, nor is it a natural instinct. It is a feeling founded on the actual observation and discovery of interesting and noble qualities in particular human beings, and it is strong or weak in proportion as the person who has the feeling has known many or few noble and amiable human beings. There are men who have been so unfortunate as to live in the perpetual society of the mean and the base; they have never, except in a few faint glimpses, seen any thing glorious or good in human nature. With these the feeling of humanity has a perpetual struggle for existence, and their minds tend by a fatal gravitation to the belief that the happiness or misery of such a paltry race is wholly unimportant. On the other hand, there are those whose lot it has been from earliest childhood to see the fair side of humanity, who have been surrounded with clear and candid countenances, in the changes of which might be traced the working of passions strong and simple, the impress of a firm and tender nature, wearing, when it looked abroad, the glow of sympathy, and when it looked within, the bloom of modesty. They have seen, and not merely once or twice, a man forget himself; they have witnessed devotion, unselfish sorrow, unaffected delicacy, spontaneous charity, ingenuous self-reproach; and it may be that on seeing a human being surrender for anothers' good, not something, but his uttermost all, they have dimly suspected in human nature a glory connecting it with the Divine. In these the feeling of humanity is warm, and ready to become on occasion a burning flame; their minds are elevated, because they are possessed with the dignity of that nature they share, and of the society in the midst of which they move.

But it is not absolutely necessary to humanity that a man shall have seen *many* men whom he can respect. The most lost cynic will get a new heart by learning thoroughly to believe in the virtue of *one* man. Our estimate of human nature is in proportion to the best specimens of it we have witnessed. This, then, it is which is wanted to rouse the feelings of humanity into an enthusiasm; when the precept of love has been given, an image must be set before the eyes of those who are called upon to obey it, an ideal or type of man which may be noble and amiable enough to raise the whole race and make the meanest member of it sacred with reflected glory.

Did not Christ do this? Did the command

to love go forth to those who had never seen a human being they could revere? Could his followers turn upon him and say, How can we love a creature so degraded, full of vile wants and contemptible passions, whose little life is spent most harmlessly when it is an empty round of eating and sleeping; a creature destined for the grave when his allotted term of fretfulness and folly has expired? Of this race Christ himself was a member, and to this day is it not the best answer to all contemners of the species, the best consolation when our sense of its degradation is keenest, that a human brain was behind his forehead, and a human heart beating in his breast, and that within the whole creation of God nothing more elevated or more attractive has yet been found than he? And if it be answered that there was in his nature something exceptional and peculiar, that humanity must not be measured by the stature of Christ, let us remember that it was precisely thus that he wished it to be measured, delighting to call himself the son of man, delighting to call the meanest of mankind his brothers. If some human beings are abject and contemptible, if it be incredible to us that they can have any high dignity or destiny, do we regard them from so great a height as Christ? Are we likely to be more pained by their faults and deficiencies than he was? Is our standard higher than his? And yet he associated by preference with these meanest of his race; no contempt for them did he ever express; no suspicion that they might be less dear than the best and wisest to the common Father; no doubt that they were naturally capable of rising to a moral elevation like his own. There is nothing of which a man may be prouder than of this; it is the most hopeful and redeeming fact in history; it is precisely what was wanting to raise the love of man as man to enthusiasm. An eternal glory has been shed upon the human race by the love Christ bore to it. And it was because the edict of universal love went forth to men whose hearts were in no cynical mood, but possessed with a spirit of devotion to a man, that words which at any other time, however grandly they might stand, would have been but words, penetrated so deeply, and along with the law of love, the power of love was given.

Therefore, also, the first Christians were enabled to dispense with philosophical phrases, and instead of saying that they loved the ideal of man in man, could simply say and feel that they loved Christ in every man.

Those men who are of the noblest disposition, think themselves the happiest when others share their happiness with them.

On the Nile, 3d month 22d, 1868.

We are now approaching Cairo, on our return from the "Second Cataract." Three months will have been occupied in the excursion—three months of most delightful dream-life, where the mind, the eye and the feelings were all occupied and interested. The wonderful monuments of the past and the strange beauty and novelty of the present, enjoyed under such an atmosphere and sky as we have never enjoyed before, combine to form a feast that is rarely equalled.

The internal arrangements of our boat are quite under our control, so far as the efficiency of the servants will permit. Our meals are served at hours of our selection, and of such articles as we may wish, provided we choose mutton, poultry, or eggs, which are the only substantials which this valley of the Nile offers. An able cook can make such a variety of dishes with these ingredients that monotony is avoided. The ascent of the Nile requires a north wind for sailing. When the wind dies out, the crew are put ashore, and after the manner of the canal boats of old, using them as horses, the "Dakabeek" is tracked or towed along the shore, creeping up slowly against the swift current. At such times the passengers can land and walk through the country, collecting game-birds or visiting the antiquities which happen to be near. In this way, sailing, being towed, and sometimes being polled, we reached the first cataract, about 100 miles from Cairo.

Here we made arrangements with the "sheik of the cataract," the head of a band of savages living near, to take our boat through the cataract, pilot us to the second fall, and bring us back to Assonan, the town below the first fall. The cataract of Assonan occurs at the passage of the Nile, through a range of granite hills, and occupies a space of about three miles, during which the body of the river is broken into numberless channels of all sizes, down which the water dashes and foams with ever-varying rapidity. The descent during this distance is probably fifteen feet—sufficient to make the upward voyage slow and difficult, and the descent, exciting and speedy, though not grand. Receiving our pilot, we sailed with a fair wind through a narrow and rocky channel, and reached the first fall, two or three miles distant, without adventure. Gliding into smooth water close by the rushing stream, we ran upon a sand bank to await the crew who were to pull us up. In a moment two or three men came down the rapids in or on the boat of the country, a light log eight feet long and the usual thickness of a man's body, in the management of which they showed great skill. They were seated with their legs

in front of them upon the log, and rode with entire ease and security, in a position that would sorely tax the dexterity of more civilized people. Sometimes a bundle of cornstalks took the place of the log and carried its owner across the river. In the course of an hour, about fifty half-naked men came to our aid. Most of them seized the strong ropes for towing. Others took poles for pushing, and with their united efforts and the help of the wind, our heavy boat was safely launched into the quieter waters above. Through these we sailed to the next rapid, a mile away, and having a fresh wind and too much speed, we were firmly fixed upon a rocky bed, before we could be stopped. The blow was sharp, and resulted in a bad leak. But for the seriousness of the consequences that might have ensued, it would have been ludicrous to watch the gestures and to hear the exclamations of our Reis, when he saw the water gathering in the hold. He stamped, raved and gesticulated with all the energy that marks an excited Arab, and seemed almost wild with apprehension of the dangers surrounding him. After several hours' work the boat was again afloat and towed through this rapid to the pool above, where it was beached on the sand for temporary repairs. After a detention of three days, we continued our voyage to the town of Wadi Halfeh, at the foot of the second cataract, from which place a ride of five miles over the desert on donkeys, brought us to a hill-top overlooking the second cataract, which for five or six miles finds its waters confused and broken by the multitude of rocks filling the bed of the river. There is no passage for boats through this second cataract, at this season of the year, the water being too low. All the goods from below and the produce of the country above are carried on camels to and from Wadi Halfeh and reshipped; for this great river is navigable hundreds of miles above the point we reached. It has no tributaries on either side, for more than a thousand miles. . . . . Returning to our boat, we found her shorn of her glory. Her long, tapering spar, which held the sail that had brought us up the river, was taken down and laid over the deck; oars were ready for service at the sides, and it was evident we were to make our voyage down the river with very different accompaniments from those of our upward ride. When the wind fell, we rowed down stream, the commencement of a journey of nearly eight hundred miles. Our first stop was at the temple of Aboo Simble, excavated in a rock 1300 years before the birth of Christ. Four colossi, sixty-six feet high, two on each side of the portal, have sat in the open air for more than three thousand years. The sands of the desert have covered them at various periods, and the rocks falling from above have broken them, but, at this day, they are the grandest colossi in the world. The faces are serene and dignified, and said to be portraits of Rameses the Great—one of Egypt's most distinguished kings. The doorway of this celebrated temple, and much of the interior, are filled with the bright and beautiful yellow sand of the Lybean desert. Stooping to enter the portal, you descend the slope reaching to the back of the main hall, probably 100 feet by 60 wide, with a double row of square columns on each side, which divide off two aisles. In front of each column is a colossus thirty feet high, in a standing position, and most of them in perfect preservation. Two smaller chambers in the rear, the last being the sanctuary, complete the temple, the largest excavated one probably known. The walls are finely decorated with cuttings, painted and plain, showing King Rameses as warrior, law-giver and judge, and also the several gods to whom the temple was dedicated. The sheiks of the cataracts insisted upon all our baggage and our precious selves being taken from the boat and sent to Assonan by land, before they would take the boat down the rapids; but as this did not suit our views, we tried the effect of an appeal to the authorities, and gained the day. Three of our party took donkeys and rode to Assonan, while the rest stuck to our boat. You descend the rapids by a shute, where, trusting yourself to the current, its rapidity proves your safety. Within a fourth of a mile, you drop down the distance previously ascended in three miles. The ride is very exciting, and quite a variety in Nile navigation. The rapids run high enough to dash over the bow of the boat, as she plunges downward, and threaten to swallow us or dash us against the rocks; but, at the critical moment, a favoring current throws us from the danger feared on the one side, to be saved in like manner from the perils seen on the other. The yells of the crew who have taken us in charge add to the excitement, and really form the main danger, for while every one screams at the top of his voice, the orders of the pilot can scarcely be heard. At Assonan is a celebrated quarry of granite, from which have been taken the most celebrated obelisks in the world. One remains in the quarry, but partially hewn out; it is of *one block*, ninety-four feet long and twelve feet on each face. It is difficult to imagine such an immense block, and still more so to conceive how the ancients could carry such weights the long distances to which they were removed. We drifted and

rowed on down to Thebes, of whose hundred gates, history makes such mention. The ruins of Thebes are mostly of erections. The tombs of the kings, queens and others, are excavated in the limestone hills lying west of the other ruins. These tombs are formed of long passages descending into the depths, with chambers in which the bodies were deposited. The walls of some are covered with cuttings which show exactly the various occupations, mechanical, agricultural and domestic of the people who lived and died there nearly 4000 years ago. At Thebes, we saw the finest ruins we have yet seen—finer than any in Greece or Italy, so far as their grandeur, antiquity and extent go. One double row of columns in the great temple of Kannak, composed of six in each row, sixty-two feet high and eleven feet six in diameter, stands in the grand court, filled with 122 columns, more than forty feet high, all covered with cuttings and nearly all in excellent preservation. Acres are covered with remnants of this vast palace temple, commenced long before the cavern temple of Aboo Simble, and added to by successive kings at later periods. The great court was built by the father of Ramesis. Its towers, erected on each side, and covering the entrance to the temple, were nearly 100 yards long—fifty high and twenty in thickness. The exterior, covered with the same class of cuttings as are found so generally, and which seem, besides being in honor of the gods to whom the building was consecrated, to be descriptive of the exploits of their great men, are many of them quite perfect. Four principal entrances on opposite quarters of the compass were approached by as many avenues of sphynxes, each having nearly 200 figures. My description gives a very imperfect idea of the size, grandeur and general condition of what is said to be the finest ruin in the world. At Luxor, another part of Thebes, among the ruins of a great temple, is a double row of columns, each one eighteen feet in diameter, and though partly buried in the sand, still showing more than fifty feet in height. The statue of the vocal Memnon is in the plain of Thebes, and though repaired after the great mutilation it has suffered, is still very much defaced. Its mate and counterpart has suffered less. These and other colossi and ruins, lying on different sides of the Nile and miles apart, show the great extent and grandeur of the city of an hundred gates; not gates of a wall surrounding Thebes, for it was without a wall, but gates separating different parts of the city, as is still the custom in Egypt. The Pyramids and the Sphynx were visited. The children and I climbed the great pyramid and entered the king's chamber in the centre of it. The facing of the pyramids has been removed for building purposes, and has left exposed the blocks of lime-stone of which it is built. The stones are set in layers, showing an elevation of from one and a half to three feet, and a horizontal surface of one to two feet, much broken and very irregular in many places. It is customary for two wild Arabs to seize each traveller and drag him up this steep climb, for the sake they say, of the climber, to whom a fall would be anything but agreeable. I managed to dispense with their services, and found it quite easy going up and coming down. The height of the pyramid is now 460 feet, the top having been taken away. It is said to be 766 feet at the base, and to cover sixteen acres. In rough measure it would cover more than our Franklin Square, and reach about three times the height of the spire of our Independence Hall. Built for the tomb of one king, so long ago as almost to be lost in obscurity, it is another wonderful monument of the greatness of the nation ruled over by King Cheop s 2650 years before Christ. Entering on the north side of the pyramid under huge blocks of stone placed at an angle to support the great weight above, you descend by an inclined plane of smooth stone about eighty feet, turn to the right and climbing up eight or ten feet, reach the bottom of a second inclination, leading upward at about the same angle, 100 feet off, to a gallery which runs horizontally for forty feet into the king's chamber. This room, about 120 feet square and high, is lined with granite, and contains an empty sarcophagus of small size. Near the ruins of Memphis, an older city than Thebes, are tombs cut in the rocks, which, extending hundreds of yards, contain nearly thirty large chambers, in which are as many huge sarcophagi, thirteen feet long, seven wide and eleven high. On several, the faces, both inside and out, are polished and covered with hieroglyphics. The lids have been partially removed, and the contents, the sacred bulls worshipped there, have been carried off. . . .

Let a man have all the world can give him, he is still miserable, if he has a grovelling, undevout mind. Let him have his gardens, his fields, his woods, his lawns, for grandeur, plenty, ornament and gratification, while at the same time God is not in all his thoughts. And let another have neither field nor garden, let him only look at nature with an enlightened mind—a mind which can see and adore the Creator in his works, can consider them as a demonstration of his power, his wisdom, his goodness and his truth—this man

is greater, as well as happier in his poverty, than the other in his riches. The one is a little higher than a beast, the other a little lower than an angel.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 23, 1868.

PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.—The attendance of the Yearly Meeting was about as large as usual.

In addition to the information furnished last week, we may state that on Third and Fourth days the Meeting was occupied in a consideration of the state of the Society.

As the several subjects were brought into view by the reading and answering of the Queries, the large company was moved by deep feeling, and the exercises were more than usually impressive. It was a noticeable and gratifying circumstance that the expression was not confined to the galleries and to those who usually speak in our Yearly Meetings, but extended over the house, and many of the younger members participated. On Third-day morning, two women Friends' made an acceptable visit to the Men's Meeting, and at the opening of the sitting on Fourth-day afternoon, two other Friends' from Women's Meeting made an encouraging visit to their brethren.

The impressions left on many minds, it is believed, will not soon be forgotten, as they portrayed their feelings and expressed their belief that the breaches in the walls of Jerusalem would be restored, and that there were many present among the younger members, who, as they attended to what was clearly manifested, would be made useful instruments in the work.

The Minutes of the Representative Committee were read and their proceedings fully approved. The Committee have been engaged during the past year in the purchase and distribution of Books, and had also united with the Meeting for Sufferings of other Yearly Meetings in an effort to shield the Western Indians from the outrages to which they have been so long subjected. The memorial presented by these several bodies representing the Society in America was also read from their Minutes.

They had also received from the Department of State a quarto volume, handsomely printed and bound, entitled, "Tributes of the Nations to Abraham Lincoln," sent in acknowledgment of the Minute of sympathy forwarded by our Yearly Meeting in 1865 to the administration in Washington. It is seldom we have heard so large and so general an expression of unity with the proceedings of the Representative Committee.

Two interesting memorials concerning our deceased friends Rachel Sharpless and David J. Griscom were read and directed to be recorded. The Meeting also directed they should be printed with the Extracts.

There was a general acknowledgment that it had been a time of remarkable favor. Near the close of the Meeting an impressive prayer was offered,—a solemn silence succeeded, during which the Clerk read the closing Minute, the Meeting remaining together till dismissed in the usual manner.

A sufficient number of Extracts were directed to be published to supply every family within the limits of the Yearly Meeting.

PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING OF WOMEN FRIENDS.—On Third-day, the joint Committee appointed to consider the propriety of changing the time of holding the Yearly Meeting, reported that way did not open to make any alteration. After a full expression of unity with the judgment of the Committee, the Clerk made a minute to that effect.

The reading of the Queries and Answers as far as the Sixth, (inclusive,) claimed the attention of the meeting throughout the day, during which many were engaged to bear witness to the excellency of our various testimonies. A dear Friend, whose mind had been brought under exercise on account of the increasing tendency of the age to extravagance in dress and the vast amount of money expended in the purchase of jewelry, feelingly addressed the younger portion of the audience, urging them to examine the deleterious effects of such indulgence, and to endeavor to arrest by their example the sad consequences attendant upon it.

The hurtful tendencies of the use of ardent spirits were impressively portrayed. The ex-

tent to which it is now used as a beverage in the community, makes it doubly incumbent upon us to maintain a faithful testimony against its introduction into our social gatherings, or its unnecessary use in our families. Sisters were affectionately urged to exert the power with which they are eminently blessed of influencing for good their young associates, especially in connection with this great evil; that they give not their countenance in any way to the contracting of this pernicious habit, but that they firmly resist its insinuating advances by banishing it from their entertainments and discouraging it on all occasions. The poor victims of this indulgence claimed much sympathy, and we were advised to deal tenderly with those who had deviated in this respect, and endeavor to win them back into the path of rectitude by every means which affection can suggest. They who suffer from alliance with those addicted to this weakness were also feelingly addressed, and encouraged to work on prayerfully and hopefully, trusting that they might again be restored. The recognition of the indulgence in spirituous liquors as a disease, by many medical men and by a portion of the community, was alluded to, and we were asked to examine the subject in this aspect.

The use of tobacco also elicited much expression, and mothers were exhorted to restrain their children from an indulgence in this pernicious weed, which, it was remarked, injures the mental, weakens the intellectual, and even impairs the spiritual life. They were encouraged to inculcate in the minds of their children a knowledge of their physical structure, and the duty of preserving it pure and regulating it in accordance with the laws of the Author of our being.

On Fourth-day, the remaining Queries and Answers claimed attention. The Answers to the Second Annual Query exhibited a total of thirty-nine schools under the care of Monthly and Preparative Meetings. Five of these schools are free to the members of their own meetings. The want of provision for the school education of the children in some neigborhoods caused deep concern in the minds of many, and it was feared that unless there was an awakening a serious loss would be sustained. The large number of children being educated in public schools occasioned much exercise, and parents were exhorted to recall the feeling and counsel of our early Friends upon this subject, and the care manifested by them to provide suitable schools.

The establishment of First-day Schools by some who have been prompted to the service with a view to aid parents in cultivating a devotional feeling in the minds of their children, was spoken of encouragingly, and it was thought if this is done under right influence, the gathering of the little ones with those who are older may prove salutary to both.

On Fifth-day morning, the meeting-houses were again open for public worship, and, as far as we have heard, there was a remarkable degree of unity of exercises with those engaged in vocal ministry; all tending to call home to the indwelling life, as the power that can alone preserve from falling, and present us faultless before the throne of God.

In the afternoon, the meeting opened with a visit from Samuel M. Janney and William Dorsey. We were again referred to the important principles embraced in the Third Query, more particularly regarding simplicity of dress and language; that in our conversation we avoid extravagant expressions, and the use of words which would bear a stronger inference than the truth would warrant; and that in our attire we follow not the vain and changing fashions of the world, which often involve those who furnish the means for their indulgence in perplexity and pecuniary embarrassment, but that, without being confined to a peculiar cut or color, we practice true simplicity, which does not preclude taste, but is altogether at variance with extravagance. The day closed with the reading of two Epistles designed for correspondent Yearly Meetings.

Sixth-day, we were again acceptably visited by two of the brethren, Thomas Foulke, from New York, and Robert Hatton, from Indiana. The three remaining Epistles were then read, followed by the reading of a portion of the minutes of the Representative Committee. The subject of the condition of

the Indians, which had claimed their attention, was brought interestingly before us, and we were advised not to give credence to the ex-parte statements published in the daily papers, but to endeavor to obtain a more correct understanding of their grievances. The aggravated and protracted injustice which has driven them again and again from their settlements was deeply deplored, and the wish was expressed that at our next annual gathering some practical evidence of our interest in them may be given.

Interesting memorials of our deceased friends Rachel Sharpless and David J. Griscom were then read, evidencing the ability which, through watchfulness and the aid of the Divine Spirit, may be attained to live without reproach from men, and in a state of peace with our Heavenly Father.

A silent and impressive pause concluded the meeting.

Editorial Letters.—We receive many letters not intended for publication, though bearing upon Society or individual interests. In them we often find valuable hints or pure sentiments, which we think would be to many as "a word in season." Thus, while we fully recognise the sanctity of private correspondence, and wish to preserve it, we purpose to place occasionally in our columns such extracts, under the head of "Excerpts," without attaching to them either date or signature.

Through this medium many fragments may be gathered up that would otherwise be lost.

We correct two errors in dates which occurrred in the editorial of last week. Our friend I. Townsend, deceased in the year 1866, and was in the 92d year of his age.

Friends interested in the subject of First-day Schools are invited to meet in conference at its meeting-house on Rutherford Place, on Second-day evening, the 25th inst., at 8 o'clock, P. M.

True wealth consists in virtue, and not in the possession of great estates; and wisdom consists in understanding and not in years. The wisest of men is he who has the most civility for others.

I never knew how it was, but I always seemed to have the most come in when I gave the most away.—*Baxter.*

From the Christian Examiner.

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

I will take for granted, that a capacity to discern the beautiful is a constituent of man's nature, and that to discern the beautiful is in itself enjoyment. To perceive the beautiful is to have a direct, disinterested, immediate delight. So it is in essence; but in degree there is room for immeasurable differences. The beautiful pleases, independently of gain, profit, or reward: it pleases in the simple fact of being apprehended; and we enjoy it for its own sake. It associates itself with the sense of freedom, of harmony, of fitness, of serenity, of lovingness. Thus a star is beautiful. It has freedom,—the freedom of perfect law without hindrance or obstruction. It has fitness, has harmony; it has congruity with the infinite space in which it dwells; it is in concord with that celestial chorus, which the poetry of olden science called "the music of the spheres." It has serenity. It is bright and tranquil in the heavens, and no disorder violates its eternal peace. It has, or at least it suggests, lovingness. It is gracious in its brightness, and seems to love the worlds on which it shines. The idea admits of illustration through the various orders of form and life, to the heights of spiritual and divine attractiveness.

Of the beautiful in nature, objectively regarded, I do not speak. This is omnipresent, constant, boundless; throughout all space, all time; above, beneath, around; ever in each present NOW; in objects, forms, appearances, changes, motions; in the small as in the vast, —in a rose-leaf as in the starry heavens, in the streamlet as in the ocean, in the dewdrop as in the cloud, in the shell or pebble as in the mountain whose head is hoary in the upper sky, and whose body is magnificent with all the glories of the lower world. In the midst of the beautiful we live, move, breathe. By every sense, by every faculty, it may be felt in all existence, a universal, loveable, pure, pleasurable presence. The existence, therefore, of the beautiful in nature, or the modes of its existence, is not our most important consideration; but rather the relation it bears to human consciousness. That, even negatively to this, it is a divine benefit and blessing, we must gratefully admit, when we reflect that it is incidental to the unity, the variety, the regularity, the order, the agreeableness, which render our planet a habitable world, and which make life on it possible or desirable. In such negative way, the beautiful in nature, or in the constitution of nature, which organically involves the beautiful, may be said to be, even to animals, a benefit and a blessing. That the higher order of brutes approach to some

perception of it, we can hardly avoid believing: at least they seem to have a dumb joy, an inarticulate sense of the agreeable, a dim vision of pleasing imagery, when surrounded by fair and lovely objects, which is distinct from the mere satisfaction of their appetites. And, yet lower in the scale of life, the butterfly appears to have a paradise in every flower; and the bird, bowers of delight in the leafy branches, and a boundless heaven in the open air. We may well conceive, that the superadded happiness given to inferior living creatures, above what is necessary to mere existence, is connected with that which we call the beautiful in nature, and is indeed to us an essential element of such beauty. We may also conceive, that animals, whose life is near the twilight of human reason, have themselves some faint glimmer of this beauty.

But only to human reason associated with sensibility is beauty distinctly revealed. Only in a very low degree is the revelation common to all humanity. It has many hindrances,—in grossness, in ignorance, in poverty, whether savage or civilized; in the necessities, cares, toil, which belong to poverty; in affliction, grief, and pain; in whatever turns consciousness back intensely upon itself; in passion, sin, vice and crime; in all mental and moral turbulence and darkness. The individual, therefore, who has the love of natural beauty in its developed energy, and who can fully indulge it, has a privileged and a charmed life. He is not only well constituted, but also well conditioned. He has a rare inheritance of birth and of circumstances; a marvellous wealth of faculty and of existence. The abounding beauty of the world brings, therefore, to a reflective mind, amidst its sensations of pleasure, some thoughts of pain. He cannot help but think what an infinity of glory seems an infinity of waste, and what millions of minds are dreary, dark and poor, while imbosomed in an immensity of riches and of light. I put out of view those whose sensibilities fail of development by inevitable fate; and those who, under oppressive influences, have no capacity for any affection, for any enjoyment, which demands cheerfulness of mind and peacefulness of heart: but numbers still remain, to whom the loss they suffer can be ascribed only to want of feeling or want of training.

Why does that farmer, who has never been sorely troubled in mind, body, or estate, come to old age, vigilant enough to the seasons, careful enough of the soil, but almost wholly dead to the miracles and the loveliness in the midst of which he has lived? Why does this sea-captain, year after year, through every turn of the day and night, behold all phases of the ocean and the heavens, and come superannuated to his arm-chair, without having any memories of experiences, which flash back on him, in the solitude of thought, as visions of entrancement? Why does one tourist talk only of hotels and dinners, another only of contracts and dollars, —and this in the vale of Tempé or in the presence of Niagara? Why does this man, competent in means, and in all his relations to life at ease, envy that man his larger house, his more extended grounds, his pictures, statues, books,—above all, his more ample fortune? Has he not the palace of the sky? Has he not demesnes bounded only by the horizon? If he cannot afford pictures, he can have prints; casts, if he cannot have statues. A small sum of money will buy him more books than he can read; and, in having security of ease and comfort, he belongs to the small number of the elect in the present life. Why does this woman, with fair daughters, stout sons, and pleasant herself to look on, envy that woman—childless, it may be, and plain—her diamonds, her riches, and her position? And why does neither ever learn, or learn to love, what God has prepared everywhere in nature for the solace and the joy of his reasonable creatures? It is, however, a consolation to be aware that God's goodness in this respect is not in vain; the pervading beauty of creation is not wholly lost on the most ignorant, the most insensible, the most neglectful, or the most ungrateful. It is none the less a divine manifestation; and, even where it is not perceived, it has still a divine result. I speak of the beautiful in nature with no sentimental rhapsody. I know that sunrise and sunset, surpassingly magnificent as they are, can excite no impassioned surprise; it is not desirable that they should: if the one cheerfully opens the day for duty and the other closes it in peace, if our hearts at intervals have rejoiced in their light, their splendor has not been to us in vain or lost. I know that rapture endures but for a moment, and that such moments are rare, even to natures the most susceptible; but, in the nature capable of the moment, the moment leaves effects that are imperishable. The effect of natural beauty, on those who sincerely love it, is not irritant or spasmodic: it is quick, deep and durable; silent, not exclamatory; sympathetic, but not obtrusive; not transient with the occasion, but having, by means of thought and of association, inward and vital permanency. Such an influence of the beautiful is not temporary or convulsive, even in characters the most excitable; because it diffuses itself through the whole consciousness, and therefore does not so much disturb as tranquilize.

Certain paroxysms, indeed, of the human souls, in darkness or in tempest, ally themselves with correspondent forces and phenomena in nature; but the expression of such feelings and analogies would, in real life, be exceptionally gloomy and terrible, and in poetry belongs only to the tragic. The influence of that which we distinctively call "the beautiful" in nature is all in the direction of inward peace; and, as it has most power in union with the qualities which this peace includes, its tendency is to their development and growth.

Love of the beautiful in Nature—or, I may simply say, love of Nature—is good for the body and the mind. Good for the body, by winning it into exercise that is as healthy as it is pleasurable and pure; good for the mind, in all its faculties; good for the temper, by clearing the breast of all little and irritating excitement, and opening it to all bright and expanding influences; good for fancy, by enriching its chambers of imagery, and supplying them, by means of direct observation, with original and primitive analogies; good for intellect, by bracing and exhilarating it, and by drawing it for a while from the imprisonment of the library into the "glorious liberty" of the boundless universe; good for faith, by refreshing it with wholesome meditation, and by directing its attention away from the speculations of man to the works of God. The pleasures which spring from the love of nature are among the most elevated and the most blameless. The most refining, they are also the most accessible. They come from fair and glorious things; they cost no money; they are to be had everywhere; they are as wide as the presence and as the bounty of God; and they can fail us only from incapacity to enjoy them. But the capacity to enjoy them is in us all. It can be educated, it can be trained; and, in training it, we are training much of all in us that is best. For these pleasures consist in the activity of the purest faculties, enlarging the soul while their objects are present; and, when the objects are no longer cognizable by the senses, the ideas and the memories of them are still power in the soul.

(To be continued.)

A poor man, living on bread or water, because he will not ask for more than bare sustenance requires, and leading a quiet, cheerful life through his benevolent sympathies, his joy in duty, his trust in God, is one of the true heroes of the race, and understands better the meaning of happiness than we, who cannot be at ease unless we clothe ourselves "in fine linen and fare sumptuously every day;" unless we surround, defend and adorn ourselves with all the products of nature and art. His scantiness of outward means is a sign of inward fulness; while the slavery, in which most of us live, to luxuries and accommodations, shows the poverty within.—*Channing.*

ALL IS WELL.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The window opens to the bay,
On glistening light or misty gray.
And there at dawn and set of day,
In prayer she kneels!
"Dear Lord!" she saith, "To many a home
From wind and wave the wanderers come;
I only see the tossing foam
Of stranger keels.

"Blown out and in by summer gales,
The stately ships, with crowded sails,
And sailors leaning o'er their rails,
Before me glide;
They come, they go, but nevermore
Spice-laden from the Indian shore,
I see his swift-winged Isidore
The waves divide.

"Oh, Thou with whom the night is day,
And one the nearer and far away,
Look out on yon gray waste and say
Where lingers he.
Alive, perchance, on some lone beach
Or thirsty isle beyond the reach
Of man, he hears the mocking speech
Of wind and sea.

"Oh dead and cruel deep, reveal
The secret which thy waves conceal,
And ye wild sea-birds hither wheel
And tell your tale.
Let winds that toss his raven hair
A message from my lost one bear—
Some thought of me, a last fond prayer
Or dying wail!

"Come, with your dreariest truth shut out
The tears that haunt me round about;
O God! I cannot bear this doubt
That stifles breath.
The worst is better than the dread;
Give me but leave to mourn my dead
Asleep in trust and hope instead
Of life in death!"

It might have been the evening breeze
That whispered in the garden trees;
It might have been the sound of seas
That rose and fell;
But with her heart, if not her ear,
The old loved voice she seemed to hear;
"I wait to meet thee; be of cheer,
For all is well!"

DIE SCHONESTE PERLE.

FROM THE FLIEGEUDE BLAETTER.

Dicht an der Kirchthur, auf Kaltem Stein.

Beside the church door, aweary and lone,
A blind woman sat on the cold door stone;
The wind was bitter, the snow fell fast,
And a mocking voice in the fitful blast
Seemed ever to echo her moaning cry,
As she begged for alms of the passers by:
"Have pity on me, have pity, I pray;
My back is bent and my head is grey."

The bells were ringing the hour of prayer,
And many good people were gathering there;
But, covered with furs and mantles warm,
They hurried past through the wintry storm.

Some were hoping their souls to save,
And some were thinking of death and the grave.
And alas! they had no time to heed
The poor soul asking for charity's meed.
And some were blooming with beauty's grace,
But closely muffled in veils of lace;
They saw not the sorrow nor heard the moan
Of her who sat on the cold door stone.

At last came one of a noble name,
By the city counted the wealthiest dame,
And the pearls that o'er her neck were strung
She proudly there to the beggar flung.

Then followed a maiden young and fair,
Adorned with clusters of golden hair;
But her dress was thin, and scanty, and worn,
Not even the beggar's seemed more forlorn.
With a tearful look, and pitying sigh,
She whispered soft, "No jewels have I,
But I give you my prayers, good friend," said she,
"And surely I know God listens to me."

On her poor weak hand, so shrunken and small,
The blind woman felt a tear-drop fall,
Then kissed it, and said to the weeping girl,
"It is you that have given the purest pearl."

From Talks with my Pupils.

TRAVELLING.

BY CATHERINE SEDGWICK.

The invention of railroads has made us a nation of travellers; and since so much of our life is to be spent upon the road, it becomes quite important to know how travelling may be rendered most profitable and most pleasant, and to adopt some rules for our guidance in this respect. In the first place, I advise you to make up your mind before leaving home, to encounter a good deal, not only of inconvenience, but of positive discomfort; to meet with much that is offensive in one way and another, and determine that you will bear it patiently, and avoid making yourself disagreeable by a perpetual spirit of complaint. The unreasonableness of a child who cries because he can't have the moon for a plaything, is hardly greater than that of travellers, who are excessively annoyed because they cannot travel in their own houses, and so take all their home comforts with them. I once stopped a night at a principal hotel in one of our cities, where a chambermaid, whose manners were kindly and pleasing, provided me with a very nice bedroom, and made me as comfortable as possible. I had been profoundly asleep for about two hours, when she awakened me, to say that my room had been previously engaged for a bride, whose arrival was not expected until the following day, who had come, however, at midnight, and was so much displeased at the room substituted for this, that her vituperation had awakened all the sleepers in the same corridor. Would I, she asked, for the peace of the house, consent to change my quarters? I replied that I would do so for her sake, because she had been so very attentive to me.

There are certain defects of temper, and disagreeable qualities of character, that betray themselves under all possible circumstances. People who travel and know what good manners are, may make themselves missionaries in that department, as they may also of the Gospel of love. The rudest person feels the charm of courtesy and kindliness, responding to it in the best way he can. It very rarely, if ever, occurs that any advance made, or any favor asked in the right spirit, is rudely repulsed.

In travelling, as under all other circumstances, there should be some practical admission on our part, that we belong to the great human family, and regard mankind as our brethren.

A friend of mine was travelling, many years ago, in the winter, by stage, from Philadelphia to New York. One very cold night, the stage stopped, the driver opened the door and said, "Gentlemen," (there were about a half a dozen) "there is a colored man on the seat with me who has no overcoat, and I think he will certainly freeze to death, if you do not let him come inside." No; this could not possibly be permitted. My friend, who was the only one in the minority, said, "Well, gentleman, if you will not let this poor man in, I will at least give him my overcoat," which he accordingly took off and handed to the driver, to be so transferred. The next morning, he received the thanks of him towards whom he had acted the part of the good Samaritan, for having saved, as he believed, his life. By whatever name called, were those others, heathens or Christians?

It happened to me, within the last year, to be travelling in company with an old lady, in her eightieth year, of whom I had charge. There sat before us a women from the common ranks of life, with two young children, who had been travelling, she said, for three days and nights, and looked extremely weary and ill. My aged friend, who believed that, unless she could get some rest, she might have a fit of illness, said to her, "If you will go to sleep, I will look after your children." The kind offer was immediately accepted; she leaned back, and her senses were soon fast locked in slumber. Then my friend, before whom she sat, asked me to watch the children, while she held a cushion she carried with her against the poor woman's head, and so we went on, until she awoke, very much refreshed.

Whenever anything offensive in the man-

ners one meets with in travelling proceeds from ill temper, it is rebuked, and put down most effectually, by something as opposite to itself as possible. If it is the result of mere ignorance of conventional rule, it should be pardoned, and the ignorance, in the latter instance, kindly removed. A case in point, is one mentioned by Miss Sedgwick, who was once applied to, on board a steamboat, by a young woman, to "give her the loan of her hairbrush and comb." She did so; and, when they were brought back, she said, "I will give them to you; they are not things to be borrowed, and you should not have asked for them, my good girl; but now you are welcome to them."

Officials of every sort, who have to deal with travellers, very soon distinguish between the truly refined and the vulgar, who fancy themselves gentlemen and ladies. I once asked a very respectable driver, as I sat on the box beside him, what proportion of travellers were well-mannered. He replied that they were about half and half, and then went on to tell me of the extreme unreasonableness of a party whom he was driving a long day's journey, on a previous day, remembered long afterwards as the "hot Tuesday," and who became obstreperous, because they found that they were not likely to arrive at their journey's end at the time promised by the proprietor of the stage, who could not foresee the intense heat of the weather. In vain the driver explained that he could drive faster, only at the risk of killing his horses. Again and again they remonstrated, and again he explained, until at last he ceased to reply to them. They reported him, afterwards, for insolence. "What did he say?" asked the master; "Nothing, he would not speak at all." His master did not "find him guilty."

There is one single point of opposition which, I think, it is always right to maintain, in car-travelling, that of insisting upon fresh air; because no one is bound to submit to a process of poisoning, even in furtherance of good fellowship. True, the air that has been breathed in and out of fifty or a hundred pairs of lungs, as the case may be, until a very large portion of its vital property, oxygen, is lost, and its place supplied by a deleterious carbonic acid, is not usually considered injurious, but it is the pure, fresh air of heaven that people are afraid of. I have little doubt, that the seeds of many a disease are sown by the close air of cars, school-rooms, sleeping-rooms and crowded drawing-rooms.

Do not display fine dress in travelling. What can be more out of place, even if the cars were clean, instead of being filthy, as many of them are. 'Tis pity it should not be more generally understood, how essential an element in good breeding of every sort, is fitness; and how much a mere sense of fitness has to do with constituting the real gentleman and lady. I should have a great objection to an aristocratic class in our country; but a few families of recognized "nobility," scattered here and there, might be useful, by their example of plainness and simplicity of dress in travelling, stout shoes and strong clothes, in walking for exercise, etc., and of moderation in the fashions. Not that this practical wisdom is confined to them; but their example, in these respects, would be of greater force than any other, even in a democratic country.

My last advice on this topic is, that when you travel for pleasure you carry with you a spirit of enterprise, and be on the alert, and energetic to make the utmost of your opportunities. Indolent, comfort-loving travellers, forego scenes that may enrich a lifetime, rather than lose a few hours' sleep, or miss a regular meal. On my first visit to Niagara, I was, of course, particularly eager to see the great wonder under every variety of aspect. On the first night of our arrival, we sat by it a long time, in order to have a view of it by moonlight; but the moon, rising rather late, was so long in getting above the spray, that we determined to be satisfied, that time, without a sight of her fair face beaming over those magical waters, for the effect was, under those circumstances, very striking, imparting to them a sort of wildness and mystery.

The next evening we had a tremendous thunder-storm, and thick blackness; but that, too, was a grand accompaniment to this great chorus of hallelujahs, a sublime variety in the scene-shifting. We watched it from the upper piazza of a hotel, that then stood on high ground above the Horse-Shoe, on the Canada side. At one moment, there was darkness that might be felt; at another, the Falls and the Rapids above them were lighted up with dazzling brilliancy, and as suddenly extinguished. It was a wonderful sight.

By the third night, the moon came too late for our purpose, so I proposed that we should go to bed betimes, and get up at one o'clock. The party all declined, except one, who consented for the sake of obliging me. He had his reward, however, as he fully acknowledged. It was a wonderous thing in the hush of midnight, to have an impression of stillness in the midst of that war of waters; to see the moonlight sleeping on the brow of the torrent, and bathing the whole scene with what seemed a fitting type of the spirit of God, brooding over Creation's mighty deep.

There we waited until the dawn. Would that I could describe it. I dare not make the attempt, but I shall never forget it; and I am sure that my life has been always richer by what I saw, when others were locked in sleep.

IN THE SUNSHINE.

"Speak gently, it is better far
To rule by love than fear.
Speak gently; let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.
"Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

"I wish father would come home," said little Richard.

The voice that said this had a troubled tone, and the face that looked up was sad.

"Your father will be very angry, said aunt Phebe, who was sitting in the room with a book in her hand. The boy raised himself from the sofa, where he had been lying in tears for half an hour, and with a touch of indignation in his voice, answered:

"He'll be sorry, not angry. Father never gets angry."

For a few moments the aunt looked at the boy half curiously, and let her eyes fall again upon the book that was in her hand. The boy laid himself down on the sofa again, and hid himself from sight.

"That's father, now?" He startled up after the lapse of ten minutes, as the sound of a bell reached his ears, and went to the room door. He stood there for a little, and then came slowly back, saying, with a disappointed air:

"It isn't father. I wonder what keeps him so late. Oh, I wish he would come!"

"You seem anxious to get deeper into trouble," remarked the aunt, who had only been in the house for a week, and who was neither very amiable, nor very sympathizing towards children. The boy's fault had provoked her, and she considered him a fit subject for punishment.

"I believe, aunt Phebe, that you would like to see me whipped," said the boy, a little warmly, "But you won't."

"I must confess," replied aunt Phebe, "that I think a little wholesome discipline of the kind you speak of would not be out of place. If you were my child, I am very sure you wouldn't escape."

"I'm not your child; I don't want to be. Father's good, and loves me."

"If your father is so good, and loves you so well, you must be a very ungrateful or a very inconsiderate boy. His goodness don't seem to have helped you much."

"Hush, will you!" ejaculated the boy, excited to anger by this unkindness of speech.

"Phebe! It was the boy's mother who spoke now, for the first time. In an undertone, she added, "You are wrong. Richard is suffering quite enough, and you are doing him harm rather than good."

Again the bell rang, and again the boy left the sofa, and went to the sitting-room door.

"It's father!" and he went gliding down stairs.

"Ah, Richard!" was the kindly greeting, as Mr. Gordon took the hand of the boy, "But what's the matter, my son? You don't look happy."

"Won't you come in here?" And Richard drew his father into the library. Mr. Gordon sat down, still holding Richard's hand.

"You are in trouble, my son. What has happened?"

The eyes of Richard filled with tears as he looked into his father's face. He tried to answer, but his lips quivered. Then he turned away, and opening the door of a cabinet, brought out the fragments of a broken statuette, which had been sent home, only the day before, and set them on a table before his father, over whose countenance there came instantly a shadow of regret.

"Who did this, my son?" was asked in an even voice.

"I did it."

"How?"

"I threw my ball in there once—only once, in forgetfulness."

The poor boy's tones were husky and tremulous.

A little while Mr. Gordon sat, controlling himself, and collecting his disturbed thoughts. Then he said cheerfully:

"What is done, Richard, can't be helped. Put the broken pieces away. You have had trouble enough, about it, I can see—and reproof enough for your thoughtlessness—so I shall not add a word to increase your pain."

"O father!" And the boy threw his arms about his father's neck. "You are so kind, so good!"

Five minutes later, and Richard entered the sitting-room with his father. Aunt Phebe looked up for two shadowed faces; but did not see them. She was puzzled.

"That was very unfortunate," she said, a little while after Mr. Gordon came in. "It was such an exquisite work of art. It is hopelessly ruined."

Richard was leaning against his father, when his aunt said this. Mr. Gordon only smiled, and put his arms closely around his boy. Mrs. Gordon threw upon her sister a look of warning, but was unheeded.

"I think Richard was a very naughty boy."

"We have settled all that, Phebe," was the mild but firm answer of Mr. Gordon; "and it is one of our rules to get into the sunshine as quickly as possible."

Phebe was rebuked, while Richard looked grateful, and it may be, a little triumphant; for his aunt had borne down upon him rather too hard for a boy's patience to endure.

Into the sunshine as quickly as possible! Oh, is not that the better philosophy for our homes? Is it not true Christian philosophy? It is selfishness that grows angry and repels because a fault has been committed. Let us get the offender into the sunshine as quickly as possible, so that true thought and right feelings may grow vigorous in its warmth. We return anger, not that anger may act as a wholesome discipline, but because we are unwilling to forgive. Ah, if we were always right with ourselves, we would oftener be right with our children.

"Speak kindly, speak kindly! ye know not the power
Of a kind and gentle word,
As its tones in a sad and weary hour,
By the troubled heart are heard.

"Speak kindly, then, kindly: there's nothing lost
By gentle words; to the heart and ear
Of the sad and lonely, they're dear, how dear,
And they nothing cost."

EYES AND EARS.—The most acceptable compliment one can pay in conversation is attentive listening. And the most appreciative listening (if we may use a Celticism) is done with the eyes. For the human ear, unlike that of the lower animals, is a fixed institution. It cannot be elevated or directed forward when attention is aroused. Hence its function is limited. It cannot give signs either of attention or appreciation in conversation. Thus, as a writer in Blackwood well says, we do our most effective listening with our eyes. And in many regards our listening is far more effective in impressing a conversational companion than speech. No unspoken affront short of absolute rudeness rouses resentment so readily as wandering attention manifested in wandering glances. A man's thoughts are wont to follow his eyes, and be engrossed by what they see rather than by what he hears. Thus, though a speaking eye is a rare social gift, a listening eye is even more rare and valuable.

ITEMS.

THE FRIENDS of Australia and Tasmania are contemplating the establishment of a Society boarding-school, for the special education of their young people. Wherever Quakerism exists, whether in Europe or America, it has been found essential for the maintenance and best interests of the Society to institute schools for the distinct denominational training of its youth. A similar sense of necessity is now being felt by the Australian Friends, and they are therefore appealing to their English brethren for liberal assistance in the foundation of a first-class denominational school at Melbourne, where the largest Quaker congregation in the Southern Hemisphere is located.—*The Methodist.*

ONE distinguishing peculiarity of the Society of Friends has always been the practice of deciding questions, not by vote, but by "weight"—the clerk of the meeting listening to all that is said, and framing his "minute" so as to embody the prevailing judgment of "concerned Friends." Thus it often happened that the action of the meeting was in manifest conflict with the judgment of the majority. This practice, at least in some quarters, is not as strictly adhered to as it once was; for we observe that, in the proceedings of the executive committee of the Peace Association of the Orthodox Friends, which lately met at Cincinnati, questions upon which there was a difference of opinion were decided according to the way of the "world's people," by yeas and nays. The meetings, too, were opened with reading the Scriptures and prayer, in a manner just as "formal" as that of a Presbyterian or Episcopal assembly. What does all this mean? Are the Quakers gradually dropping all the peculiarities by which they have been distinguished from other religious denominations?—*N. Y. Independent.*

GENS. SHERMAN, Augur and Ferry and Col. Tappan, of the Indian Commission, have returned to Fort Laramie, after concluding a treaty with the Brule, Sioux, Northern Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians.

THE Atlantic cable informs us of the death, on the 9th inst., at his winter residence in Cannes, in the south of France, of the venerable and world-famous Lord Brougham, aged almost 90 years. He was born in Edinburgh, but of English parents, and has occupied a conspicuous place among the most eminent men in the world for half a century. His labors for the abolition of the slave trade and slavery, in which he was associated with Clarkson, Wilberforce, Macaulay, and O'Connell, won for him the gratitude of the friends of freedom and humanity throughout the world.

THE Roman Catholic Church of Ireland, numbering 4,000,000, and confessedly poor, taxes itself for its annual support at £750,000, besides contributions of Peter's Pence and for the propagation Society. It has, since 1800, built 2,000 chapels, at a cost of £3,500,000; besides convents, hospitals, colleges, parsonage houses, etc., which are computed to have cost £2,150,000.

THE approach of storms is to be announced by the Western Union Telegraph Company to all those towns that will communicate the intelligence to the neighboring farmers by means of signal guns fired according to a preconcerted system. The plan will thus be thoroughly tested during the ensuing season.

THE tour of the world can be made in two months and a half. When the Pacific Railroad is finished, from New York to San Francisco will take seven days; from San Francisco to Hong Kong, by way of Yokohama, twenty days; from Hong Kong, by steamer, to Suez, thirty-two days; from Suez to Paris, six days; from Paris to New York, ten days; in all seventy-five days.

A bill has been introduced into the House of Commons by Shaw Lefevre, providing that a married woman may retain control of her own property and her earnings, with liberty to sue and be sued as if she were single. It is not supposed that it can be passed at the present session.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 30, 1868. No. 13.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, four copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

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A Memorial of New Garden Monthly Meeting of Friends, concerning our dear Friend, RACHEL SHARPLESS.

Among the encouragements to virtue, few are more powerful than the example of those who have devoted their lives to truth and duty, and cheerfully and peacefully surmounting the trials of time, have kept the faith to the end.

Among the holy and beautiful lives that from time to time have blessed and elevated society, we may justly place that of our departed friend, Rachel Sharpless. She was the daughter of conscientious and devoted parents, Joseph and Rebecca Preston, members of the Society of Friends, and was born at Plumstead, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, the 1st of the 9th month, 1776. About the ninth year of her age, her parents removed with her to West Grove, Chester County, where she appears early to have evinced a practical and thoughtful turn of mind; and her mother dying in the fourteenth year of her age, she soon afterwards became her father's housekeeper, and the efficient caretaker of the younger members of the family. In this position she exhibited those habits of industry, and that order and neatness which characterized her through life.

When about twenty-four years of age, she was married to Henry Simmons. After living with him in near affection for eight years, he was removed by death, leaving her with four children to struggle with many difficulties. About the time of her marriage she appeared as a minister, to the comfort and edification of Friends.

In the close trials incident to this part of her life, she maintained unfaltering faith in her heavenly Father's care; and her full reliance upon the guidance of his Spirit, is well illustrated by the following from her manuscript diary of that period. At a time of particular trial, she writes, "Wilt Thou be pleased, O Lord, to aid me in the faithful discharge of my duty to these lambs Thou hast committed to my care? I feel my own weakness, and thou knowest my desire is unto thee, and my expectation from Thee for help; therefore, unto Thee and to the word of thy grace, do I most sincerely desire to commend my all. So be it, sayeth my soul, that body, soul and spirit may, now and henceforth, bow in humble subjection to thy will. Amen."

Near this time she was made willing in gospel love and in great humility to visit the families of New Garden Particular Meeting, and shortly after those of Deer Creek Monthly Meeting, and on several subsequent occasions she was called upon to carry to more distant parts the glad tidings of the gospel, and often to convey them to Friends in their families. We learn from her memoranda and from the records of the meetings where she belonged, that in the prosecution of these services she was favored to keep near to the true fountain,

and renewedly to feel the sweet incomes of joy and peace. She was often led on that account, to ascribe to the Author of her being thanksgiving and praise.

After four years of widowhood, she was married to Nathan Sharpless, with whom she lived in much harmony for twenty years, when he also was taken from her by death. Of this second marriage, she writes, "My heart is often filled with thankfulness to my heavenly Father for his providential care over me, a poor creature, in pointing out for me so endeared a companion and true helpmate. We have experienced such union of spirit in our religious exercises, that I have often said in my heart, it is the Lord's doings and marvellous in my eyes."

She proved a true and tender mother to his children as well as to her own; and they returned to her the meed of filial regard and reverence.

After this second bereavement she made her home with her children. Her pecuniary means were small, but rich in the love that surrounded her, and in the contentment and cheerfulness of her own spirit, she felt that she possessed abundance, and had something to spare for those in need. She loved the light that showed her the way in which to walk; duty became easy to her, and all things seemed small compared with the divine approval whispered in the secret of her own soul.

The divine love shed abroad in her heart was a glowing, active principle. She was a rare example of unselfish regard for the welfare of others. The wrongs of the slave called forth her warmest sympathies and active exertions; and the cause of temperance received her cordial support. She loved to visit those in affliction, whether of body or mind; and wherever she moved, her words of sympathy, encourgement, or caution often seemed to be those fitting words "which are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Her visits and presence were a strength and comfort to those among whom she moved; she was so filled to overflowing with the power that had sanctified and blessed her own life, that something of this inward virtue passed out unconsciously to those about her. Gentle, lovely, and beloved, she was firm in her adherence to what she believed to be right. She was diligent in the attendance of religious meetings, and often urged on her hearers the importance of this Christian duty.

As a minister, she was not very extensive in her communications; but she spoke of those things which she knew and understood, and her clear, simple, and fervent exhortations reached the Divine Witness in the minds of her hearers, and, we believe, they have been instrumental in causing many to strive more earnestly after those treasures, pure and undefiled, which can never fade away. Even in the ninetieth year of her age, although from physical weakness able to attend meetings only occasionally, her exhortations were still lively and edifying; and the cheerfulness of her spirit, and the firmness of her trust, and her resignation, were comforting to those about her.

Her memory was considerably impaired during the last few years of her life, but the soundness of her judgment, and her understanding of principles, especially of whatever related to religious experience and life, were wonderfully retained.

She loved the society of her friends; and the warm social qualities, and the cheerful hopefulness, which had drawn the young and the old to her through life, continued to the end. Her sympathies were wide, her charity large, and her love flowed to the very ends of the earth. Often she spoke of the goodness and mercy that had followed her all her life long. Meekly and very humbly she committed herself to the merciful Shepherd's care, and magnifying His everlasting faithfulness and goodness, she calmly awaited an entrance into the mansions of everlasting peace.

The First-day before her death, her daughter inquired if she had any message to send to an absent grandson, to whom she was writing. "Yes," she said; give my love to him, his wife, and their children; and tell them I want them, as they grow in years, to grow in grace and in the saving knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

At the residence of her son-in-law, Charles Hambleton, on the 13th of 3d month, 1867, she quietly passed away, and was, we believe, gathered into full companionship with the blessed of all ages. Her funeral met at West Grove, on the 16th, where a solemn meeting was held, and earnest testimonies were borne to her Christian virtues and the simplicity and purity of her life.

Read and approved in New Garden Monthly Meeting of Friends, held the 10th of 10th month, 1867.

ELLWOOD MICHENER,
HANNAH G. THOMPSON,
Clerks.

Read and approved in the Western Quarterly Meeting of Friends, held the 22d of the 10th month, 1867, and directed to be signed by the clerks and forwarded to the Representative Committee or Meeting for Sufferings.

ELLWOOD MICHENER,
MARY S. MICHENER,
Clerks.

From "Imitation of Christ."

BLESSEDNESS OF INTERNAL CONVERSATION WITH CHRIST.

BY THOMAS A'KEMPIS.

(Continued from page 179.)

Christ.—My son, when thou perceivest the heaven-born desire of eternal life rising within thee, open thy heart wide, and with all the eagerness of hunger receive this holy inspiration. Without any mixture of complacency and self-admiration, let all thy thanks and praise be faithfully rendered to the sovereign goodness which so mercifully dealeth with thee, so condescendingly visitest thee, so fervently excitest thee, and so powerfully raiseth thee up, lest, by the propensity of thy own nature, thou shouldst be immovably fixed to the earth. For this new principle of life within thee is not the production of thy own reasoning and thy own efforts, but is the fruit of Divine grace and redeeming love, to lead thee on to holiness, to feed thee with humility, to sustain thee in all conflicts with sinful nature, and to enable thee to adhere to me with all thy heart.

The fire of devotion is often ardent in thy heart; but the flame ascends not without smoke. Thy desires, while they burn for the enjoyment of heaven, are sullied with the dark vapors of carnal affection; and that which is so earnestly sought from God is not sought wholly and purely for his honor. That cannot be pure which is mixed with

Thou must be proved upon earth, and exercised with various troubles. Some measures of consolation shall be imparted to animate and sustain thee in thy conflicts; but the plentitude of peace and joy is reserved for the future world. "Be strong, and of good courage," therefore, in doing and in suffering; for thou must now "put on the new man," with new perceptions, will, and desires.

While this important change is making, thou wilt often be obliged to relinquish thy own will, and do that which thou dislikest, and forbear that which thou choosest. Often the designs of others will succeed, and thy own prove abortive; what others say shall be listened to with eager attention, but what self-interest. Make not, therefore, thy own delight and advantage, but my will and honor, the ground and measure of all thy requests; for if thou judgest according to truth, thou wilt cheerfully submit to my appointment, and always prefer the accomplishment of my will to the gratification of thy desires.

I know thy desire, and thy groaning is not hid from me. Thou wouldst this moment be admitted into the glorious liberty of the sons of God; thou longest for the immediate possession of the celestial mansions, and the unfading pleasures of the heavenly Canaan: but thy hour is not yet come. Thou wishest now to be filled with the sovereign good, but thou art not yet capable of enjoying it.

thou sayest shall either not be heard, or rejected with disdain; others shall ask once, and receive; thou shalt ask often, and not obtain; the tongue of fame shall speak long and loud of the accomplishments of others, and be utterly silent of thine! and others shall be advanced to stations of wealth and honor, while thou art passed by, as unworthy of trust, or incapable of service. At such trials, nature will be greatly offended and grieved; and it will require a severe struggle to suppress resentment: yet much benefit will be derived from a meek and silent submission; for by such the servant of the Lord proves his fidelity in denying himself, and subduing his corrupt appetites and passions.

If thou wilt consider the speedy end of all these trials, and the everlasting peace and blessedness that will succeed, they will then, so far from being occasions of disquietude and distress, furnish the most comfortable encouragements to persevering patience. In exchange for that small portion of corrupt and selfish will which thou hast freely forsaken in this world, thou shalt always have thy will in heaven: there, whatever thou willest, thou shalt find; and whatever thou desirest, thou shalt possess: there thou shalt enjoy all good without the fear of losing any part. Thy will being always the same with mine, shall desire nothing private and personal, nothing out of me, nothing but what I myself desire: thou shalt meet with no resistance, no accusation, no contradiction, no obstruction; but all good shall be present at once to satisfy the largest wishes of thy heart. There, for transient shame patiently endured, I will give immortal honor; "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;" and for the lowermost seat an everlasting throne. There the fruits of obedience shall flourish, the labor of penitence rejoice, and the cheerfulness of subjection receive a crown of glory.

Disciple.—O Lord God, holy Father, be thou blessed now and forever! for whatever thou willest, is done; and all that thou willest, is good. Let thy servant rejoice, not in himself, nor in any other creature, but in thee; for thou only art the object of true joy; thou, O Lord, art my hope and exaltation, my righteousness and crown of glory! What good do I possess, which I have not received from thee, as the free and unmerited gift of redeeming love? All is thine, whatever has been done for me, or given to me.

"I am poor and afflicted from my youth

up:" and sometimes my soul is sorrowful, even unto death; and sometimes is filled with consternation and terror at the evils that threaten to overwhelm me. But I long, O Lord, for the blessings of peace; I earnestly implore the peace of thy children, who are sustained by thee in the light of thy countenance. Shouldst thou bestow peace; shouldst thou pour forth the treasures of heavenly joy; the soul of thy servant shall be turned to harmony, and devoutly celebrate thy praise. But if thou still withholdest thy enlivening presence, I cannot "run the way of thy commandments;" but must smite upon my bosom, because it is not with me as it was once, "when thy lamp shone upon my head."

O Father, ever to be praised, now is the hour of thy servant's trial! O merciful Father, ever to be loved, it is well that thy servant should suffer something for thy sake! O Father, infinitely wise, and ever to be adored, that hour is come, which thou didst foreknow from all eternity, in which thy servant shall be oppressed and enfeebled in his outward man, that his inward man may live to thee forever! It is necessary I should be disgraced, humbled and brought to nothing, in the sight of men; should be broken with sufferings, and worn down with infirmities; that I may be prepared to rise again in the splendor of the new and everlasting day, and be glorified with thee in heaven!

It is thy peculiar favor to him whom thou hast condescended to choose for thy friend, to let him suffer in this world, in testimony of his fidelity and love: and be the affliction ever so great; and however often, and by whatever hand it is administered, it comes from the counsels of thy infinite wisdom, and is under the direction of thy merciful providence; for without thee nothing is done upon the face of the earth. Therefore, "it is good for me, O Lord, that I should be afflicted, that I may learn thy statutes," and utterly cast from me all self-confidence and self-exaltation. It is good for me, that "shame should cover my face:" that in seeking comfort, I may have recourse, not to men, but to thee; that I may learn to adore in silence thy unsearchable judgments.

I give thee thanks, O Father of mercies! that thou hast not spared the evil that is in me; but hast humbled sinful nature by severe chastisements, inflicting pains, and accumulating sorrows, both from within and from without; and of all in heaven and on earth, there is none that can bring me comfort but thou, O Lord my God, the sovereign physician of deceased souls; "who woundest and healest, who bringest down to the grave, and raisest up again!" Thy chastisement is upon me, let thy rod teach me wisdom!

Behold, dear Father, I am in thy hands, and bow myself under the rod of thy correction! O teach my untractable spirit a ready compliance with thy righteous will! Make me thy holy and humble disciple, as thou hast often done others, that I may cheerfully obey every intimation of thy good pleasure! To thy merciful discipline I commend all that I am, and bless thee, that thou hast not reserved me for the awful and penal chastisements of the future world. Thou knowest the whole extent of being, and all its parts; and no thought or desire passeth in the heart of man, that is hidden from thy sight. From all eternity, thou knowest the events of time; thou knowest what is most expedient for my advancement in holiness; and how effectually tribulation contributeth to wear away the rust of corruption. Do with me, therefore, O Lord, according to thy own will.

Grant, O Lord, that from this hour, I may know only that which is worthy to be known; that I may love only that which is truly lovely; that I may praise only that which chiefly pleaseth thee; and that I may esteem what thou esteemest, and despise that which is contemptible in thy sight! Suffer me no longer to judge by the imperfect perception of my own senses, or of the senses of men ignorant like myself; but enable me to judge both of visible and invisible things, by the Spirit of Truth; and, above all, to know and to obey thy will. How great an instance of this fallibility of judgment, is the glory that is given and received among men! for none is made great by the voice of human praise. When men extol each other, the cheat imposes upon the cheat, the vain flatters the vain, the blind leads the blind, the weak supports the weak.

(To be continued.)

Fashion is a poor vocation. Its creed, that idleness is a privilege and work a disgrace, is among the deadliest errors. Without depth of thought, or earnestness of feeling, or strength of purpose, living an unreal life, sacrificing substance to show, substituting the fictitious for the natural, mistaking a crowd for society, finding its chief pleasure in ridicule and exhausting its ingenuity in expedients for killing time, fashion is among the last influences under which a human being who respects himself, or who comprehends the great end of life, would desire to be placed.

One great and kindling thought from a retired and obscure man may live when thrones are fallen and the memory of those who filled them obliterated, and, like an undying fire, may illuminate and quicken future generations.

"From Formation of the Christian Character."

OUR POWER TO OBTAIN THAT WHICH WE SEEK.

BY H. WARE, JR.

Religion is consonant to man's nature, and suited to the faculties with which God has endowed him. His soul is formed for religion, and the gospel has been adapted to the constitution of his soul. His understanding takes cognizance of its truths, his conscience applies them, his affections are capable of becoming interested in them, and his will of being subject to them. There can be no moment of existence, after he has come to the exercise of his rational faculties, at which this is not the case. As soon as he can love and obey his parents, he can love and obey God; and this is religion. The capacity of doing the one is the capacity of doing the other.

It is true, the latter is not so universally done as the former; but the cause is not, that religion is unsuited to the young, but that their attention is engrossed by visible objects and present pleasures. Occupied with these, it requires effort and pains-taking to direct the mind to invisible things; to turn the attention from the objects which press them on every side, to the abstract, spiritual objects of faith. Hence it is easy to see, that the want of early religion is owing, primarily, to the circumstances in which childhood is placed, and, next, to remissness in education. Worldly things are before the child's eye, and minister to its gratification every hour and every minute; but religious things are presented to it only in a formal and dry way once a week. The things of the world are made to constitute its pleasures, those of religion are made its tasks. It is made to feel its dependence on a parent's love every hour; but is seldom reminded of its dependence on God, and then perhaps only in some stated lesson, which it learns by compulsion, and not in the midst of the actual engagements and pleasures of its little life. It partakes of the caresses of its human parents, and cannot remember the time when it was not an object of their tenderness; so that their image is interwoven with its very existence. But God it has never seen, and has seldom heard of him; his name and presence are banished from common conversation, and inferior and visible agents receive the gratitude for gifts which come from him. So also the parent's authority is immediate and visibly exercised, and obedience grows into the rule and habit of life. But the authority of God is not displayed in any sensible act or declaration; it is only heard of at set times and in set tasks; and thus it fails of becoming mingled with the principles of conduct, or forming a rule and habit of snbjection. In a word, let it be considered how little and how infrequently the idea of God is brought home to the child's mind, even under the most favorable circumstances, and how little is done to make him the object of love and obedience, in comparison with what is done to unite its affections to its parents; while, at the same time, the spirituality and invisibility of the Creator render it necessary that even more should be done;—and it will be seen that the want of an early and spontaneous growth of the religious character is not owing to the want of original capacity for religion, but is to be traced to the unpropitious circumstances in which childhood is passed, and the want of uniform, earnest, persevering instruction.

I have made this statement for two reasons. First, because I think it points out the immense importance of a religious education, and is an urgent call upon parents for greater diligence in this duty. No parent will deliberately say, in excuse for his neglect, that his children are incapable of apprehending and performing their duty to God. He will perceive that the same operation of circumstances and of unceasing influences, which has made them devoted to him, would make them devoted to God; and religion is that state of mind toward God, which a good child exercises toward a parent. It is the same principle and the same affections, fixing themselves on an infinitely higher object. Let parents be aware of this, and they will feel the call and the encouragement to a more systematic and affectionate attention to the religious instruction of their children.

I have made this statement, moreover, because it offers a guide to those who have passed through childhood without permanent religious impressions, and are now desirous of attaining them. It is principally for such that I write. They may be divided into many classes; some more and some less distant from the kingdom of God; some profligate, some indifferent; some with much goodness of outward performance, but with no internal principle of faith and piety; and some without even external conformity to right. But however differing in their past course of life, and in the peculiar habits and dispositions which characterize them, in one thing they now agree,—they are sensible of their errors and sins, and desire to apply themselves to that true and living way, which shall lead them to the favor of God and everlasting life. They feel that there is a great work to be done, a great change to be effected, either internally or externally, or both, and they are desirous to learn in what manner it shall be accomplished.

To such persons the statement which I have made above may be useful. Let them look back to it, and reflect upon it God has given

them powers for doing the work which he has assigned to them. That work is expressed in one word—the comprehensive name *Religion*. That work they should have begun and perseveringly pursued from their earliest days. But they have done otherwise. They have wandered from duty, and been unfaithful to God. They have gone far from him, like the unwise prodigal, and wasted the portion he gave them in vicious or unprofitable pursuits. They have cultivated the animal life; they have lived "according to the flesh." They need to cultivate the spiritual life; to live "according to the spirit." There is an animal life and there is a spiritual life. Man is born into the first at the birth of his body; he is born into the second when he subjects himself to the power of religion, and prefers his rational and immortal to his sensual nature. During his earliest days, he is an animal only, pursuing, like other animals, the wants and desires of his body, and consulting his present gratification and immediate interest. But it is not designed that he shall continue thus. He is made for something better and higher. He has a nobler nature and nobler interests He must learn to live for these; and thus learning to feel and value his spiritual nature, and to live for eternity, this change from the animal and earthly existence of infancy, to a rational, moral, spiritual existence,—this it is to be born into the spiritual life. This is a renovation of principle and purpose through which every one must pass. Every one must thus turn from his natural devotion to things earthly to a devotion to things heavenly. This change it is the object of the gospel to effect; and we seek no less than this, when we seek the influence of the gospel on our souls.

Now, the persons of whom I am speaking have not yet acquired this new taste and principle. It has made with them no part of the process of education. It is yet to be acquired. They are desirous of acquiring it. Let them first be persuaded of its absolute *necessity*. Until this is felt, nothing can be effectually done. Without it there will be no such strenuous effort for religious attainment as is necessary to success. Many persons have at times, some have frequently, a certain conviction upon their minds, that they are not passing their lives as they ought, and they make half a resolution to do differently. They are ill content with their condition; they long to be free from the reproaches of conscience; they wish to be assured that their souls are safe. But, although uneasy and dissatisfied, they take no steps towards improving their condition, because they have no proper persuasion of its absolute necessity. They must be deeply convinced of this. They must strongly feel that a state of indifference is a state of danger; that they are on the brink of ruin, so long as they are alienated from God, and governed by passion, appetite, and inclination, rather than a sense of duty. And such is the power of habit, that they in vain hope to be delivered from its bondage, and to become consistent followers of Christ, unless a strong feeling shall lead them to make a resolute, energetic effort. If they allow themselves to fancy that it will be time enough by and by, that, after all, the case is not very desperate, but can be remedied at any time; and that it would be a pity yet to abandon their pleasant vices;—then there is no hope for them. They are cherishing the most dangerous of all states of mind; a state which prevents all real desire for improvement, is continually weakening their power of change, and absolutely destroys the prospect of amendment. They must begin the remedy by a persuasion of its necessity. They must feel it so strongly, that they cannot rest content without immediately subjecting themselves to the dominion of religion,—as a starving man feels the necessity of immediately applying to the search for food. No man will give himself to the thoughts, studies, devotions, and charities, of a religious life, who does not find them essential to the satisfaction and peace of his mind, that is, who is satisfied without them. Cherish therefore the conviction of this necessity. Cultivate by every possible means a deep persuasion of the truth, that the service and love of God are the only sufficient sources of happiness; and that only pain and shame can await him who withholds his soul from the light and purity for which it was made.

Feeling thus the importance of a religious life, let them next be persuaded that its attainment is entirely in their power. It is but to use the faculties which God has given them, in the work and with the aid which God has appointed. No one will venture to say that he is incapable of this. A religious life, as we have seen, grows out of the relations in which man stands to God and his fellow men: and as he is made accountable for the performance of the duties of these relations, it is impossible that he is not created capable of performing them. It were as reasonable to urge that a child cannot love and obey its father and mother, as that a man cannot love and obey God.

Yet it so happens, that some profess to be deterred from a religious course, by the apprehension that it is not in their power; it is something which it must be given them to do; a work which must be wrought in them by a supernatural energy; they must wait till their time has come. But every apology for irreligion, founded on reasons like this, is evi-

dently deceptive. It proceeds upon wrong notions respecting the divine aid imparted to man. That this aid is needed and is given in the Christian life, is a true and comforting doctrine. But that it is to supersede human exertion, that it is a reason for indolence and religious neglect, is a false and pernicious notion,—countenanced, I will venture to affirm, by no one whose opinion or example is honored or followed in the Christian church. On the contrary, all agree in declaring with the Apostle, that while 'God works in us to will and to do,' we are to 'work out our own salvation,' and to do it with 'fear and trembling,' because, after all, these divine influences will be vain without our own diligence.

(To be continued.)

THE INWARD WITNESS OF GOD.

You have seen some stately temple, its great walls ostentatiously supported by the buttresses which rise against them. Are these showy buttresses and spires its main support? Nay, deep within are founded the massive stones, which held up the great edifice. The buttresses might all fall, and the building would stand without them. They add to its symmetry, and in some measure to its strength; but they are subordinate, and the main dependence is on that which is out of sight, within, So, as we build the holy temple for religion in our souls, the outward evidences may add to its beauty and its grace; but on the inner witness does it stand or fall.

A great deal is said about proving the existence of God. We hear of the *a priori* argument, and then of the argument from design. Let us define what is the exact worth of these. It is well to confirm what we already believe by evidence from another quarter. It is a pleasing study, when we have already found our Father, to trace out the letters of that holy name written over all his works. It illustrates the wisdom and goodness of God, as we see the wonderful adaptations of nature. Moreover, I have no doubt that these arguments are unanswerable, not a joint of their logic defective.

They are valuable in their place; but the fonndation of our faith is not here. It lies lower than argument, in that deeper sea over which all the waves of logical controversies may dash themselves into idle foam, while it rests in quiet. I have known God. The Father has come to me, and I have heard his voice in my heart. My saying this may not justify my faith to those who have not yet found him; but to me that is all-sufficient evidence; it is not proof, it is knowledge. I have known a dear friend. Do I need to sit down, and reason on the matter; to discuss the probabilites of the existence of such a person; mark out his qualities, and argue that a friend must needs exist, for otherwise the world would be lonely and void? Or must I go into my parlor, and take up a gift from him, and argue that this gift could not have dropped down here by chance; that it was plainly a designed benefaction; that, if it was designed, somebody must have designed it, and, if a benefaction, its author must be my friend? What is the use of this roundabout process? I have known him and loved him, and he has loved me, and that is enough. And so we may say of God, the friend nearest to us, who does us more good than all others. We have spoken to him, and he has answered us, and we know that God is. Better than a library of books of evidence to me is one single prayer.—*S. A. Smith.*

REVERENCE.

How beautiful it is in the child! You have seen one reading the history of some heroic and good man; some one who had lived and suffered for truth and right, and as the child read, his cheeks were flushed and his eyes filled with unconscious tears. All his noblest feelings are aroused. He would rather be the unknown follower of that righteous man in his failures than the leader of others in their success. For days after, you see the influence of that hour's reading, in a higher tone of thought. It is as if a fresh gale from the mountains had blown through his heart, sweeping out for the time its mean and petty passions and aims. Blessed child, you say, if it never lose the disposition to look up, admiringly, lovingly, reverently, to that which is above itself. You pray that the passing emotion may become the habit of the soul, till it shall have a taste for the beauty and grandeur of virtue, such as the true artist has for the beauty and grandeur of the noblest standards of art. For you know that what he looks up to in this spirit, he will insensibly, according to the measure of his powers, become like. And you know that when he has ceased to look up, when he is disposed to see nothing higher or better than his own petty self, when reverence and its related sentiments are gone, their growth is ended, and moral paralysis, like a shadow, is creeping on.

More beautiful still is it in age, when the emotions of youth, purified and elevated, have grown into an habitual, trusting, religious reverence for God. I do not here speak of it as a duty. One of its great privileges is that it preserves the youth of the heart. Without it, man has only the earth and the past. He looks downward and backward. If aught of early life remain, it is its frivolity and not its freshness—the fading morning

without its dews and fragrance. But this reverence which looks upward, which in trusting dependence connects the soul with the highest goodness, is the beginning of everlasting life—of youth which is eternal. It opens, to receive the light, the whole moral nature of man. It lifts up the affections which otherwise must creep on the ground, as a tree in its growth each year lifts higher the vines which have wound their tendrils around its branches, hanging out their leaves and clusters to rejoice in the air and the sun. So long as a loving reverence for superior worth remains, there is hope of the frailest and guiltiest. His hand touches the altar. His feet, though it be on the lowest round, is still on the ladder by which the angels ascended to heaven.—*E. Peabody.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 30, 1868.

Our Yearly Meeting.—In the retrospect of our late Yearly Gathering, and the remembrance of the seasons of favor therein experienced, and while the pressure of business in the last sitting of it is still fresh in the memory of Friends, we feel it right to express some views relative to our present arrangements, and to offer some suggestions in reference to the future.

It is a common saying, that "whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." Then, if it is worth while to hold a Yearly Meeting for the transaction of the business of the Society, it is worth while to allow for it the full measure of time that is needful, in order that all things be conducted with dignity and decorum. Let us look at the subject, and see if under our present custom this is the case.

We come together on Second-day morning, from various localities, both within and beyond the limits of our Yearly Meeting, with at least the *tacit* understanding, that, *if possible*, we will close its sittings on Sixth-day morning. This view is kept before us, more or less, throughout the different sessions, causing, we fear, some to make undue haste, in offering fruit, even before it is fully ripe, while there may be others who withhold their offerings entirely, fearing to occupy any of the time which they know is thus measured. We believe, were we to assemble under the general expectation that the Meeting will not conclude until we have comfortably completed the business that usually claims attention, it would have a happy effect upon all our sessions. Those who could not remain to the close, would be at liberty to return to their homes.

It is not reasonable to suppose that the affairs of so large a Yearly Meeting can receive the deliberate consideration they require, in the time usually allotted them, neither does it comport with the dignity of a Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, to close, as we often do, under the positive evidence, that many deeply interested and feeling members are going away oppressed, no opportunity having offered for them to leave with the Meeting the exercises which properly belonged to it, because of the press of business and limited time. When this occurs, there must be a loss.

From the same reason, opportunity is not given to wait for those renewings of strength, which are the basis of our qualification for religious service. In these large Meetings, it is very necessary for each to centre to the Divine gift inwardly manifested, so that in this retired state, we may try the fleece and clearly ascertain what there is for us to do. Surely it is not right that our arrangements be such as to interfere with that introversion of mind upon which our profession is in great measure based.

The same cause operates to prevent our properly digesting the various testimonies that are offered. In the great pressure of business, the Clerk is under the necessity of pushing it forward, and is sometimes obliged to introduce a new subject to the attention of the Meeting, *immediately* after the expression of an exercise that is worthy of serious consideration. Thus room is given for the conclusion that the testimony has not been acceptable, and thereby diffident spirits are sometimes discouraged.

Loss has also been sustained year after year in our Yearly Meetings, because of the general unsettlement which often attends the proposition to adjourn. Could not this be in great measure avoided, if the Clerk would assume a little more responsibility in what may be

called a mere local matter, and instead of asking the Meeting for direction, read the minute of adjournment as near 12 and 6 o'clock as the state of the business or of the Meeting will allow.

Our interest in the business and welfare of the Society, in common with many others, prompts us to offer the foregoing views and suggestions for the consideration of Friends; and we do it under the strong impression that there was in our late Yearly Meeting a current of life, that would have tended to our refreshment, had it not been checked in its flowings by the high-pressure system, upon which our business was conducted, and which cannot well be dispensed with, until we are ready to devote a reasonable time for our deliberations.

MARRIED, at the residence of the bride's father, on the 12th of Fourth month, 1868, WM. HENRY PRICE, son of Warrick Price, and EMMA, daughter of Daniel Matthews; all members of Gunpowder Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 16th of Fourth month, 1868, at the residence of her parents, near Moorestown, N. J., under the care of the Monthly Meeting at that place, WM. B. TYLER, eldest son of Benj. L. and Alice Tyler, of Woodstown, N. J., to EMMA B. DUDLEY, daughter of Nathaniel M. and Ann B. Dudley.

——, Wilmington, on the 7th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, according to the order of Friends, CYRUS CHAMBERS, JR., of this city, to MARY A., daughter of Cyrus Pyle.

DIED, on the 2d of Fourth month, 1868, at his residence in Brunswick, N. Y., THEODORUS DUSENBERRY, in the 78th year of his age; a member of Troy Monthly Meeting. His death was sudden. Calmly as the setting sun, while conversing with a friend, his spirit passed away to join the loved ones in a happier clime. He was one of whom it might be said, "I was hungry and ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave me drink; sick and in prison, and ye visited me." The poor and oppressed of every race and color found in him a kind friend.

——, on the 8th of Fifth month, 1867, at his residence in Easton, N. Y., JACOB PRATT, an esteemed member of Easton Monthly Meeting. A kind husband, father and friend, ever ready to aid the oppressed. He was a consistent and truly upright man, and we feel the assurance that few will have a more unsullied record.

——, on the 24th of Eleventh month, 1867, at his residence in Granville, Washington Co., N. Y., DAVID NORTEN, a member of Danby Monthly Meeting. His illness was long and painful, but it was borne with Christian fortitude. We feel the assurance that in his removal another is added to the company upon whom the blessing was pronounced. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

——, on the 1st of Fifth month, 1867, at the residence of her husband, in Pittstown, Rensselaer Co., N. Y., ALLIE, wife of Caleb Norten, an esteemed member of Troy Monthly Meeting. She was a constant attender of meeting when her health permitted. She possessed the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Her loss is deeply felt by her family and friends.

——, very suddenly, at her residence near Salem, N. J., on the 8th of Fourth month, 1868, EMELINE B., wife of Chas. B. Harmer, in the 38th year of her age; a member of Salem Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 16th of Fourth month, 1868, RACHEL HAINES, in the 85th year of her age. To those who have spent a long life in the service of their Heavenly Father, whose first object has always been to do the will of God, and live up to the light given and knowledge possessed—to such death is but the releasement of the immortal from the mortal. By the aged one, who has lately joined the angel throng, the hour of death had long been anticipated by a holy life and chaste conversation. All who have been associated with her must have been impressed with her consistency,—the beauty and strength of mind displayed in her every-day life. Being systematic and careful, she was enabled to accomplish much that was useful to herself and others. The poor have been clothed by her liberality and industry; the suffering have found in her a sympathizing friend. She gave not of her abundance, but denied herself that she might give to others. During her entire life she has been a valued member of the Society of Friends, respected and beloved by the aged, a bright example to the young —the purity of her life saying to all, "Follow me as I follow Christ." Although her voice never broke the stillness of the public meeting, yet when she was confined to her bed several months previous to her death, those who administered to her bodily needs will ever remember her words of counsel. She would often lie for a long time apparently in prayer; then with countenance bright and eyes suffused with tears, she would give vent to her feeling in the most beautiful and pathetic manner—for example: "In silence and in stillness, the religious soul profiteth and searcheth out the hidden things of the Holy Scriptures." She seemed truly to realize this, for daily and hourly did she have verified to her the promises contained therein, and with a face radiant with heavenly light she would exclaim, "O that every one could realize what I feel, it is far more than I am able to express!" She was deeply sensible of the great goodness of God to her, and would often speak of her unworthiness, saying, "I have done so little for Christ; after we have done all, we are unprofitable servants."

As her strength slowly returned, she would say, "I am disappointed, but trust I may be resigned to the will of God, if my life is to be still prolonged." After a partial recovery, she was again prostrated, and from the first she felt that she could not recover. Her mind was calm and peaceful; her prayer continually was that the Lord might make her willing to suffer His will. She greatly desired to depart and be with Christ. The morning of her death she said, "My sufferings are great, but they are sent by an all-wise God, and I shall praise Him on the banks of Deliverance." She would exclaim, "I love every one, especially the poor and suffering." She requested her love to be given to all her friends. Among her last words were these: "I am on the banks of Deliverance." Soon her soul was translated to mingle with the innumerable company of loved ones gone before. She left as a legacy to her relatives and friends the example of an unselfish and holy life.

——, at Locust Hills, near Waynesville, Ohio, Fourth month 19th, 1868, JANE, wife of Davis Furnas, aged 39 years. How few the words, yet how

fraught with sorrowful meaning! Another home circle left desolate, where the presence now gone forever was comfort, hope and joy. She made home one of earth's brightest abiding places to those who shared it—the best destiny of the wife and mother.

——, at his residence in Lumber City, Clearfield Co., Pa., on the evening of the 22d of Fourth month, 1868, JASON KIRK, an elder and member of West Branch Monthly Meeting, in the 89th year of his age.

——, at his residence in Loudon Co., Va., on the 1st of Fifth month, 1868, ELIJAH HOLMES, an elder of Goose Creek Monthly Meeting, in the 72d year of his age. He was an exemplary and devoted Christian, much beloved and respected in his neighborhood.

——, on the 9th of Fifth month, 1868, in the 80th year of his age, JOSEPH CAREY, a native of Bucks Co., Pa.; 37 years a member of Buckingham Monthly Meeting of Friends, and 33 years a resident of Cincinnati, Ohio. In all the vicissitudes and relations of his long life, which closed in peace, he was faithful, kind and true.

——, at his residence in Penn township, Clearfield Co., Pa., on the morning of the 12th of Fifth month, 1868, JOSEPH DAVIS, in the 78th year of his age; an elder and member of West Branch Monthly and Particular Meeting.

——, suddenly, on the 1st of Fifth month, 1868, HOWARD YARDLEY, aged 53 years; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

——, in Philadelphia, on the 29th of Fourth month, 1868, GEORGE W., son of T. Allen and the late Eliza R. Chandler, aged 2 months.

SWARTHMORE ASSOCIATION.

This organization, designed to promote the moral and intellectual improvement of those attending its meetings, at the same time that the interest in obtaining funds to complete and furnish the College is kept alive, meets at the Monthly Meeting Room, Race Street Meeting-House, on the first and third Fifth-day evening of each month, excepting the Seventh and Eighth months. The next meeting, to be held on the evening of Sixth month 4th, will be occupied with the subject of "The Harmonies of Nature," as illustrating the wisdom and goodness of the Creator; to be opened by Thomas H. Speakman, and discussed by others present. The conversational character of these meetings makes them both profitable and entertaining.

Fifth Annual Reunion of Friends Social Lyceum

ON THE GROUNDS OF SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

The Members of Friends' Social Lyceum propose holding their Reunion on Sixth-day, Sixth month 5th, 1868. If the weather should prove unfavorable, it will take place on the next day, (Seventh-day,) the 6th.

Several Members of other Associations will participate, and a general invitation is extended to Friends in the city and country.

The cars leave Thirty-first and Chestnut streets, West Philadelphia, at 7-15, 9-15 (*special train,*) 11 A. M., and 2 30 P. M.,—returning at 3, 6 (*special train,*) and 7-45 P.M. Those residing along the line of the Baltimore Central and West Chester Railroads will arrive and depart on the regular trains.

Excursion Tickets,—Adults, 60 cents: Children 35 cents, may be had of Edward Parrish, No. 800 Arch street; Israel J. Grahame, Northeast corner of Twelfth and Filbert streets; Wm. B. Webb, Southwest corner of Tenth and Spring Garden streets; from Members of the Committee, or at the Depot.

Those from West Chester may be obtained of Jonathan Travilla, or at the Depot.

Those from Oxford and intermediate places can be procured at the various stations on the Road.

JOSEPH A. PAXSON, 259 North Fifteenth street, JANE P. GRAHAME, N. E. cor. Twelfth and Filbert sts., EDWARD PARRISH, 800 Arch street, ANNA M. HUNT, 456 North Third street, JACOB M. ELLIS, 325 Walnut street, ANNIE CALEY, 1618 Summer street, JOSEPH M. TRUMAN, JR., 717 Willow street, MAGGIE B. HANCOCK, 327 North Thirty-third st., PUSEY P. BYE, 236 Market street, *Committee of Arrangements.*

In addition to the synopsis of the procedings of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of men Friends, published last week, we give the following minute, embracing some of the exercises of the Meeting:

The recurrence of our Annual Assembly has brought together representatives from all our constituent branches, with reports as to the state of the Society within our borders. While encouraged to believe that in every part of the Yearly Meeting there are those who are endeavoring faithfully to maintain the testimonies of Truth, as professed by Friends, evidences have been furnished that deficiencies exist, and that there is need of a revival of religious interest, and of a more earnest engagement to be found occupying our allotted places in the Church. "There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit; and there are diversities of administration, but the same Lord; and there are diversities of operations, but the same God, who worketh all in all." If every member of the Society was found in the occupancy of his gift, with a single eye to the manifestations of truth in his own mind, a harmonious labor would be realized, and the deficiencies now complained of would be greatly lessened. When assembling for the purpose of Divine worship, our spirits should be animated by Divine love, and we should not present ourselves in a formal or lifeless manner. By frequent waiting upon the Lord, in our meetings, in the social circle, and in the bosom of our own families, our strength would be renewed, and we should be made instrumental in drawing those who may be careless and indifferent, to participate with us in religious exercise. If our minds, when thus assembled, were gathered into this feeling, there would be less desire for the expression of words, and we should have faith to believe that if a vocal ministry was required, the Great Head of the Church would qualify some to minister to the edification of the hearers. Attention was called to the recommendation of last year on the subject of the attendance of our religious meetings, and it is affectionately advised that each Quarterly, and the Half Year's Meeting shall keep this important con-

cern alive within their limits by appointing committees to inquire into the causes of deficiency, or pursuing such course as the wisdom of truth may point out. A harmonious labor may thus be experienced, by which those who have passed through the trials and vicissitudes of life, would be strengthened to extend a helping hand towards their brethren who are young in religious experience, and who need the fostering aid and sympathy of their friends.

The subjects embraced in the third query, claimed earnest attention. Plainness of speech implies sincerity and truth. The faculty of communicating our thoughts and feelings, is a precious gift that should never be abused by indulging in exaggeration, for any purpose whatever. Plainness of apparel implies simplicity, and the avoidance of superfluity and needless expense. They who exercise a wise economy in dress, furniture, and manner of living, may be able to indulge in the luxury of extending help to the indigent, and otherwise increasing the sum of human happiness. The rapid advance of extravagance renders our Christian testimony against these evils peculiarly important at the present time.

The attention of Friends was impressively called to the importance of frequently reading the Holy Scriptures in our families, accompanied with reverential silence, or such remarks as may be prompted by a sense of religious duty. In these precious writings we find examples to warn us against the commission of sin, by showing its disastrous tendency, and to incite us to goodness by setting forth its blessed fruits. Pernicious books and corrupt conversation pollute the mind and vitiate the taste. It is commendable and proper to improve by culture and useful reading, the mental faculties and talents which have been bestowed by the Author of our being, and which, when governed and directed by the Spirit of Truth, are calculated to advance our usefulness and happiness. The great purpose in the education of our children should be to develop and improve the physical, the intellectual, and the moral nature, bringing them all into harmonious action, through obedience to the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus. Solicitude was expressed that those who are esteemed as fathers in the Church, should not hold themselves aloof from the children and youth, but should endeavor to maintain an interest in their innocent pursuits, and to mingle in their society, and also that those who are earnestly seeking to promote their moral and religious instruction, which have heretofore been too much neglected, may not be improperly discouraged.

In the consideration of the answers to the sixth query, a concern was felt that the testimonies therein enumerated may be faithfully maintained by all our members. The important testimony against priestcraft, growing out of our fundamental doctrine that God has come to teach his people himself, was the subject of much concern. An obligation rests upon Friends to uphold those civil and religious liberties which our forefathers purchased through suffering, and to transmit them unimpaired to posterity. Testimony was borne to the value and efficacy of a free Gospel ministry, which has ever been considered a great blessing to the Church, when preserved in the unity of the body, and under the directing and restraining influence of the Spirit of Christ.

Hath any wounded thee with injuries? Meet them with patience. Hasty words rankle in the wound, soft language dresses it, forgiveness cures it, and oblivion takes away the scar. It is more noble by silence to avoid an injury than by argument to overcome it.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

At the Conference held on Third-day evening of Yearly Meeting week, a large number of Friends interested in Swarthmore College were addressed by Samuel M. Janney, George Truman, T. Clarkson Taylor, Edward Parrish and others. The following report was read, and $1150 subscribed by those present:

"On the 8th and 9th of First month last, Friends of Race St. and of Green St. Meetings in Philadelphia were invited to meet and consider the claims of our cause, and to appoint committees to aid in soliciting subscriptions. Although neither meeting was large, quite a number of Friends were enlisted in the work, and their efforts have already added considerably to the number of subscribers in the city. A meeting at Germantown Meeting-house, on First-day afternoon, Third month 1st, was also small, partly on account of unfavorable weather, but those present entered with zeal into its object, and $1900 was subscribed at the time.

"For the purposes of the committees canvassing the city of Philadelphia, a directory has been made, a limited number of copies of which have been printed, giving the names and addresses of Friends throughout the city; this list exhibits how great a labor will be involved even in calling upon all who are able to give. Add to this that many when called upon are absent from home, others require time to consider what may be their duty in the matter while others are indifferent to it, and it will be evident that the labor will necessarily be protracted through the current

year before Friends generally in Philadelphia can be called upon.

Notwithstanding the extreme inclemency of the weather, a few conferences were held during the past winter in the country; these were mostly attended by George Truman, Clement Biddle, Helen G. Longstreth, and Edward Parrish. Friends in the several neighborhoods visited were earnestly invited to give of their means and influence in aid of the great work we have in hand.

At West Nottingham, Md., and Little Britain, Lancaster Co., Pa., within the limits of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, conferences were held on the 17th and 18th of First month, resulting in subscriptions not yet fully reported, but probably amounting to less than $800. From Second mo. 3d to Second mo. 8th, inclusive, a series was held at the close of the several Monthly Meetings composing Western Quarterly Meeting, six in number. At most of these encouragement was received, but a reluctance to subscribe was manifested on the part of many of those present. The subscription papers not having been returned, we can only estimate an aggregate result from these six conferences of $1800.

At a Conference held at Fallsington, Bucks Co., at the close of the Monthly Meeting on the 11th of Fourth month, although a committee was appointed at that meeting to raise funds for the establishment of a neighborhood school under the care of Friends, sufficient interest was awakened by the presentation of the claims of Swarthmore to induce subscriptions, chiefly from those not previously interested, amounting to $500.

A Conference was held at Newtown on the following day, at which some subscriptions were made, but the list having been retained by a friend, to be further circulated, the amount is not known.

Since the Annual Meeting in the Twelfth month, the amount subscribed, including some previous conditional subscriptions, now made absolute, has been about $30,000, which, if promptly paid, will meet the requirements of the Building Committee for several months to come, but falls far short of the sum required to assure the completion of the building.

A vigorous effort is now needed to push forward the work of subscription, so as to produce an additional sum of at least $60,000 during the current year. Conferences are in prospect in several sections which have already been the subject of correspondence, and the committee on the subject, which meets at Race St. Meeting-house on the 3d Sixth-day in each month, will be glad of the co-operation of Friends in their respective neighborhoods to call friends together at the close of their Monthly Meetings, or at other times considered more suitable, to discuss with them the general subject of education, with special reference to the work in hand. It interests equally all members of our Religious Society and all who affiliate with them, and it is hoped those who feel its importance will lessen the labors of the Central committee by aiding in getting up such conferences wherever they will probably bring an increase of interest. As visits to Swarthmore have often been found useful in interesting our Friends in the work, it is proposed to fix one day in every month at which companies from various sections can collect at the College for a day of recreation, and to see for themselves the grounds and building.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

Among the peculiarly interesting events connected with the late Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia was the First-day School Conference, held on Fifth-day evening. Some cautious Friends were present, who had felt apprehensive about the propriety of the work amongst us, but the address from the Executive Committee so fully and truthfully explained the motives and feelings of those who have been constrained to engage in it, that it was evident there were few who did not respond to it in cordial sympathy. The dissenting voices (I do not remember more than two or three) were no doubt true and honest to their convictions, but the evident unanimity of sentiment was remarkable. The preliminary remarks from a Friend at the opening of the meeting, must have been very stimulating and comforting to the teachers present. Two from Indiana, described their mode of conducting both the adult and infant classes, showing they have attained considerable proficiency in imparting the instruction designed for those schools, and are doing it with an energy that must produce the desired results. Then a teacher from Baltimore was called on, and spread before us in such a lucid and convincing manner, the promptings to, and the ordering of her work, that we each felt a consciousness the witness was reached in the hearts about us. I thought of that last memorable interview in Judea, when "some doubted;" but the positive injunction went forth, from lips that spoke for all time, "Go ye, therefore, and *teach*," thus showing it was in the Divine mind to use human instrumentality, and leaving no doubt as to whom or what was to be taught,—"all nations," "all things, whatsoever I have commanded you,"—with the sustaining assurance that He would be with them always. Another scene comes before

me as I write, after the stone was taken away from the sepulchre, and he had spoken "Peace" to his friends. It was the urgency with which Peter was required to "Feed my lambs." It was surely as natural an office for parents then as now, and the Holy Spirit was as efficient, yet He made that act the test of Peter's love; and that same dear voice is now heard, persuading to the sacred duty of "feeding His lambs."

This is not meant for a full description of the meeting, but only a little irrepressible talk with distant Friends who were not so fortunate as to attend this deeply interesting Yearly Meeting. A. B. C.

Baltimore, 5th mo., 1868.

OH! BE NOT THE FIRST.

"Oh! be not the first to discover
A blot on the name of a friend,
A flaw on the faith of a lover,
Whose heart may be true to the end.

We none of us know one another,
And oft into error we fall;
So let us speak well of each other,
Or speak not at all.

A smile or a sign may awaken
Suspicion, most false and undue;
And thus our belief may be shaken
In hearts that are honest and true.

How often the light smile of gladness
Is worn by a friend that we meet,
To cover a soul full of sadness,
Too proud to acknowledge defeat.

How often the friends we love dearest,
Their noblest emotions conceal;
And bosoms, the purest, sincerest,
Have secrets they cannot reveal.

How often the sigh of dejection
Is heaved from the hypocrite's breast;
To parody truth and affection,
Or lull a suspicion to rest.

Leave base minds to harbor suspicion,
And small ones to trace our defects;
Let ours be a nobler ambition,
For base is the mind that suspects.

We none of us know one another,
And oft into error we fall;
So let us speak well of each other,
Or speak not at all."

Selected.

THE BEGINNING OF EVIL.

It was such a *little* thing,—
One slight twist of crimson string;
But 'twas stealing all the same;
And the child that took it knew
That she told what was not true,
Just to screen herself from blame.
First a theft and then a lie,—
Both recorded up on high.

It was just a *little* slip,
Just a taste upon the lip;
But it left a longing there;
Then the measure larger grew,
And the habit strengthened too,
Till it would no curbing bear.
So the demon *drink* decoys;
Soul and body both destroys.

It was but one *little* word,
Softly spoken, scarcely heard,
Uttered by a single breath;
But, it dared to take in vain
God's more high and holy name,
So provoking wrath and death.
Soon the lips, once fresh and fair,
Opened but to curse and swear.

It was but one *little* blow—
Passion's sudden overthrow,—
Scarcely heeded in its fall;
But once loosed, the fiery soul
Would no longer brook control;
Laws it spurned, defied them all,
Till the hands, love-clasped in vain,
Wore the murderer's crimson stain.

Ah! it is the foxes small,
Slyly climbing o'er the wall,
That destroy the tender vines;
And it is the spark of fire,
Brightening, growing, curling higher,
That across the forest shines:
Just so, step by step, does sin,
If unchecked, a triumph win.

From the Christian Examiner.

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

(Continued from page 188.)

In the soul it is that we have the source of our interest in nature; and nature will be alive to us only as the soul is active; will be grand to us only as the soul is noble. Sometimes our interest in nature is social; it implies companionship; it is associated with our domestic feelings, with our friendly regards, and with our festive pleasures. Phases of nature there are which we desire to see in connection with human habitations; phases which are complete only in the presence of human life. When grand views of nature are combined with the glory of magnificent cities, it is difficult to distinguish the sources of our pleasure,—to say how much of it is derived from the situation, how much from the city, so intimately do the streams of enjoyment mingle. In looking down, for instance, on Edinburgh, from Calton Hill, the architectural majesty of the city and the natural splendor of scenery and situation melt into unity, and become one delight. Sometimes our interest in nature is historical. Spaces and objects are impressive to us as they are localized by their relation to notable agents and memorable deeds. They are thus taken out of *unmeasured* nature and from common life. They are held as sacred, consecrated to piety or patriotism; or looked on as burned marks on the track of time, where mighty passions have left their footprints. Perhaps our profoundest interest in nature is solitary. Nature in its most stupendous objects cannot be disconnected from a sense of solitude. All ranges of mountains are thus lonely. They rise up from the deeps of uninhabitable grandeur, and hold no equal converse but with tempests and the heavens.

The shout of thousands scarcely breaks their stillness. The hosts of Hannibal, or greater hosts than his, gave no social presence to the everlasting wilderness of the Alps. Look up to the firmament of a starry night, from the throng of a city, or from the waste of a desert; you are, while you gaze, alone with Infinity and your own soul. Whole multitudes of fleets would not disconnect our impression of the ocean from the idea of isolation. Surround Niagara with the masses of a city population, we yet should feel that its torrent is the child of the wilderness, and hear the voice of it as a lonely song from the depths of time. It is, however, in actual solitude that the love of nature is best proved, and that its grander aspects afford the sublimest pleasures.

Add science to sensibility, in a mind of wonderful grasp, logic, and imagination: we may then fancy the fulness of exalted pleasures which the life of Alexander Humboldt must have embraced, passed, as it was, in the contemplation of the universe, and in the study of its laws. With a genius equally beautiful and intellectual, equally descriptive and analytic, the man of science bloomed into the poet; but, both as man of science and as poet, he traces to the soul our interest in nature. After a general picture, in the opening portion of his "Kosmos," of some objects that he considers among the most striking of those which he remembered in his travels, he observes, "All that the senses can but imperfectly comprehend, all that is most awful in such romantic scenes of nature, may become a source of enjoyment to a man, by opening a wide field to the creative powers of his imagination. Impressions change with the varying movement of the mind; and we are led by a happy illusion to believe that we receive from the external world that with which we have ourselves invested it."

Nor should we overlook the beautiful in human nature,—the nature which is itself "the beauty of the world," the crowning glory of the earth: "noble in reason; infinite in faculties; in form and moving, express and admirable; in action like an angel, in apprehension like a god." If human beauty, cut into marble, or colored upon canvas, can so impress, can so enchant us, how divine it is when the living, the immortal soul adds inspiration to its splendor! The youth upon the mountains, blooming into goodly manhood, is a prince and heir of nature; the girl by the spring, robed in cheapest cotton, with the light of loveliness around her, with the baptism of beauty on her brow, is a queen, with a right divine from heaven. Pure and perfect beauty is a thing of pure and perfect peace. So, especially, it is in woman. It is meek, humble, and unconscious. It throws brightness around it, and we rejoice in its light. It is calm and tranquil in its own self-sufficing sweetness. Beauty in its completeness has in it an element of holiness; something that awes while it delights; something that repels familiarity while it wins affection; something that nerves the hand for its defence, and that draws the heart to its worship. Fair and comely looks, it is said, may conceal an evil mind. Not so: an evil mind cannot be concealed; but, if it could, the looks which concealed it would not be those of beauty; for, while a ray of true beauty lingers even on a ruin, a ray of sacred fire is still in the sanctuary, however soiled and dilapidated may be the temple. "As the emerald," says Goethe, "refreshes the sight with its beautiful hues, and exerts, it is said, a beneficent influence on that noble sense, so does human beauty look with far larger potency on the outward and inward sense. Whoever looks upon it is charmed against the breath of evil, and feels in harmony with himself and with the world." Experience bears out this great poet's testimony. Genuine beauty has a purifying action on all minds which are not incorrigibly gross; and that which does not refine cannot be beauty, be it in a person, be it in a picture.

The love of the beautiful in art is rooted in the same principles as the love of the beautiful in nature; that is, in our capacities of pure and disinterested enjoyment, by means of sensibility, imagination, and judgment, of whatever is fair and admirable *in* itself, and *for* itself. The enjoyment of the beautiful in Nature is direct: the enjoyment of the beautiful in Art comes through the medium and ministry of genius. But the tendency appears in aspiration, long before it becomes formed into art. As soon as a man has served his most pressing necessities, his ideal instincts begin to work. In rude fashion, he makes endeavors after the beautiful; at least, he attempts to find satisfaction, which is not that of sense, appetite, or passion. He devises *ornaments*. He ornaments his person. He ornaments his canoe, his war-club, his drinking-cup, his pipe. Ornament is here, in each case, a matter entirely superadded, and with no design of profit or of use. Paints or punctures do not strengthen his body: carving does not give swiftness to his canoe, force to his war-club, flavor to his drinking-cup, or fragrance to his pipe: but paints, punctures, carving, do give gratification to his mind; at the lowest, they please his vanity, and keep him in the fashion.

A striking peculiarity is observed in the national history of man in relation to

art. Man begins art *with* himself in the savage state; and again, in the extreme of the civilized state, he enslaves art *to* himself. It is in the period between those two states that art achieves all that is most worthy, most noble, and most memorable. When cultivated man comes into the youth of his power, he is unselfish, vigorous, docile, and heroic. Fresh in intellect, strong in body, in perception, and in imagination, he is soon taught, he is willing to learn, and ever ready to obey, the lesson, that his life is consecrated to the gods and to the state. Every thing best that he is or owns, he devotes to the glory and good of both. Such, at least, was the ancient ideal. We may see the influence of such an ideal on ancient art. The influence is first seen in building. Architecture is a sphere of art, which at once indicates the most special, the most admirable characteristics of man. It indicates his feeling of home, and his sentiment of worship. No other sphere of art is more affecting, more impressive, more venerable; and, whether as effect or cause, no other sphere of art is more intimately bound up with social culture. No other sphere of art has more exhibited the wonderful expansiveness and variety of man's development. Look at man shrinking into a cave, crouching in a hut, or raising for himself a fragile tent, and how near to the very brute he seems! Yet he is the same being, that, with enlarging soul, magnifies his dwelling, until cave, hut, and tent swell into temple, palace, castle, fortress. And then temple, palace, castle, fortress, are as manifold as races, climates, generations, sentiments, and creeds. But special illustrations of ancient art we take, first of all, from the Greeks; for, as art is the ideal of the actual, we might almost call the æsthetic masterpieces of the Greeks the ideal of art. The Greeks never expended much power on art which ministered directly to the exclusive enjoyment of the individual. Supremely and first, Greek power was dedicated to the gods; but their gods were only transcendent impersonations of humanity. The religion of the Greeks was merely a deification of humanity; and art, in modification of might and loveliness, was their religion rendered palpable.

The temple was therefore the grand expression of this religion; and this religion consisted mainly in the visible. The aim was to make the temple as perfect as the forms were, which it was to support and to enshrine. We build a temple in which to worship: the Greek built a temple to be in itself an act of worship, an embodied and permanent adoration. His consciousness of the Divine was in the sense of beauty. When he would pay his utmost homage to the Divinity, it was by giving forms to his most perfect ideas of the beautiful. These forms, whether in temples or statues, were his mode of worship. No feeling is more honorable in man than that which prompts him to build a temple. It is one that transports him out of his individuality, and above it. A temple is a monumental consecration of man's highest sentiment. We should not, therefore, omit saying, that, though the beautiful in art may transcend the perfection of the human form, and show forth the glory of the State, it cannot fully indicate the spiritual in religion. Compared with the Greeks, the Jews in art were mere barbarians; but the Jews had an inspiration among them, which gave to their temple a glory and a power that contrasted with all the splendor of Hellenic art, and was as the mid-day sun to the morning star. How goodly to the Jews was even the second temple, though it had no more the glory of the first, in the burning Shekinah, or in the spirit of prophesy! With what labor and lovingness was that temple erected! The man gave his strength, and the woman gave her ornaments; and all watched it daily as it grew,—watched it with rejoicing, as it arose higher and higher in the majesty of its beauty. But its majesty was in its consecration to Jehovah, and its beauty was not of mere art in the form of its structure, but the beauty of holiness in the spirit of its worship. Even the third temple, raised in evil times, desecrated much by profane uses, much despoiled of sanctity in its offices and ministry, had still hold on the national affection; and, in the very flames which consumed it, bore witness to the national enthusiasm. Nor was that enthusiasm burned out in its flames, or buried in its ashes: it lives ever still as one memory in the hearts of scattered people; ever still the Israelite turns towards Jerusalem with desire, and, like his ancestor by the rivers of Babylon, he weeps when he remembers Zion.

In Greek art, corresponding with Greek worship, and subordinate to the temple, came the statues of gods, demigods and heroes; in union with the State came buildings of business, of defence, with their appropriate concomitants, including sculptures commemorative of religious devotion, patriotic homage, and public gratitude.

By the time the Romans had become artistic, they had also become luxurious, selfish and corrupt. They built temples, but filled them with no reverence; they had images of gods, but no faith in gods; their greatest citizens were slaughtered by faction or by each other; and many of the forms which art afterwards perpetuated were those of inexorable monsters, whose memory should have

perished. The subjugation of art to luxury by the Romans is seen in the magnitude of their baths, and their adaptation, not so much to cleanness as to effeminacy; the subjugation of art by the Romans to cruel and gross pleasure is seen in the terrible dimensions and terrible uses of their amphitheatres, in which sanguinary multitudes assembled to feast on the bloody strifes and dying agonies of men and brutes. Those horrible applications of art destroyed all its humanizing idealism: in the presence of such carnivals of murder, the regular theatre and the poetic drama withered out of sight and out of life. On the subjugation of art by the Romans to individual luxury, in their palaces and their pleasures, there is no time to speak. As one advantage we reap from the egotistic employment of art by the Romans, we have from it a number of excellent busts, remarkable for their strength and individuality of expression. For the rest, we may conclude that the beautiful has died out of art whenever its spirit has become inhuman or impure.

(To be continued.)

"THAT'S HOW!"

After a great snow-storm, a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snow-bank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with.

"How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man passing along.

"By keeping at it," said the boy, cheerfully; "that's how!"

That is the secret of mastering almost every difficulty under the sun. If a hard task is before you, stick to it. Do not keep thinking how large or hard it is, but go at it, and little by little it will grow smaller and smaller, until it is done.

If a hard lesson is to be learned, do not spend a moment in fretting; do not lose a breath in saying, "I can't," or "I do not see how;" but go at it, and keep at it. Study. That is the only way to conquer it. If a fault is to be cured, or a bad habit broken up, it cannot be done by merely being sorry, or only trying a little. You must keep fighting it, and not give up fighting until it is got rid of.

The contented spirit is pleased with what are called small mercies, but the skies cannot drop fatness for the discontented.

ITEMS.

A FEMALE TEACHER has recently been elected Principal of the Mount Vernon Boys' Grammar School in this city. The Controllers of the First district refused to certify to the city Controller her election and due qualification, and she applied to the Court of Common Pleas for a writ of mandamus to compel the controllers to officially recognize her as the legally chosen principal of the school, in order that she might draw her salary. The election of a woman to such a position, where her salary was to be the same as that of a male principal ($1,650 a year), excited a great deal of opposition among those who think that a woman should be kept "in her sphere," and only paid half a man's wages. The court, after hearing the parties, decided to grant the mandamus—in other words, that Mary McManus, having been duly elected, and being confessedly competent to fill the place, could not be prevented by the controllers from entering upon her duties and drawing her pay. Judge Allison said there was no law or regulation which forbade the election of a properly qualified woman as principal of a boys' grammar school. Male teachers, it is said, often resign in order to obtain higher wages in other pursuits, causing thereby no little embarrassment; but it is thought that women, if paid the same salaries as men, will be more likely to remain at their posts.

GLYCERINE AND YOLK OF EGGS.—Four parts, by weight, of yolk of egg rubbed in a mortar with five parts of glycerine, according to the Philadelphia *Journal of Pharmacy*, gives a preparation of great value as an unguent for application to broken surfaces of the skin of all kinds. The compound has a horny-like consistency, is unctuous like fatty substances, but over which it has the advantage of being quickly removed by water. It is unalterable, a specimen having laid exposed to the air for three years unchanged. Applied to the skin it forms a varnish which effectually excludes the air, and prevents its irritating effects. These properties render it serviceable for erysipelas and cutaneous affections, of which it allays the action.—*Scientific American.*

THE FALL OF LEAVES.—M. Trecul and others have seen engaged in investigating the fall of leaves, and their researches would seem to point to the conclusion that in many plants a phenomenon occurs just before the fall of the leaf, which is not unlike the process which accompanies the shedding of horns in animals. It consists in the obstruction of the vessels at the petiole or leaf stalk. This obstruction is caused by the multiplication of cells, which first occur in the parietes of the vessels. The cells increase and multiply till at last the vessels are completely choked up in the neighborhood of the insertion of the leaf, and thus a defferentiated plane is formed across which the leaf-stalk breaks, and the leaf accordingly falls.—*Boston Journ. of Chem.*

THE UNION PACIFIC Railroad has commenced running regular trains to Lawrence City, near Fort Saunders. Over one hundred houses have already been erected there. The Pacific railroads are prohibited by law to charge more than double the average rates charged on the railroads between the Mississippi and the Atlantic, north of St. Louis.

EXPORTATION OF GOLD.—The shipment of gold from New York, on the 16th, made a total of $3,150,458, and the amount from the first of the year to that date was $30,000,361. The foreign imports, at New York for the week ending 16th, were valued at $2,773,251. When we analyze the items which make up this very large amount—only *one* week's imports at one port—it is astonishing to see how little of the articles thus received for American consumption were actually necessary. Nearly fifty-three thousand dollars for *wines*, and almost thirty-eight thousand dollars for *champagne*; thirty thousand dollars for *jewelry*; nearly seventy-four thousand dollars for *furs*; fifty-three thousand dollars for *watches*; one hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars for *tin boxes*; one hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars for *railroad bars*.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 6, 1868. No. 14.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, four copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.
REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.
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A Testimony of Woodbury Monthly Meeting of Friends, concerning our beloved Friend, DAVID J. GRISCOM, *a minister, deceased.*

Impressed with a belief that a memorial of our departed friend would be of interest to survivors, particularly the youth, we feel drawn in love to give forth this testimony.

He was born in the city of Philadelphia on the seventh day of the Third month, A. D. 1815. His parents, William and Ann Griscom, were members of our religious Society, concerned for the guarded, religious education of their children, frequently collecting their family for silent waiting. In these opportunities a portion of Scripture was generally read, and the feelings of the parents sometimes expressed. This may truly be said to hade been as bread cast upon the waters, found after many days. As a boy he was noted for his firm integrity, and desire to influence his companions for good.

About the eighteenth year of his age he commenced teaching, as an assistant to his brother in a large boarding school.

In the autumn of the year 1837 he was married to Anne M. Whitelock, and settled in Byberry, where he had previously opened a school, and in less than one year his beloved wife was removed by death. In alllluding to this he said: "The dispensation has been a soul-subduing one, still there has been little of bitterness in it; our short career was harmonious and our communion in true affection; our religious observances, especially, I can refer to, not only with joy, but with animation of heart."

In the spring of 1839 he accepted an invitation from Friends of New York to take charge of their Monthly Meeting school, going there, as he expressed it, a "stranger among strangers, bowed under the weight of his own sorrows." It being intimated to him that he might exclude himself too much from society, he replied, "My fears for myself are on the other hand. I feel that my path is beset with allurements calculated to draw off the mind from the objects of its early affections, and set it afloat in the unstable element of worldly-mindedness," expressing an earnest desire for preservation in the lowly and safe path where the true Shepherd is the only guide, and the stranger's voice shall not be followed.

On returning from a visit to his relatives he wrote, "I think I can say I experienced every enjoyment I anticipated, and was enabled to wander as little from my convictions of right as I expected. This I feel to be a blessing; for so sensible have I been of my extreme weakness on other occasions that I have been almost ready to despair of making any advance in the great work of self-denial. Perhaps no purer temporal enjoyment can be found than such as we receive from those never-failing fountains of natural

affection, yet still they may stand more in the way of our perfect dedication to the pointings of truth than all the world beside; having such strong hold upon us we may be in danger of sacrificing our religious convictions to them."

He continued in the care of the school in New York about three years, during which time a social and religious feeling of brotherly love between him, his friends and pupils, was experienced. In the prospect of leaving he said, "I find it will not be without some painful emotions that I shall give up my home here. There are so many who have shown me such great kindness that it would be impossible for me not to feel that there is a sacrifice to be made on leaving them."

Some time after he engaged as a private tutor in the family of Joseph Walker, of West Chester, N. Y., and with them visited Europe. This visit was one of interest to him, and had a beneficial influenee on his health.

Whilst in England he wrote home as follows, "I feel no assurance that I shall return to you safe from my wanderings, but whether I do or not is a matter of small import, provided I am enabled successfully to cross the great ocean of Time and find a safe harbor in Eternity." In the same letter he speaks of attending a meeting of Friends in Southampton, which, "although silent, was far from being an uninteresting one to me. I felt the solemnity of the occasion, and remembered the promise, that if we meet in His name who is love, He would be in our midst; and that we had but to cast ourselves at His feet and He would heal us of whatever infirmities might afflict us. The privilege appeared to me as one beyond all price, and my heart yearned toward the assembly that they might be made sensible of it."

On his return he enjoyed increasingly the society of his friends, and the love and esteem of those with whom he associated was manifest, his concern to do right being apparent in all his movements. The increase of friends and brighter prospects of life affected him not in this earnest effort. He was cheerful without levity; kind, modest, and conciliating; firm in his opinions without manifesting a disposition to impose them upon others.

For some time after their return, in Sixth month, 1845, he continued to reside with Joseph Walker and family, with whom an enduring friendship was formed.

In the spring of 1847 he again entered the marriage state with Jane Whitelock, and settled in Brooklyn, N. Y. In a letter written soon after, he says, "One of the greatest blessings attendant upon the possession of such a home as I now have, I think consists in the opportunity it affords of sympathizing in the happiness of those who share that home with us. In this view it becomes the interest of each to endeavor to promote the happiness of the other." This was his endeavor through life. He was much beloved by all in his employ, and that came under his care or influence.

In the year 1851 he purchased a farm near Woodbury, N. J.; moved with his family thereto, and engaged in nursery business. From which time, becoming a member of this Monthly Meeting, we more particularly knew him, and can say as said David of his bosom friend Jonathan, "Very pleasant hast thou been to me, my brother;" the love which unites us in the ever blessed truth, far surpasses all earthly attachments.

He was a bright example of humility and unobtrusive goodness, and, though well skilled in human learning and science, we believe, like the great Apostle, he counted it of little moment in comparison with the unspeakable gift dispensed from on High. In his intercourse with his friends he gave evidence he had been with the blessed Master, which made his company and conversation truly acceptable and instructive.

His first appearance in the ministry was in the city of New York, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. About this time, in a letter to a sister, he says: "I suppose there is no one, who has not been placed in the same circumstances, can conceive how my spirit has been abased by it. It will be a satisfaction to thee to know that, in the little labor I have had yet to do in the Church, I have had the sympathy and encouragement of those friends whose business it is to judge of them."

His frequent change of residence prevented a public acknowledgment of his gift until the year 1859, when, having frequently appeared in our meetings in public testimony, with meekness and humility, he was recommended a minister by this Monthly Meeting; and we can truly say, in his ministry he was impressive and edifying, being remarkably free from inaccuracies of language, not multiplying words without power.

A short time before his death, he observed, "I am not sensible of withholding when a clear requisition was felt, and believe there is more danger in continuing, after the requisition has been fulfilled, under the warmth of affection, or interest in the subject presented, to the injury of the tender visited seed."

During several of the latter years of his life he was in declining health, frequently unable to attend meetings. In the year 1864, he attended the yearly meeting of ministers and elders, returning home in the evening. On the following day he had a hemorrhage of the

lungs, which so prostrated him that he was unable to go much from home afterwards. To a friend he observed that he believed his public labors had closed, but thought there was yet a work for him to do among his children, if it was only for them to see him suffer. In a letter to a sister he says: "I feel that I have always been taken care of, and have no right to be despondent now, and try to be resigned to whatever trial of my faith and patience may be permitted. The end cannot be very far off, even though it may be delayed longer than my impatient spirit might desire."

It was the practice of the family to assemble with him in the library, in the evening, before retiring, spend a few minutes in silence, when some of the children would read from the Bible, When no longer able to meet with them there, his room was made the place of the social assemblage for reading and devotion. His heart abounded in gratitude to his Heavenly Father.

His concern for the welfare of his family is most feelingly set forth in his last will and testament, viz.: "I desire, firstly, to express my gratitude to my Heavenly Father for His care and provision for me through all the days of my life, and my dear wife and children to an obedience to His will, as made known in their own hearts, as an infinitely surer dependence than any earthly possessions can possibly be; and I recommend my children regularly to attend Friends' meetings on First and other meeting days; and enjoin it on them, above everything else, to keep their hearts in innocence before the All-seeing Eye, and leave it, as my testimony to them, that, if they do this, they will never want for aught that is really needful to their earthly or future happiness."

The day before his death he said to his children, "My dear children, I shall soon be taken care of in another world, but you will have to struggle on longer. Always be good children; try and go in the way your heavenly Father would have you go; try and do His will. I love you all, and I desire Him to bless you! Bless you! Bless you! I am too weak to say more!" On a brother coming in soon after he said, "My faith has been renewed, even this day. Our heavenly Father will take care of us, and permit us to meet again."

In this sweet confiding spirit he departed, this life on the sixth day of the First month, 1865, in the fiftieth year of his age, and was interred on the ninth in Friends' burial ground, from the meeting-house in Woodbury, after a solemn meeting, in which several impressive testimonies were borne.

Read in, and approved by, Woodbury Monthly Meeting of Friends, held at Upper Greenwich, Eleventh month, twenty-fifth day, 1867, and signed by direction thereof.

WM. WADE GRISCOM,
ANN ELIZA HAINES,
Clerks.

Read in, and approved by, Salem Quarterly Meeting of Friends, held in Woodbury, fifth of the Twelfth month, 1867, and directed to be signed by the clerks thereof, and forwarded to the Representative Committee or Meeting for Sufferings.

DAVID PETIT,
SARAH J. ACTON,
Clerks.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FEELING HAS NO FELLOW.

The deepest sympathies of my soul flow out toward the visited children of our Heavenly Father, you upon whom the influences of his love have descended as the morning and evening dew, gently and yet so forcibly as to quicken all your energies. Oh! prize these evidences of his guardian care over you, designed to bring you into immediate communion with himself; and if at any time trials of your faith come, from whatever source, receive them as a refining process, designed to purify the inner temple of the heart, and fit it for the abode of your soul's well-beloved. There is much to encourage you; testimonies are numerous, even from ancient days, to the sufficiency of divine grace, to enable all to do and to suffer the will of God. May the eye of the mind be fixed intently upon these, that stand as a cloud of witnesses to dispel the dark shades of human infirmity that so often come in between us and "Christ the true light." Look not to men to decide what you may or may not do, but retire in spirit into the sanctuary of your own hearts. Be still, and you will hear the voice of the true Shepherd saying, "Come up hither and I will show thee. Obey this voice, follow this teacher sent from God—this heavenly guide—and thou wilt rise out of all bewilderment, into a clear atmosphere, where fogs and vapors are dispelled by the shining of the "Sun of righteousness." His holy presence gives strength to the lowly watcher, to leap over all the stumbling-stones that can be thrown in the way. Turn not aside, I beseech you, because things that grieve are multiplied, but remember, "The trying of your faith worketh patience, and patience experience, experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart.

Were there no conflicting powers, there would be no warfare, there would be nothing to brighten the armor, or induce us to strive

for the masterage. Then let not him boast that putteth on the harness, but he that putteth it off, after having borne manfully the trials of the day, and served faithfully his appointed time, through heat and cold, drought and tempest, till a release is sounded, and faith turns to vision, and prayer to praise. S. H.

5th mo. 17*th*, 1868.

From "Imitation of Christ."

BLESSEDNESS OF INTERNAL CONVERSATION WITH CHRIST.

BY THOMAS A'KEMPIS.

(Concluded from page 196.)

Christ.—Humility and patience under adversity are more acceptable to me, my son, than joy and fervor when all is prosperous and peaceful.

Why art thou offended and grieved at every little injury from men; when, if it were much greater, it ought to be borne without emotion? As fast as such evils arise, let their influence be banished from thy mind: they are not new; thou hast met with many, and, if thy life be long, shalt meet with many more.

When adversity stands not in thy path, thou dost boast thy fortitude; and can give excellent counsel to others, whom thou expectest to derive strength from thy exhortations: but no sooner do the same evils that oppressed them turn upon thyself, than fortitude forsakes thee, and thou art destitute both of counsel and strength. O let the frequent instances of the power which the lightest evils have over thee, keep thee continually mindful of thy great frailty. No evil, however, is permitted to befall thee, but what may be made productive of a much greater good.

When thou meetest with injury from the violence or treachery of men, exert all thy resolution to drive the thoughts of it from thy heart: but if it toucheth thee too sensibly to be soon buried in forgetfulness, let it neither depress nor vex thee; and if thou canst not bear it cheerfully, at least bear it patiently. If any censure that is uttered against thee be too severe and cruel to be heard in silence, suppress thy indignation before it burst into flame; and suffer no expression of impatience and resentment to escape thy lips, that may give occasion of scandal to the weak. The storm that is thus raised within thee will soon subside; and the wounds thy heart has received from the arrows of reproach, shall be healed by the influence of restoring grace. I live forever; ready to help thee upon all occasions, and to bestow abundant consolation upon thee, if thou devoutly callest upon me for it.

Keep thy mind then calm, and girded for severer conflicts. Because thou art often strongly tempted, and deeply troubled, thou must not think that all is lost. Thou art man, not God; a spirit fallen, not a pure angel. How canst thou expect to continue in one unchangeable state of enjoyment? Give up thyself wholly to my mercy: I am he who comforteth all that mourn; and raiseth to a participation of Divine strength all that are truly sensible of their weakness.

Disciple.—Thy words, O Lord, distill as dew, and are "sweeter than honey, or the honey-comb." What would become of me, in the midst of so much darkness, corruption, and misery, without thy Holy Spirit to illuminate, sanctify, and comfort me? I will not regard what, nor how much I suffer, if I can but be made capable of enjoying thee, my supreme and only good! Be mindful of me, O most merciful God! Grant me a safe passage through this vale of sin and sorrow, and in the true path conduct me to thy heavenly kingdom! Amen.

Christ.—Forbear to reason, my son, upon deep and mysterious subjects, especially the secret judgments of God. Ask not, Why this man is forsaken, and that distinguished by a profusion of grace: why one is so deeply humbled and another so eminently exalted. These things surpass the limits of human understanding; nor can the deepest reasoning investigate the proceedings of the Most High. When, therefore, such questions are either suggested by the enemy, or proposed by the vain curiosity of men, answer in the words of the royal prophet, "Righteous art thou, O Lord! and just are thy judgments. The judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether." My judgments are to be feared, not discussed; for they are incomprehensible to every understanding but my own.

Forbear also to inquire and dispute concerning the pre-eminence of apostles and martyrs; who is the most holy, and who the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. These questions produce the strife of unprofitable debate, and nourish presumption and vain glory.

Beware, my son, of being led by vain curiosity to "search the things that are above thy strength:" and let all thy faculties be employed in that only needful and important inquiry, how thou thyself mayest be found in the kingdom of heaven, though in the least and lowest place. What does knowledge avail, unless it makes us more humble, and excite greater ardor to glorify my name? He who, in constant attention to the state of his own soul, laments the multitude and enormity of his sins, and the small number and imperfection of his virtues; and when he

thinks on glorified spirits, thinks only how exceedingly remote he is from the perfection which they have attained; is more acceptable to me, than he who employs his time and thoughts in considering and disputing about the different degrees of excellence and glory that distinguish the particular members of that illustrious assembly. It is infinitely more useful, and more safe, with tears and prayers to implore grace to imitate the great examples they have left; than to labor, by fruitless inquiries into their state, to know what no human understanding is able to comprehend.

Men should be content with the imperfect knowledge of their fallen state, and suppress their vain curiosity, and refrain from their vainer disputes. Happy spirits glory not in any personal excellence; for they arrogate no good themselves, but ascribe all to me, who with infinite liberality have freely given them whatever they possess. The consummation of their honor and happiness, is found in their boundless love of God, and their joyful celebration of his praise. The more exalted their state is, the more humble is their spirit; and, therefore, it is written, that the four and twenty elders, who were seated round the throne of heaven, "cast their crowns before the throne, and fell down before him that sat on the throne; and worshipped him that liveth forever and ever."

Many solicitously inquire into the subject of degrees in glory who utterly neglect the infinitely more important inquiry, whether they themselves are likely to be numbered there, even among the least.

When the disciples, whom I had chosen to attend my ministry upon earth, inquired who should be "the greatest in the kingdom of heaven," it was answered, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. But whosoever shall humble himself as a little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven." Woe be to them, therefore, who cherish the pride of human attainments; for the gate of the kingdom of heaven is too low to give them entrance! "Woe unto them that are rich, who say they are increased in (mental) riches, and have need of nothing, for they have received their consolation;" and while the poor enter into the kingdom, they shall stand weeping and wailing without! But rejoice, ye humble, and leap for joy, ye poor in spirit! for while ye continue in the truth that has made you what ye are, "yours is the kingdom of God!"

Disciple.—Lord! what is my confidence in this life, and what my comfort in the possession and enjoyment of all things under heaven? Is it not thee alone, O my God, whose mercies are without number, and without measure? Where hath it been well with me, if thou wert absent? I had rather be naked, hungry, and despised with thee, than abound in honor, wealth, and pleasure, without thee: would rather choose, with thee, to wander, and have no place "where to lay my head," than, without thee, to possess a throne in heaven. Where thou art, there is heaven; and death and hell are only there where thou art not. Thou art the desire of my soul; and to thee my sighs and groans, my cries and prayers, shall continually ascend. There is none that is able to deliver me from my necessities; none in whose power and goodness I can trust, but thee, O my God! Thou art my refuge and my hope in every distress; my powerful Comforter, and most faithful friend!

Though thou permittest me to be exposed to the trial of various troubles, yet dost thou mercifully superintend the conflict, and direct the event to my supreme and everlasting good: "for whom thou lovest, thou chastenest; and scourgest every son whom thou receivest." In this awful probation, thou art not less to be loved and praised than when thou fillest my soul with heavenly consolations. Thou alone, therefore, O Lord my God! art my hope and sanctuary; with thee I leave all my tribulation and anguish, and resign the beginning, continuance, and end of every trouble, to thy blessed will.

Wherever I look for support and consolation out of thee, I find nothing but weakness and distress: and if thou dost not revive, strengthen, and illuminate, deliver, and preserve me, the friendship of mankind can give no consolation, the strength of the mighty bring no support, the counsel of the wise, and the labors of the learned, impart no instruction, the treasures of the earth purchase no deliverance, and the most secret places afford no protection. All persons and things that seem to promise peace and happiness are in themselves vanity and nothing, and subvert the hope that is built upon them; but thou art the supreme, essential, and final good; the perfection of life, light, and love!

"Unto thee do I lift up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens!" In thee, the Father of mercies, I place all my confidence! O illuminate and sanctify my soul with the influence of thy Holy Spirit; that being delivered from all the darkness and impurity of its alienated life, it may become the living temple of thy holy presence, the seat of thy eternal glory! In the immensity of thy goodness, O Lord, and "in the multitude of thy tender mercies, turn unto me," and hear the prayer of thy poor servant, who hast wandered far from thee into the region of the

shadow of death. O protect and keep my soul amid the innumerable evils which this corruptible life is always bringing forth; and by the perpetual guidance of thy grace, lead me in the narrow path of holiness to the realms of everlasting light and peace. Amen.

The following address was adopted by Friends' General Conference for the promotion of First-day Schools, held in Philadelphia, Fifth month 14th, 1868.

ADDRESS ON THE SUBJECT OF FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

To the members of the Society of Friends.

The beneficent Author of our being has so constituted the human race that the young, the middle-aged, and the old, are placed together in the family, the community, and the church. The evident design is that they may mutually help and improve each other. The freshness and buoyancy of the youthful spirit cheer and enliven the household; and the presence of such in our religious assemblies is felt to be exceedingly precious. They need the guidance and encouragement of minds more mature; and the instructions they receive, if wisely imparted, will be amply rewarded by a rich return of affection.

Although the office of instructing the children devolves first upon parents, and is their especial duty, there is also a similar obligation resting upon the religious society to which they belong, that cannot be ignored or neglected without injurious consequences. It has been found by experience, that there is in associated action a pleasurable feeling and a stimulus to exertion that cannot be attained in household instruction. This results from the social tendency implanted in the human heart for the purpose of promoting the enjoyment and progress of the race. It is the part of wisdom to avail ourselves of this tendency, in order to encourage the young in the pursuit of religious knowledge; trusting that the ever-present spirit of truth will impress upon their hearts the lessons of instruction that may be imparted. It is, we hope, with a desire to advance in the knowledge of truth, that we advocate the First-day schools which we are attempting to introduce into our Society. Since their establishment among Friends, we find that wherever they are in operation, there is a more full attendance of the young at our meetings for Divine worship. This results, we believe, from the association of the adults and the youth in a labor of love, and from a fresh awakening of religious life.

There is nothing so much to be dreaded as *stagnation*. Where life and vigorous health exist, there is always action; it is as indispensable to a religious organization as to the natural body. Our children will be educated by the circumstances around them: if *we* stand still *they* will not; and if *we* do not the work, others will take it from our hands. Shall we allow this? or shall we rather turn over the leaves of the Bible *with them*, and teach them faithfulness by the example of Abraham; obedience by that of Isaac; brotherly love and forgiveness by that of Joseph; meekness and forbearance by that of Moses; courage by that of Caleb and Joshua; repentance by that of David; patience by that of Job; and above all, purity and love by that of Jesus of Nazareth, the Son and sent of the Father. Most of those who have been teachers in First-day schools can bear witness to the deep interest manifested by the pupils in these instructive narratives. Throughout Christendom, the Scriptures are esteemed, in a pre-eminent sense, the depository of religious truth. They are the only writings deemed authoritative by all, and hence they are appealed to in all religious controversies. To be ignorant of their contents is a defect in education that must be felt through life. But their chief merit consists in this: that they abound with examples and precepts which encourage the Christian pilgrim in his progress, and supply him with materials for devout meditation.

There is perhaps no religious society in whose public ministry the language of Scripture is more abundantly rehearsed than in ours, which renders it exceedingly desirable that it should be accurately quoted, as well as pertinently applied.

In addition to the benefit to be derived by our members from the acquisition of Scriptural knowledge in First-day schools, there is another aspect of this interesting subject that deserves to be considered. It has been found by experience, that to engage from pure motives in any work for the good of our fellow-creatures, enlarges the heart, and opens other fields of religious labor. There is a vast amount of moral evil in the world, attended by its necessary consequences, degradation and suffering. A reformation of public morals in many respects is needed; but *no* reformation except that which is founded on Christian principles *can* be enduring.

In order to engage successfully in this great field of labor, those spiritual gifts which have been bestowed by the Creator, must be developed and improved by exercise. They are various in kind and in degree; but, whether one, or two, or five talents be given, their proper use is essential to individual happiness and to the public good.

It has been justly said that, in order to

bring up the masses of mankind from their low condition, those who are blest with more light and knowledge must go *down* to them, and lift them up by deeds of kindness and affectionate counsel; thus imitating the example of Him who went about continually doing good. The neglected children of the poor, in our large cities especially, demand the attention of the benevolent. Although many are engaged in giving them aid and instruction, there is still a wide field of religious labor among them; and the injunction of the divine Master is applicable to our day: "Say not ye there are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal.

"From Formation of the Christian Character"

OUR POWER TO OBTAIN THAT WHICH WE SEEK.

BY H. WARE JR.

(Concluded from page 198.)

In some persons, this notion takes the form of a real or fancied humility. They fear lest they be found seeking salvation through their own works, and relying on their own merits. But what a strange humility this, which leads to a disregard of the divine will, and disobedience to the divine commands; which virtually says, 'I will continue in sin that grace may abound!' Let me ask, too, Who will trust to receive salvation without actual obedience? Where is it promised to those who will do nothing in the way of self-government and active virtue? Where is it offered to any, but those who seek it by 'bringing forth friuts meet for repentance,' and by 'patient continuance in well-doing.

And let none fear lest this make void the grace of God. For how is it that grace leads to salvation? Is it by arbitrarily fitting the soul for it, and ushering it into heaven without its own co-operation? Or is it not rather by opening a free highway to the kingdom of life through which all may walk and be saved? This is what the Saviour has done; he has made the path of life accessible and plain, has thrown open the gate of heaven, has taught men how to enter in and reach their bliss. Whoever pursues this path, and enters 'through the gate into the city,' is saved by grace. For though he has used his own powers to travel on this highway, yet he did not establish that highway; nor could he have traversed it without guidance and aid; nor could he have opened for himself the door of entrance. Heaven is still a free gift, inasmuch as it is granted by infinite benignity to those who did not, do not, and cannot deserve it. Yet there are certain conditions to be performed. And to refuse the performance of those conditions, on the plea that you thus derogate from the mercy of God, and do something to purchase or merit happiness, is a madness which ought to be strenuously opposed, or it will leave you to perish in your sins.

These two things, then, may be regarded as axioms of the religious life; first, that a man's own labors are essential to his salvation; second, that his utmost virtue does nothing toward purchasing or meriting salvation. When he has done all his duty, he is still, as the Saviour declares, but an 'unprofitable servant.' He has been more than recompensed by the blessings of this present life. That the happiness of an eternal state may be attained, in addition to these, is a provision of pure grace; and it is mere insanity to neglect the duties of religion through any fear lest you should seem to be seeking heaven on the ground of your own desert. Virtue would be your duty, though you were to perish forever at the grave; and that God has opened to his children the prospect of a future inheritance infinitely disproportioned to their merit, is only a further reason for making virtue your first and chief pursuit.

It is true there is great infirmity in human nature, and you will find yourself perplexed and harassed by temptations from without and within. Passion, appetite, pleasure, and care, solicit and urge you, and render it not easy to keep yourself unspotted from the world. But what then? Does this excuse the want of exertion? Is this a good reason for sitting idly with folded arms and saying, It is all vain; I am wretchedly weak; I cannot undertake this work, till God gives me strength? Believe me, there is no humility in this. Think of yourself and of your deserts as humbly as you please; but to think so meanly of the powers God has given you, as to deem them insufficient for the work he has assigned you, is less humility than ingratitude and want of faith. Nothing is truer than this,—that your work is proportioned to your powers, and your trials to your strength. 'No temptation hath taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.' Here is the manifestation of peculiar grace; when a sincere and humble spirit, in its earnest search for the true way, encounters obstacles, hardships, and opposition, at this moment it is that aid from on high is interposed. The promise to Paul is fulfilled, 'My strength is made perfect in weakness.' 'The spirit helpeth our infirmities.' Let it be, then, that human nature is

weak; no work is appointed greater than its power, and it 'can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth.'

Be thoroughly persuaded, therefore, that the work before you is wholly within your power. Nothing has a more palsying effect on one's exertions in any enterprise, than the doubt whether he be equal to it. Something like confidence is necessary to enable him to pursue it vigorously and perseveringly. It is as necessary in action, as the Apostle represents it to be in prayer. 'He that wavereth or doubteth is like a wave of the sea, driven by the wind and tossed.' But when he has confidence, as the Christian may have, that his strength is equal to his task, that he cannot fail if he resolutely go forward, and that all hindrances must disappear before a steady and industrious zeal, which leans upon God, and is strong in the power of the Lord,—then he presses on with alacrity, encounters trials without alarm, and is 'steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; knowing that his labor is not in vain in the Lord;' for that nothing but his own fault can bar him out of heaven, or cause him to fail of eternal life.

And all this is perfectly consistent with the deepest humility, and the profoundest sense of dependence on God.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 6, 1868.

New York Yearly Meeting.—By a Friend in attendance, we are informed that Its sessions commenced in the meeting-house, Fifteenth and Rutherford Place, N. Y., on Second-day, Fifth month 25th, and closed at noon Sixth-day the 29th. Minutes for the following Friends were read: Samuel M. Janney a minister, and Asa M. Janney an elder, from Goose Creek Monthly Meeting, Va., Louisa Steer a minister, and Wm. B. Steer an elder, from Fairfax Monthly Meeting, Va., Wealthy A. Russell a minister of Constantia, N. Y., George Truman a minister, and Catharine H. Truman an elder, from Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, Deborah F. Wharton a minister, Martha Hough an elder, of Spruce Street Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia, Henry W. Ridgway a minister, and Elizabeth W. Ridgway an elder, of Chesterterfield, N. J., Mary A. Smith a minister of Medford, Mary S. Lippincott a minister, of Moorestown, N.J., Amos Jones, a minister, and Wm. Cadwallader an elder and companion, from Makefield, Pa. Other ministers without minutes were present during some of the sessions.

The company of these Friends gave satisfaction, and they largely participated in the exercises of the different meetings, which were favored opportunities, there being much concern manifested for the promotion of Truth and Righteousness, and the business was transacted in great harmony and unity of Spirit, giving evidence that we are not a forsaken people, but that the arm of Heavenly Goodness is still outstretched for our support and guidance.

The Representatives were all present except three, for whose absence sufficient reasons were given.

The reports on the subject of education were encouraging, and the several Quarterly Meetings were urged to continue their efforts to organize schools within their respective limits; to aid in which, the applications of Purchase, Saratoga, and Easton Quarterly Meetings for their proportion of the school fund were granted, as had been that of Nine Partners at a former period.

The importance of educating the children under our own care was dwelt upon by Friends present, and the concern of George Fox for the organization of schools, where children might be instructed in "every thing civil and useful in creation" was presented for consideration, showing that his mind took a comprehensive view of the subject, embracing the idea of a college, as well as the preparatory schools, which latter are needed as feeders of the former.

The Committee to visit the various branches of the Yearly Meeting had attended to the service, and it was believed that good had resulted from their labors,—a similar committee was separated for the same service the ensuing year.

The importance of proper literature was spoken of, and it was hoped that Friends would be alive to this matter and by encouraging the circulation of Friends' publications, (among which were named "The Intelligencer" and "Janney's Conversations on Religious Subjects,") promote a more general knowledge of our principles and testimonies.

The Meeting for Sufferings have given attention to the wrongs of the Indians, and the meeting continued this concern in their charge for the next year.

They had also collected for preservation, a large number of valuable documents of interest to the Society, a list of which was entered on their minutes.

Three visits to women's meeting were made by men Friends, and two by women to men's meeting.

Third and Fourth days were occupied with the consideration of the queries and their answers.

The importance of maintaining our position in regard to a free gospel ministry was urged, and the efforts of the hierarchy of the land, to bring the people into subjection, by inserting in State and National Constitutions religious tests, was deprecated.

The testimony against intemperance was feelingly presented, and the young were counselled to avoid the use of that which will intoxicate, as they would an adder in their path. The use of tobacco was also believed to be prejudicial to health, and its tendency to lead into intemperance and vice pointedly brought into view.

On First and Fourth-days the houses on 15th and 27th Streets, New York, and at Brooklyn were open for public worship and were favored seasons.

On Second and Fifth-day evenings conferences were held on the subject of First-day Schools. They were interesting meetings. Accounts were given of such schools in New York, Poughkeepsie, Chapaqua and other places, and an interest seemed to be awakened which may result in the organization of others within their limits, to further which an association was organized and an Executive Committee appointed.

Third-day evening was occupied in considering the needs of the Freedmen, and although the Meeting was not largely attended it was quite interesting. The proceedings of the Association were read and interesting statements in regard to the schools in Virginia were made by Samuel M. Janney, N. P. Hallowell and others.

On Fourth-day evening a Meeting was held to promote an increase of interest in Swarthmore College. It was quite an animated gathering, and a number of subscriptions were received.

We are requested to state that a short Biographical sketch of our late friend James Mott, written by Mary Grew, can be had at No. 333 Walnut St., room No. 6, Phila.

We insert by request the following

ANNOUNCEMENT.

"There will be commenced in THE HERALD OF HEALTH for June, 1868, a series of valuable articles entitled The Care, Education, and Rearing of Children, written by Mrs. Horace Mann, Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, Mrs. Dio Lewis, Mrs. Isabella B. Hooker, Frances Dana Gage, Grace Greenwood, Elizabeth Oakes Smith, Sarah Jane Hale, Mrs. C. M. Severance, etc., and they will be continued through the volume. The first paper will be by Mrs. Horace Mann, on *The care of Young Children.* The second paper will be by Grace Greenwood, entitled *The Physical Education of Girls.* Miss Peabody, who has devoted so much of her life to the education of very young children, has prepared a paper on the Kindergarten Schools of Germany. Other papers will follow in succession, and the series will be exceedingly valuable to all who are interested in the improvement of the race. To secure the full series, subscriptions should be sent in at once. Price, $2 a year; sample numbers, 20 cents. Address MILLER, WOOD & Co., 15 Laight Street, New York."

DIED, on the 15th of Third month, of typhoid fever, MARY C., only daughter of Dr. Benjamin and Elizabeth E. Smith, aged 20 years and 8 months.

——, Fifth month 26th, 1868 ANN HALLOWELL, in the 85th year of her age, a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

The following Report of the Executive Committee of "Friends' Publication Association" was presented at the Annual Meeting of the Association, held Fifth month 11th, 1868.

In presenting their Report, the Executive Committee can but regret that they have not been able to do more in aid of the concern for the promotion of which the Publication Association was organized. The committee have endeavored to do the best they could under the circumstances in which they were placed.

We might here say, that a number of Friends have shown their interest and concern by contributing, (some of them quite

liberally,) and others have given us valuable donations of books; among the latter a contribution from an English Friend of 100 copies of a useful work, by James Mott, "On Education and the Duties of Civil Life."

Soon after our appointment, an effort was made to bring about a union of the two Friends' Almanacs published in this city, and in their place to have one issued by our Association. T. Ellwood Chapman willingly transferred the one heretofore published by him; the publisher of the other had made such arrangements that he considered it impracticable for him at that time to relinquish it. Arrangements have this year been made with Joseph Foulke, M. D., to prepare the calculations for the almanac for 1869, and we hope, by the aid and advice of interested Friends, to improve it.

The manuscript of a little work entitled "Scripture Lessons for the Little Ones," (prepared by the author of the "Friends' Family,") was presented to the committee, and after examination, believing that it would not only be useful to children, but instructive even to older persons, it was concluded to have it published.

Another manuscript, prepared by a Friend, since deceased, entitled, "Grandmother's Stories for her Little Grandchildren," has also been issued, and we think it will be an attractive work for children.

The manuscript of a valuable work by Dr. Ezra Michener, entitled, "The Evangelical Biography of Jesus Christ, compiled from the Evangelists," was also laid before us, but the scarcity of our funds prevented our doing any thing in regard to its publication.

The same reason operated in regard to issuing a new edition of Job Scott's "Salvation by Christ," as desired by Friends in Iowa, "The Friend's Family," Janney's "Conversations," and other works brought to our notice.

We would here mention, that there is in preparation by a Friend competent to the task, an account of George Fox and Early Friends, intended to interest children in the labors and sufferings of those valiants in the promotion of Truth and Righteousness. We hope to be able to publish this at an early day, and if sufficiently encouraged by the contributions of Friends, it would be very desirable to have re-issues of some of the valuable works of our predecessors.

Friends of Indiana Yearly Meeting having issued two useful Readers for children, a few copies were purchased, and placed on our shelves, also the remainder of the edition of Janney's Conversation and other publications.

With a view to securing the active interest and co-operation of Friends in various sections, a correspondence was early opened with Friends in different parts of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, looking to the establishment of voluntary agencies within the limits of each Monthly Meeting, for the collection of funds for our Treasury, and as depositories for Friends' books. These agents have discretionary authority, where there is a lack of ability or of interest to purchase, to donate or loan such works as may be of service in promoting a knowledge of the Truth, as held by our Society.

We have now fourteen agencies within Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and at Baltimore, Richmond, Indiana, and Macedon, New York.

Books have also been sent for gratuitous distribution in some localities where no agencies have been established.

An arrangement has been made with "The Book Association of Friends", by which we are enabled to furnish our agents with their publications for sale on account of said Association.

In conclusion, we would present it for the consideration of all who feel a living interest in our Religious Society, whether by contributing to our funds, in proportion to their ability, they will not thereby be promoting the best interests thereof, and would remind them, that an average of *only one dollar* from each adult member, would enable us more fully to carry out the objects of this Association.

As the amount in the Treasury ($153.65) is utterly inadequate to meet the objects of the Association, it is earnestly desired that donations and subscriptions may be forwarded either to our agents or to Joseph M. Truman, Jr., Treasurer, No. 717 Willow Street, Philadelphia.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE PENNSYLVANIAN THRUSH.

BY H. W. G.

There is no more encouraging sign of progress among the citizens of Pennsylvania, than the increasing devotion to the study of natural history; this is always a sure evidence of advancing intelligence and refinement, and of the development of human feeling among the people. *The humanities* is a term which has been applied, and with propriety, to the study of polite literature; the name is no less appropriate to the study of natural history. The increased devotion to this branch of knowledge is not confined to the country; thousands of the inhabitants of our large towns and cities frequently manage to snatch a fortnight or at least a week from business, for rural enjoyment, during the op-

pressive heats of summer, and find their pleasure increased tenfold through their knowledge, superficial though it may often be, of the "birds, flowers, and other country things," which they meet with in the deep recesses of the mountain forest, or along the murmuring beach of the boundless sea. But enough of preface.

The Thrush family has been subdivided by the later ornithologists into three genera, *Turdus*, (including all thrushes proper,) *Orpheus* and *Sciurus*. The last division comprises only what are commonly called the "wagtail thrushes," and of the two species which constitute the genus, I will only remark that the *Noveboracensis* or Water Thrush is a remarkably sweet songster.

The genus *Orphesus* comprises three species, all of which nest in Pennsylvania, viz.: the Cat-bird, the Brown Thrush and the Mocking Bird. Many people who are more distinguished for their general dissatisfaction with supposed defects in the Divine order, than for capacity to appreciate and enjoy its beauty, indulge a very stupid prejudice against the first mentioned of these, which is a common inhabitant of our gardens and orchards, a prejudice, which is probably founded on one unfortunate note, the mewing, which has given rise to its trivial name, and also to the scientific epithet of *felivox*. But the Cat-bird is really a fine singer, and fully entitled through his song to a place among the thrushes, as any one who will listen attentively to one of his performances on a dewy May morning will be convinced of. He is a skillful mocker, and will imitate the whippoorwill, for instance, admirably.

Next comes the Brown Thrush, one step farther on towards the Mocking Bird, in regard to form and color. This songster is of a ferruginous brown above and nearly white beneath, the breast, however, marked with long dark spots connected in chains, as it were. His notes are so infinitely varied, that he has been called the French Mocking Bird, but the most accurate naturalists deny him all power of imitation. One's delight is mingled with amusement in following him through all his roundelay as he flirts about on his lofty perch in the morning sun.

Of the Mocking Bird I need say but little, as he is so frequently seen in cages, and as his marvellous powers of imitation are so familiar to almsot every one. He is clearly entitled to the name of Shakspeare of the woods, so comprehensive and perfect are his powers, like those of the immortal bard, comprising all the conceptions of inferior genius. This species nests along the lower waters of the Susquehanna.

The Hermit Thrush may be considered the highest type of the family, perhaps, that is, as the most perfectly developed thrush. His song is exquisite in its tenderness and melody, little, if at all, inferior to that of the nightingale. But he can be heard only among the secluded glens of the Alleghanies or the endless shades of the Pokono. It is a singular fact, that Wilson regarded this finest of our singing birds as entirely songless. Like all the rest of the thrushes, it is plain in its plumage, which is of an olive-brown above, the throat being of a faint cream-color, and the breast white, both marked with the brown spots which are characteristic of the true thrushes. I have met with this species along the lower Susquehanna, but not in song.

Most nearly allied to the Hermit, is the Wood Thrush, which may be heard any morning after the middle of spring, along almost any of our rural streams, such as the Conestoga, Codorus, Octoraro and Conowingo, whose names, by the way, are scarcely less musical than his song. In appearance he so closely resembles the Hermit Thrush, that few besides the naturalist would remark any difference. He is, however, somewhat longer, and his notes, though truly charming, are inferior to those of the Hermit. The songs of these two species are marked by a sweet and tender sadness of expression, which is unrivalled by any bird of the Western Continent.

Wilson's Thrush, next to the two species last mentioned, possesses more of the characteristics of the genuine thrushes than any of the rest of this family, resembling those two delightful songsters so greatly in its colors and markings as to have been confounded with them, even by naturalists. But it is now known to be a perfectly distinct species. It is seen in southern Pennsylvania only as a bird of passage, in spring and autumn. I have never heard its song, which is said to be very pleasing. In New England, it is, I believe, called the Veery. Wilson regarded this species also as songless. He had never penetrated the common haunts of the Hermit Thrush, and of that which bears his own name, at the season for making observations as to their musical powers.

Last of the Pennsylvanian thrushes is the common Robin, resembling the famous English bird of the same name in little else than a similarity in his coloring. The young birds have the spotted breast of the true thrushes. The Robin's notes also plainly indicate, by their plain and simple melody, his affinity with this most interesting family of birds.

True religion is a life unfolded within, not something forced on us from abroad.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

I sat beside an open sash ;
The moonlight fell upon the floor,
And lilac-scented zephyrs bore
The distant fountain's gentle plash ;

While thoughts, that roved as free as they,
And were as independent willed,
Ransacked the shelves that Memory filled,
In search of treasures stowed away.

They brought me proofs of friendship's worth,
And knowledge chance had kindly given,
With truths from slander's setting riven,
As diamonds from the grip of earth.

And, glancing thus amid the store,
I quite forgot the world without ;
Nor felt a care for sceptic's doubt,
Or learned book-man's mystic lore.

Silent, and with a quiet grace,
As people meet us in our dreams,
Athwart the moon's most brilliant beams
There came a loved and honored face.

Beside me, on the window seat,
My sainted mother came and sat ;
And I—I knelt upon the mat,
As in her lifetime, at her feet.

Again I seemed to feel her care,
Again I heard the words she said,
Again she stroked my childish head,
And wreathed her fingers in my hair.

Again the nursery tales she told
Stole softly on my raptured ear,
And once again I seemed to hear
The sweet low songs she sang of old.

She warned me once of bitter hours
When life would seem a dreary load,
Years sped away, and speeding showed
The vale of earth no vale of flowers.

Upon us both the moonlight lay,
A flexile robe of silver light,
That, in the gentle perfumed night,
Shone with the radiance of day.

Alas ! no more on earth shall I
Enjoy her presence' perfect bliss,
Except in dreams and times like this ;
Yet shall we meet beyond the sky.

Then once again, in realms above,
Her worth and value shall I know,
And having missed it here below,
Esteem aright a mother's love.

C. H. D.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

PEACE, BE STILL.

On the hills of Galilee,
On Gennesaret's blue sea,
Heavy shadows lay ;
Storm-clouds gathering in the west,
Veiled the mountains snowy crest,
At the close of day.

Driven by the ruthless gale,
Flies a bark with riven sail,
Heeding not the helm.
Lo ! the billows, on the shore
Breaking with an awful roar,
Threaten to o'erwhelm.

Loud above the furious gale,
Full of anguish rose the wail
Of the awe-struck crew ;
But the Master sleeping lay—
Felt no anguish, no dismay,
Though the wild winds blew.

"Lo, we perish ! Save, O save !
Thy protection, Lord, we crave—
Sleep not now we pray !
But arise, stretch forth thy hand,"
Cried that terror-stricken band,
"And the tempest stay !"

"Peace ! be still, thou raging sea !
And ye heavy shadows flee !"
Thus the Master said.
Winds and waves confessed his sway,
And the storm-clouds passed away—
Gloom and terror fled.

Quick his mandate reached on high,
Where the thunders rent the sky
Bade the lightnings cease.
And the sea, so lately swept
By the tempest, calmly slept
The sweet sleep of peace.

Storm-tossed is my little bark,
Troubled is the way and dark,
Loud the surges roar ;
Tossing on the billows high,
I the beacon scarce descry
On the other shore !

"Holy spirit ! whisper peace,
Bid the raging blast to cease,
And the shadows flee.
Stand, I pray Thee, at the helm,
Lest the billows overwhelm,
On Life's troubled sea !"

A. R. P.

From the Christian Examiner.

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

(Concluded from page 208.)

The highest modern art seems to have had a course analogous to that of the highest ancient art. Its greatest inspiration came from community of sentiment ; its greatest works were held in community of possession. The sentiment was either spiritual or civic, either for religion or the State ; and, even where individuals encouraged and paid for the works, it was in a feeling of community that artists conceived them ; and it was devotion to such feeling they carried into brave and fearless execution. It kept genius free from the slavery of personality ; for it bore the artist away from himself, and it made him independent of a patron : so that, whether he worked in the service of worship, or patriotism, or of pleasure, his consciousness was the consciousness of a people, and his "service was perfect freedom." Out of such spirit arose the sublime cathedral, the magnificent college, the stately senate-house, the imposing law-courts, and the splendor of the ruler's residence. Painting, in modern art, takes the place of sculpture in ancient art ; and as in ancient art the grandest statues were those of gods, demigods, and heroes, so in modern art the grander pictures are those of saints, patriarchs, and prophets.

Original and creative power in public art

seems not likely to re-appear, because the conditions are not likely to return which are necessary to its genuine and spontaneous activity. But we can still love the beautiful which *is* embodied; and even the faintest mediums which give us reflections of it are a social good. Public art, in our day, must more or less wed itself to utility; but, even in this relation, the culture of public taste is of the utmost importance and advantage. Much wealth is wasted, or worse than wasted, on superfluities, which are supposed to be ornaments, but which usually are deformities, offensive to the cultivated, and corrupting to the ignorant. Art, like knowledge, must in our day be diffusive; and it is in its diffusive action that we see its best influence. This becomes more and more apparent in villages, cities, and rural districts. Ancient and mediæval art was magnificent in separate objects; the sentiment of modern æsthetics goes more into genial and general effects. Very beautiful to the eye, in our day, is a well-cultivated district, a pleasant and retired village, or that mingling of grace, brilliancy, and splendor which we witness in the finest modern cities. But, unquestionably, the art of our day is not the best ideal of our public life. The artists of these times who most effect us seem to be those that give us the most direct impressions of nature, and that come the nearest to our social and domestic sentiments.

It would seem as if the home was likely to be the sphere on which the beautiful in art will, henceforth, be the most lavished. Nor is the home unworthy of what genius best can do. Home is the sanctuary of humanity. There domestic life opens. The baptismal celebration of infant life is there; and there, too, the solemn festivity of betrothal and of wedding. There, also, is the suppressed moan by the couch of the dying and the loved, and there the vacant spaces that tell of the absent and the lost. The love of the beautiful, which in a noble and truthful spirit builds and adorns a home, occasions no loss upon a scale of the lowest realism; and that community of spirit in the love of beauty which causes the surface of a country to blossom as the rose, and which crowns its cities with majesty and grace, seems like the universal presence of a visible benediction. To this gracious result all can minister; the wealthy out of their abundance, and those not rich according to their means. The pomp and show of vanity are costly: beauty can be had for little. Pine boards or bricks can be shaped into grace as well as granite or marble; a few shrubs and flowers, with the kindly help of earth and heaven, of sunshine and showers, will prosper without money. Prints, not expensive, will give hints of fancies that dreamed celestial dreams; and books, easily procured, will reveal the thoughts of mighty souls. But to the blind and deaf of heart there is neither vision nor revelation.

Thus, again, there is the beautiful in thought, and there is great delight in the love of it. The contemplation of great ideas, in any region of science or speculation,—of ideas that imply order, eternity, infinity,—must have a bliss within it that only a mind large enough for the ideas could endure or could enjoy. There is a beauty of idea independent of sensation: it comes to the artist in pure image, it comes to the thinker in pure thought. The great conception of Gibbon amidst the ruins of the Colosseum—to write the history of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"—must have seemed as a sun new-risen on the horizon of his life; a sun that illumined with invigorating brightness the whole day of his gigantic toil. But more resplendent that holy and solemn orb, centred amidst infinity and mystery, which arose on the spirit of Milton, in the first idea of his august and angelic song; that holy and solemn orb by whose light he walked—pilgrim of creation that he was—from the brink of "chaos and old night," on to the day of Calvary and the day of Doom. Even to those whose work is to have its power through the senses, the beauty is yet divinest while it dwells in mere conception. We stand before a Virgin of Raphael, and through the hazy atmosphere of our lower imagination it pours a marvellous light of sanctity and loveliness. But could we have seen it through the inner atmosphere of Raphael's own imagination, in the splendor of its spiritual ante-type, it might show us that the actual picture is not farther above our capacity of creation, than it is below the ideal picture of his conception. The thinker, as well as the artist, has this joy of idea; and, if not so passionate, more profound. An immortal beauty belongs to truth in itself, and for itself. Every ray of truth that enters the soul of a thinker is the dawn of a new joy. To find truth after many days, —after watching, toil, and waiting; to emerge from the temporal and the changeable into that higher sphere of thought, where truth immutable abides, without a past, without a future,—is to know a beauty so calm and fair, that, could we reach it, we would seem to pass from darkness to light, and from the illusions of existence to its essence. Even the mere aspiration, the mere endeavor, after it, brings exalted satifaction, and is in itself a great regard. People speak of the disappointment which waits upon the search for truth. The people who speak so are them-

selves false and shallow; there is no disappointment in the search for truth, or in the love of it; in this very love the spirit of truth is already an indwelling and ennobling power.

Language can reveal the beautiful with more variety than can any other medium; especially by means of poetry, which includes all modes of it, in nature, in art, in thought, in goodness. Genius is the element of power; but the beautiful, including the good, is the element of worth in poetry. Eloquence, too, is a species of poetry: it is poetry with a purpose. In its greatest examples, it is as immortal as poetry, and for the same reason, —that is, by the ever-living presence of the beautiful. This remains when the occasion has long passed away, and when we cease to have the smallest interest in the purpose. We care nothing at present about the dispute between Demosthenes and Æschines, but we still read the oration concerning the Crown. To the reflective and critical mind of modern times, the general persuasion is, that Catiline was rather a vulgar libertine than a great conspirator, and that Cicero overrated the power of the man and the danger of the State; but Cicero's Orations on the subject will not the less endure, or give the less delight. The death of Marie Henriette, Queen of England, is not now to any mind an event of the least importance; but no one can read Bossuet's funeral sermon on that event without being powerfully moved. I might adduce many other examples, but these will suffice. The occasion departs and is no longer of account; the purpose loses reality and interest; and yet closeness to the occasion, fitness to the purpose, are essential conditions of the beautiful in eloquence, without which no eloquence becomes immortal.

Moral beauty transcends whatever is most beautiful in nature or in art. It transcends the beauty that spreads over ocean, or that glorifies the sky; all that lies with the mist upon the mountain; all that moves with the cloud upon the lake; all that smiles in the dawn, or that burns in the sunset. Without it there is no other beauty,—no home, no temple, no pictures, no statue; for there is no hero, no saint, no worship, no kindred, nothing to stimulate aspiration, and nothing to sanctify invention. Without the sense of moral beauty, we have no consciousness of benignant power in the phenomena of nature; and then the universe is a wilderness, desolate and godless. But so it is not. In our lowest estate, we feel the beautiful, and in our degree we love it. As we are comprehended all around with bounty, so we are with beauty. It is in the grass and flower, in the tree and torrent, in the beast and fish, in bird and butterfly; it girds us with the ocean, and it crowns us with the stars. The spirit of beauty is in the life of all; but the life of beauty thus animating creation is the spirit of goodness, the Spirit of God. Moral beauty is also in human life,—in the affections that sweeten it, in the sentiments that expand it, in the principles that ennoble and sustain it, in the charities that bless it; in every generous deed or suffering, from the cup of cold water bestowed, to the chalice of martyrdom accepted. Yes, of a truth and certainty the spirit of beauty is everywhere; vital in action, lovely in manifestation, grand and fair to the eye, pleasant to the ear, genial to the feelings, calming to the brain, a cordial for the vexed spirit, ease for the tired senses; a deathless desire in the hope of a deathless life.

THE CLOTHES-MOTH.

BY A. S. PACKARD, JR., M. D.

For over a fortnight we once enjoyed the company of the caterpillar of a common clothes-moth. It is a little, pale, delicate worm, about the size of a darning needle, not half an inch long, with a pale horn-colored head, the ring next the head being of the same color, and has sixteen feet, the first six of them well developed and constantly in use to draw the slender body in and out of its case. Its head is armed with a formidable pair of jaws, with which, like a scythe, it mows its way through thick and thin.

But the case is the most remarkable feature in the history of this caterpillar. Hardly has the helpless, tiny worm broken the egg, previously laid in some old garment of fur, or wool, or perhaps in the hair-cloth of a sofa, when it proceeds to make a shelter by cutting the woolly fibres or soft hairs up into bits, which it places at each end in successive layers, and, joining them together by silken threads, constructs a cylindrical tube of thick, warm felt, lined within with the finest silk the tiny worm can spin. The case is hardly round, but flattened slightly in the middle, and contracted a little just before each end, both of which are always kept open. The case before us is of a stone-gray color, with a black stripe along the middle, and with rings of the same color round each opening. Had the caterpillar fed on blue or yellow cloth, the case would, of course, have been of those colors. Other cases, made by larvæ which had been eating "cotton wool," were quite irregular in form, and covered loosely with bits of cotton thread, which the little tailor had not trimmed off.

Days go by. A vigorous course of dieting on its feast of wool has given stature to our hero. His case has grown uncomfortably small. Shall he leave it and make another?

—No housewife is more prudent and saving. Out come those scissor-jaws, and, lo! a fearful rent along each side of one end of the case. Two wedge-shaped patches mend the breach,—caterpillar retires for a moment; reappears at the other end; scissors once more pulled out; two rents to to be filled up by two more patches or gores, and our caterpillar once more breathes freer, laughs and grows fat upon horse hair and lamb's wool. In this way he enlarges his case till he stops growing.

Our caterpillar seeming to be full-grown, and hence out of employment, we cut the end of his case half off. Two or three days after, he had mended it from the inside, drawing the two edges together by silken threads, and, though he had not touched the outside, yet so neatly were the two parts joined together that we had to search for some time, with a lens, to find the scar.

To keep our friend busy during the cold, cheerless weather, for it was in mid-winter, we next cut a third of the case off entirely. Nothing daunted, the little fellow bustled about, drew in a mass of the woolly fibres, filling up the whole mouth of his den, and began to build on afresh, and from the inside, so that the new-made portion was smallar than the rest of the case. The creature worked very slowly, and the addition was left in a rough, unfinished state.

We could easily spare these voracious little worms hairs enough to serve as food, and to afford material for the construction of their paltry cases; but that restless spirit that ever urges on all beings endowed with life and the power of motion, never forsakes the young clothes-moth for a moment. He will not be forced to drag his heavy case over rough hairs and furzy wool, hence he cuts his way through with those keen jaws. Thus, the more he travels, the more mischief he does.

After taking his fill of this sort of life he changes to a pupa, and soon appears as one of those delicate, tiny, but richly variegated moths that fly in such numbers from early in the spring until the fall.

Very many do not recognize these moths in their perfect stage, so small are they, and vent their wrath on those great millers that fly around lamps in warm summer evenings. It need scarcely be said that these large millers are utterly guiltless of any attempts upon our wardrobes, they expend theis attacks in a more open form on our gardens and orchards.

Our common clothes-moth, *Tinea flavifrontella*, is of an uniform light-buff color, with a silky iridescent lustre, the hind wings and abdomen being a little paler. The head is thickly tufted with hairs and is a little tawny, and the upper side of the densely hirsute feelers (*palpi*) is dusky. The wings are long and narrow, with the most beautiful and delicate long silken fringe, which increases in length towards the base of the wing.

They begin to fly in May, and last all through the season, fluttering with a noiseless, stealthy flight in our apartments, and laying their eggs in our woollens.

There are several allied species which have much the same habits, except that they do not all construct cases, but eat carpets, clothing, articles of food, grain, &c., and objects of natural history.

Successive broods of the clothes-moth appear through the summer. In the autumn they cease eating, retire within their cases, and early in spring assume the chrysalis state.

Careful housewives are not much afflicted with these pests. The slovenly and thriftless are overrun with them. Early in June woollens and furs should be carefully dusted, shaken, and beaten. Dr. T. W. Harris states that "powdered black pepper, strewed under the edge of carpets, is said to repel moths. Sheets of paper sprinkled with spirits of turpentine, camphor in coarse powder, leaves of tobacco, or shavings of Russia leather, should be placed among the clothes when they are laid aside for the summer; and furs and other small articles can be kept by being sewed in bags with bits of camphor wood, red cedar, or of Spanish cedar; while the cloth lining of carriages can be secured forever from the attacks of moths by being washed or sponged on both sides with a solution of the corrosive sublimate of mercury in alcohol, made just strong enough not to leave a white stain on a black feather." The moths can be most readily killed by pouring benzine among them, though its use must be much restricted from the disagreeable odor which remains. The recent experiments made with *Carbolic acid*, however, convinces us that this will soon take the place of all other substances as a preventive and destroyer of noxious insects.—*The American Naturalist.*

HIMALAYAN VULTURES.

In a volume by Dr. Andrew Leith Adams, entitled *Wanderings of a Naturalist in India*, occurs the following in regard to the vultures, and other birds of prey, in the Himalayan mountains:

"Amid all the grandeur of the Himalayas, it is a most attractive sight to the naturalist to behold the vultures and rapacious birds soaring over the vast ravines and around the tops of the mighty mountains. Let him

choose a summer evening, with that clear blue sky almost characteristic of the Himalayas, and just as the sun casts his last rays on the snow clad mountains—when the quiet is only broken by the cry of the eagle, the bleat of the goat, or the shrill pipe of the black partridge—then the vultures, kites and jackdaws may be seen wheeling in vast circles; some are gliding along apparently without any effort, others appear suspended motionless in the vast canopy of heaven; while, careering in his majesty, the lammergeyer gathers up his great wings and swoops downward, mayhap to rise again and join the medley he has just left, or, stretching forth his pinions to their fullest extent, he sails along the mountain-brow to the projecting cliff on which his eyrie stands, safe—for there, who dare assail him?

"After a bear or other large animal is killed, the hunter soon finds himself surrounded by rapacious birds, where none were seen before they are observed dashing down the glens, and sailing in circles round his quarry. Some sweep within a few yards of him, others are soaring at high elevations, and even at such vast altitudes that the huge bearded vulture appears only as a speck in the blue sky, but gradually it becomes more distinct, as its wide gyrations increase. It may gather itself up and close its wings, or dash, in one fell swoop, hundreds of feet, and the next instant is seen perched on the jutting rock beside him. Such, then, are the usual appearances observed soon after the death of a large animal, and the hunter wonders whence all these great vultures and carrion-crows have come; but if, immediately after his noble ibex has rolled down the crag, he directs his eyes heavenward, he will observe carrion-crows or vultures, at various distances and elevations, sailing leisurely about, while the one nearest to him, observing the death of his quarry, instantly commences to descend; then one follows the other until the valley resounds with the hoarse croaking of the crows, and the air feels alive with them. It is surprising, the numbers that are sometimes observed to congregate on these occasions. I have seen no less than sixty vultures and crows on and around the carcass of a newly killed bear."

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the last month,

From City contributions	$141 00
" contributions at Annual Meeting	191 37
" Friends of Fishing Creek	17 00
" Jesse Holmes and others, W. Liberty, Ia.	8 00
" N. Potter, Battle Creek, Mich	1 00
" S. S., Illinois	10 00
Total,	$371 37

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer.*

PHILADA., 5th mo. 30, 1868. 30 N. Third St.

It is a great blunder, in the pursuit of happiness, not to know when we have got it; that is, not to be content with a reasonable and possible amount of it.

ITEMS.

THE RINGS of the planet Saturn are approaching the period of their greatest visible separation and will be observed with much interest by astronomers. At the Equator and in the parallels of 40 degrees south the planet will appear to the best advantage. But it may be observed in this latitude under peculiarly favorable circumstances.

THE AMERICAN Vice-Consul at Havana has requested that Minister Burlingame shall visit Cuba, in order to obtain information about the Chinese trade, and the treatment of the coolies. It is believed that his report must necessarily have the effect of curtailing any further coolie immigration.

THE COLLEGE or university (as it is intended to be), in the capital of China, was formally opened for instruction the first of 12th mo. last. The new institution commences with a staff of four European professors, and one American, Dr. Martin. Thirty students, who have been previously instructed in foreign languages, and as many new pupils, who are selected from the higher graders of Chinese scholarship, are now attending the university. This number is expected to be increased by annual accessions from the ranks of the educated men of the country, until as many as two or three hundred of the *elite* of the land are busily engaged in acquiring the languages and sciences of the West.

THE ENGLISH Government has forbidden the deposition of Dr. Colenso, Bishop of Natal.

AN ATLANTIC CABLE telegram says that the Emperor of Austria has given his assent to the law passed by the Reichsrath establishment "the legal equality of religious sects."

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ, in advocating before, a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, the claims of the Cambridge Museum of Comparative Zoology for an appropriation from the Commonwealth, stated that the British Museum had expended $250,000 for new specimens not nearly so valuable as those obtained by the Cambridge Society at the moderate cost of 15,000. He had obtained the rarest and most valuable specimens at no expense but that of exchange. In the United States, the general interest in and the readiness to promote the cause of science are to be remarked in all ranks of life. Sympathy with the pursuits of Natural philosophy prevails here, but has no existence in Europe. Agassiz says: "Many a merchant ship sailing from the port of Boston has carried my alcohol cans all over the world and brought me back, without cost, the rarest specimens. I am indebted to sea captains for some of our most valuable collections. I have friends among the fishermen, too. I could name some of them who for years have worked for the museum, never charging a cent for their labor, barely repaying themselves for the cash paid out. On their fishing excursions, on their voyages to the Banks, they are on the lookout for me, and often bring me back most valuable contributions to our stores. By this and similar means, our institution has been enriched, with scarcely any outlay but that of good-will and a cordial sympathy. For more than twenty years I have myself lost no opportunity while travelling in our Southern and Western States to collect specimens, and the students under my care have done the same during their vacations. From the Coast Survey the museum has also received invaluable contributions.—*Ledger.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 13, 1868. No. 15.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, four copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.
REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.
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From "Reformers and Martyrs before and after Luther."

JOHN TAULER.

John Tauler, or Thauler, was born in the year 1290, most probably at Strasburg on the Rhine, though, according to some authors, at the city of Cologne. Being of a serious disposition, he determined in early life, in accordance with the practice of those times, to assume the clerical profession, and accordingly took up his abode in a monastery of the Dominican order in his native city. This is supposed to have been about the eighteenth year of his age; soon after which he went to Paris in order to study theology—a name given at that time to a laborious mixture of scholastic disquisitions with metaphysical speculations, almost to the exclusion of a true knowledge of God and of the nature of sin and redemption.

It does not appear what effect was produced on his mind by his studies and associations in the city of Paris. In its university might then be found almost every variety of speculation and belief. On his return to Strasburg he was probably thrown in contact with men more or less attached to mystical principles, including the famous Eckart, Nicolas of Strasburg, and others who were about that time there.

For several years after his return, his native city shared largely with others in the troubles consequent upon a long dispute between the Pope and the Emperor, during which the former had placed under interdict all who persisted in obedience to the latter. The ecclesiastics were thereby intimidated, and generally discouraged from pursuing their wonted functions, so that but a few remained in Strasburg, either to preach or to perform any of the usual services in their mode of worship. "The hireling fleeth because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep;" and thus these mercenaries left their flocks, mindful only of their own safety. This was in the year 1338. But John Tauler, when most of his fellow-priests had deserted their flocks, and left the city for two years to take care of itself, continued to preach as usual, and even with more diligence, not only there, but in several other places, ranging from Cologne to Basle. It was probably during his visits to the latter city about this time, that Nicolas of Basle first met with him, and was struck with the earnestness of his preaching. Here also he met with his old acquaintance, Henry of Nordlingen, a priest of Constance, who was then wandering about in great distress, in consequence of the pope's prohibition. He is described as a man of gentle pious spirit, "more fitted for a quiet contemplative life than for the energetic activity required by the troublous times in which his lot was cast. He, like Tauler, was filled with anguish at the sight of the distress of those around him; but while Tauler's grief stirred him up to vigorous efforts in their behalf, and his courage and energy rose with the emergency, the

timid and hesitating Henry was unable to surmount the difficulties in which he found himself involved; and the greater the pressure of the times, the greater was his perplexity and longing for peace." Tauler endeavored to encourage him, and did actually prevail upon him at different times to venture to preach, notwithstanding the papal interdict; yet afterward he again gave way to his fears, and to the clamors raised against him among the priests. But Tauler was still undaunted and diligent, considering it to be his duty to preach without waiting for papal permission. He was evidently greatly esteemed as a fervent preacher, and was probably faithful to the best of his knowledge at that time; but he soon came to see, through the instrumentality of his friend, "the Layman," Nicolas of Basle, the "dear friend of God in the Oberland," that what he had hitherto attained to in conformity with the scholastic views of his education, was but as the outer shell of religious experience, and that, like Apollos of old, he needed to know for himself "the way of God more perfectly."

The following incident is said to have occurred to him during the time that he was earnestly concerned to find for himself a sure foundation for his faith and hope. He received an inward intimation that by going to a certain place of worship, he would find in the porch a man who would instruct him "in the spiritual life." On arriving at the place, he found a poor beggar, very meanly clad. He saluted him thus: "God give you a good day, my friend." The poor man replied: "Sir, I do not remember that I ever had an evil day." Tauler said to him: "God give you a good and happy life:" to which the beggar rejoined: "Why say you that? I never was unhappy." "Pray tell me what you mean," asked Tauler. The poor man replied: "That I shall willingly do. I told you first that I never had an evil day; for when I have hunger, I praise God. If it rain, hail, snow, or freeze, be it fair or foul, or if I am despised or ill used, I return God thanks; so I never had an evil day. Nor have I ever been unhappy, since I have learned always to resign myself to His will; being very certain of this, that all His works are perfectly good; and therefore I never desire anything else but the good pleasure of God." Then said Tauler: "But what if the good pleasure of God should be to cast you hence into hell?" The poor man replied: "If he would do so, I have two arms to embrace him with: the one whereof is profound humility, by which I am united to his holy humanity; the other is love or charity, which joins me to his divinity. Embraced with these two arms, he would descend with me thither, if thither he ordered me; and there I had infinitely rather be, with him, than in paradise, without him." This was a deep lesson to Tauler, of the necessity of true resignation and humility, in order to attain to the love of God and acceptance with him. After this, he asked the poor man whence he came. He replied, that God had sent him. Tauler inquired of him, where he found the Almighty. He replied: "I found him when I had renounced all the creatures." "And where did you leave him?" asked Tauler. The beggar answered: "With the poor in spirit, the pure in heart, and men of charity." "But who are you?" again asked Tauler. "I am a king," said the beggar. "Where is your kingdom?" asked Tauler. "In my soul," replied he; "for I have learned to bring into subjection and govern my senses, as well outward as inward, with my affections and passions; which kingdom is undoubtedly superior to all the kingdoms of this world." Tauler then asked him by what means he had arrived at such an attainment; to which he replied, that it was "by silence, vigilance, meditation, and prayer, and the union I had with God. I could find no sure repose or comfort in any creature of the world; by which means I found out my God, who will comfort me world without end."

It was in the year 1340 that Nicolas of Basle believed himself warned of the Lord three times in his sleep to go and find out Tauler at Strasburg, more than ninety miles from his own residence. Accordingly he concluded to go, "and wait to see what God is purposed to do or to bring to pass there." The account given of his tarriance there, which was for several months, is somewhat prolix and quaint, after the manner of the times; but a brief abstract will not be without interest and instruction. It appears to have been chiefly drawn up by Tauler himself, and to have been given by him into the hands of Nicolas, about twenty years after the events, with the strict injunction that neither of their names should appear in it, and that it should not be printed during Tauler's lifetime. Accordingly, he is uniformly spoken of in the narrative as "the Master,"—a designation then given to priests—and Nicolas as "the Layman," or "the man." Neither of them appears to have been sufficiently enlightened to see through the popish superstitions of confession and the mass, though it is reasonable to believe that their esteem for these rites was at that time a subdued one, and their practice of them chiefly by way of obedience, or of acquiescence in the system of their education, at that period rarely questioned.

Nicolas, after hearing Tauler preach five times, became convinced that although he

was of a very loving, gentle spirit by nature, and had a good understanding of Holy Scripture, yet that he was "dark as to the light of grace;" and his heart so yearned over him, that after twelve weeks he ventured to go to him, with a request that he would preach a sermon, "showing how a man may attain to the highest point that is given to us to reach in this present time." He urged this request against Tauler's objections, and would not cease his entreaties till "the Master" promised him to do as he desired. His sermon, which "the Layman" took down in writing, was a remarkable one for those days of darkness; the following being the *qualifications* brought forward by Tauler as belonging to such an attainment, "so far as he could find from Scripture."

"The first is given us by our Lord Jesus Christ, when he says, 'Hereby [ye] shall know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another,'—'even as I have loved you;' as much as to say, 'though ye should possess arts and wisdom, and high understanding, it is all in vain if ye have not withal fidelity and love.' We believe that Balaam was so replete with understanding that he perceived what things God purposed to do or reveal hundreds of years after his day; but it availed him nothing, forasmuch as he did not cleave with love and loyalty to the things which he understood.

"The second mark appertaining to a truly reasonable, enlightened man, is that he must become empty of self; and this must not make him proud, but he shall consider how he may ever more attain to this freedom, and sit loose by all creatures.

"Third, he shall resign himself utterly to God, that God may work his own works in him; and he shall not glory in the works as being his own, but always think himself too mean to have done them.

"He shall go out from himself in all the things in which he is wont to seek and find himself, whether belonging to time or to eternity, and by so doing he shall win a true increase.

"He shall not seek his own ends in any creature, whether temporal or eternal, and hereby he shall attain to perfect satisfaction and content.

"He shall always wait on that which God will have him to do, and shall try, with the help of God, to fulfil that to the uttermost, and shall take no glory to himself therefor.

"He shall daily, without ceasing, give up his will to the will of God, and endeavor to will nothing but what God willeth.

"He shall bend all his powers into submission to God, and exercise them so constantly and so strenuously in God, and with such power and love, that God may work nothing in him without his active concurrence, and he may do nothing without God.

"He shall have the sense of the presence of God in all his works, at all times, and in all places, whatever it please God to appoint, whether it be sweet or bitter.

"All his pleasure and pain he shall receive, not as from the creature, but from God; howbeit God ofttimes works through the creature, yet he shall receive all things as from God alone.

"He shall not be led captive by any lusting or desire after the creatures without due necessity.

"No contradiction or mishap shall have power to move or constrain him so that it separate him from the truth; therefore hold fast always and entirely by the same.

"He shall not be deceived by the glory of the creature, nor yet by any false light, but in a spirit of kindness and love he shall confess all things to be what they are, and from all things draw out what is best, and use it to his own improvement, and in no wise to his own detriment; for such a course is a certain sign of the presence of the Holy Spirit.

"He shall at all times be equipped and armed with all virtue, and ready to fight against all vice and sin; and with his good weapons he shall obtain the victory and the prize in all conflicts.

"He shall confess the truth in simplicity, and he shall mark what it is in itself, what God requireth of us, and what is possible to man, and then order his life accordingly, and act up to what he confesses.

"He shall be a man of few words, and much inward life.

"He shall be blameless and righteous, but in no wise be puffed up by reason of the same.

"His conversation shall be in all uprightness and sincerity: thus shall he let his light shine before men, and he shall preach more with his life than with his lips.

"He shall seek the glory of God before all things, and have no other aim in view.

"He shall be willing to take reproof; and when he striveth with any, he shall give way if the matter concerneth himself alone, and not God.

"He shall not desire or seek his own advantage, but think himself unworthy of the least thing that falls to his lot.

"He shall look upon himself as the least wise and worthy man upon earth, yet find in himself great faith; and above all, he shall take no account of his own wisdom and the works of his own reason, but humble himself beneath all men. For the author of all truth will not work a supernatural work in the soul, unless he find a thorough humility

in a man, and go before his doings with his perfect grace, as he did with St. Paul. But I fear, alas! that little heed is taken to this in these our days.

"He shall set the life and precepts of our Lord Jesus Christ before him for a pattern to his life, words, and works, and without ceasing, look at himself therein as in a mirror; that, in so far as he is able, he may put off everything unbecoming the honored image of our Lord.

"He shall comport himself as a man of small account—as nothing more than a beginner in a good life; and though he should therefore be despised by many, it shall be more welcome to him than all the favor of the world.

"Now these are the signs that the ground of a man's soul is truly reasonable [according to right reason], so that the image of all truth shineth and teacheth therein; and he who does not bear in himself these signs, may not and must not set any store by his own reason, either in his own eyes or those of others. That we all may become such a true image, in thorough sincerity and perfect humility, may He help us who is the Eternal Truth, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

(To be continued.)

The greatest benefactor to society is not he who serves it by single acts, but whose general character is the manifestation of a higher life and spirit than pervades the mass.

THE STATE OF MIND IN WHICH THE INQUIRER SHOULD SUSTAIN HIMSELF.

BY HENRY WARE.

Deep religious impressions are always accompanied by a sense of personal unworthiness, and not unfrequently commence with it. It is man's acquaintance with himself, which leads him most earnestly to seek the acquaintance of God, and to perceive the need of his favor. The sense of sin, the feeling that his life has not been right, that his heart is not pure, that his thoughts, dispositions, appetites, passions, have not been duly regulated, that he has lived according to his own will, and not that of God, that, if taken from his worldly possessions, he has no other object of desire and affection to which his heart could cling, if called to judgment for the use of his powers and privileges, he must be speechless and hopeless; all this rises solemnly in his mind, and sinks him low under a sense of ill desert and shame. He sees that he might have been, ought to have been, better: that he might have been, ought to have been, obedient to God, and a follower of all that is good. He cannot excuse himself to himself. Every effort to palliate his guilt, only shows him its aggravation; and he cries out, with the penitent prodigal, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." He has offended against knowledge and opportunity, and in spite of instruction and warning. He looks back to the early and innocent days, when, if his Saviour had been on earth, he might have taken him to his arms, and said, "Of such is the kingdom of God." But, alas! how has he been changed! He has parted with that innocence, he has strayed from the kingdom of heaven, he has defiled and lost the image of his Maker. While he dwells on this thought of what he was, and what he might have become, and contrasts it with what he is, he is filled with remorse. He exaggerates to himself all his failings, paints, in blacker colors than even the truth, all his iniquities, counts himself the chief of sinners, and is almost ready to despair of mercy.

When the mind is strongly agitated in this way, it is surprising how the characters of very different men become, as it were, equalized. Of many individuals, differing in the most various ways as regards the number and nature, the magnitude and circumstances of their offences, and most widely separated in the actual scale of demerit, each, at such a season, regards himself as the most guilty of men. Sometimes the high-wrought expressions, in which the victim of remorse vents the excruciating anguish of his mind, are accounted affectation and hypocrisy. But there can be no good reason to doubt that they are entirely sincere. The man honestly describes himself as he seems to himself at the time. He *is*, in his own eyes, the wretch he draws. And this is very easily explained. He sees at one view all his past sins, open and secret, his thoughtlessness, ingratitude, negligence, and omissions, his depraved inclinations, evil desires, and cherished lusts, which no one else knows, and which no one else could compare, as he can, with his privileges and obligations. All these he sets by the side, not of the hidden and private life of others, but of their decent public demeanor. He compares them, too, not with the standard of worldly, outward morality, but with the strict, searching, holy requisitions of the law of God. And in such a comparison, at such a moment, he cannot but regard himself as most unworthy and depraved.

And we need not be too anxious at once to correct this feeling. The abasement is well; for no one can feel guilt too strongly, or abhor sin too deeply. The time will come, when he will learn to follow the direction of the Apostle, and "think of himself soberly, as he ought to think." But at this first fair inspection of the deformities of his character,

it is not to be expected that he should make his estimate with perfect sobriety. Only let everything be done to guide, and soothe, and encourage him, and nothing to exasperate his self-condemnation, or drive him to insanity or despair.

But such a state of mind as I have described, though not uncommon, and by many cherished as the most desirable and suitable at the commencement of the religious life, is by no means universal at that period, and cannot be regarded as essential. The experience of different individuals in this respect greatly varies, and is much affected by temper and disposition, as well as by other circumstances. Many excellent Christians have never been subjected to those violent and torturing emotions, which have shaken and convulsed others. Their course has been placid and serene, though solemn and humble. They have felt their sin, and have mourned beneath it, and in deep humiliation have sought its forgiveness; but without anything of terrified emotion or gloomy despondency. They have been gently won to truth by the mild invitations of parental love, without needing the fearful denunciations of punishment and wrath to awaken them. This difference among individuals is owing partly, as I said, to constitutional difference of temperament, which renders it impossible that the same representations should affect all alike; and partly to the different modes in which religion is presented to different minds; having first appeared to some in its harsher features, as to the Jews on Sinai, and to others in the milder form of a Saviour's compassion. But however this may be, and however the humiliation of one may wear a different complexion from that of another, it is a state of mind sincere and heartfelt in all, to be studiously cherished, and to be made permanent in the character.

In the beginning of the Christian life, this feeling assumes the form of anxiety, as it afterward leads to watchfulness. This word may, perhaps as well as any, describe the state of those for whom I am writing. They are *anxious* about themselves, about their characters, their condition, their prospects. They are anxious to know what they shall do to be saved, and to gain satisfactory assurance that they shall be pardoned and accepted of God. This is a most reasonable solicitude. What can be more reasonble than such a solicitude for the greatest and most lasting good of man? What more becoming a rational creature, whose eternal welfare is dependent on his own choice between good and evil, than this desire to know and pursue the right? this earnest thoughtfulness respecting his condition? and this inquiry for the true end of his being? If a person, hitherto thoughtless, is in this state of mind, he is to be congratulated upon it. We are to be thankful to God in his behalf, that another immortal soul is awake to its responsibility, and seeking real happiness. We would urge him to cherish the feelings which possess him; not with melancholy despondency; not with superstitious gloom; not with unmanly and unmeaning debasement; but with thoughtful, self-distrusting concern, with deliberate study for the path of duty, and a resolute purpose not to swerve from it.

Remember that much depends, I might say, everything depends, on the use you make of this your present disposition. Be faithful to it, obey its promptings, let it form in you the habit of devout reflection and religious action, and all must be well. The issue will be the Christian character, and the soul's salvation. But refuse to cherish this disposition, drive it from you, smother and silence it, and you will probably do yourself an everlasting injury. It is like putting out a fire which has just been lighted, and which may with difficulty be kindled again. It is trifling with the sensibility of conscience, it is bringing hardness upon your heart; and there is less prospect that you will afterward arrive at an habitual and controlling regard for your religious interests. This it is to "quench the spirit."

Be sensible, therefore, that this is a critical moment in the history of your character, that it is, in many respects, the decisive point at which your destiny is to be determined. For now it is, in all probability, that the bias of your mind is to be determined for good or evil. Be sensible, then, how necessary it is that you keep alive, and cultivate by all possible means, this tenderness of heart. Avoid every pursuit, engagement, and company, which you find to be inconsistent with it, or unfavorable to it, or tending to destroy it. Scenes at other times innocent, should now be shunned, if they operate to turn the current of your affections; for you are engaging in a great work, *the giving your heart a permanent bias toward God*, and it ought not to be interrupted. While this is doing, you can well afford to withdraw from many scenes you might otherwise frequent, and indeed you can ill afford the risk of exposing yourself to their influence.

It may be well to observe another caution. Say nothing of your thoughts and feelings to any, but one or two confidential friends. Many a religious character has been spoiled in the forming, by too much talk with too many persons. The best religious character is formed in retirement, by much silent reflection, and private reading and prayer.

What the soul needs above all things, is to commune with itself and with God; then it is established, strengthened, settled. But if a man go out from his closet, and seek for instruction and guidance by talking with all who will talk with him, he fritters away his feelings; his frame becomes less deeply and essentially spiritual; words take the place of sentiment; and he is very likely to become a talkative, fluent, superficial religionist, with much show of sound doctrine, and a goodly readiness of sound speech, but without substantial principle. Shun, therefore, rather than seek, much communication with many persons. But some counsel and encouragement you may need. . . . Feel your way along quietly, silently, steadily. Let the growth within you be like that of the grain of wheat, which germinates in secret, and springs up without observation, and attracts little notice of men, till it shows "the ear and the full corn in the ear." Be anxious to establish yourself firmly in the power of godliness, before you exhibit its form.

In connexion with this, it may be well to add a caution on a kindred point. Do not spend too much time in public meetings. You will, of course, be desirous to hear the preaching of the gospel. You feel as if you could not hear it too often or too much. You wonder that preaching should never before have seemed so interesting. You listen with unstopped ears; and prayers, hymns, and sermons, fall upon your spirit as if you had been gifted with a new sense. It is well that it is so. By all means cherish this ardent interest in public worship. But do not indulge it to excess. Let your moderation be seen in giving to this its proper place and importance in your time and regard. It is not the only religious enjoyment or means of improvement in your power; and it may possibly be mere self-indulgence which carries one from meeting to meeting. Remember that no duty towards others is to be neglected in the search for personal improvement; this would be sin. And it is at times a higher duty to attend to your family, to be with your friends, to instruct your children, to consult the feelings and yield to the prejudices of a husband or wife, a parent, brother or sister, than it is to pursue your own single advantage, it may be your own gratification, by going out to social worship. And if it be your object to please God or discipline your own spirit, you will better effect that object by this exercise of self-denial, than by doing what would give uneasiness to others, and perhaps even alienate them from you, and render them hostile to religion itself. The advice of the Apostle to wives is in force on this point, and is equally applicable to the other social relations: "Ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that if any obey not the word, they may, without the word, be won by the conversation of the wives; while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear."

Be warned, therefore, against this error. And what are you to lose by the course which I recommend? Believe me, however much may be gained by the sympathy and excitement of a public assembly, quite as much is gained by the sacrifice of your inclinations to duty and to the feelings of others, and by the silent, unwitnessed exercises of retirement, which no one can forbid you. Look not at the present moment, but at the end. Your desire is to form a genuine, solid, thorough, permanent character of devotion. Well; try to form it wholly in the excitement, and beneath the external influence, of public meetings, and it will be such a character as can exist only in such scenes. Your piety will always need the presence and voice of men to keep it alive, and, unsustained by them, will sink away and die. This, at least, is the danger to be apprehended; and experience declares that it is no slight one. But form your character in private, build it up by the action of your own mind, under the direction of the Bible, and by intercourse with the Father of spirits,—and then it will always be independent of other men and of outward circumstances. It will be self-sustained on a foundation which man and earth cannot shake, alike powerful in the solitude and in the crowd, and immovable in steadfastness, though all other men prove false, and faith have fled all other bosoms. It is such a piety that belongs to the Christian; it is such that you are to seek; and you may well be apprehensive of failure, if you neglect this salutary caution.

Winter, which strips the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they formerly concealed; so does old age rob us of our enjoyments, only to enlarge the prospect of the eternity before us.

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL FROM PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 16.

(Continued from page 807, vol. 24.)

NAPLES, 1868.

This lovely 1st of May has been spent in a delightful drive to Baiae and other interesting points, forming altogether one of the most charming excursions in the neighborhood of Naples. The trees are many of them not yet fully out in leaf, and quite a number are almost destitute of foliage. The horse-chestnuts and locusts are just coming into blossom, and the public promenades are not by any means as shadowy or as flowery

either as they will be a few weeks hence. But it is cool enough for us to be out without fear of being over-heated, so that we hope to see all the sights of Naples without spending a very great deal of time in doing it.

One of our first walks was to the scene of the sad accident which took place after our previous visit here. We found the street had only that day been again opened as a thoroughfare, and a number of workmen were still employed building a mass of solid masonry against the face of the rock, as a protection in case of any more of it separating. Most of the traces of ruin have been removed, and the house where Bayard Taylor and his family lived, as well as several others that were near it, have quite disappeared. In America, a row of new buildings would by this time have almost risen in their place, but there is very little of the go-ahead principle in these countries, and the work of restoration progresses very slowly. Vesuvius at the time of our arrival seemed entirely quiet, but for the last few days there has been a large volume of smoke constantly ascending from the summit, and in the evening the flame is very apparent, though nothing like lava can be seen in a liquid state, and it is generally supposed that the "great exhibition" is over for the present. I am glad to think we had so capital a view of it as we had, and I hope we shall succeed in getting a colored print or photograph representing the mountain just as it was at that time, that you too may be able to form an idea of its magnificence. The Museum here is a perfect treasury of wonders, not certainly for its picture galleries, in which we were greatly disappointed, but for the immense and valuable collection of curiosities and works of art gathered together from Pompeii and other ruins. The articles found under the ashes of Pompeii are by far the most interesting of all, for besides the old mosaics and frescoes, that must astonish every one who sees them for their wonderful beauty of execution and the admirable preservation in which they were discovered, there are loaves of bread bearing the name of the baker, eggs that nobody would know from those of the present day, dishes of prunes and figs and walnuts, skeins of thread, and countless other domestic objects, that seemed to carry us right back in thought to the terrible tragedy of 2000 years ago, and give us a far more correct appreciation of it than all the reading we could ever have done. We have paid two visits to the Museum, and two to *Pompeii* itself, still more wonderful than all, as the theatre where that frightful drama was enacted; and after hearing so much as every one has of "Pompeii," it would be *something* to say that we were *not disappointed;* on the contrary, I am sure our astonishment and interest were *far greater* than we had dared to expect, and we should be only too glad to spend several more days in exploring it, if we can spare the time. The very silence or solitude of this deserted city, where the noiseless gliding in and out of the green lizards is all of life and motion that we see, has something inexpressibly strange and impressive, and bears a sort of charm about it, that contrasts very strikingly with *every other* kind of sight-seeing. The excavations are still going on, and one of the most interesting objects we saw was a beautiful statuette, (said to be a Venus) that had been disinterred only *two weeks ago.* It appeared to be entirely perfect, and as it is presumed a great part of the city still remains buried, I suppose the travellers of future years may be expected to have much more to wonder at than we have had. Nobody can come to Naples without voting it the busiest and the noisiest city he was ever in, and the scenes at the landings and railroad depots among the cabmen and porters baffle all description. We have generally escaped with flying colors from these gangs of savages, but yesterday we had a little national sample that was rather amusing. In coming out of the door of the Museum, a cabman, who stood opposite it, offered his services. We did not take him at once, but walked on towards several other carriages that were standing half a square farther on, the man following close behind us. Before reaching them, however, our first man received the sign that his cab was chosen, when, in an instant, an ill looking fellow, the driver of one of the others, drove furiously up, left his box, jumped into the cab we had taken, swearing and gesticulating violently all the while, and motioning in the most peremptory manner to *us* to get into *his* instead; this of course we had no intention of doing, though the man was backed by half a dozen of the other coachmen, who stormed at our poor innocent-looking driver, as though they meant to tear him to pieces, the fellow keeping his seat meanwhile most resolutely. After watching this wordy battle for some minutes we quietly walked away, managing to give *our* man the wink that he was to follow, which he did, his passenger still seated inside; and it was not until he had driven perhaps a quarter of a square, that the man concluded to give up the contest and return to his own carriage, leaving us in quiet possession of ours. Our "cocher" seemed to think it a capital joke, but when we think that half a franc (10 cts.) is all they are entitled to for a "course," it certainly doesn't seem worth spending so much

temper upon as was wasted then and there.

On the day of our pleasant drive to Baiae, we passed, soon after leaving the city, through the Grotto of Pausilipo, or, in other words, what we should call a tunnel, only that we had always supposed *tunnels* to be a *modern* invention, and this had been excavated hundreds of years ago, by those cunning old Romans, who seem to have known how to do things in general infinitely better than their descendants. This Grotto is more than half a mile in length, ninety feet in height, as broad as an ordinary street, and all this hewn out of the solid Tufa rock; vaulted above, and nicely paved with smooth flags, besides being well lighted throughout, and would be considered a great achievement even for the nineteenth century. After emerging from this, we drove, under the pilotage of a valet de place, for several hours along the coast, passing constantly some object of ancient historical interest, which, in addition to the fresh spring beauty of the Italian landscape, made every minute of the drive delightful. At the old town of Pozzuoli (or Putioli, as the Bible has it,) where St. Paul landed, we were shown some very wonderful ruins, as well preserved as those about Rome, while the whole country through which we were passing seemed to be *formed* of the debris of former greatness, that, as our guide told us, had been shattered and crumbled by earthquakes long ago, and were now so mixed together, that nothing would be gained by any attempt at excavating them. But all along the roadsides, and wherever the ground was not actually under tillage, it was bristling with old Roman masonry, in the form of walls, or arches, or aqueducts, half buried under the soil, and making us feel almost as though we were driving over some dead city of the past. At Baiae we met again with temples in a more perfect state; and as this was the terminus of our route, we seated ourselves, while the horses were being fed and rested, to eat our cold chicken under the shadow of "Venus' Bath," as far as appeared, quiet and secluded enough; but we had scarcely untied our napkin, when two or three little wee beggars made their appearance, and were soon quite as close to us as was pleasant. Presently one or two more sprang up from somewhere, and so it went on until we were surrounded by a group of *nineteen* pretty, dirty, saucy Italian figures, mostly children ranging from two to twelve, and I think three women, ragged and tattered—some of them, indeed, with very little more clothing than Nature gave them. We might just as well have attempted to drive off a swarm of flies from a saucer of molasses; so we concluded to be amused instead of annoyed, and went on with our luncheon, quite regardless of their presence, while they squatted on the ground, laughing and chattering, and every little while edging nearer and nearer, until my parasol had to be extended to warn them off. When our repast was concluded, the fragments that remained were distributed, with strict justice, among the whole, and they devoured them, orange skins and all, as though such a windfall were a rare occurrence, though their plump brown limbs and faces did not look as if they had been suffering from starvation. On our way home we visited the Baths of Nero, a stupendous ruin, and had an egg cooked in the boiling spring that once supplied them, though the steam was so thick and hot in the passage that led to it, that we could not ourselves get very near. The water is supposed to be from the sea, and kept at a boiling point by volcanic action.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 13, 1868.

The Separation.—It is with much reluctance that we admit articles in which the separation among Friends which occurred in 1827 is brought prominently into view. Some of our dear and valued friends have expressed uneasiness at the occasional allusions to that event which have appeared in our paper, fearing that the effect would be to stir up the spirit of controversy, and perpetuate unkind feeling. Of this fear we have partaken, and have therefore been careful to exclude from our columns everything which seemed to have been dictated by an improper spirit. Perhaps, however, after the lapse of more than forty years, in which the irritation of feeling has had time to subside, and when many, if not most, of the prominent actors in that event have gone to render an account to that merciful Father, who "pities His children," and "remembers that we are dust," it may be admissible to dwell a little upon it, in order to derive the lessons of instruction it is calculated to teach. This appears to have been the motive which has actuated T. H. S., and we are willing to hope that profit rather than loss will be derived from his review.

Married, on the 16th of Fifth month, 1868, according to the order of the Society of Friends, J. Wilson Heald, a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia, and Louisa W. Taylor,

a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia held at Spruce St.

——, on the 3d inst., under the care of Green St. Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia, at the residence of the bride's father, JOSEPH D. ELLIS to JULIA E. MANNING, both of this city.

DIED. at his residence near Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, on the 12th of Fifth month, 1868, SAMUEL GRIFFITH, aged 66 years. He was, as long as health would permit, a constant attender of meetings, and for many years an Overseer of Short Creek Preparative and an Elder of Short Creek Monthly Meeting; but during the last fourteen years of his life was disqualified by paralysis for these stations. The sterling integrity of purpose which marked the whole course of his life, the memory of which, with that of the serene submissive spirit with which he bore his long protracted afflictions, will be a life lesson to those who had constant intercourse with him.

——, suddenly, at his residence, Bucks Co., Pa., on Second-day, Fifth month 25th, JONATHAN P. MAGILL, in his 70th year.

——, in Philadelphia, on the 25th of Fifth month, 1868, HANNAH W., widow of Robert Steel, in her 63d year,

——, in Burlington, N. J., on the 30th of Fifth month, 1868, MARY W., widow of Jeremiah Bunting, in her 85th year.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet Sixth-day afternoon, Sixth month 19th, at 3 o'clock.

L. H. HALL, *Clerk.*

AGENT APPOINTED.

Abel T. Wright, Benderville, Adams Co., Pa., has been appointed Agent for Friends' Publication Association, and will keep an assortment of books for sale.

INTEMPERANCE AND DISEASE.

BY JOSEPH PARRISH, M. D.

An Essay prepared for the State Temperance Convention held at Harrisburg, February 18th, 1868.

We are here to-day, Mr. President and gentlemen of the Convention, under circumstances of peculiar interest and importance.

Temperance men throughout the country still stand upon their total abstinence platform, and proclaim the same principles which have been uttered in faithfulness for more than a score of years.

They are represented in this Convention, through their churches, and societies, and orders of different names and forms, and hold fast the profession of their faith in the midst of most startling and discouraging facts, some of which I will enumerate.

1. Legislation on this subject has proved of but little, if any practical moment. Laws stand on the statute-books, which are not the expression of the popular will, and are therefore not obeyed or even respected.

2. With all our society-forming and speech-making, with all our publications and resolutions, with all our pledges and secret orders, intemperance still has its votaries and victims, who are counted by tens of thousands in our own dear Pennsylvania.

3. Political parties feel themselves called upon to court the liquor traffic, or at least to stand like shackled slaves in the presence and custody of this tremendous interest.

4. Some men of science, confused and confounded by adverse experiences, are either unable or unwilling to determine whether alcohol shall bear the name of a nutrient or a deadly poison.

Meanwhile, men are drinking and dying in multitudes, and only a merciful and all-wise Creator can see the end from the beginning, and determine by wisdom that is infinite what shall come to pass. It seems to me, however, that there remains one thing that can be wisely done—namely, to review the history of the generation in which we live, and see if we have made any mistakes that can be avoided in the future. And, gentlemen, as your Executive Committee have placed me in the position I hold here to-day, I will ask you to consider some of these mistakes.

I am aware that the popular idea is, that the appetite for alcohol implies primarily a moral defect; and hence the popular judgment associates its indulgence with essential criminality. The law so classifies it, and the drunkard is punished as an offender. Herein, I conceive, is lodged one of the errors which account in some measure at least for the partial failure of what is technically known as the Temperance movement.

Temperate people, who never touch wine or whiskey, believe it a terrible sin for other people to drink; and when they see drunkenness, class it with sins against which the Decalogue declares. On the other hand, we assume that this appetite is a disordered appetite, and that its victims, whether criminal or not, should be subjected to the influence of scientific treatment as diseased persons. We assume further, that the law punishing the drunkard, and prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, has never been effective in any broad or general sense, either in curing drunkenness or removing its cause; and while we may anticipate this as a thing to be desired, our present field of labor seems to be in the domain of ideas and principles which underlie all wise legislation.

What is to be understood by the term disease? Any continued action within the human organization, which causes a variation from a natural standard of vitality—be it depression or exaltation—may be regarded as a diseased action; and when such variation from a natural standard is uniformly induced by certain causes, and distinguished by symptoms which are more or less positive and uniform, then it is proper to be named and classified as a disease.

Thus, in medical nomenclature, certain

symptoms are recognized by names which are as distinctive as the conditions they represent. In intemperate persons there exists a strong appetite for intoxicants, though not always an appetite that finds gratification in the mere taste of alcoholic beverages, so much as in the effect they produce.

This appetite may be inborn or acquired, and when it takes possession of its victims, constitutes the persistent disturbing element already referred to, while it expresses itself in symptoms that are not only well marked, but universally recognized.

I have introduced this feature of the subject for the purpose of presenting the distinction between intemperance and other vices that are classed as sinful.

Take lying, stealing, swearing, for example. Each of these is a violation of the Decalogue. There is no physical evil or infirmity connected with them. They do not spring from or lead to physical disease; they are the fruit either of a dark or corrupt nature. They are the expression of ignorance or sin; their tendency is to moral ruin—their only remedy is moral renovation.

The appetite for strong drink, on the contrary, is not necessarily the result of moral perversion, or moral infirmity, in the individual possessing it; and herein lies a difference which has not been sufficiently recognized in the treatment of this subject.

This appetite is often an inheritance with which its possessor would gladly part, if he could. It constitutes an element in his temperament. It is a part of his constitution. He did not create it—he does not cherish it—nay! he abhors it; but it clings to him like the poison of other forms of disease.

Consumption is a terrible disease; and you see a young man lingering feebly along the avenues of life, wasting strength and energy, not by any physical indulgence, but because there is an insidious, invisible poison, in his blood; you ask about his parentage, and he tells you, "My mother died of consumption," or his father, or one or all of their parents; and you say, "poor fellow! he is doomed; he has inherited that narrow chest, those feeble lungs, that impoverished blood, and he will soon bid farewell to all visible things.

You see a drunkard reeling through the streets. He is jolly and playful with the boys, or he is boisterous and insulting to you as you pass. A policeman arrests him, arraigns him before a magistrate, and he is committed to the lockup. Why? Because he is drunk. Why is he drunk? In many cases because his father was so before he was born, or his mother, or both. If they were not, they might have been good citizens and exemplary Christians; and yet, ten to one, when this drunkard, whom you have just committed by law to jail, was a babe, his mother dosed him with some "Infant Cordial," "Soothing Syrup," "Teething Drop," or other nostrum, the base of which was alcohol, and thus created a taste against which nature revolted; but to establish which, that kind and generous mother persisted by the continued use of such needless stimulants. This is one of the habits that is dooming thousands of people to lives of drunkenness—a very bad habit growing out of the purest affections, but yet the fruit of sorrowful carelessness or ignorance.

But I call attention to another phase of this subject: Schnapps, Cordials, Bitters, Elixirs, and cures of all kinds for all conceivable maladies, are offered to the public in flaming advertisements, with wholesale promises, and what are they—and who endorse them? Alcohol is the base of nearly all of them; and they are endorsed by Clergymen, Lawyers, and well-known citizens in public life, without these intelligent gentlemen seeming to give a single thought to the fact, that they are thus popularizing one of the most fruitful sources of inebriety known to the present generation. Persons who would shudder at the thought of using whiskey habitually, and who would even dread the consequences of a single glass, are thus unconsciously forced into habits of excessive stimulation, and lie in graves over which prayers are said by the very men whose signature unwittingly sealed the doom of the departed.

Examine the history of these very articles, and you will find many of them Alcoholic Bitters, that stand on the bar-keeper's shelves, alongside of whiskey, brandy, wine, gin, and the like. It would be sin, these good people think, to recommend *common* alcoholic beverages; but when patented, and sold by druggists and pedlars, there are no qualms of conscience about recommending them, though they constitute a part of ordinary bar-room supplies.

Does not wisdom teach us, therefore, while we may be struggling to create a true legal sentiment on the subject, that we should also lay more stress than we do upon educating the ideas, and concentrating the forces of society upon the appetite itself, in the family, and from the family, to all the social ramifications which grow out of the family?

(To be concluded.)

No department of literature is so false as biography. The object is, not to let down the hero; and consequently what is most human, most genuine, most characteristic in his history, is excluded. Sometimes, one anecdote will let us into the secret of a man's

soul, more than all the prominent events of his life.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

No. 9.

THE SEPARATION, CONTINUED.

Although, as was said in the former article on this subject, it is not the purpose of the writer in reviving it to undertake to determine who was most to blame for that deplorable event, or to cast censure upon any; yet in recurring to the subject with a view to the profit to be derived therefrom, a reference to some of the leading facts cannot be avoided; and where errors may have been committed, to avoid speaking of them would be to deprive ourselves of the benefit to be derived from them as practical lessons that may be of great importance to our future welfare. It is by thus recurring to the experience of the past that we may learn, and grow wiser and better in all things.

Neither history nor tradition can give to us of the present generation any very definite conception of the scenes which transpired in our meetings and in the intercourse of our members during the five years or more in which the separation was pending, or of the spirit which animated the respective parties; but we know enough to be convinced that some of our most valued testimonies were ruthlessly trampled under foot, in the rancor of party strife. However we may ascribe to the intolerance of those who afterward became what are called Orthodox, the moving cause of the difficulty; yet intolerance cannot live in an atmosphere of love, meekness and forbearance, such as is inspired by a spirit of true Quakerism; and in this case it found its appropriate aliment in the malignity of angry resentment and party zeal, which, though of its own begetting, was little less to be excused on that account.

From all this may be derived a lesson of instruction, which should ever preserve Friends from the disastrous consequences of any similar convulsion, great or small. The one thing to be guarded against, as taught by our sad experience in this matter, is a *party spirit;* that bane of all unity and peace to every religious association. Especially is a party spirit inimical to our theory of religious responsibility, which points each one to the monitor within his own bosom as the guide of his daily conduct.

The most striking and remarkable fact connected with the separation, was the assumption by our Orthodox brethren, although they were but about one-third in numbers, to be *the* Society of Friends, and as such, entitled to all its property; this assumption being followed up by the regular disownment of the other two-thirds of the Society, and the formal laying down of meetings where they had few or no members; and the institution of legal proceedings to establish their claim to be *the* Society, and to the possession of all its property.

This assumption of our Orthodox brethren, pertinaciously adhered to, and enforced as it was to the extent of their ability, is without a parallel in the history of religious schisms. It is not intended by what is here said to cast censure upon them; they may have thought it their duty to do as they did, and that was a question for them to decide. It is equally allowable, however, for us to entertain our own views in regard to these remarkable events, and to derive whatever instruction we can from them.

The Society of Friends had ever been a law-abiding and peace-loving people; their theory contemplated a settlement of all controversies among themselves without a resort to legal tribunals, except for the most urgent reasons; a resort to legal proceedings by one member against another in any case that would admit of arbitration without loss from delay, being a disownable offence under the discipline; and in matters of a religious nature Friends had ever recognized their dependence upon divine power, and disdained alike the sufficiency of mere human learning, and the authority of human tribunals; yet, no sooner was the separation an accomplished fact, than our Orthodox brethren, spurning the offer of Friends to make an equitable division of property, and part in peace, instituted legal proceedings to enforce alike their claim to all the religion and all the property of the Society. The strife thus inaugurated was, it is to be feared, too willingly taken up by Friends, but at this distance of time we ought not perhaps to judge too positively; there may have been a sufficient justification for their becoming a party to the strife to the extent they did, but if there was, it is not very apparent. The spectacle presented to the world in this contest of law in the Chancery of New Jersey, to settle points of religion between Quakers, was truly humiliating.

There are other prominent facts connected with the separation that it may be well to recall in this connection, before entering more fully upon the moral lessons to be deduced, from what some may consider a very uncalled for stirring up of a painful subject, but the writer begs to be allowed to tell his story, or rather to permit the story to tell itself.

Green Street Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia, was one of those in which there were but few Orthodox Friends, and as therefore for

want of members they could not keep it up, they assumed to lay it down; that is, by a stroke of the pen they declared it out of existence, and its members annexed to another adjacent meeting. The whole of Southern Quarterly Meeting was disposed of in the same summary manner. An action at law was afterwards instituted to eject Green Street Friends from their meeting-house and property, but after remaining a considerable time on the docket, it was abandoned without being brought to trial. Green Street Monthly Meeting was also part owner of the western burying-ground, which was under the control of Orthodox Friends; and after their meeting had been laid down as was alleged, they were denied the right to bury their dead in their own ground, unless they would bow to the fiat by which it was alleged they had been wiped out of existence, by proceeding under the name and authority of the meeting to which by the same fiat it was assumed they had been transferred. This they of course could not do, and to effect the burial of their dead were obliged each time to scale the wall of the burial ground with ladders, break the lock and force an entrance. To avoid the unpleasantness of this mode of proceeding, Green Street Friends obtained the consent of five out of the fifteen trustees in whom the title to the property was vested, to put in another gate through which they might enter in peace. Upon some of their members proceeding to execute this work, they were, at the instance of Orthodox Friends, arrested upon a warrant issued by the then Mayor of the city, for an alleged breach of the peace, and on refusing to give bail, were committed to the common jail of Philadelphia, where they remained, until, being brought before Judge King upon habeas corpus, they were by him unconditionally discharged. In New York city and in Ohio, the separation also resulted in litigation, proceedings in each case being instituted by Orthodox Friends.

Upon this cursory presentation of some of the principal facts connected with the separation, let us see if any profitable comments can be made upon, or reflections drawn from them. The claim made by our Orthodox brethren that they were the Society of Friends, and entitled to all its property, to the exclusion of all who differed from them, though far greater in number, is the most extraordinary feature of the separation. Whether it was right, is a question between them and their Maker. But it would be uncandid in the writer, having said so much, not to express his earnest conviction that it was a fearful mistake, and one from which, in the nature of the Divine government, our Orthodox Friends will not cease to suffer until they have made a full atonement.

The violation of one of the most important testimonies of the Society by a resort to legal controversy, in which it is to be feared our Friends were not entirely clear, is to be recalled with sorrow and humiliation, but it conveys a reproof, the benefit of which should not be lost. Even in the most worldly sense, this litigation was productive of no good to any one, except perhaps the counsel employed, and it is a warning that it is well to hand down from generation to generation.

In regard to the question of property, the most anxious subject for inquiry and self-examination on the part of Friends, is whether, in all cases where they have remained in possession of the common property, they have made themselves clear, by tendering to their Orthodox brethren their just proportion according to numbers, and by making an amicable settlement in good faith, and in a fraternal spirit, wherever they have been willing to negotiate upon fair and equal terms. The writer has no special case in view in making these remarks. There may, for aught he knows, be many instances in which no such adjustment has been made or tendered, and where to do it now, would be oppressive to the small congregations that are left in many places; but there is abundant wealth in the Society, and we are all a common brotherhood, and we may rest assured that God will not prosper us unless we do right.

It is both gratifying and encouraging that an adjustment of the property difficulties has been made in many cases, some of them quite recently, with a manifestation of good feeling worthy of general imitation. In the State of New Jersey, the litigation there carried on was instrumental in awakening in the law-makers of that State a sense of justice which party zeal had banished from the bosoms of Orthodox Friends, and a law was enacted providing for an adjustment of property in cases of division on the basis of numbers. In New York city, where Friends were in possession, after an unsuccessful endeavor of Orthodox Friends to enforce by law their claim to exclusive ownership, though they were greatly in the minority, an amicable and equitable adjustment was assented to by Friends and carried into effect. In Baltimore, where Friends also retained possession and were about four-fifths in number, an amicable settlement has also been effected within the last few years, and the negotiation respecting it as set forth at the close of the lately published History of Friends, by Samuel M. Janney, breathes a warmth of friendship, and a depth of fraternal feeling that is

truly encouraging. It is earnestly to be hoped that there may be a growth of this feeling, and of that spirit which breathes peace on earth and good-will to all men.

T. H. S.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

In the gorgeous banquet-chamber
Of Assyria's lord,
Gathered many a princely vassal,
'Round the festive board.

Lights were gleaming in the palace,—
Flowers festooned the walls;
Costliest perfumes shed their odors,
In the pillared halls.

Groaned the board with richest viands—
And from cups of gold,
Quaffed the guests the wine of Helbon
Of a vintage old.

Loudly rang the peals of laughter,
Joy was at its height—
And the shout and song resounded
Through the solemn night.

When the monarch bade his servants
Forth the vessels bring,
Which had graced the glorious temple,
Built by Judah's king.

And they praised the golden Belus,
While they quaffed the wine,
From the consecrated vessels
Of Jehovah's shrine.

Soon their revelry was ended—
Joy was changed to fear,
As they saw the mystic fingers
On the wall appear;

Fingers tracing an inscri pion
None could understand,
Though the wise men, the magicians
Came, a learned band—

Save the youthful Hebrew prophet,
Who by Chebar's shore,
Comforting the lonely captives,
Learned their sacred lore.

"Lo! thy kingdom now is finished,
Death to thee is near—
Wanting found," the sentence written,
Read the youthful seer.

"And the Medes and Persians coming,
A resistless tide—
Bringing swift destruction with them,
Shall thy realm divide.

"For thou gave not God the glory,
But his power defied,
Worshiping a molten image
In thy haughty pride!"

Horror-stricken stood the monarch,
Pale with woe his cheek,
In his terror moaning, trembling,
Daring not to speak.

For he saw the waving pinions
Of the angel Death—
Heard the stern, unwelcome message—
Felt his icy breath.

Morning came. Instead of feasting,
All was grief and gloom;
And the sounds of bitter wailing
Told his dreadful doom!

A. R. P.

LARVÆ.

My little maiden of four years old,—
No myth, but a genuine child is she—
With her bronze eyes brown and her curls of gold—
Came quite in disgust one day to me.

Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm—
As the loathsome touch seemed yet to thrill her,—
She cried, "Oh, mother, I found on my arm
A horrible, crawling caterpillar!"

And with mischievous smile she could scarcly smother,
Yet a glance, in its daring half-awed and shy,
She added: "While they were about it, mother,
I wish they'd just finished the butterfly!"

They were words to the thought of the soul that turns
From the coarser form of a partial growth,
Reproaching the Infinite Patience that yearns
With an unknown glory to crown them both.

Ah, look thou largely, with lenient eyes,
On whatso beside thee may creep and cling,
For the possible beauty that underlies
The passing phase of the meanest thing!

What if God's great angels, whose waiting love
Beholdeth our pitiful life below,
From the holy height of their heaven above
Couldn't bear with the worm till the wings should grow?

Exchange.

CLEAN DIRT.

Mrs. Talbot came into the country to spend a few weeks with a sister, who had recently removed to a pleasant little farm of five acres, not far from the city. It was a delightful morning in early summer, and the city lady was delighted with the sights and sounds which surrounded her. She was soon seated in her sister's cosy sitting-room, with little Flora upon her lap, looking as fresh and sweet as if she had just bounded out from the heart of a rose-bud.

"But where is my little namesake, Emma, where is Sophy, that she isn't here to welcome me?"

"Sophy is in her garden, sister, and will be in presently; you must not be shocked at her appearance, though."

"Why?" asked her aunt in some alarm. "I thought she would improve here in the country. She was always such a delicate child—but I must say her transparent complexion and waxen fingers were very becoming. You know Charles always called her 'our white lily.'"

Just then the "white lily" appeared on the back piazza, her gardening hat thrown back from her moist brow, while her delicate hands were somewhat the worse in appearance for that morning's weeding in her lettuce and onion bed. Aunt Sophy's countenance fell, as she looked on the little figure, arrayed in its coarse brown dress, and saw how the sun had kissed the once delicate cheek and hand. But little Sophy's heart was too light and happy to observe the cloud on the brow of her stylish aunt.

"Oh, auntie, I am so glad you have come," she said, "I will come in and kiss you just as soon as I have put up my hoe and changed my dress."

And away she bounded, with a grace and elasticity of motion found nowhere but in happy childhood.

"Oh, Emeline," said her sister reproachfully, "how could you transform our little fairy into such a sun-browned rustic? How can you let her soil her fingers and dress so in that horrid garden? I am sure you could hire the work done."

"To be sure I could, but money could not buy the health and happiness my child has dug up out of that 'horrid garden.' There is no beauty to me in a lily complexion, that tells me my child is soon to be with the angels. You know she was never well in the city, and she is never ill here. I believe there is no tonic for a delicate girl like plenty of fresh air and sunshine."

"But then the untidiness of it! Look at the dirt on her shoes and hands and dress!"

"Why there, Sophy, is your mistake," said her sister, smiling; "I have very high authority for saying that 'dirt is as clean as flour'—the dirt of the soil, I mean—and that it has peculiar medicinal properties found in nothing else—for remember Jenny Eldred, and how long she was an invalid. She did long so to get out of doors to work among her plants and flowers. So, to please her, they brought in for her every day a sod of grass on a large plate, and let her pick it to pieces with a pen-knife, searching out every little fibre and rootlet, and examining with a microscope the insect and vegetable wonders she discovered. From that day she began to mend, and continued to do so until she was well and strong again. Of course, a person who did not take the same interest in the study would not derive the same benefit from it. Still the soil is health-giving, and I am especially grateful for the favor it has conferred on me," she added, as little Sophy came down to the sitting-room in her neat gingham dress, her hair smoothly brushed, and her cheeks glowing with the bloom of health.

Aunt Sophy kissed her more than once, despite the sunburn, and owned that her sparkling eyes almost made amends for the other defects. Certainly she found, in the course of her visit, that her litle niece had developed wonderfully in mind and heart, as well as in body, during her sojourn in the country, and before she left she was almost a convert to the air, soil and sunshine theory for invalid women and children. But she never would go so far as to agree with Dr. Holland, that "dirt is clean."—*The Cultivator.* J. E. M'C.

THE SONGS OF THE GRASSHOPPERS.

BY H. S. SCUDDER.

Although every one is familiar with the notes of birds, few can distinguish the different chirpings of insects, or are even aware that every kind of grasshopper has its distinctive note. The songs of insects are neither so varied nor complicated as those of birds, but their study presents peculiar difficulties. Sounds become inaudible to many persons when they are derived from vibrations more rapid than 25,000 per second, and when the number reaches 38,000, the limit of human perceptibility is attained: thus, the shrillness of a note may prove a hindrance to its study. This is illustrated by Tyndall in his recent book on Sound. He writes: "Crossing the Wengern Alp with a friend, the grass on each side of the path swarmed with insects, which, to me, rent the air with their shrill chirruping. My friend heard nothing of this, the insect world lying beyond his limit of audition."

Another and universal obstacle lies in the delicacy or feebleness of the notes of some species; to distinguish them clearly, one must bring his ear to within a few feet, or even inches of the insect during its stridulation,—a process which requires great caution lest the shyness of the little violinist should overcome his egotistic love of song. The observer must walk quietly toward the sound until it ceases, and wait motionless for its renewal; the direction of the chirping can then easily be determined, although its distance is deceptive. After drawing an imaginary line towards the spot from whence the sound proceeds, cautious steps must be taken around the arc of a wide circle until another line is fixed at right angles to the first, and the location of the songster approximately determined. Then walking quickly but quietly to within five or six feet of the insect, the observer will fall upon his hands and knees, and produce a quill edge and file, which, on being rubbed together, imitate, with great exactness, the desired note. He will commence his mock stridulation after a short delay; at first the sounds must be subdued and separated by considerable intervals, then loud, and repeated in quick succession; usually a response is heard before a minute has elapsed, and sometimes it comes at once. When the insect has forgotten his fears and begins to stridulate violently, the observer may cease operations and carefully approach him. In this way one can place himself within a few inches of any species living in the grass.

Grasshoppers stridulate in four different ways: first, by rubbing the base of one wing-cover upon the other, using, for that purpose, the veins running through the middle portion of the wing; second, by a similar method, but

using the veins of the inner part of the wing; third, by rubbing the inner surface of the hind legs against the outer surface of the wing-covers; and fourth, by rubbing together the upper surface of the front edge of the wings and the under surface of the wing-covers. The insects which employ the fourth method stridulate during flight,—the others while at rest. To the first group belong the crickets; to the second the green or long-horned grasshoppers; to the third and fourth, certain kinds of short-horned or jumping grasshoppers. The sounds produced by the different groups vary in pitch, those of the crickets being shrillest, and the others following in the order just given. With but few exceptions the males alone sing.

The notes of the cricket—called by the French "cri cri," on account of its song—may be heard near Boston from the middle of June until November; farther north they do not appear until much later in the season. Their note is *c-r-r-r-i*, and the rapidity with which it is uttered varies even in the same strain; sometimes it is as slow as two notes a second, at others it is twice as rapid. The note is sharp and shrill. Sometimes two choirs of these insects may be heard at once, the individuals of each choir chirping simultaneously, but one choir more rapidly than the other; most of the time this produces a sort of discord, but, as they occasionally harmonize, one hears cycles of accordance and discordance, often of remarkable uniformity and duration.

There are many species in the second group (the green or long-horned grasshoppers,) but a few examples will suffice. These insects, like the crickets, sing both by day and night, but, unlike the latter, their day-song differs from that of the night. On a summer's day, it is curious to observe these little creatures suddenly changing from the day to the night song at the mere passing of a cloud, and returning to the old note when the sky is clear. By imitating the two songs in the daytime, the grasshoppers can be made to respond to either at will; at night, they have but one note.

A conical-headed grasshopper (*Conocephalus robustus,*) found near the seashore in the southern part of New England, makes the salt marshes resound with its incessant, shrill din. The resemblance of its song to that of the harvest-fly is quite striking; at a distance, the note seems to be perfectly uniform; close at hand, one can hear it rising and falling rhythmically, two and a half times a second, accompanied by a loud droning noise.

There are numerous kinds of jumping grasshoppers which stridulate in the daytime only. They do this by the aid of the hind legs, rubbing their thighs against their wing-covers; every movement of the fiddle-bow produces a short note, and the uniformity with which each species plays its own song is quite remarkable. One kind (*Stenobothrus curtipennis*) produces about six notes per second, and continues them from one and a half to two and a half seconds; another (*S. melanopleurus*) makes from nine to twelve notes in about three seconds. In both cases the notes follow each other uniformly, and are slower in the shade than in the sun.

The grasshoppers which stridulate during flight, by the contact of the wings and wing-covers, belong mostly to the genus *Œdipoda*; in many of them the wings are variegated with brilliant colors. The sound which they make seems to be under the control of the insects, for they often omit it when alarmed. Some species produce a uniform, rattling noise during the whole of their undeviating flight; others make it only during the intervals of flight, and seem to stridulate more at will. The flight of the latter is more sustained, they are capable of changing their course, and at each turn emit a crackling sound of short duration.—*The American Naturalist.*

THE MYSTERY OF EDITING.

Beecher thus speaks of an editor:—"Before him passes in review all their exchange newspapers. He is to know all their contents—to mark for others the matter that requires attention. His scissors are to be alert, and clip with incessant industry all the little items that together form so large an interest in the news department. He passes in review each week every section of his country through the newspaper lens—he looks across the ocean, and sees strange lands, and following the sun, he searches all over the world for material. It will require but one moment's time for the readers to take in what two hours produce. By him are read the manuscripts that swarm the office like flies in July. It is his frown that dooms them. His hand that condenses a whole page into a line. It is his discreet sternness that resists the sentimental obituaries, and gives our young poets a twig on which to sit and sing their first lays. The power behind the throne, in newspapers as in higher places, is sometimes as important as the throne. Correspondents, occasional and regular, stand in awe at that silent power which has the last chance at an article, and who sends it forth in glory or humility. In short, as the body depends upon good digestion, so the health of a paper depends upon the vigorous digestion which goes on by means of the editor."

If you carry the cross cheerfully, it will carry you safely.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

FIFTH MONTH.

	1867.	1868.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	9 days.	13 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	3 "	4 "
Snow, including very slight falls	1 "	0 "
Cloudy, without storms	8 "	8 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	10 "	6 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1867.	1868.
Mean temperature of Fifth mo., per Penna. Hospital	59.44 deg.	59.66 deg.
Highest do. during mo., do.	86.00 "	80.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	38.50 "	42.50 "
RAIN during the month, do.	7.32 in.	7.00 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 4 current weeks for 1867, and 5 for 1868	1213	1215

Average of the mean temperature of 5th month for the past *seventy-nine* years	62.60 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1802 and 1826	71.00 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1848	51.75 "

SPRING TEMPERATURES.

Mean temperature of the three spring months of 1867	50.46 "
Mean do do do 186[illegible]	49.67 "
Average of the spring temperature for the past *seventy-nine* years	50.88 "
Highest spring mean occurring during that entire period, 1826	55.00 "
Lowest do 1798, 1846	46.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1867.	1868.
First month	1.70 inch.	3.62 inch.
Second month	2.89 "	2.52 "
Third month	5.46 "	3.36 "
Fourth month	1.81 "	5.44 "
Fifth month	7.82 "	7.00 "
Totals for each year	19. 68 "	21.94 "

The comparison of deaths as above is very favorable for the present year, recording, as it does, five weeks for the month. From the aggregate of 1215 deduct one-fifth, and we have only 972 for 1868, against 1213 for 1867, and this, too, in the face of the wet, unhealthy weather (so called) we have been passing through. A glance at the figures will show that Fifth month of last year was also a moist one, while 1866, with nine rainy days, gave us 4.68 inches, and 1865, with fifteen days on which rain fell, the quantity recorded was 7.21 inches; this year 7 inches, while the total amount thus far exceeds that of last year. The very slight decrease of temperature all through will no doubt elicit attention, as most of us seemed to think we were passing through weather tribulations almost unprecedented.

Philadelphia, 6th mo. 6, 1868. J. M. ELLIS.

ITEMS.

THE PRESBYTERIAN General Assemblies of the Old and New Schools have agreed upon a basis of reunion, and it is to be submitted to the Presbyteries.

EITHER AND NEITHER.—Richard Grant White, one of the most scholarly writers of the age, has, in a recent number of the Galaxy, the following:

The analogically correct pronunciation of these words is what we call the Irish one, *ayther* and *nayther*—the diphthong having the sound in it that it has in a large family of words in which the diphthong *ei* is the emphasized vowel sound—*weight*, *freight*, *deign*, *vein*, *obeisance*, etc. But *ayther* and *nayther*, being antiquated and Irish, analogy and the best usage require the common pronunciation *eether* and *neether*. For the pronunciation *i-ther* and *ni-ther*, with the *i* long, which is sometimes heard, there is not the authority either of analogy or the best speakers. It is an affectation, and in this country, a copy of a *second-rate British affectation*. Persons of the best education and the highest social position in England say *eether* and *neether*.

BISHOP THOMSON, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in an address to the General Conference, giving an account of his visit to India, gave this illustration of the absurdity of caste:

"In India one feels the meanness of caste. In one of our journeys, while cooking breakfast by the roadside one morning, I was moving toward some little children, whose mother was cooking probably for some coolies at work on the road, with some presents from our table in my hand, when Dr Butler suddenly arrested me, saying that my touch was pollution, that nothing would be eaten that I bore; that my foot set within the circle where the woman was cooking would defile everything within it. Here I was, with an Anglo Saxon skin on my face, a human soul in my breast, an American passport in my portfolia, 'brought up standing' before a poor, ignorant, black, half-mendicant Hindoo."

THE SUPREME Court of Iowa has decided that colored children have an equal right with all others to admission to all the public schools of the State, and that no local boards of directors have the right to exclude them or to compel them to attend separate schools.

THE HORRORS of the middle passage of the modern civilized Coolie traffic may be judged from the fact that a ship laden with Chinamen arrived lately in Callao, Peru, after a passage of 192 days from Macao, and landed only 21 of the 253 who sailed.

IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE, dried fern leaves are used very extensively for packing fresh fruit, grapes especially; they seeming to possess, to an unusual degree, the property of preserving vegetable and even animal substances for a long time.

AN EXTINCT RACE.—One of the most remarkable races that ever inhabited the earth is now extinct. They were known as the Guanches, and were the aborigines of the Canary Islands. In the sixteenth century, pestilence, slavery and the cruelty of the Spaniards succeeded in totally exterminating them. They are described as having been of large stature, but of a singularly mild and gentle nature. Their food consisted of barley, wheat, and goats' milk; and their agriculture was of the rudest kind. They had a religion which taught them of a future state of rewards and punishments after death, and of good and evil spirits. They regarded the volcano of Teneriffe as a punishment for the bad. The bodies of their dead were carefully embalmed, and deposited in catacombs, which still continue to be an object of curiosity to those who visit the islands. Their marriage rites were very solemn, and before engaging in them the brides were fattened on milk. At the present day these strange people are totally extinct.—*Annual of Scientific Discovery.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 20, 1868. No. 16.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, four copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.
REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.
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From "Reformers and Martyrs before and after Luther."

JOHN TAULER.

(Concluded from page 228.)

This discourse, on which many professing to be Christians nowadays might ponder with deep instruction, was heard with gratification by "the Layman," who took it down in writing, after he arrived at his lodgings, so accurately that on afterward reading it over to the preacher, the latter was struck with astonishment, and acknowledged that it seemed to be wonderfully word for word as he had spoken it. Still "the man" was impressed with a belief that "the Master" was trusting too much to his letter-learning, and needed more refinement of spirit under the immediate operations of the Holy Ghost, to fit and qualify him for so great a work. At length, after much hesitation, he ventured to inform Tauler of his uneasiness of mind in respect to him, and to open to him a little of his own experience. Among other things, he told him that neither his sermons, nor any outward words that man could speak, had power to work any good in him; for men's words had in many ways hindered him much more than they had helped him. "And this is the reason," said he, "it often happened that when I came away from the sermon I brought certain false notions away with me, which I hardly got rid of in a long while with great toil; but if the highest Teacher of all truth shall come to a man, he must be empty and quit of all the things of time. Know, that when this same Master cometh to me, He teaches me more in an hour than you or all the doctors from Adam to the judgment day will ever do." He afterward added: "Though you have taught us many good things in this sermon, the image came into my mind while you were preaching, that it was as if one should take good wine and mix it with lees, so that it should become muddy. I mean that your vessel is unclean, and much lees are cleaving to it; and the cause is, that you have suffered yourself to be killed by the letter, and are killing yourself still every day and hour, albeit you know full well that the Scripture saith, 'The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life.' In the life you are now living, you have no light, but are in the night; in which you are indeed able to understand the letter, but have not yet tasted the sweetness of the Holy Ghost. And withal, you are yet a pharisee."

Tauler felt ready to recoil at being so closely pressed; but the layman re-affirmed the truth of what he had said, explaining to him that he was trusting too much to his "learning and parts," and did not purely seek the glory of God alone; but had an eye to self and a leaning to the creatures, and, therefore, not having a "single eye to God," his vessel was still unclean, and consequently his teaching was defective, "not bringing grace to

pure loving hearts;" and thus it might be seen how it was that "so few received from his teaching the grace of the Holy Spirit."

As he spoke these words, Tauler fell on his neck and kissed him, and compared himself with the woman at Jacob's well; "for he had had all his faults laid bare before his eyes," some of which he believed "no human being in the world knew of;" and he greatly marvelled, and doubted not that his friend had it indeed from God. He was greatly humbled, and made resolutions of beginning a better course, with the help of the Lord; and they had much sweet discourse to his edification. The layman told him of his own experience, according to what we have seen in the life of Nicolas; and in the course of the conversation related how he had, as he believed, been enabled by the Holy Spirit to write a letter "to a heathen far away in the heathen land," in such a manner as to answer the poor man's longings and prayer to be led to the knowledge of a "better faith than that in which he had been born;" and how this heathen had, through this instrumentality, been brought to the Christian faith. "Albeit I am unworthy of it," said he, "yet did the Holy Spirit work through me, a poor sinner."

Tauler expressing his astonishment at receiving so much instruction from so simple a man, the layman said to him: "Now tell me, dear master, how it was, or whose work it was, that the blessed Saint Katharine, who was but a young maid barely fourteen years old, overcame some fifty of the great masters, and, moreover, so prevailed over them that they willingly went to martyrdom?" The "master" replied, "The Holy Ghost did this." Then said "the man," "Do you not believe that the Holy Ghost has still the same power?"—which Tauler could not but acknowledge.

After much conversation, probably at various interviews, Tauler found himself so brought down from his former lofty position as to give himself up to the new life which he saw was required of him, and to resolve that, let the consequences be what they might to himself, he would, with the Lord's help, endeavor to cease from his earthly reasonings and course, and follow the counsels thus faithfully given him. His friend, at Tauler's request, consented to remain some weeks longer with him, endeavoring to impart such counsel as should tend to his establishment in the spiritual pathway; and among other things, requested him to cease from both study and preaching for a time. "For know," said he, "that you must needs walk in that same path of which our Lord spoke to that young man; you must take up the cross, and follow our Lord Jesus Christ and his example, in utter sincerity, humility, and patience, and must let go all your proud, ingenious reason, which you have through your learning in the Scripture." "And then, when our Lord sees that the time is come, he will make of you a new man, so that you shall be born again of God. Nevertheless, know that before this can come to pass, you must sell all that you have, and humbly yield it up to God, that you may truly make him your end, and give up to him all that you possess in your carnal pride, whether through the Scriptures or without, or whatever it be, whereby you might reap honor in this world, or in which you may aforetime have taken pleasure or delight—you must let it all go, and with Mary Magdalene fall down at Christ's feet, and earnestly strive to enter on a new course. And so doing, without doubt, the eternal Heavenly Prince will look down on you with the eye of his good pleasure, and will not leave his work undone in you, but will urge you still further, that you may be tried and purified as gold in the fire. And it may even come to pass that he shall give you to drink of the bitter cup that he gave to his only begotten Son. For it is my belief that one bitter cup which God will pour out for you will be, that your good works and all your refraining from evil, yea, your whole life, will be despised and turned to naught in the eyes of the people; and all your spiritual children will forsake you and think you are gone out of your mind; and all your good friends and brothers in the convent will be offended at your life, and say that you have taken to strange ways. Now if so be that you are minded to take these things in hand, there is nothing better or more profitable for you at this present than an entire, hearty, humble self-surrender in all things, whether sweet or bitter, painful or pleasant; so that you may be able to say with truth, 'Ah, my Lord and my God, if it were thy will that I should remain till the day of judgment in this suffering and tribulation, yet would I not fall away from thee, but would desire ever to be constant in thy service.' I see you are thinking in your heart, that I have said very hard things to you; and this is why I begged you beforehand to let me go, and told you that if you went back, like that young man, I would not have it laid to my charge." Then said the master, "Thou sayest truly: I confess it does seem to me a hard thing to follow thy counsel." The man answered, "Yet you begged me to show you the shortest way to the highest perfectness. Now I know no surer or shorter way than to follow in the footsteps of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Some time after this conversation, Tauler said to the man, "Ah, dear son, what agony and struggle and fighting have I not had within me, day and night, before I was able to overcome the devil and my own flesh—but I am purposed to remain steadfast, come weal, come woe."

The layman soon after this took his leave. But within a year after, his prediction came to be fulfilled; for the strict spiritual life which Tauler now felt himself called upon to lead, in humility, and renunciation of self, was so strange in the eyes of all his associates, that he came to be despised as much as he had before been loooked up to. During the distress into which he was hereby introduced, which at times seemed too much for him to bear without suffering in his bodily health, his friend came again to see him, and endeavored to encourage him to give up all to his Divine Master, and trust in Him through all. When he was about departing homeward, Tauler expressed the great loss his absence would be to him. But he referred him to the "Better Comforter, that is, the Holy Ghost, who," said he, "has called and invited and brought you to this point, by means of me, his poor creature; but it is *his* work which has been wrought in you, and *not mine;* I have been merely his instrument, and served him therein, and have done so willingly, for the glory of God and the salvation of your soul." Then said Tauler, "May God be thine eternal reward!" And he parted from him in tears.

After suffering for two years much humiliation and distress, both inward and outward, he again began to preach. His friend, the layman, had visited him in his trouble, and finding that the good work was going on in his soul, and judging therefore that as he had "now received the light of the Holy Spirit by the grace of God," his doctrine would "now come from the Holy Ghost, which before came from the flesh," he had encouraged him to resume his function as a preacher, "giving ear to the true Master, and obeying His commands." The first time that he tried again to speak in the congregation as a preacher, he was powerfully arrested in his feelings after he had gone into the pulpit, and could only exclaim, holding his hood before his eyes, "Oh, merciful eternal God, if it be thy will, give me so to speak that it may be to the praise and glory of thy name, and to the good of this people!" As he said these words, his eyes overflowed with tears, and though the people became impatient to hear him, he could say no more. He remained in silent supplication to the Almighty, casting himself on His wisdom and mercy, and at length apologized to the congregation and let them depart. After this, he became, it is said, a public laughing-stock of the town, so that they said, "Now we all see that he has become a downright fool;" and he was forbidden to attempt to preach any more. He was, however, after some time, permitted again to preach; and on this occasion many of his congregation appear to have been greatly affected by the fervency of what he delivered to them.

After this, continuing faithful according to the measure of the light vouchsafed through the clouds of those dark ages, he is said to have grown in spiritual understanding and in outward usefulness. He determined to preach altogether in the German tongue instead of the Latin. "In simple and earnest language he appealed to the consciences of his hearers, and showed them the way of escape from the wretchedness of their sinful lives to the peace of God, which passeth all understanding." It is said that it was a particular concern with him to promote a reformation in the lives of the ecclesiastics, many of whom were living in utter neglect of the duties of their vocation. The statutes of a synod called by Bishop Berthold, in 1335, even during the time of the interdict, described in sorrowful colors their indecorous conduct. It seems that they often alienated the church property in order to gratify their propensity to pleasure and ostentation. "The younger and more wealthy especially distinguished themselves by their extreme fondness for display, and the bishop complained, that instead of going about clad with due decorum, they allowed their hair to grow long in order to conceal the tonsure, wore boots of red, yellow, and green, and adorned their coats with gold lace and gay ribbons; that they strutted about in the streets equipped with rapiers and swords, attended tournaments, frequented the public taverns, and were the most jovial of boon companions at the drinking-bouts of the laymen. In some of the more wealthy nunneries, too, things had come to such a pitch that the nuns, dressed magnificently, took part in the amusements of the tournament, and even danced with laymen in their taverns!"

Tauler was zealous against such disorders, which provoked for him the hostility of many of the priests, who could not bear to be restricted or so exposed in their irregularities. His enemies ridiculed him for "making so much of the inward work," and called him and his friends innovators, Beghards, and belonging to the new spirits. But the magistrates befriended him; for though his preaching was in opposition to the papal interdict, and many of the priests in their anger against him forbade him to

preach, yet he was sustained by the authorities of the city, who obliged them to rescind their prohibition. It is related, however, that under the influence of his admonitions "many of the priests became quite pious," and that by the people at large he was revered and greatly beloved, and often called upon to act as counsellor among them in weighty affairs. The "Friends of God" were closely attached to him, and it is believed that that eminent member of their community, Rulman Merswin, was convinced of their principles through his instrumentality.

Nor did he confine his piety to theory alone, but manifested his faith by his works in deeds of love and kindness to his fellow-creatures. In the year 1348 a plague visited southern Germany and France, called the Black Death; by which it was calculated that two-thirds of the population of southern France perished, and sixteen thousand in Strasburg alone. When it visited this his native city, he devoted himself to carrying consolation to the sick and dying; an employment rendered much more laborious by the fact that the other priests had generally deserted their flocks. Tauler and two of his friends, named Ludolph and Thomas, issued an address to the clerical body, showing them how wrong it was for them to desert the poor people under such circumstances of affliction, and declaring that "Christ had died for *all* men, and the pope had no power to close heaven against an innocent person who should die under the interdict." They afterward issued another address, in which they boldly proclaimed "that he who professes the true articles of the Christian faith, and only sins against the power of the pope, is by no means to be accounted a heretic.

As was to be supposed, the pope soon heard of such doctrine being promulgated, and took great offence at it. He commanded the bishop to burn the books of these three friends and forbid their perusal. The result was that they were expelled from the city which had been the grateful recipient of their benevolent exertions to its suffering people. After a while, the Emperor Charles IV. visited Strasburg, and, hearing much respecting Tauler and his two friends, sent for them to hear their defence. Tauler firmly advocated what he believed to be the truth, and plainly told the emperor why they were banished; and his discourse had so much weight with Charles, that he expressed his desire that no further proceedings should be taken against them, declaring himself (it is said) even favorable to their opinions. The bishops, however, who were present continued to condemn their writings, and enjoined upon them to recant, and write no more of the like nature on pain of excommunication. One writer declares, nevertheless, that they went on and wrote still better than before; but nothing can now be clearly known of this, for very little further has come down to us respecting Tauler until the occurrence of his last illness and death. It is known, however, that he left Strasburg and took up his residence in Cologne for a time, and afterward returned to his native city, where he died. He was visited with a long and painful illness, being confined to his bed for about twenty weeks with great suffering. Perceiving that he was about to depart, he sent for his old and valued friend Nicolas of Basle, informing him that he did not expect to be much longer in this world. On Nicolas coming to him and asking how it fared with him, he replied, "I believe that the time is very near when God purposes to take me from this world; for which cause, dear son, it is a great consolation to me that thou art present at my end. I pray thee, take these books, which are lying there. Thou wilt find written therein all thy discourse with me aforetime, and also my answers, and thou wilt find something concerning my life, and the dealings of God with me his poor unworthy servant. Dear son, if thou think fit, and if God give thee grace, make a little book of it." And when his friend assented, and spoke of writing an account of him and adding some of his sermons which he had written down, Tauler said to him, "Dear son, I lay upon thee my most solemn admonition, that thou write nothing about me, and that thou do not mention my name; for thou must know that of a truth the life, and words, and works, which God has wrought through me, a poor, unworthy, sinful man, are not mine, but belong to God Almighty, now and for evermore. Therefore, dear son, if thou wilt write it down for the profit of our fellow-Christians, write it so that neither my name nor thine be named, but thou mayest say, the 'master' and 'the man.' Moreover, thou shalt not suffer the book to be read or seen by any one in this town, lest he should mark that it was I; but take it home with thee to thy own country, and let it not come out during my life."

In this humble frame of mind he waited his summons for eleven days after this conversation, and died about the seventy-first year of his age, in the year of our Lord 1361.

KEMPIS says: "I had rather *feel* penitent than understand the definition thereof." Christ has many babes who experience the genuine exercises of piety long before they know how to call them by name, as all children learn to talk before they know grammar.

"THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS."

A LAYMAN'S ATTEMPT TO STATE IT.

This is the title of a little tract which lately came under our notice, published in Boston. Name of the author not given.

"There is no prayer, it seems to me, which a thoughtful Christian man can more appropriately offer, and make the presiding spirit of his labors, at the very day we live in, in view of the wants of the Church and the community, than this,—that men might come to a true *understanding* in the things of religion; that they might really, and not merely in form and phrase, *know* the truths, the beings, and the powers of the world to come,—that world, and that kingdom, which is ready to come even now in the soul that shall be ready for its recognition and reception."

"I do, indeed, feel that there is a wide-spread dissatisfaction with the forms of creed and worship in which the religion of the existing sects expresses itself; a feeling of something so inadequate, if not unjust, to the instincts of a humble, honest, humane heart, in the doctrines which undertake to describe religion, and in the established methods of administering it, that faith is repelled and constrained to fall back upon itself."

These quotations from one of many books may serve to represent the feelings of a great class of people, both at home and abroad,—feelings which indicate in matters of religion a wide-spread and increasing dissatisfaction and doubt, not confined to any class of society, but affecting alike the learned and the ignorant, the rich and the poor, the high and the low. Faith in old beliefs is shaken, in many it has passed away. Hesitation, dissatisfaction, doubt, disbelief, and indifference are strongly marked characteristics of the present time. And in the midst of doubt and destruction of faith, irreverence is sure to find a place. It is clear, too, that morality will suffer with religion. It is sad to see the fair appearance of principles and good character in young men of Puritan descent melt away, like snow before the sun, when brought in contact with society, in which selfishness and licentiousness are disguised in elegance, taste, and outward decency, and in which principles and laws are considered only as opinions and fashions.

Nothing which bears directly on the material interests of life is regarded with such doubt and suspicion. On the contrary, commerce and manufactures are pursued with an intense and never-tiring zeal; and intellectual education, being considered as a means to wealth and power, is one of the chief objects of popular favor. The school and the lecture-room are crowded with eager learners, while the church is empty or but partly filled with people who are seeking rest at once for body and mind.

From one point of view, we see only the busy selfishness of the world, regardless of God and of man, and intent solely on the acquisition of wealth,—a world avaricious, luxurious, selfish, sensual, irreligious.

There is a melancholy truth in this view, and yet there is a brighter side to the picture. No one can deny that there is everywhere a kind sympathy with the unfortunate, a liberal charity for the poor, and deep and noble feelings ready to flow at any call. We see, too, everywhere men and women of high and pure principles, and endowed with all Christian virtues. And, however much we may lay ourselves open to the charge of contradiction and inconsistency, we must assert without hesitation, that published books, and the world around us, prove conclusively that there exists a deep and genuine religious sentiment. This state of things betokens that the old creeds are inconsistent with the present belief, and gives warning of a religious crisis which is plainly at hand. There is imminent danger that, in casting away old errors, eternal truth may, for the time at least, be put away also; for truth and error having stood together in the same system, any revulsion of feeling against the system may blindly sweep away both. It is evident that a step is about to be taken, for it is impossible that the world should remain as it is; and, if a step onwards is not made, a step backwards is inevitable. How important is it, then, that those who see the truth and care for it should raise its banner and rush onward to show the way, before the already hesitating army is dispersed! It will not do to say, in a spirit of bigotry or fond delusion, "Stay where you are, and take rest in the old creeds." They have been tried and found wanting. As yet there is no general disbelief, but only a sincere and honest doubt; and this must be treated, not with bigotry and denunciation, but with liberality and kindness. The truth, well established and free from error, is the need of the age, and it is time for action. Thousands of well-disposed souls are struggling with the doubts and difficulties which beset them, and in their ignorance and bewilderment are losing the way to the truth and to life.

We conceive that their position may be simply stated, as both a hesitancy to believe what is taught, and an indifference to the subject in general, with a thorough weariness and distaste of the ordinary theological discussions.

Doubtless there are thousands who still

believe with fervency. But without hesitation, and perhaps with not such unmixed sorrow as they would approve of, we must assert that they do not represent the millions, the masses, and still less the predominant tendencies of the times. For what we have stated in the last paragraph is true beyond question, and so patent to attentive observers as to make argument on the subject almost superfluous. We may view it with sadness and dread, but by no means altogether with despondency. It is a "transitionary struggle," we hope, and may result in much good by human labors under the overruling providence of God.

There are two principal causes of the state of things which we have endeavored to describe; namely, the engrossing attention paid to material interests, and the unreasonableness of prevailing religious creeds,—this second cause being made operative by a general partial education of the people, an education altogether inadequate to establish a pure religious belief, but all-sufficient to unsettle conviction, and to create doubts which it is powerless to satisfy. Of the first of these causes we scarcely need speak.

Every man in business knows the absorbing nature of that pursuit at the present day. The steamship and the telegraph, in annihilating space (to use a popular phrase), have also annihilated all leisure time. Labor-saving machines, erroneously so called, have brought no rest. We can by them, doubtless, do the same work in less time, but the trouble is, that we employ as much time as before, the only difference being that we do a great deal more work. The country is new, the prizes for strenuous exertions are great, everything is subject to constant change, the population is intelligent and active, the competition is fearful. Neither the night nor the Sabbath is free from the thoughts of gain; dreams of voyages haunt the one, and figures almost play on the lips of the silent congregation. This feverish excitement, this tumultuous rush for riches, acts directly and indirectly to the injury of the mind, and sends many a victim to the drunkard's grave or the insane hospital. The late immense progress of the physical sciences, and the innumerable applications of them to the mechanical arts, have had their full share in contributing to the wondrous development of human industry. All over the civilized world there is the ceaseless whirl of machinery, and the powers of man are taxed to cope with the untiring force of steam. Yet new machinery serves but to increase production, to stimulate an enlarged consumption, and, by unending steps, to augment instead of reducing the sum of human labors. Of this universal process we need say nothing more. It is needless to dwell on what all know and so many suffer from; of course such an absorbing interest excludes other subjects from a due share of attention.

We name this interest as the first of the two prominent causes of the indifference of the time in matters of religion. We are glad, as we have said, to bear witness to the many solid virtues of the present age. Never has there been displayed a more generous sympathy, more general benevolence; never before such interest in human rights; in a word, never has Christianity been so widely and thoroughly put in practice. Still, there is a wide-spread and increasing indifference and scepticism in religious matters. If it is said that "it is credulity, superstition, or, if you please, speculative belief in tenets or churches, that has declined," we answer, that an absence of the old belief by no means involves a new faith in the truth, but rather a doubt and scepticism, and very likely an apathy about the subject in general, which is what we assert exists. For we cannot admit that it is new faith and the truth which have supplanted old error; but rather that people have received light enough to see that their old belief was more or less false, and they have simply dropped that. To believe the truth with heartiness, is very different from disbelieving and dropping errors from doubt and apathy.

We turn from the all-absorbing interest of business, which in these times particularly engrosses almost the whole attention of men, and thus prevents them from giving time or attention to different matters, to the second cause which we named,—to the unreasonableness of the prevailing religious creeds. In truth, the apathy we describe, though existing, is not the whole of the phenomenon to be accounted for;—there exists not only indifference, but also a strong dissatisfaction with the old beliefs. Indeed, it is undeniable that religion, as it is too generally taught, has lost its firm support in the rational convictions of men, and is fast losing their respect. We cannot state this more aptly than it was stated by Buckminster half a century ago.

"Subjects of doubtful disputation have been exalted into articles of Christian faith, and men have been required to believe, not merely that God has given us a revelation, but also just such a revelation as men, in language unauthorized by Scripture, have chosen to frame. . . . . How few of those who believe in Christianity have taken their religion from the New Testament! They have received all their ideas on this most interesting subject from their nurses,

their catechisms, or their preachers; and when they have found that some of the doctrines which they had received for Christianity were irreconcilably opposed to the subsequent discoveries of their minds, instead of informing themselves of the real doctrines of Scripture, they have rejected the whole as unintelligible or absurd. . . . . The progress of innumerable minds has been from irrational views of Christianity to total unbelief. . . . . If we would all first satisfy ourselves of the historical evidence of the Gospel facts, and then, each for himself, carefully study the New Testament and find his religion there, we should not see so many dogmatical or so many incredulous minds; . . . . . it is from our having taken our religious opinions from authority, and not from the Scriptures, that we see so much uncertainty and contradiction among Protestants."*

In the same spirit, Dr. Channing says, "Christianity is a rational religion; were it not so, I should be ashamed to profess it;" and many are indifferent and sceptical towards Christianity now because what is taught as such is irrational, being drawn neither from sound reason nor from the teachings of Christ. Now we do not propose any renewed contrast of the present prevalent creeds against the teachings of Christ. We shall not try to point out how dogmas have been invented by men for various purposes of church and state, and how philosophical doctrines and metaphysical subtilties have been added to the clear and simple teachings of Christ. We do not propose any theological discussion. The precise point we make is that none is needed. What Jesus Christ taught clearly is easily found out. We claim that what he taught clearly is itself the remedy for the doubt which we have described.

(To be concluded.)

A QUIET LIFE.

For my part, seeing the victims of fast life falling around me, I have willingly abandoned the apparent advantages of such a life and preferred less popularity, less gains, the enjoyment of a sound mind in a sound body, the blessings of a quiet domestic life, and a more restricted but not a less enjoyable circle of society. I am now approaching my seventy-fifth year. I cannot, indeed, say, vigorous as I am, that I have reached this age without the assistance of doctors, for I have had the constant attendance of those four famous ones—Temperance, Exercise, Good Air, and Good Hours.—*Wm. Howitt.*

*Sermons by the late Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster, pp. 146, 147, 148.

EXTRACT FROM ISAAC PENNINGTON.

Let all strive to excel in tenderness and in long-suffering, and to be kept out of hard and evil thoughts one of another, and from harsh interpretations concerning any thing relating to one another. Oh! this is unworthy to be found in an Israelite toward an Egyptian; but exceeding shameful and inexcusable to be found in one brother toward another. How many weaknesses doth the Lord pass by in us! How ready is he to interpret every thing well concerning his disciples that may bear a good interpretation! "The spirit," saith he, "is willing, but the flesh is weak." When they had been all scattered from him upon his death, he did not afterwards upbraid them, but sweetly gathered them again. Oh, dear friends! have we received the same life of sweetness? Let us bring forth the same sweet fruits, being ready to excuse and to receive what may tend toward the excuse of another, in any doubtful case; and where there is any evil manifest, wait, oh! wait, to overcome it with good. Oh! let us not spend the strength of our spirits in crying out of one another because of evil; but watch and wait where the mercy and the healing virtue will please to arise. *O Lord, my God, when thou hast shown the wants of Israel in any kind sufficiently, (whether in the particular or in the general,) bring forth the supply thereof from thy fulness, so ordering it in thine Eternal Wisdom, that all may be ashamed and abased before thee, and thy name praised in and over all.*

ASHAMED OF ONE'S NAME.

When one starts in life, his *name* is a mere convenience, but not a symbol. It serves to distinguish between man and man, and is, as it were, a handle by which we seize one man rather than another. But, in process of time, by the laws of association, we cluster about a man's name all the circumstances of his history, the elements of his character, the prominent traits of his disposition. The name becomes a history. The moment that it is sounded in our ears, we do not think of the name itself, but of a life, personality, and character. In fact, the name is a portrait painted in letters. What is specially curious is, that to its wearer the name may suggest one train of association, but to all others another, a different and often repugnant idea. It would be a curious literature if one could put in parallel lines what each man thought of himself and what all other men thought of him.

No person should be ashamed of his name. No person should ask for anything without being willing to take the responsibility of the request. The habit of standing up frankly to one's own actions, opinions, or feelings, and

taking the proper personal responsibility belonging to everything concerning his own personality, is manly and wholesome. If we were writing letters, like Lord Chesterfield, to a son, we should say, never write any letter that you are unwilling to sign. If there are reasons which make it improper for you to give your name, then you should not write at all. I will not say that there are *never* cases in which anonymousness is permissible. But they are rare and extreme cases. In general, it is a safe rule of conduct not to do anything to which one is unwilling to put his name. *A good name is better than great riches.* This habit of acting in all things frankly, openly, courageously, and of taking the consequences of one's thoughts and actions, cannot fail to result, in individuals and in communities, in a high and noble type of manhood.

Therefore, NEVER write anonymous letters! —*Beecher.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 20, 1868.

"IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM. By JOHN S. HART, Principal of the New Jersey State Normal School."

We have just received from Eldredge & Brother, Publishers, 17 and 19 S. Sixth street, Philadelphia, a volume with the above title. Although we have as yet given it only a cursory review, as far as it has been perused we are pleased with the ideas presented. From our knowledge of the author, and his long experience as a teacher, we are prepared to receive with attention the result of his judgment and observation, and commend it to those engaged in the instruction of children. Two articles from this volume, "The Difference between Teaching and Training," and "The Study of Language," will be found in our present number.

MARRIED, Sixth month 11th, 1868, at the residence of the late Benjamin Ferris, of Wilmington, Del., according to Friends' order, CHARLES, son of Caleb S. Hallowell, a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia, and FANNY, daughter of William and Mary Ferris, of Wilmington Monthly Meeting.

DIED, very suddenly, at his late residence in Mendon, N. Y., on the 9th of Eighth month, 1867, HENRY B. ROBINSON, in the 64th year of his age. He was for many years a consistent member of Easton Monthly Meeting of Friends, filling useful stations therein as Clerk, Overseer and Elder.

——, on the 17th of Fifth month, 1868, HOWARD HAINES, only child of Samuel and Ann Eliza Haines, of Upper Greenwich, N. J., in the 11th year of his age.

——, on the 23d of Fifth month, 1868, in Woodstown, Salem County, N. J., THOMAS EDWARDS, in the 83d year of his age. For a long period, and at the time of his death, he filled the station of an Elder of Pilesgrove Monthly Meeting, greatly to the satisfaction of his friends. He was kind to all, a deep sympathizer with the afflicted, and excellent in counsel, walking in that integrity and uprightness which secured to him almost unbounded confidence. In seasons of deep trial and proving, when it seemed as though there was no way to turn for relief, his calm judgment and composed mind would see in the distance a ray of hope. His last illness, which was short, he bore with that Christian patience which characterized him through life, and passed quietly away to his eternal rest.

——, at the residence of her son, Jonas Janney, near Waynesville, Ohio, on the morning of the 23d of Fifth month, 1868, LYDIA M. JANNEY, in her 91st year, after a short illness.

——, on the 30th of Fifth month, 1868, at the residence of her husband, in Belmont, Belmont Co., Ohio, ABIGAIL, wife of Nehemiah Wright, aged 77 years, 9 months and 21 days; an esteemed member of Plainfield Monthly Meeting. She was a constant attender of meeting when her health permitted. Her loss is deeply felt by her family and friends.

——, in Baltimore, Fifth month 18th, 1868, ANNA H., wife of Hamilton Easter, and daughter of James C. and the late Phebe Haviland, of Brooklyn, in her 39th year; a member of Baltimore Monthly Meeting. 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.'

——, suddenly, of apoplexy, at the residence of her husband Joshua Reeves, in Salem, N. J., 31st of Fifth month, 1868, MARTHA W. REEVES, in the 69th year of her age; an elder and much esteemed Friend of Salem Monthly Meeting. She was an humble minded Christian; and while her departure is mourned by many sorrowing relatives and friends, they have the comforting hope that she has been gathered into her Heavenly Father's rest.

——Sixth month 11th, 1868, NATHAN SHOEMAKER, M. D., in his 80th year; a Minister belonging to the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

——, Sixth month 12th, 1868, at Conshohocken, ISAAC JONES, in his 97th year; a member of Gwynedd Monthly Meeting, Pa.

——, Sixth month 9th, 1868, of consumption, CHARLES, son of Rachel Ann and the late Dr. J. B. Stretch, and grandson of the late Mark Baner, in his 20th year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Green St., Philadelphia.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TEACHING AND TRAINING.

These two processes practically run into each other a good deal, but they ought not to be confounded. Training implies more or less of practical application of what one has been taught. One may be taught, for instance, the exact forms of the letters used in writing, so as to know at once by the eye whether the letters are formed correctly or not. But only training and practice will make him a penman. Training refers more to the formation of habits. A child may by reasoning be taught the importance of punctuality in coming to school: but he is trained to the habit of punctuality only by actually coming to school in good time, day after day.

The human machine on which the teacher

acts, is in its essential nature different from the material agencies operated on by other engineers. It is, as I have once and again said, a living power, with laws and processes of its own. Constant care, therefore, must be exercised, in the business of education, not to be misled by analogies drawn from the material world. The steam engine may go over its appointed task, day after day, the whole year round, and yet, at the end of the year, it will have no more tendency to go than before its first trip. Not so the boy. Going begets going. By doing a thing often, he acquires a facility, an inclination, a tendency, a habit of doing it. If a teacher or a parent succeeds in getting a child to do a thing once, it will be easier to get him to do it a second time, and still easier a third time.

A teacher who is wise, when he seeks to bring about any given change in a child, whether it be intellectual or moral, will not ordinarily attempt to produce the change all at once, and by main force. He will not rely upon extravagant promises on the one side, nor upon scolding, threats, and violence on the other. Solomon hits the idea exactly, when he speaks of "leading in the way of righteousness." We must take the young by the hand and lead them. When we have led them over the ground once, let us do it a second time, and then a third time, and so keep on, until we shall have established with them a routine, which they will continue to follow of their own accord, when the guiding hand which first led them is withdrawn. *This is training.*

The theory of it is true, not only in regard to things to be done, which is generally admitted, but also in regard to things to be known, which is often ignored if not denied. A boy, we will say, has a repugnance to the study of arithmetic. Perhaps he is particularly dull of comprehension on that subject. We shall not remove that repugnance by railing at him. We shall never make him admire it by expatiating on its beauties. It will not become clear to his comprehension by our pouring upon it all at once a sudden and overpowering blaze of light in the way of explanation. Such a process rather confounds him. Here again let us fall back upon the method of the great Teacher, "Line upon line, precept upon precept." We will first patiently conduct our boy through one of the simplest operations of arithmetic, say, a sum in addition. The next day we will conduct him again through the same process, or through another of the same sort. The steps will gradually become familiar to his mind, then easy, then clear. He learns first the practice of arithmetic, then the rules, then the relations of numbers, then the theory on which the rules and the practices are based, and finally, he hardly knows how, he becomes an arithmetician. He has been trained into a knowledge of the subject.

You wish to teach a young child how to find a word in a dictionary. You give at first, perhaps, a verbal description of the mystery of a dictionary. You will tell him that, in such a book, all the words are arranged according to the letters with which they begin; that all the words beginning with the letter A are in the first part of the book; then those beginning with the letter B, then those beginning with C, and so on; you tell him that all the words beginning with one letter, covering some one or two hundred pages, are again re-arranged among themselves according to the second letter of each word, and then again still further re-arranged according to the third letter in each, and so on to the end. Arouse his utmost attention, and explain the process with the greatest clearness that words can give, and then set him to find a word. See how awkward will be his first attempt, how confused his ideas, how little he has really understood what you have told him. You must repeat your directions patiently, over and over, "line upon line;" you must take him by the hand day after day, and train him into a knowledge of even so apparently simple a thing as finding a word in a dictionary.

While teaching and training are thus distinguishable in theory, in practice they are well nigh inseparable. At least, they never should be separated. Teaching has never done its perfect work, until, by training, the mind has learned to run in accustomed channels, until it sees what is true, and feels what is right, with the clearness, force, and promptitude, which come only from long-continued habit.

THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE.

The study of language has ever been considered a study of high importance, regarded merely as a means of intellectual cultivation.

There are obvious reasons for this. The analysis of language is the analysis of thought. Resolving complex forms of speech into simple ones, and again combining simple expressions into those which are complex, and investigating, alternately by logic and æsthetics, the varying properties of words and phrases, are operations which come nearer, perhaps, than any other in which we are engaged, towards subjecting spirit itself to the crucible of experiment. The study of grammar, the comparison of languages, the translation of thought from one language to another, are so many studies in logic and the laws of mind. The subtleties of language

arise from the very nature of that subtle and mysterious essence, the human mind, of which speech is the prime agent and medium of communication.

The class of studies under consideration bears nearly the same relation to the spiritual that anatomy does to the bodily part of us. It is by the dissecting-knife of a keen and well-tempered logic, applied to the examination of the various forms which human thought assumes, that we most truly learn the very essence and properties of thought itself. It is this intimate, immediate, indissoluble connection and correlation between mind and language, between human thought and human speech, between the soul itself and the mould into which it is cast, that gives such importance to the general class of studies known as philological.

The study of language, more than any other study, tends to make the mind acute, discriminating, and exact. It tends also, in a most especial manner, to fit a person to train the minds of others to acuteness, discrimination, and exactness. The person who has learned to express a thought with entire exactness and idiomatic propriety in two languages; or where, from the want of analogy between the two languages, he finds this impracticable, to perceive the exact shade of difference between the two expressions; who can trace historically and logically the present meaning of a word from its original starting-point in reason and fact, and mark intelligently its gradual departures and their causes; who can perceive the exact difference between words and phrases nearly synonymous, and who can express that difference in terms clear and intelligible to others,—that person has already attained both a high degree of intellectual acumen himself, and an important means of producing such acumen in others.

The study of language is, in the profession of teaching, like the sharpening of tools in the business of the mechanic. Words are the teacher's tools. Human knowledge, even before it is expressed, and as it is laid up in the chambers of the mind, exists in words. We think in words. We teach in words. We are qualified to teach only so far as we have learned the use and power of words.

REPROOF.

Reprove mildly and sweetly, in the calmest manner, in the gentlest terms; not in a haughty or imperious way, not hastily or fiercely, nor with sour looks, or in bitter language; for these ways do beget all evil, and hinder the best effects of reproof. They do certainly inflame and disturb the person reproved.

INTEMPERANCE AND DISEASE.

(Concluded from page 234.)

I need not go into a discussion of the pathology of alcoholism, nor need I attempt to describe what medical treatment should be used in order to cure it; but I am sure we have done injustice to the science and Christianity of the nineteenth century by the promulgation of imperfect theories concerning intemperance.

What is the condition of the drunkard? Did you ever see a man suffering the torments of delirium tremens? Did you ever stand by his bed and assist in restraining his violent efforts to escape from imaginary fiends? Did you ever hear his cries and sympathize with his terrible agony of spirit? If you did, and are satisfied with the notion that on this account he is necessarily a bad man, and a fit subject for a prison, I do not envy your dullness of perception, or the obduracy of your feelings. It is a fearful thing to be a drunkard, and delirium tremens is only an aggravated expression of drunkenness. Ah! yes, this terrific disease comes to us with more pangs than any other human infirmity. It comes to us with more of the powers of death, and more of the gloom of the grave, than any other known disease.

But there are traditions which have been received as matters of course, and generally accepted as true, which it will be well to consider. We have been accustomed to accept the idea that Alcohol is, in all cases, and in all doses, a poison, and there has been a great outcry against it without knowing just what it is, and where we stand when we do this. I submit, therefore, that it is better to be honest in dealing with this subject, and to concede to Alcohol all that truth demands for it. That it is a poison, no one doubts; but that it should be a poison, and yet be a useful element in combination with other elements, all Temperance people are not prepared to admit. Let us look at this question of poison a moment. There is scarcely an article of food we use upon our tables that does not contain poison, which, if separated from its combinations and given alone, would destroy life. Chemistry has a wonderful power to combine substances that are separately injurious and make them needful for our sustenance. The very oxygen of the atmosphere, without which we could not exist, when taken into the lungs alone and in excess, destroys life. Common salt, so indispensable to us, that without it we would perish, acts as an emetic medicine in quantities larger than we take it for food, while in very large doses it is an irritant poison and will cause death.

Iron, in small quantities, is an element of food, and indispensable to healthy existence.

It belongs to the blood, but in large quantities it may produce violent inflammation and destroy life. Arsenic is a virulent poison, and yet may be taken into the system for months together, in minute proportions, with advantage. Alcohol is a poison in certain doses, but in certain other proportions it is not poisonous. It is also the great solvent in the arts, and the great preserver. Science and art cannot make their conquests without it; and yet, like every other great power in the world, it is capable of abuse, and does immense mischief. As we must accept these facts, it becomes us to inquire how far our theories about alcohol have been extreme, and how far we can adapt our standard to the acknowledged facts of nature and science.

With such a wide range for usefulness in the arts and sciences, we can scarcely have the temerity to demand that alcohol should be driven from society. Forming the basis, as it does, of many of the remedies used in disease, and being one of those remedies itself —taken in some form by almost every infant that is born, and by almost every youth and adult in advancing life—resorted to in the hours of departing existence, to keep the flame from going suddenly or hastily out—it is no marvel that men whose susceptibilities are keen for stimulants, find in the effects of alcohol the gratification they desire. It is no marvel that there is a desire created for it.

But how can we do better than we have done? This is the practical question. In what numbers shall we count the Temperance hosts of this Commonwealth? Can we not say that, among her four millions of people, there are twenty thousand Temperance men? Is not this a fair calculation? Are there not at least that many Temperance women also?

What a mighty power for good this army might be if their forces could be properly marshalled, disciplined and employed. If the moral power and sympathy of this multitude could be brought to bear directly upon the drinking habits of society, and upon the sad victims of alcoholic drinks, we should have no need to busy ourselves in the ranks of political contestants with questions which the humanity and intelligence of the people can better control without legislation. I do believe that if we would deal more directly with drinking people—reach their moral sense, secure their confidence, encourage their hopes, surround them with sympathies such as they crave, and at the same time employ the best known means to reach and obliterate the appetite which leads them astray—we would do more in one year, to promote the cause of Temperance, than we have done in all the last quarter of a century.

Let twenty thousand men, each make a direct personal effort with twenty thousand other men, to influence them in any direction, and the power they will exert is incalculable. Does any gentleman in this house believe that if he would approach kindly and intelligently a single brother-man, who is being led by a morbid appetite into paths that are destructive to health and life, that he would be repulsed—and that his effort to do him good would be unavailing? And multiplying his own efforts twenty thousand times, can he not measure the value of such multiplied effort so as to see it rise in magnificent proportions before him?

The most careful estimate that we have been able to make, shows that there is one person in every four hundred and two of the population who finds his way to the prisons of the Commonwealth, and that the cost of maintaining these is $1,464,029.62 per year, or $2.45 to each voter of the State, if the cost should be equally divided among them.

Of paupers in poor-houses, there appears to be one in two hundred and forty-six of the population, with an annual cost to the people of $1,597,720, or $2.67 for each voter, and two-thirds of both these classes are due to intemperance.

From the best authorities in this State, we learn that there is one insane person to every thousand of the people, in whose interest the State treasury has expended nearly a million of dollars, and thirty-three per cent. of these owe their condition to intemperance.

The idiotic, blind, deaf mutes and others, claim their share of public support, and have received with a glad welcome, a total of nearly two and a half millions from the public treasury. But we can find no word in the history of the State that is sympathetic with the drunkard. We nowhere see the hand of the Commonwealth put forth for his relief. Her laws and her practices are all against him.

Law can bestow money which it gathers from licenses, and fines and impositions, and this it should do. It should build and foster hospitals and means of reform. Ten thousand dollars spent in this way is worth ten times ten thousand given for penitentiaries. In the acknowledgment by the friends of Temperance that the evil with which they are dealing is a disease, they add greatly to their power for good.

There are tremendous forces that underlie the whole structure of our social economy which must be stirred to their utmost depth. We must be intelligent enough to know what the true work before us is, and then brave enough to do it.

With six thousand churches in Pennsylvania, costing twenty-three millions of dollars

—with accommodations for two and a half millions of people—with a common school system that is educating half a million of children—with colleges and academies, both literary and theological, that are reaching into the sciences and arts, and claiming to be the higher educators of the people—what is there to fear if these instrumentalities are properly employed?

Let us take from intemperance none of its horrors—take from the traffic none of its dangers—but let us approach them differently. Oh, that the State could change its attitude towards the drunkard! What is it now? Is it not forbidding and threatening? Lock-ups, policemen, courts, jails, confinement, disgrace, stare him in the face.

Oh! that the Church could change her attitude toward him!—that she could, like her Master, seek and save, rather than avoid and neglect him. Oh! that Temperance men would think all through this subject!—that they would recognize in intemperate persons the hidden, blurred, deformed, weeping, yearning image of the Divine One; and, without ridicule or abuse, go to them as our Christian civilization demands we should go to men who are insane, blind, mute, deformed and sick—to do them good.

Gentlemen, I have considered this subject in a light in which it is not usually considered. I have done it because I see a crisis approaching, 'Nay! it is already at hand. We must face it honestly and bravely. We are called upon to admit also that even our "pledges" do not propose to save persons from the use of intoxicating liquors in all their forms—for the pledge allows their use in other ways than as a beverage; and it becomes us to inquire whether the exception does not enfeeble the obligation by admitting the necessity of their use at all, and allowing each person to be his own judge of the necessity.

The time in which we live, with its vigorous thought and wonderful resources—the pain, sorrow and death that are all around us—the obligations of Christianity, as it comes to us in the light of its purest life, and its noblest duties, call upon us to inquire where we can operate more successfully and with what instrumentalities. In view of these grand incentives, this address has been shaped rather in the form of suggestions, with the hope that thought and investigation, during the current year, may develop more truth.

Assure yourself that employment is one of the best remedies for the disappointments of life. Let even your calamity have the liberal effect of occupying you in some active virtue: so shall you in a manner remember others till you forget yourself.

GOD AND THE SOUL.

BY ANGELIUS SILESIUS.—1620.

The soul wherein God dwells,—
What church can holier be?—
Becomes a walking tent
Of heavenly majesty.

How far from here to Heaven?
Not very far my friend,
A single hearty step
Will all thy journey end.

Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If he's not born in Thee,
Thy soul is still forlorn.

The cross on Calvary
Will never save thy soul;
The cross in thine own heart
Alone can make thee whole.

Hold thee! where runnest thou!
Know Heaven is in thee;
Seek'st thou for God elsewhere,
His face thou'lt never see.

Ah! would thy heart but be
A manger for the birth,
God would once more become
A child upon this earth.

I don't believe in death,
If hour by hour I die;
'Tis hour by hour to gain
A better life thereby.

Go out—God will go in;
Die thou, and let Him live;
Be not, and he will be;
Wait, and He'll all things give.

Oh, shame! A silkworm works
And spins till it can fly,
And thou, my soul, wilt still
On thine old earth-clod lie.

From Friends' Review.

THE SOLAR ECLIPSE OF 1869.

By SAMUEL J. GUMMERE, President of Haverford Coll.

In the summer of next year (1869), the inhabitants of a considerable portion of the United States will have an opportunity of beholding one of the most impressive of astronomical phenomena—a total eclipse of the sun.

So rarely does a total solar eclipse occur for any particular spot on the earth, that probably ninety-nine hundredths of the human race pass their lives without ever seeing one. The interval between two such events, though very variable, must on the average greatly exceed a century. At Paris, there has been no total eclipse of the sun since 1724. At London, only one has occurred since the time of the Second Crusade: that is during a period of more than seven hundred years. Yet it is possible for one such eclipse to succeed another after a very short interval. Thus: there is a spot not far from Mount Hooker, in British America, where the sun was totally eclipsed in 1860, and where the eclipse of 1869 will also be total.

But rare as is this event for a particular

place, an eclipse of the sun total for some part of the earth is almost an annual occurrence. Thus: in the twenty years from 1850 to 1869, inclusive, there are sixteen total solar eclipses. In many cases, however, the lunar shadow falling only on inaccessible or uninhabited regions, the eclipse, although accurately predicted, passes unobserved.

In these days of enlightened curiosity and of ardent zeal in the cause of science, so grand a phenomenon has furnished to many persons a sufficient motive for long journeys by land and sea; and as the coming eclipse will occur at the very height of the season of summer travel, it may well be supposed that the most accessible points near the middle of the shadow's track will draw numerous visitors from all parts of our country.

It is not merely as an unusual and wonderful phenomenon that the eclipse is anticipated with great interest. There is good reason to believe that careful and repeated observations of the appearances of the sun's limb directly before and directly after the total obscuration, and of the singular light surrounding the moon during the eclipse, will result in important additions to our knowledge of the constitution of the sun itself.

It is true that such observations are made under difficulties and disadvantages. The intervals between favorable eclipses are long; the time for observation is very short; the chances of disappointment by unfavorable weather are great; and the excitement of mind naturally produced by the occurrence of a phenomenon which, in the great majority of cases, the observer has never before seen, is such as to render it difficult to concentrate the attention on special points. Yet these very difficulties, and the ordinary want of completeness in particular observations, only render it the more desirable that every available opportunity for repeating the observations should be improved.

In Silliman's Journal, vol. xxx. (New Series) and in the United States Coast Survey Report for 1860, are very interesting accounts of observations made on the total eclipse of Seventh month 18th, 1860, in Washington Territory, near Hudson's Bay in British America, on the coast of Labrador, and by Leverrier and others in Spain. To these accounts the reader is referred for particular statements of the various phenomena accompanying that eclipse, a repetition of which may be expected in the eclipse of next year.

On Seventh-day, the 7th of Eighth month, 1869, at thirty-eight minutes after seven in the evening, Greenwich time, the lunar penumbra or partial shadow will meet the earth, and about an hour later, the axis of the full dark shadow will fall on a spot in lat. 52° 42′ north, long. 117° 31′ east from Greenwich, and a central total eclipse will here commence at sunrise. The remarkable event will be accompanied by circumstances which may well be expected to astonish and even to alarm the rude inhabitants of that remote region. Though the season will be almost exactly mid-way between the summer solstice and the autumnal equinox, yet in that high latitude the morning twilight will commence soon after midnight. Supposing the sky to be cloudless on the morning of the 8th, (local time), the first glow in the northern horizon will gradually spread and brighten as it slowly advances from the north towards the east; but at length this progressive increase of light, the wonted and familiar evidence of approaching day, will be arrested; the north-eastern horizon will perceptibly darken; the movement of the hours will appear to be inverted, and midnight rather than dawn will seem to be approaching. The animal tribes, disturbed in their instinctive perceptions of the progress of time, will doubtless manifest in various ways, their uneasiness, and the ignorant peasantry will surely be confounded and alarmed as the hour of sunrise comes with a star-lit sky and night apparently resuming her sway in the heavens.

But this ominous darkness will not long prevail. Soon will come a cheering change. Just above the horizon a narrow curved line of brilliant light will suddenly appear. That line will presently display a crescent form and a crescent nature too, for it will rapidly grow, causing the stars "to hide their diminished heads," until at length the full-orbed sun, "with surpassing glory crowned," shall shine in his wonted manner and from his wonted place in the sky.

To trace the progress of the central line or axis of the lunar shadow from this its starting place in the southern part of Siberia, it will take at first a north-eastern course, darkening the northern slope of the Great Altai Mountains, and will leave the Asiatic Continent at Behring's Straits.

Here it will cross over to America, and having almost reached the Arctic Circle, the shadow will now follow a south-easterly course, keeping for a time near the Rocky Mountain range. From British America the shadow will enter Montana Territory, pass through Dakota, graze the south-western corner of Minnesota, traverse Iowa from north-west to south-east, pass very near to Springfield in Illinois, Louisville in Kentucky, Salisbury and Fayetteville in North Carolina, and will leave the earth's surface at a spot on the Atlantic Ocean about 150 miles west of the Bermudas.

The mariner whose vessel may chance to be near this vanishing place of the lunar shadow, will behold a sunset of almost midnight darkness, closely followed by a rapidly brightening twilight as of the morning, to be in turn quickly succeeded by the fading evening twilight, and the usual darkness of a moonless night.

Such is the history—if that term may be applied to an account of that which is yet to happen—the history of an event abounding in wonderful appearances and paradoxes; the history of a shadow's progress over more than ten thousand miles of the earth's surface, from the northern borders of China to the West Indian seas—a progress accomplished in two hours and a half, though commencing with sunrise and ending with sunset—commencing it may be added, (according to local reckoning of time,) on the 8th of the month, yet ending on the 7th: an event that turns day into night; that arrests and reverses the course of the morning and the evening twilight, seeming to give a retrogade motion to the wheels of Time, and that offers to all who shall be favored to observe its wonders, new proofs of the wisdom and the power of the Creator in a most striking evidence of the precision and constancy of the laws which He has established for the government of the worlds.

The preceding remarks have reference to the eclipse as total and central. The penumbra of the moon, bringing with it a partial eclipse of the sun, will cover some portion of the earth's surface for nearly five hours: it will have a much more extended range than the shadow, and it will first meet and finally leave the earth at places quite distant from those already mentioned as the points of first and last contact for the axis of the shadow.

This eclipse will not be visible in any part of Europe. The area of visibility extends from the North Pole to the Equator, including the eastern and northern portions of Asia, a great part of the North Pacific Ocean, the whole of North America and a small part of South America. For a considerable distance on each side of the line of central eclipse already traced, the eclipse will be total; while at yet greater distances it becomes partial. At Haverford College, where the eclipse will begin at $5^{h.}$ $8^{m.}$ P. M., and end at $6^{h.}$ $57^{m.}$ P. M., more than nine-tenths of the sun's disc will be hidden at the time of greatest obscuration. The diminution of light at this time, though not so striking as many would be led to expect, will yet doubtless be sufficient to render the planet Venus, then about twenty-five degrees distant from the sun, distinctly visible. Those who observe the eclipse should not fail to notice the beautiful images of the sun formed on the ground, amid the shadows cast by the branches and foliage of the trees. When the eclipse is near its height, these crescent-shaped images will be very striking.

One who would see the grand phenomenon in its perfection, must repair to some place not very remote from the central track already described. On the coast of North Carolina, the eclipse becomes total only a short time before sunset. To see it earlier in the day, a more western station must be chosen, at which not only will the time of day be more favorable, but the duration of the total obscuration (very brief at the best) will be greater. The vicinity of Springfield in Illinois, of Burlington and of Oskaloosa in Iowa, may be mentioned as favorable places for observation. The most perfect blending of noon and midnight will take place in the south-eastern part of our new Territory of Alaska, where the total obscuration will occur at the time of the sun's crossing the meridian.

As the time of the eclipse shall draw near, more extended calculations will be made to determine its various phases for different places. Meanwhile, even at this distance of more than a year, there is pleasure in anticipating an event so interesting in itself, and which, with all our "blindness to the future, kindly given," we do not feel it presumptuous to say, is certain to occur at the designated time.

From the Herald of Peace.

HELP IN FAMILIES.

Eds. Herald:—

Dear Friends:—I have before me seven letters to which I should like the privilege of replying through your columns. Three of them speak of the great difficulty of getting help (domestic,) in the rural districts,—the other four refer to the number of girls wanting employment.

Thousands of girls in our large cities are seeking for work to gain an honest livelihood and cannot find it. Thousands are driven to sin to purchase with the wages of unrighteousness, food to eat and raiment to put on. It is a fact worthy of remark, that these city supplies are fed by streams continually flowing in from the country. This is conclusively and satisfactorily proven by the statistical reports and police records. Yet the farmers' wives complain that they cannot get hired help. There is a fault somewhere; let us look at the matter a little more closely. I visit a beautiful country home; a pleasant house, large, substantial, comfortably furnished—everything around and within bespeaks thrift, skill and abundance. The low-

ing of the cattle, the bleating of the flocks and the sleek, well-fed horses, the beautiful trees which embellish the home, the strains of lively music from the feathered songsters, the clear rivulet, the orchards with their wealth of fruit, the granaries, the outbuildings, the poultry, and finally the profusion of milk, cream, butter, eggs, etc., abundance within and without, beautiful sights refresh the eye, sweet sounds regale the ear, and wrapt in admiration and astonishment, I exclaim, "How delightful! How happy the inmates of such a home must be!" Enter within; I see the farmer's wife an excellent manager, an able, skilful worker, but what ails her? In reply to my salutation and the remark, "What a sweet spot! How happy you must be in such a home!" she says, "The home's good enough, but the work is too hard; to keep this house clean and to do for three men—to mend, wash and cook—it is more than I and my girls can do." "I should think so. Why do you not have help?" "I can't get help to suit me!" Upon my entering with sympathy upon the question, she tells me that she "has tried four different girls during the past year,—none of them suited and none of them were willing to stay long." They "wanted to be going so much," and finally, "they did not want to stay, and she did not want to keep them, for they were more trouble than their help was worth."

The dear woman was a good neighbor, a faithful wife, and tender mother—an excellent manager, but she was *killing* herself with work; only 45 years of age—just in her prime, she should have been—but she was prematurely old. Her daughters, following in their mother's footsteps, were good workers, "smart girls," but their health giving way through too much and too early a strain upon their physical strength. I sat at their hospitable board, but while we might truly say that

"The table groaned with costly piles of food,
And all was more than hospitably good,"

my appetite was lessened and my heart made to ache at the thought that while the body was feasted the mind was starved,—the never-dying soul was famishing. The two girls, of 12 and 14 years, attended the district school six or eight months in the year and seemed to think this all-sufficient. I talked to them about their reading when at home—what books they enjoyed most—and found they "never could get time to read, except their school lessons." The same with their mother. I spoke of the *Atlantic Monthly*—they had never seen it,—the HERALD OF PEACE, "History of all Nations," "The Schonberg Cotta Family" and "The Little Foxes," and it was all entirely new to them. The beautiful works of Creation, by which they were surrounded, had no charms for them. The volume of Nature, so rich in pictures, in sweet sounds and beautiful sights, was a blank to them, as was the rich field of literature with which our country is so well supplied.

Within a mile of this pleasant home was another of a different character, a poor farmer, with a small farm, not a very good manager, his riches consisted in his children—five strong, healthy girls and three boys. My counsel to my friend was to take a girl or two from the other family to help in her house work; to bear with their inability, shiftlessness and ignorance, teach them and keep them as long as possible, making them as comfortable as she could and doing them all the good she could. This is my advice to my correspondents. This may be "your mission" just now. Do not expect to find all ready to your hand, a good, clean, neat, diligent, trusty hired girl, but get what material you can and train them to it. You will be doing a great good to the community, and you will benefit the young girls you thus teach. You will help and bless your own families also, and you will be doing your part towards finding occupation for the girls who are out of employ. If there are no girls near you, there may be in the "Homes of the Friendless," in the cities near by. There may be poor widows with families of fatherless children. One such came to me one day; she wanted a home for herself and two little girls. I found them a home, and amply have I been repaid by the valuable domestic helper that the mother has proved to me for the last three years. Her two children, Sarah and Lynda, have been ofttimes as little sunbeams in the house.

"We have children enough of our own," says one. "Our family is too large already," objects a second. "I cannot afford to keep one," says a third. "Hired girls are too extravagant," says a fourth. "They want so much waiting on," says a fifth. "They are not thorough," says a sixth. "They want to go out so much," says a seventh; and "They charge too much," says an eighth. Very likely this is all true and a good deal more. When you get discouraged by seeing their imperfections, the best remedy will be to look at home. Bear with them patiently, instruct them kindly, sympathise with them lovingly, whenever you reprove them let them see and feel it is not in anger, but in love and for their benefit, and they will improve rapidly. In this mission field work! Work prayerfully, work watchfully and work perseveringly. Do not expect too much perfection when you hire

a girl, but look in faith for great results upon your patient toil, your meek endurance, your forbearance and self-renouncing love in the divine blessing, and you will find that "According to your faith it shall be unto you."

As I sit here writing and look out occasionally upon the pleasant farm-houses, the orchards opening out in full bloom, I count over twenty-five within a range of two miles. We have a good fertile soil, truly a "land flowing with milk and honey." Taking these twenty-five farm-houses as a specimen of a much larger number throughout this country, and we find in fifteen of them no hired girl is kept, though they are quite as well able to hire one as any one (if we may be the judges in this matter). In eight of them a girl is just sent for in haste, as in seasons of sickness; also in haying, harvesting, butchering, threshing, spring and fall cleaning; also in interesting seasons, as births, marriages and deaths. Only three families out of the twenty-five keep hired help regularly.

Now my dear sisters, the farmers' wives, I want to advise you earnestly and persuade you lovingly to consider this matter; to query each one with your own hearts, "Is it not my duty to take a child to bring up, or an ignorant girl to train? Is this my mission?" If you would all do your duty in this matter, thousands of girls would be saved from leading a life of sin. Some of you might suitably take a reformed girl who has been a year in a refuge. This would be a great help to those who in cities are striving to reclaim the wandering, and whose hands are tied, in a great measure, by the great want of homes for such, or want of means to provide for them when rescued from a life of sin.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard!" is the charge of the loving Saviour who has done so much for us. The response of my heart is, "Here I am, send me!" And I can add—

"Let me not die before I've done for thee
My earthly work, whatever it may be!
Call me not hence with mission unfulfilled—
Let me not leave my space of ground untilled.
I long to be an instrument of thine—
To gather worshippers unto thy shrine,
To be the means *one* human soul to save
From the dark terrors of a hopeless grave."

E. L. COMSTOCK.

Hudson, Mich., 5thmo. 9, '68.

ITEMS.

THE "American Freedman" of the present month says, "Too much importance cannot be attached to the establishment of industrial schools in the South.

Now that six years' accumulated effort in primary is resolving itself into permanent academical instruction, so that from the normal schools now being established a goodly number of well-trained colored teachers will be sent forth in a few years, with what pleasure would we learn that every girls' school was henceforth to have its Industrial Class!

With the development of reason in the stronger sex, ought not the arts of household economy and feminine handiwork to keep step? To make the home of the educated colored man happy, no less than to secure that of the humblest from the old stigma of thriftlessness, the coöperation of the colored woman is essential.

To accomplish this, we would advocate industrial instruction in the strongest terms. It has already in some schools proved a valuable element. We refer primarily to sewing of the simplest kind, combined with 'cutting and shaping,' to grow afterward into work of a more intricate character should this seem desirable."

GENERAL SHERIDAN, in a letter to General Grant under date of the 22d of Fifth month, thus incidentally speaks of the Indian question in the section over which he is placed:—"I have not had a single depredation in my department since I assumed command, and I have the greatest desire to maintain this peaceful condition of affairs. I have made a great deal of personal exertion by visiting nearly every post in the section of country where the Indians were hostile last year, and in all interviews with the Indians I was led to believe that we may be able to preserve the peace the coming summer."

A GENTLEMAN of Stamford, Conn., has recently patented a simple yet ingenious device for indicating the displacement of switches and drawbridges on railroad lines. The invention is based on scientific principles, being a practical application of the well-established laws of voltaic electricity and electro-magnetism in combination, brought into operation by the most ordinary mechanical contrivances of levers and springs. It consists of galvanic batteries, of simple, durable form, capable of yielding constant currents, whenever and as long as the circuit is completed, a conducting wire of copper, insulated by a coating of gutta-percha, and encased in lead tubing, which effectually prevents any corroding influence of the soil in which it is placed, and stout boxes in which metallic rods are adjusted so that the act of displacing the rails on either side of the main line connects the poles of the batteries, the electric currents flow, the electro-magnets are vitalized, and the armatures move, causing the ringing of bells, and the raising of colored signals. The clatter of the bells is heard and the signals are visible, until, by the return of the rails to their proper position, the current is broken. The electro-magnets may be acted on at any distance, so that the alarm may be sounded near to or remote from the switch or drawbridge, and the signals may be rendered visible from either direction and at such distance as will give the engineer sufficient time to "break up" the train. This apparatus has been submitted to the most thorough theoretical and practical test, in the presence of men of high scientific judgment, with the best results. It is now in operation on the New Haven and Hudson Railroads.—*Ex. Paper.*

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—Professor Czermark, the inventor of the laryngoscope, and professor of physiology in the University of Jena, while examining the stomach of an Egyptian mummy, found a roll of something which, after careful microscopical scrunity, he decided to be the skin of the sole of the feet—and of the mummy's own feet! Further investigation has shown that this was a common practice in Egyptian mummification, and it is explained as symbolic of the eternal separation of the dead from the earth he so long trod, and as a sign of his manumission from the thrall of the world.—*Der Globus.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 27, 1868. No. 17.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for entire Club. Single Nos. 6 cts
REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.
The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.
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Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
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From J. G. Whittier's "Prose Works."

RICHARD BAXTER.

The picture drawn by a late English historian of the infamous Jeffreys in his judicial robes, sitting in judgment upon the venerable Richard Baxter, brought before him to answer to an indictment, setting forth that the said "Richardus Baxter, persona seditiosa et factiosa pravæ mentis, impiæ, inquietæ, turbulent disposition et conversation; falso illicte, injuste nequit factiose seditiose, et irreligiose, fecit, composuit, scripsit quendam falsum, seditiosum, libellosum, factiosum et irreligiosum, librum," is so remarkable, that the attention of the most careless reader is at once arrested. Who was that old man, wasted with disease, and ghastly with the pallor of imprisonment, upon whom the foul-mouthed buffoon in ermine exhausted his vocabulary of abuse and ridicule? Who was Richardus Baxter?

The author of works so elaborate and profound as to frighten by their very titles and ponderous folios the modern ecclesiastical student from their perusal, his hold upon the present generation is limited to a few practical treatises, which, from their very nature, can never become obsolete. The "Call to the Unconverted," and the "Saints' everlasting Rest," belong to no time or sect. They speak the universal language of the wants and desires of the human soul. They take hold of the awful verities of life and death, righteousness and judgment to come. Through them the suffering and hunted minister of Kidderminster has spoken in warning, entreaty, and rebuke, or in tones of tenderest love and pity, to the hearts of the generations which have succeeded him. His controversial works, his confessions of faith, his learned disputations, and his profound doctrinal treatises, are no longer read. Their author himself, towards the close of his life, anticipated, in respect to these favorite productions, the children of his early zeal, labor, and suffering, the judgment of posterity. "I perceive," he says, "that most of the doctrinal controversies among Protestants are far more about equivocal words than matter. Experience since the year 1643 to this year, 1675, hath loudly called me to repent of my own prejudices, sidings, and censurings of causes and persons not understood, and of all the miscarriages of my ministry and life which have been thereby caused; and to make it my chief work to call men that are within my hearing to more peaceable thoughts, affections, and practices."

Richard Baxter was born at the village of Eton Constantine, in 1615. He received from officiating curates of the little church, such literary instruction as could be given by men who had left the farmer's flail, the tailor's thimble, and the service of strolling stage-players, to perform church drudgery under the parish incumbent, who was old

and well-nigh blind. At the age of sixteen, he was sent to a school at Wroxeter, where he spent three years, to little purpose, so far as a scientific education was concerned. His teacher left him to himself mainly, and following the bent of his mind, even at that early period, he abandoned the exact sciences, for the perusal of such controversial and metaphysical writings of the schoolmen as his master's library afforded. The smattering of Latin which he acquired only served in after years to deform his treatises with barbarous, ill-adapted, and erroneous citations. "As to myself," said he, in his letter written in old age to Anthony Wood, who had inquired whether he was an Oxonian graduate, "my faults are no disgrace to a university, for I was of none; I have but little but what I had out of books, and inconsiderable help of country divines. Weakness and pain helped me to study how to die; that set me a studying how to live; and that on studying the doctrine from which I must fetch my motives and comforts; beginning with necessities, I proceeded by degrees, and am now going to see that for which I have lived and studied."

Of the first essays of the young theologian as a preacher of the Established Church, his early sufferings from that complication of diseases with which his whole life was tormented, of the still keener afflictions of a mind whose entire outlook upon life and nature was discolored and darkened by its disordered bodily medium, and of the struggles between his Puritan temperament and his reverence for Episcopal formulas, much might be profitably said, did the limits we have assigned ourselves admit. Nor can we do more than briefly allude to the religious doubts and difficulties which darkened and troubled his mind at an early period. He tells us at length in his "Life," how he struggled with these spiritual infirmities and temptations. The future life, the immortality of the soul, and the truth of the Scriptures, were by turn questioned. "I never," says he in a letter to Dr. More, inserted in the *Sadducisimus Triumphatus*, "had so much ado to overcome a temptation as that to the opinion of Averroes, that, as extinguished candles go all out in an illuminated air, so separated souls go all into one common *anima mundi*, and lose their individuation." With these and similar "temptations" Baxter struggled long, earnestly, and in the end triumphantly. His faith, when once established, remained unshaken to the last: and although always solemn, reverential, and deeply serious, he was never the subject of religious melancholy, or of that mournful depression of soul which arises from despair of an interest in the mercy and paternal love of our common Father.

The Great Revolution found him settled as a minister in Kidderminster, under the sanction of a drunken vicar, who, yielding to the clamor of his more sober parishioners, and his fear of their appeal to the Long Parliament, then busy in its task of abating church nuisances, had agreed to give him sixty pounds per year, in the place of a poor tipling curate, notorious as a common railer and pothouse encumbrance.

As might have been expected, the sharp contrast which the earnest, devotional spirit and painful strictness of Baxter, presented to the irreverent license and careless good humor of his predecessor, by no means commended him to the favor of a large class of his parishioners. Sabbath merry-makers missed the rubicund face and maudlin jollity of their old vicar; the ignorant and vicious disliked the new preacher's rigid morality; the better informed revolted at his harsh doctrines, austere life, and grave manners. Intense earnestness characterized all his efforts. Contrasting human nature with the Infinite Purity and Holiness, he was oppressed with the sense of the loathsomeness and deformity of sin, and afflicted by the misery of his fellow-creatures separated from the Divine harmony. He tells us that at this period he preached the terrors of the Law, and the necessity of Repentance, rather than the joys and consolations of the Gospel, upon which he so loved to dwell in his last years. He seems to have felt a necessity laid upon him to startle men from false hope and security, and to call for holiness of life and conformity to the Divine will as the only ground of safety. Powerful and impressive as are the appeals and expostulations contained in his written works, they probably convey but a faint idea of the force and earnestness of those which he poured forth from his pulpit. As he advanced in years, these appeals were less frequently addressed to the fears of his auditors, for he had learned to value a calm and consistent life of practical goodness beyond any passionate exhibition of terrors, fervors, and transports. Having witnessed, in an age of remarkable enthusiasm and spiritual awakening, the ill effects of passional excitements and religious melancholy, he endeavored to present cheerful views of Christian life and duty, and made it a special object to repress morbid imaginations and heal diseased consciences. Thus it came to pass, that no man of his day was more often applied to for counsel and relief by persons laboring under mental depression than himself. He has left behind him a very curious and not uninstructive discourse,

which he entitled "The Cure of Melancholy, by Faith and Physick," in which he shows a great degree of skill in his morbid mental anatomy. He had studied medicine to some extent for the benefit of the poor of his parish, and knew something of the intimate relations and sympathy of the body and mind; he therefore did not hesitate to ascribe many of the spiritual complaints of his applicants to disordered bodily functions; nor to prescribe pills and powders in the place of Scripture texts. More than thirty years after the commencement of his labors at Kidderminster he thus writes: "I was troubled this year with multitudes of melancholy persons from several places of the land; some of high quality, some of low, some exquisitely learned, and some unlearned. I know not how it came to pass, but if men fell melancholy I must hear from them or see them; more than any physician I knew." He cautions against ascribing melancholy phantasms and passions to the Holy Spirit, he warns the young against licentious imaginations and excitements, and ends by advising all to take heed how they make of religion a matter of "fears, tears, and scruples." "True religion," he remarks, "doth principally consist in obedience, love, and joy."

At this early period of his ministry, however, he had all of Whitefield's intensity and fervor, added to reasoning powers greatly transcending those of the revivalist of the next century. Young in years, he was even then old in bodily infirmity and mental experience. Believing himself the victim of a mortal disease, he lived and preached in the constant prospect of death. His *memento mori* was in his bed-chamber, and sat by him at his frugal meal. The glory of the world was stained to his vision. He was blind to the beauty of all its "pleasant pictures." No monk of Mount Athos, or silent Chartreuse, no anchorite of Indian superstition, ever more completely mortified the flesh, or turned his back more decidedly upon the "good things" of this life. A solemn and funeral atmosphere surrounded him. He walked in the shadows of the cypress, and literally "dwelt among the tombs." Tortured by incessant pain, he wrestled against its attendant languor and debility, as a sinful wasting of inestimable time; goaded himself to constant toil and devotional exercise, and, to use his own words, "stirred up his sluggish soul to speak to sinners with compassion, as a dying man to dying men."

Such entire consecration could not long be without its effect, even upon the "vicious rabble," as Baxter calls them. His extraordinary earnestness, self-forgetting concern for the spiritual welfare of others; his rigid life of denial and sacrifice, if they failed of bringing men to his feet as penitents, could not but awaken a feeling of reverence and awe. In Kidderminister, as in most other parishes of the kingdom, there were at this period pious, sober, prayerful people, diligent readers of the Scriptures, who were derided by their neighbors as Puritans, precisians and hypocrites. These were naturally drawn towards the new preacher, and he as naturally recognized them as "honest seekers of the word and way of God." Intercourse with such men, and the perusal of the writings of certain eminent Non-conformists, had the effect to abate, in some degree, his strong attachment to the Episcopal formula and polity. He began to doubt the rightfulness of making the sign of the cross in baptism, and to hesitate about administering the sacrament to profane swearers and tipplers.

But while Baxter, in the seclusion of his parish, was painfully weighing the arguments for and against the wearing of surplices, the use of marriage rings, and the prescribed gestures and genuflections of his order, tithing with more or less scruple of conscience the mint and anise and cummin of pulpit ceremonials, the weightier matters of the law, freedom, justice, and truth, were claiming the attention of Pym and Hampden, Brook and Vane, in the Parliament House. The controversy between King and Commons had reached the point were it could only be decided by the dread arbitrament of battle. The somewhat equivocal position of the Kidderminster preacher exposed him to the suspicion of the adherents of the King and Bishops. The rabble, at that period sympathizing with the party of license in morals and strictness in ceremonials, insulted and mocked him, and finally drove him from his parish.

On the memorable 23d of Tenth month, 1642, he was invited to occupy a friend's pulpit at Alcester. While preaching, a low, dull, jarring roll, as of continuous thunder, sounded in his ears. It was the cannon-fire of Edgehill, the prelude to the stern battle-piece of revolution. On the morrow, Baxter hurried to the scene of action. "I was desirous," he says, "to see the field. I found the Earl of Essex keeping the ground, and the King's army facing them on a hill about a mile off. There were about a thousand dead bodies in the field between them." Turning from this ghastly survey, the preacher mingled with the Parliamentary army, when, finding the surgeons busy with the wounded, he very naturally sought occasion for the exercise of his own vocation as a spiritual practitioner. He attached himself to the army.

So far as we can gather from his own memoirs, and the testimony of his contemporaries, he was not influenced to this step by any of the political motives which actuated the Parliamentary leaders. He was no revolutionist. He was as blind and unquestioning in his reverence for the King's person and divine right, and as hearty in his hatred of religious toleration and civil equality, as any of his clerical brethren who officiated in a similar capacity in the ranks of Goring and Prince Rupert. He seems only to have looked upon the soldiers as a new set of parishioners, whom Providence had thrown in his way. The circumstances of his situation left him little choice in the matter. "I had," he says, "neither money nor friends. I knew not who would receive me in a place of safety, nor had I anything to satisfy them for diet and entertainment." He accepted an offer to live in the Governor's house at Coventry, and preach to the soldiers of the garrison. Here his skill in polemics was called into requisition, in an encounter with two New England Antinomians, and a certain Anabaptist tailor who was making more rents in the garrison's orthodoxy than he mended in their doublets and breeches. Coventry seems at this time to have been the rendezvous of a large body of clergymen, who, as Baxter says, were "for King and Parliament,"—men who, in their desire for a more spiritual worship, most unwillingly found themselves classed with the sectaries whom they regarded as troublers and heretics, not to be tolerated; who thought the King had fallen into the hands of the Papists, and that Essex and Cromwell were fighting to restore him; and who followed the Parliamentary forces to see to it that they were kept sound in faith, and free from the heresy of which the Court News-Book accused them. Of doing anything to overturn the order of Church and State, or of promoting any radical change in the social and political condition of the people, they had no intention whatever. They looked at the events of the time, and upon their duties in respect to them, not as politicians or reformers, but simply as ecclesiastics and spiritual teachers, responsible to God for the religious beliefs and practices of the people, rather than for their temporal welfare and happiness. They were not the men who struck down the solemn and imposing Prelacy of England, and vindicated the divine right of men to freedom by tossing the head of an anointed tyrant from the scaffold at Whitehall. It was the so-called schismatics, ranters, and levellers, the disputatious corporals and Anabaptist musketeers, the dread and abhorrence alike of Prelate and Presbyter, who, under the lead of Cromwell,

"Ruined the great work of time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould."

The Commonwealth was the work of the laity, the sturdy yeomanry and God-fearing commoners of England.

(To be continued.)

"The passion for gain is everywhere sapping pure and generous feeling, and everywhere raises up bitter foes against any reform which may threaten to turn aside a stream of wealth. I sometimes feel as if a great social revolution were necessary to break up our present mercenary civilization, in order that Christianity, now repelled by the almost universal worldliness, may come into new contact with the soul, and may reconstruct society after its own pure and disinterested principles."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

EDUCATIONAL.

"Science is the handmaid of religion. Every step we take in the knowledge of mind or matter, brings us intellectually, and should bring us morally, nearer to God."

The subject of education was one which claimed so much attention, during the week of our annual assemblage, that we might suppose all had been said which could with propriety bear upon it, yet one most important aspect was scarcely adverted to.

May I ask a little room in order to present it? Does our Society—does any Society—look closely enough to the personal character of the Teacher? and do we sufficiently consider the necessity of a pure and upright example for our children, (who adopt with great facility the opinions and habits of those with whom they are brought in contact)—or do we assume that literary attainments are all which are to be desired?

To me it seems as if we cannot be too careful in this respect. Our Teachers should be the best and most virtuous men and women that our Society can furnish, and their vocation should be held as the most honorable pursuit among us. We all know it is far more important to teach the young, whose lives are still before them, and whose habits are yet to form, than to preach to those who are confirmed in their modes of thought and action.

It ought to be better understood than it is, that children require in their early years instruction which taxes the resources of most patient mothers, how much more do they tax the teacher, in whom the feeling of maternal interest necessarily is wanting; and as teaching, to be thoroughly done, demands the exercise of talent, perseverance and patience, more than almost any other business, we

should offer liberal inducements to those who are willing to give them.

Of all people, we Friends have the least right to make any difficulty over this. We object to a hireling ministry, and we are right, for the gospel cannot be bought or sold. It is a free gift. But human learning can. And they who labor in the fields of scholastic literature, who toil all day, and often through the still hours of the night when others rest, who bear the weight and responsibility which parents will throw upon teachers, who lead pure lives and walk uprightly before the eyes of innocent little children, deserve the fullest and largest recompense which we can make them.

They are entitled to ample maintenance, sufficient to provide comfortably for them now, and to lay aside for the years "when the sound of the grinding is low;" and as there is no doubt that continuous mental labor is exhausting, no teacher should be compelled by need to toil on after the vigor of life has passed.

If we were to devote to our school-houses and teachers one-quarter of the sum deemed necessary by other societies for the maintenance of their churches and clergymen, what a good influence we might exercise over all in our borders: and herein we should find true economy.

Many of the public schools are taught by Friends, and these teachers are so good, that some members of the Society feel themselves freed from the responsibility of providing other places of education for their children. A few years may perhaps prove that even in a pecuniary point of view this has not been judicious.

Tobacco is in general use, and sometimes liquor; our boys. are liable to the same temptations as other boys, and if we place them with associates who use stimulants, we must expect them to acquire the same habits.

Tobacco, even purchased by the pennyworth, may be more expensive than schooling. Nor this only. Friendships are formed out of the pale of our Society which lead to violations of our Discipline, in attendance on parties, operas, theatres and other expensive places of diversion.

The simple pleasures which spring up around the household hearth become distasteful. Our girls acquire a love for dress and ornament, altogether inconsistent with the adornment of a "meek and quiet spirit," spoken of by Paul. They feel themselves fettered by parental restraint, and too often impatiently assert their independence by entering into marriage engagements as carelessly as they take a partner for the dance. These are proved facts. Do we find it cheaper then to send our children to the public schools? Better had the mothers wear the coarsest of calico, and tie their bonnets together with tape strings to save expense, than expose their children to these dangers.

And shall we hoard our money now, that our children may lavish it in dissipation, after we are gone? An inferior teacher may be had for a low price; such an one had better be assisted in "business for which he is capable" in some way. Keep him in idleness if you will, but never intrust the most precious of all our gifts to his charge, remembering that we are answerable for their training; and if we should be so fortunate as to meet with those who are true, courageous, faithful and patient, whose habits are simple, and whose hearts are in their work, let them set their own price and keep them at any cost; honor and encourage them, for their office is noble; let them feel that they are conferring a benefit upon the community; recognize the full value of their services to the utmost extent of our means, and we shall have such schools, such teachers, such children, and such a Society after a while as the world never yet saw. P.

Westchester, Pa., 6th mo., 1868.

Silence.—"I have passed the greater part of my life," said Simon, the son of Gamaliel, "in the society of the wise, and found nothing more becoming in the man of wisdom than silence. It is not the preaching, but the practice, which ought to be considered as the most important. A profusion of words is sure to produce error."

"THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS."

(Concluded from page 246.)

Fortunately, the New Testament is a book open to all, and though learning may be necessary fully to understand and competently to criticise doubtful points, yet there would seem to be no other book so clear and distinct in its general meaning to any one who comes to its perusal without a conscious or unconscious determination to prejudge its doctrines. We think it is becoming more and more evident, that, though profound learning may be necessary to comprehend and clear away the clouds and darkness which bad purpose, ignorance, passsion, or theological and metaphysical disputes have thrown around the religion of Jesus, such knowledge is quite unnecessary for the adequate understanding of its plain commands and simple doctrines, its pure and fervent spirit, and its holy wisdom.

Therefore, if we state truly and simply what Christianity really is, each one can com-

pare this statement with what is usually taught as Christianity. And it is becoming every day more important, in the actual state of opinion and speculation, to understand more definitely what Christianity in and by itself really is, because it is in danger of losing its hold more and more upon an educated and reflecting community, on account of the false and absurd doctrines which have been hitherto most unwarrantably attached to it. It is this inquiry to which we now address ourselves. We do not say where the Christianity thus defined is taught or is not taught. We do not compare it with existing systems. We do say that a distinct understanding of what Jesus Christ does teach and what he does not—of what he is responsible for, and for what he is not responsible—is the essential remedy for the apathy, or the scepticism which grows from apathy, of our times. In making this inquiry as to the doctrines taught by Christ, we shall try to attribute to him none which he did not clearly set forth. He may have alluded to many heavenly facts and truths which he did not mean fully to explain. If he was possessed of all heavenly knowledge, he must of course have known many things to which, in his life on earth, he made not the slightest allusion. So we must be careful lest from some slight hint or mysterious saying we form a categorical doctrine, which he never set forth at all, and which may be entirely erroneous, being an illogical deduction of our own from assumed or inadequate data. We must remember that the heavenly world is unknown to us, and that a humble and reverent acknowledgment of ignorance in regard to matters to the knowledge of which we cannot attain by sense or reason, or by clear and express revelation, better becomes us than dogmatic belief in doctrines which we may have inferred from certain sayings of Christ that are but imperfectly understood. Moral and religious truths which he wished to have us believe, he stated with a definiteness and clearness that leave no ground for doubting what he meant, and that afford no reasonable ground upon which to raise an ingenious theory. If we believe in his divine authority, we do but discredit Divine Wisdom if we think that, in stating any moral and religious doctrines of vital importance, he left them so vague and ill-defined that any sensible and unprejudiced man cannot be sure of their meaning. The heavenly and future world is to us unknown, and wrapped in a mystery which we fain would solve. These longings to reach the unattainable, to behold and understand that which we cannot see and cannot know, have led to many a theory and many a dogma existing only in a vain imagination, and sustained only by ignorance and desire. Yet, if we add to the Christian religion some strange and unreasonable doctrine, no matter how little it may interfere with practical Christianity, we give a weapon of immense power to the infidel. Neither does it matter how trifling it may be in reality. Trifles and symbols have in the history of the world, been prolific sources of wars and persecutions.

Christianity relates both to morality and religion; and Christ has summed up his doctrines in the two commandments, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and thy whole soul, and thy whole mind',' and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The second relates to practical morality, the first to the basis of morality and to religion.

What, then, are the purely moral doctrines of Christianity? Let us present, in connected sequence, the ethical teachings of Christ.

Christ directs all the erring and sinful to reform themselves, and to be perfect; he bids us be mild and gentle, full of compassion and the spirit of kindness and benevolence; to be pure in heart, peaceful, to bear patiently all evils or sufferings for righteousness' sake; to do good deeds, to put away anger, to refrain from all slander, to cultivate good-will towards all; he condemns lust, he exhorts to simplicity of speech, and to a firm persistency in what is once rightly said. We should submit patiently to evil rather than retaliate and injure others, and should do good to all; we must act from pure and right motives, and not for the sake of earthly rewards or reputation; so in prayers and fasting, display must be avoided, but there must exist simplicity and sincerity. He says that righteousness, in the view of God, is all-important, and his approval is the treasure to be sought for; that we should serve God in sincerity, and not be chiefly anxious about this world's goods. Be charitable, and condemn not unjustly, nor find fault with others jealously; strive with a good will, and success will come; do to others whatsoever you would that they should do to you. Keep from covetousness, and put away inordinate desires, malicious deeds, fraud, unbridled passion, envy, arrogance, and madness, which pollute a man. Keep straight on in the path of virtue, and stray not; persevere in right to the end, in spite of all obstacles and troubles. Christ tells us that righteous actions, and not mere words, are what is acceptable to God; that the right is to be loved above all things; that all men who do God's will are brethren; that the essence of moral worth is in the mind and heart; that it is "wicked thoughts, murder, adultery, fornication, theft, false testimony,

calumny," that pollute men; that everything which stands in the way is to be renounced, that we may follow simply after the right; that we should be humble and simple as children, and be just and kind even to the humblest; that we should forgive, and endeavor kindly to reform; that we should be faithful in marriage; that we should repent and do right; that we should be neither proud nor hypocritical; that we should be watchful and constant in well-doing, and ever careful for the unfortunate; that the "weightier matters of the law" are "justice, mercy, and truth."

We turn now to the strictly religious doctrines of Christianity.

The first religious teaching of Christ is a belief in the one God, who is the Creator and Preserver of the world and of men, all-wise and all-powerful, and who is besides a Moral Governor and Judge; who rewards the righteous, who punishes the wicked, who is benevolent and holy, who forgives upon repentance and change of life to the right course, and who is the loving Father of his children, to whose souls, if faithful, he will grant the aid of his Holy Spirit.

Of himself, Christ declares that he is a messenger from God, endowed with a special nearness of Sonship to the Father, which gives him authority, and makes him the perfect Revealer of the Divine Character; that he is a teacher of truth, with power to work miracles in aid and attestation of his mission.

Christ teaches us to pray to our Father in heaven, and, with faith, to ask of him whatsoever we need; that those who ask shall receive, and that faithful prayers will be granted.

He manifested and inculcated love and thankfulness towards God, and obedience to his laws.

He assumes always, and teaches emphatically, the doctrine of immortality, and without giving any information as to the mode of the future life, declares that it will be spiritual.

He declares that retribution will come upon the ungodly, but that rewards await the righteous.

God is Love; but he says "Fear Him, who has power, after taking away life, to cast into hell: yea, I say to you fear him."

"But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth. For the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a spirit, and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

Such are the clear and simple teachings of Christ; they require no elaborate explanation for their comprehension; he who dreads superstition most cannot object to them, and they appeal with invincible force to the heads and hearts of all.

But between such simple truth, this uncorrupted Christianity, and the prevailing creeds, there is a difference like that between right and wrong. "Christianity is to be learned of Christ;" but for ages it has been taught by priests and politicians, not to save men from sin, but to bring them under the control of a bigoted Church and cruel and vindictive priests, and to make them submissive subjects of an unfeeling tyranny. Amid the corruption and oppression, the bigotry and persecution of past ages, we are to rejoice that the text of the New Testament was not wholly destroyed or utterly corrupted: and the true way for us now is to read and study the sacred volume, laying aside the prejudices of the past, neglecting the additions and misinterpretations of metaphysical subtlety, bigotry, and corruption. It is strange, but it is true, that pure Christianity, as taught by Christ, is at this day, in most places, a new and heretical doctrine. A pamplet, printed not many years ago, bore for its title this sarcastic, but most pertinent question,—"Are you a Calvinist or a Christian?" The sarcasm here implied indicates what is at this day most essential; namely, that, leaving the corruptions and additions of the past, we should return to the primitive doctrines of Christ. If sects are to multiply till every individual has a creed of his own, the remedy is for every one to learn of Christ what Christianity is. Thus only can a Broad Church be established,—a Church broad enough for all Christendom. Thus only, and thus we believe effectually, can a renewed and lively faith arise. For faith is not dead; it is only in suspense, and doubtful; it is weary of senseless subtleties and unfounded error. But probably there never was a more universal faith than now in the "vital spirit of truth and right."

If there be any remedy for the existing suspense of faith, we are confident that it will be found in the teaching of true and reasonable Christianity, without addition or corruption. To this, in the proper place, should be added instruction in sound ethics and natural religion. It must be all along remembered, that men are fast losing their interest and respect for the spurious Christianity which is so much taught; for this bears no nearer resemblance to the simple and holy original than do the weak and sentimental paintings representing Christ to the actual form, countenance, and character of the Son of God. To receive the truth, the uncorrupted truth, is natural; and if men have, through these long ages, preserved their faith in Christianity, when

the purity and simplicity of its religious and moral teachings had been exchanged for pompous and empty ceremonies; when its charity and benevolence were cast away for priestly bigotry and inquisitorial persecution; when, instead of a rule of life, a guide to virtue, it had become the most potent engine of despotism, and the shield for the most atrocious crimes; when, instead of being entitled to all respect and admiration, it had become so corrupted and perverted as justly to be an object of hatred and abhorrence,—if through all these trials it has retained its hold upon men, how much more than has ever yet been accomplished may not be hoped for from the earnest preaching of its truth in purity and simplicity!

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 27, 1868.

"The Seed of the Church."—The well-known adage, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," was no doubt intended to convey the idea that the *faith* and *constancy* of the martyrs, evinced by a willingness even to shed their blood for what they believed to be the truth, was instrumental, in the Divine Hand, in gathering the Church. But though these expressions may pass as a figure of speech, it is not a good figure. The seed of the true Church has ever been the same thing in all ages,—the revelation of Divine truth and love to the human mind. It would therefore be a better figure to say that the blood of the martyrs *moistened* the seed of the Church. But even thus corrected, the adage must be accepted in a very restricted sense. We cannot believe that our Heavenly Father has made the growth of His good seed dependent upon the blood of martyrs. He causes his sun to shine and his rain to descend upon it, and when these appear to be withheld, the dew of heaven (those gentle influences which distil when no eye observes them) rests upon, and causes it to grow and flourish. Let us not unprofitably look back to those dark days of ignorance and bigotry, when bodily suffering and sometimes martyrdom were the lot of those who were in advance of their age, and compare them discouragingly with our own more enlightened and humane times. The tendency of such a view is to make us think there is less piety, less devotedness now than then. It may even lead minds of a certain caste to court persecution, or at least to measure their spiritual attainments by the degree of opposition they meet with. It may lead us also to measure others by the same false standard, and to judge that those whose path in life seems smooth and pleasant, and their deportment cheerful, have not about them the marks of discipleship.

There occur seasons of peculiar trial, sometimes of persecution, in the experiences of churches and individuals; and to those who are "persecuted for righteousness' sake," who "suffer patiently," who "endure to the end," the appropriate blessing was promised, and has been found in the experience of all such. But the virtues of faith, of patience, of courage and endurance, though most *conspicuously* called into exercise during seasons of persecution and trial, are also needed in the *daily* life of each individual.

The test of discipleship given by the blessed Jesus was "love;" and whether in times of conflict, or when the "Churches have rest," it is still the test. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have *love* one to another." "The tree is known by his *fruit*." "A corrupt tree *cannot* bring forth good fruit."

Married, at Harrison, Westchester County, N. Y., on Fifth day, the 11th inst., with the approbation of Purchase Monthly Meeting, Henry B. Hallock, of the city of New York, to Anna, daughter of David H. and Naomi Barnes, of the former place.

Died, at his residence in Adams County, Pa., on Sixth-day, Sixth month 5th, 1868, after a protracted illness, Joel Wright, a member of Monallen Monthly and Particular Meeting, aged nearly 54 years.

The Death of Nathan Shoemaker, M. D., announced in the Intelligencer of last week, deserves more than a passing notice. For a period of more than half a century he has been closely identified not only with our religious Society, but with the general community among whom he was extensively engaged in the practice of an arduous profession. He enjoyed the esteem and confidence of his fellow citizens, and the urbanity of his manners and his professional skill introduced him into a large practice, from which he gradually retired with advancing years. As a member of our religious Society, he occupied a conspicuous place, and although for several years past he has been confined by a painful and prostrating disease, which prevented him from mingling much in religious intercourse with his friends, his interest in the Society was active,

and his feelings were warmly interested in whatever affected its welfare.

After he had passed the meridian of life, he felt called upon to engage in the work of the ministry, and those who remember him about that period, will call to mind the deep humility which marked his engagement in this solemn service. His exhortations—generally brief—were direct, simple and practical, and his illustrations were mostly drawn from Scripture, with which he was very familiar. During a long and painful illness he was a great sufferer, and being of a nervous temperament, and having a very humble estimate of his own attainments, his faith was often sorely tried, yet it was mercifully renewed from time to time and he was favored to feel the sustaining arm to be underneath, often expressing his desire to be found in submission to the Divine Will. A short time before his departure, while some of his friends were sitting around his bed, he quoted, in allusion to the solemn change which he felt to be approaching, the memorable expressions of George Fox, "Never heed," "Never heed," "All's well," "The seed reigns."

The following effusion by E. M. Chandler, written many years ago, has already appeared in our paper. We republish it at the request of a subscriber.

JOHN WOOLMAN.

Have you ever, gentle reader, chanced to meet with the history of the life of John Woolman?

If you have not, then go, I pray you, to the library of some ancient Quaker of your acquaintance and borrow it; but do not read it then—not, at least, if the "Wept of the Wish-ton-wish," with half its leaves still uncut, is lying upon your table, or if you have just peeped between the pages of one of the new annuals; but when you are wearied of all these things; when you sit among your "pleasant company of books," listless and discontented; when your heart turns sick at the long details of human crime and misery, written within your volumes of history; when biography serves but to humble you with the knowledge that the best have been so frail, and the wisest so ignorant; when philosophy, which has led you with a proud irony among the secret influences of nature, leaves you but a knowledge of your own ignorance, and poetry, glorious poetry, that you thought had become a portion of the life-spring of your heart,—you had fed so long on its magnificent imaginings—comes only with a dazzling gairishness to your worn and feverish spirit, then go forget yourself for a while in the unpretendingness of John Woolman's auto-biography.

Were you ever ill of a fever, and do you recollect the blessedness with which you closed your eyes, when the cool fingers of a beloved friend came and pushed aside the loose hair and were laid upon your hot forehead? With such a moonlight feeling will the pure simplicity of Woolman come to your sick heart. There is no glitter of fancy, no display of stupendous intellect, no splendid imaginations, to bewilder you into tears with their intensity of brightness; it is not even a tale of striking or romantic incident; but it is the beautiful history of a meek heart laid open before you in all its guilelessness. You will become familiar with the character of the most perfect humility, full of a simple majesty, yet gentle as a very child, unfaltering in its quiet self-denial, and unbending in its own weaknesses, assuming no superior sanctity, lifting not up the voice of stern judgment against the frailties of others, and gifted with all the holy and affectionate charities of life.

You will feel a purifying influence steal gradually over your heart, while you bend over the quiet pages, calming the rude beating of its pulse into a thankful evenness, and cooling the impatient irritation of your spirit with the lesson of its gentle words, till you feel almost as if the unworldly moments of your childhood's time had come back to you.

The following letter from Rome, though written several years since, describes places not alluded to in our letters from Europe of more recent date.

PAESTUM—AMALFI—SORRENTO—BLUE GROTTO.

Rome, 3d mo. 3d, 1856.

Dear Cousin,—How shall I answer thy affectionate favor? Thou might possibly say, by telling of what I see; but so beautiful are the scenes I have been enjoying, and so interesting the excursions we have made, that to describe them seems impossible; and the sketches I send home remind me of the bold artist who endeavored to paint the rainbow. Still, if thou wilt excuse the manner, I will lead thee in imagination over the flowery regions we traversed in our own proper persons, while at Naples; and if my hurried relation affords thee half the pleasure that thy letter afforded me, I shall be amply repaid. Having enjoyed the other delights of the environs of the lovely and never-to-be-forgotten bay, we started for an excursion to Paestum. Taking the cars, we skirted the sunny bay, rumbled over the silent depths of Herculaneum, whirled past Pompeii, and rounded the sloping base of the ever-smoking Vesuvius, until we arrived at Nocera, distant about thirty miles, where a scene ensued only to be met with in Italy. Swarms of beggars of every age and description, their whining countenances expressive of ludicrous pain, if

you happened to look towards them, but merry enough behind your backs; miserable cripples, thrusting their horrid deformities into your face; importunate officials in faded uniforms, and hungry drivers, anxious for employment, surrounded the unfortunate travellers, talking, laughing, gesticulating, threatening and using divers other affectionate means for extorting the much-coveted money. The beggars are countless in number, and indeed the whole population cry, "Give, give." Fortunately for us, we had a courier who soon provided an open carriage, and the sad feelings excited by the degradation of our species were quickly dissipated by the superb scenery through which we were passing. Mountains towered above and around us, their beetling cliffs crowned with ruined castles and dismantled forts, and groves of oranges, with vineyards, lined the way. After an hour's ride or more, we came suddenly upon the bay of Salerno! Imagine a glassy sheet of deep blue water fifty miles in diameter, decked here and there with the picturesque felucca, its triangular sail reflected from the water, its shores set off with wild cliffs and abrupt precipices, villages glittering in the sun, and from the vast low plain upon the farther side, columns of curling smoke floating towards heaven, the whole overspread with the purple tint that mantles the evening sky, and thou wilt have some conception of its intoxicating loveliness. Passing along the shore, amused at the odd-looking fishermen, we arrived at sundown at Salerno, an old town containing an ancient cathedral, in which we saw the crypt *said* to contain the body of St. Matthew! Passing the night in an inn called comfortable in comparison with some we have seen, we started in the morning of a most lovely day for the ruins, which were about twenty-five miles distant, and which we were to visit, returning again to spend the night at the same place.

Leaving the sea, we entered a singular plain, resembling the Campagna near Rome, formed, it seems to me, by the subsidence of the water. It is very fertile, and extends for many miles apparently perfectly level, and affording pasturage to large droves of cattle, sheep, buffalo and wild horses. During the morning we came to a stream that had been swollen by the rains, and lo! we found six carriages before us, and we were followed by two more. Then there was another scene, ludicrous and irritating to the uninitiated. The ferryman declared he *could* not cross, the drivers declared they *would* not cross, and the passengers declared they would pay "nothing to nobody" if they *did not* cross. As usual, every Italian within a reasonable distance left his occupation to look on, so that we soon had a picture worthy of being transferred to canvass. At length, after various propositions and the consumption of what is of no earthly value here,—that is, time,—we were transported, a feat that two Amerians would have accomplished in half an hour.

Four miles from the river, we approached the ruins, to me the most impressive and deeply interesting I have yet seen. Paestum was a city founded by the Phœnicians, and flourished six hundred years before Christ! Conquered by the Romans after the decline of Greece, the inhabitants, dispirited and pining for the old rule, assembled yearly to mourn over the suppressed rites of their religion. Not commingling with their conquerors, the city declined, and now the sole remnants of its former existence are three huge temples. Their classic Grecian beauty and gigantic size, their sculptured columns, still standing after 2500 years have rolled away, alone, silent, surrounded by a desolate plain, almost untenanted, carry the mind far back until it is lost in the shadows of the past. I cannot describe the sensations experienced as the traveller approaches them. The ruins of Rome are surrounded by a gay modern town, and the Coliseum itself is of recent date compared with these. They stood as they now stand when Rome was yet mistress of the world. There are three temples, the largest about 200 feet long, having still thirty-six columns left standing, supporting the frieze and pediment. In two, nearly all of the columns are still erect, and we see the Grecian architecture in all its beauty. The roofs have long since fallen, and the sunlight streams down upon the floor, from which flowers peep, and ivy clusters upon the walls. Half-buried capitals lie hidden in the luxuriant grass, birds sing sweetly from the architrave, and the glittering lizards run briskly from crevice to crevice. The columns are twenty-eight feet high, and about six feet in diameter, and such was the strength with which the Greeks constructed their works, that although worn and corroded by revolving centuries, they look as though they might still stand when more modern structures are shapeless masses of ruins. Standing as they do in this silent untenanted plain, the blue sea visible through the rows of columns, sheep grazing about them, and shepherds sleeping in their shade, or wondering why the "strangers" come so far to gaze at what they have always been familiar with—all traces of the hands that reared them or the city that supplied them with worshippers gone,—they stamp an impression upon the mind never to be effaced.

Feasting long upon the scene, we reluctantly started to return; stopping often to take a last look at their silent, beautiful, and majestic grandeur, we re-crossed the ferry, and at eight o'clock reached the inn, enjoying by the way an Italian sunset. Next morning we left for Amalfi, a town on the coast, and the ride was surpassingly grand. The road wound in and out among the mountains, now hanging over the sea, far below us, and now crossing ravines, or passing through orange orchards, and at every turn presenting new beauties. The mountain summits were twisted and contorted into a thousand fantastic shapes, and, like the pictured rocks of Lake Superior, every crag seemed crowned with fortresses and battlements, with castles and towers. Huge caves opened below us, and the whole panorama of sea, villages and rocky shore was enchanting. I never have seen elsewhere such a curious formation. In places there were natural columns twenty feet high, like vast chimnies, and at a distance they might be readily mistaken for the work of man. Amalfi was once a very important city, and its navigators claimed to have brought the knowledge of the mariner's compass from the east. Its history is extremely interesting, but it has dwindled to a fishing town. Most beautiful flowers lined the road, and near Amalfi were most luxuriant and beautiful ferns. The cork tree, too, was quite abundant, its shape being very graceful, and the foliage of a deep green. From Amalfi we returned to Salerno, then to Nocera, then by another road, almost equal in beauty to the one leading to Amalfi, we skirted the bay of Naples to Sorrento, where we arrived on the evening of the Third-day. The next day being rainy, and our hotel most excellent, we had a merry time. It was the 22d of February, and of course our patriotism found vent even in Italy, and I doubt whether many employed it more pleasantly or less injuriously than four certain young men in Sorrento. Next day we returned to Naples; but I will include in this a hasty description of our visit to the Blue Grotto in the island of Capri, which we made a day or two afterwards. We left Naples with about twenty other Americans, some English, and a few French, in a diminutive steamboat, and crossing the bay, always lovely, in about four hours arrived at the Island. It is a limestone mountain, picturesque in appearance, and forming the extremity of the bay of Naples, being about thirty miles from the city. There are two towns upon it, and its busy inhabitants, by constructing terraces, and placing earth upon them, make even the mountains yield olives, oranges, grain and figs. The highest peak is 1900 feet above the sea. It was settled by the Greeks, and the common people claim to be superior to those of the main land, and also to possess a larger share of personal beauty. This island, from its beautiful situation, was a favorite residence with the Roman Emperors, Augustus having spent some time upon it, and there are still to be seen the ruins of twelve palaces, erected by Tiberius. But the great object of attraction is the Blue Grotto. Our boat stopped before a high, precipitous cliff, where we got into little row boats that came off from the island to meet us. All that we could see was a semicircular hole in the wall of rock, not more than three feet high, towards which we were rowed. Our guides made us lie flat in the boat, and waiting for the coming wave, we darted towards the aperture, paused a moment upon the crest of the wave, rushed forward, and scraping the narrow passage, entered the most fairy-like scene that I have ever beheld. We found ourselves in a cave fifty feet long and thirty high, and floating upon a sea of *magnificent, unimaginable* blue. All the light that entered came *through* the water, and being refracted up, it illumined the whole mass so that it was of the *most beautiful* azure. The oar was of silver as it seemed, and when one of the men leaped into the water, he was instantly converted into a silver figure; and as he glided about, dashing silvery spray from him, the contrast with the illuminated water was indescribable. Then came the exit. As before, we took advantage of a wave, but alas! not being quite quick enough, we were wedged in the opening, and the result was, that enough salt water came over the sides to dampen our clothes, if not our gratification. Stopping an hour or so at the island, we returned to Naples. The sunset was superb, having in the west, among other colors, the beautiful light green peculiar to Italy. The shores, with their clustering villages, glistened brightly, and the mountains were robed in a purple tint. Vesuvius poured forth unusual volumes of smoke, and so calm was the evening, that it rose in one vast column, for a thousand feet above the crater, reflecting the rays of the setting sun. . . . . H. C. H.

NEVER GROW OLD.

Dr. Guthrie, the eloquent preacher of Scotland, thus moralizes on his advancing years: "They say I am growing old, because my hair is silvered, and there are crows' feet upon my forehead, and my step is not so firm and elastic as of yore. But they are mistaken. That is not me. The knees are weak, but the knees are not me. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not me. This is

the house in which I live. But I am young; younger now than I ever was before."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

No. 16.

An unusual press of business having prevented the compiler of the series heretofore furnished under the above caption from preparing one for the past two months, the following Editorial, clipped from a recent number of the *Evening Bulletin* of this city, is offered to supply its place.

Although *our* schools are not especially designated therein, of course they are entitled to their share of its comments. The whole spirit of the article is so truthful and appreciative, and it is so seldom we find such sentiments promulgated in an ordinary daily periodical, unless in connection with some political movement, or with, too often, some ulterior object in view, that it is with peculiar pleasure they are offered for republication in the Intelligencer.

The statistics, &c., of our schools for *Fifth* month will be forthcoming before long.

J. M. E.

THE WORK AT THE SOUTH.

As the summer season compels a cessation of much of the work among the colored population at the South, the teachers and other laborers among them are returning to the North to seek their much-needed recreation. Few narrations are more interesting than the simple stories that these devoted missionaries of religion and education bring back with them from their Southern fields of self-devotion. They all come home full of encouragement, and with an unabated enthusiasm. Malice and prejudice have done their worst to defame the characters and revile the motives and ridicule the work of the noble women who are engaged in educating the ignorant freedmen of the South; and when they have been thus maligned at home, they have been met with distrust, coldness, and open opposition among that class of the Southern people who honestly fear the effect of education upon the negroes mind and character. There are thousands of ignonant, narrow-minded people at the South who fear the comparison that will be presented to the world, should the negro race prove itself equal to the opportunities which are now offered for its advancement in the scale of civilization. But this is not the universal rule, and in many cases there has been a hearty, intelligent and efficient co-operation with the Northern teachers, on the part of planters and others, which has been productive of the most satisfactory results.

The reports which the returning teachers bring indicate at once the difficulties and the rewards of their labor. The task involved in going in among these ignorant children of slavery and raising them up to the position of good and useful citizens is indeed a herculean one. Their very aptness and eagerness in acquiring knowledge increase the labor a hundred-fold; for with all the faculties of their minds awakening, and all the associations of civilized life crowding around them, they need to be guided, encouraged, restrained, enlightened morally, intellectually, physically, and all this under the pressure of an immediate necessity. It is not simply to set a system of gradual education at work, which takes hold of a generation of children and develops with their natural growth; but t is needed to seize upon a race of grown men and women, who are as ready to adopt the follies and vices as the knowledge and virtues of their white fellow-men. The adult population must be civilized, Christianized, humanized, and to their care and responsibility the rising generation must be committed.

As a class, the Northern women who have devoted themselves to this great work are worthy of all honor and support, and those who sneer at the "Yankee school-marm," sacrificing home and comfort and friends for the sake of this patriotic and Christian work, have fallen very low in the scale of civilized humanity. These so-called "Yankee school-marms" are many of them from Pennsylvania and other of the Middle and Western States. They are women of refinement, cultivation and good judgment. The way in which their work is done, and the results already accomplished, prove this, and it is humiliating to confess that men holding themselves to belong to the respectable and decent classes of society are found ready, out of their bitter hatred for the negro, to degrade themselves by attempting to degrade the pure, high-minded, self-sacrificing women who are doing so much to repair the ruin that slavery has inflicted upon the masses that are now struggling toward the light.

These women deserve all sympathy and support. Their field of labor is a vast one, and they need all the help that can be extended to them. As they rescue one after another of these sons and daughters of bondage from the yoke of ignorance and degradation, they put them to work as missionaries in the same good cause, and it will not be very long before the colored population of the South will be able to carry forward the work of its own regeneration, without much aid from white men or women. They only need an honest, fair start. They must be set well upon their feet and taught how to ad-

vance. This once done, the work will be self-supporting; but for the present all decent people will help those who are helping forward this initial work, and extend to them not only sympathy and encouragement, but also all the substantial aid that they require

TO A DAISY.

BY HOWARD WORCESTER GILBERT.

——The daisie,
That well by reason men it call may
The daisie, or els the eye of the day.—*Chaucer.*

I found thee far upon an English field,
Sunning thyself upon that golden day
When through the idyllian meadows rich and green
I wandered from the city wide astray.
Far in the blue and beamy air above
Unseen the skylark trembled in the sun,
Yet, o'er his ditty sweet of joy and love
I heard him warbling run.
Then, ere thy name was told
By her who reigns within thy realm a Queen,
Whose fitting crown were a red daisy-wreath,
Woven of blooms gathered in meadows green,
Warm, summery suns beneath—
A crown more beautiful than crown of gold—
With loving divination I divined
Thou wert the daisy of my boyhood's dreams,
But which I never then had dreamed to find
By English streams.
And wandering far through other lands I found,
Under the shadows of the walls of Rome,
Thy sister-blooms that broidered all the ground
Above two English hearts that, far from home,
Lay buried there;
And later still I gathered others where
The Switzer's little son, with eyes of blue
That spoke the language of his German heart,
Found them among the dew,
Uttering thy name in his sweet stranger-tongue—
His heart its little song of loving sung,
And in that harmony beat well its part.
And where the Neckar and the lordly Rhine
Went winding down together to the sea,
I found on German ground sweet sisters thine
That turned my heart to England and to thee.
Now in the dreamy Indian summer here,
Amid the splendors of the fading year—
Musing of Chaucer and old Saxon times,
With book in hand,
Bright with the beauty of the Flower and Leaf,
I sing this songlet brief
Of thee, oft sung in many a hundred rhymes.

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUSTS.

Cicada Septemdecem.

While walking leisurely along one day last week under the shade of the trees which extended over the sidewalk on the south side of Lafayette square, Washington, in front of the President's grounds, my attention was attracted by numerous shells or dry skins from which the locusts had emerged, and which were quite numerous on the ground at the foot of each large tree, as well as on the bark, to which the empty forms of the insect are attached in great numbers. I found the spaces between the bricks of the pavement perforated with numerous holes about the third of an inch in diameter, which had evidently been the outlet of these curious insects from their seventeen years' subterranean confinement, and afforded proof that their course, either in retiring to their long rest or emerging from the earth, is not always perpendicular, as it is not to be supposed they would in retiring seventeen years' since have left the soft surface of the shaded square to perforate the hard interstices of a much trodden pave. I watched carefully for some time in the hope of discovering one of these strangers on his first advent to the light and heat of day, in order to observe whether any curiosity or feeling of surprise could be detected, but I was not gratified; none would appear. In truth, I am inclined to believe they lie near the surface until night, that darkness may, in their first helplessness, be availed of to enable them to secure a retreat in the nearest tree until they shall have acquired more perfect means to ærial locomotion, and means for protection. Be this as it may, I could discover no living insects, while the deserted "jackets" proved their existence near by in large numbers. On the north side of the square there were no perforations of the pavement—a circumstance proving either that the time of their advent is dependent upon local temperature, or that they select warm spots to enter upon their long retreat. Comparatively few of the shells could be observed on the northern side of the square. The term "locusts," applied to these insects, is a misnomer, originating probably in our version of the Bible, one adapted to create undue prejudice against these unsociable "hemiptera," by attributing to them the gormandizing propensities of certain "orthoptera" which have from a period of very remote antiquity attracted the attention of mankind by their extensive and lamentable ravages. The latter insects (orthoptera) include cockroaches, grasshoppers, the various sorts of crickets, the katydid, and several varieties of locustadæ. These insects are provided with transversely movable jaws, and generally have straight wings which fold like a fan and lie alongside of the back, while a second pair cover the sides of the body. A large katydid will bite to draw blood, if not tenderly handled. The musical organs of these insects are very peculiar and interesting, some having cymbals and tabors, while others perform on violins, their hind legs forming the bows and the projecting veins of their wings cover the strings. The temptation to greater minuteness of description of some of the more singular of these insects is almost irresistible. Thus much for the orthoptera, which include very many destructive insects, among others the locusts of the

Bible, but not what is generally termed the locust—the *cicada septemdecem*. The cicadians are a numerous family, ranging from the little plant lice up to the locust, so called. They are generally supplied with a jointed beak, which, when at rest, lies under the breast. With this they make perforations, and through it draw in their nourishment. The *cicada septemdecem*, almost the moment it comes to the surface of the earth, changes its garments by emerging from the old ones, which open in the back, and allow the occupant to step out in a fresh suit, *cap-a-pie*—the old one closing up and resuming its form, adhering with firmly-fixed claws to the spot on the side or limb of the tree where the change occurred, until displaced by wind and weather.

His old kettle-drums are given up for new ones, with which he doubtless finds more agreeable entertainment than with his old ones, when *sub terra*. The music is created by internal muscles adhering to the inner surface of the convex parchments which are lodged in cavities behind the thorax, on the sides of the body. By a wonderfully rapid tightening and relaxing of these muscles alternate rigidity and looseness is created in the parchments, which produces the buzzing, rattling sound which may be heard a great distance. They are not destructive to vegetation, except in the injury done by the female with a piercer, which she thrusts obliquely and repeatedly into the wood of recent growth to the pith, forming a longitudinal fissure sufficient for ten or fifteen eggs, a process she continues until her stock of many hundred eggs becomes exhausted, with which fails her strength, and she dies from her labors to continue the race. In the absence of any news of interest, and this being the year in which we are honored by the visit of the cicada, I have thought a few lines on their history might not be altogether void of interest. The narrative might be prolonged if time admitted, and may be resumed unless you forbid.—*Washington Cor. Journal of Commerce.*

REWARD OF HEAVEN'S APPROVAL.

The approval of the wise and the good in human society has ever been regarded as one of the great incentives to, as well as one of the most precious rewards of virtuous and beneficent deeds. The patriot will endure privations and hardships, exposure and danger, and sacrifice even life itself that he may be rewarded with his country's approval. How inexpressibly dear, then, must it be to the heart of the believer to be assured of the approval of Heaven! To know that God is looking down, that angels are watching to see how thou toilest for thy God! how thou strugglest along the highway of life, ever looking upward and tending toward thy destiny! to know that pure and holy intelligences approve thee in the conflict, and wait to crown thee conqueror, cannot but awaken the most pleasing emotions in the soul.

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR AIDING DISCHARGED CONVICTS.

Extract from Boston Correspondence of the A. S. Standard.

BOSTON, May 31st, 1868.

On Tuesday afternoon, in the vestry of Park Street Church, was held the Annual meeting of the "Massachusetts Society for Aiding Discharged Convicts," Judge Russell presiding, in the absence of Dr. Howe, the President. After the reading of the Secretary's Report, Mr. Daniel Russell, the General Agent, gave an abstract of his proceedings for the year. His method of operation is well suited to carry out the idea of the Society, which is to encourage, stimulate and assist every one of these graduates of the prison to pursue, from the moment of his departure from it, a career of honest industry. To this end, with the hearty co-operation of the intelligent and excellent Warden of the State Prison at Charlestown, the Agent makes acquaintance with each prisoner ten days or so before he is to be discharged; he learns something of his history, character, disposition, capacity, and then inquires into his wishes and plans for the future, explaining that the object of this is not to gratify an impertinent curiosity, but that the help he would offer may be intelligent and effective. These advances are always kindly received, and seem in many cases to arouse a hope of self-redemption and reinstatement in a respectable career which had not before existed.

The Agent makes it a point to be in attendance at the prison in the morning, before each convict is discharged, and to accompany him in his first walk into the world, where temptation, and perhaps old companions in vice, are lying in wait for him. Being in correspondence with employers of men in various handicrafts, perhaps the Agent already knows the right spot for his present pupil, and introduces him to a place of immediate occupation. If delay is necessary he takes him to a respectable boarding-place, where he can be among honest men, removed (as far as may be) from the temptations of the dram-shop, and relieved from the torture of feeling himself an object of suspicion. If he needs articles of clothing or tools, the Agent procures them; if he has respectable friends to whom he wishes to return, the Agent provides railroad passes, and sees him on board the car or the ship. By counsel,

encouragement and active aid, the Agent acts as a kind Providence to him; and subsequent letters from these men or their employers, or details otherwise gained, show that, in a very large proportion of cases these efforts are successful. In the past year one hundred and sixty-one cases of this ministration are reported, and the wish of the Society is to apply it to every prisoner in every prison in Massachusetts.

Addresses were then made by Mr. Gideon Haynes, the Warden, (who bestowed high praise upon the intelligence, discretion and fidelity of the Agent,) and by Rev. James Freeman Clark and Wendell Phillips. All these gentleman endorsed the system adopted by the Society as the correct one, and pointed out that Christain sympathy and kindness (the sort which shows itself in action and not in talk) are the chief needs of the discharged prisoner. Mr. Phillips spoke of the large operation of intemperance as a cause of crime, and of the necessity that law should close its numerous doors of temptation; but, he said, there was another fertile source of crime, the popular ignorance or disregard of that distinctive idea of Christianity that God has given strength to the strong, knowledge to the intelligent, and goodness to the virtuous, expressly that they may help the weak, the ignorant and the vicious; not only individuals, he said, but the community, should feel the need of discharging this duty. The fact that there is a vicious class among us, and an ignorant class, is a disgrace to the community, since it shows that our duty to these has been neglected; and all the best influences that society can wield should be brought to bear upon the prisoner, *and continued until it shall be safe to restore him to freedom.* Mr. Phillips referred to the success of the eminent laborer in this work, John Augustus, who had been deceived by only two prisoners out of seven hundred, for whose good behaviour he had given bail.

IMMENSE ARMAMENTS OF EUROPE.

Dr. Larroque, of Paris, author of a prize essay on the standing armaments of Europe, has published the following statement, from carefully prepared statistics, of the excessive expenditure involved in what Mr. Disraeli has most correctly termed the "bloated armaments" of modern Christendom:—

Annual amount of the naval and military budgets of Europe, £119,392,665; loss of labor involved by the withdrawal of so many men from productive industry, £132,174,892; interest of capital invested in military and naval establishments, £30,440,000. This makes a total of more than two hundred and eighty millions taken every year from the people for the maintenance of military establishments. Mr. H. Richard, referring in an essay recently published by the Social Science Association, to these statistics, remarks as follows:—"The first effect of this is that the finances of nearly all European States are in a condition of normal embarrassment. In Russia there has been an excess of expenditure over income ever since 1832; in 1865 it amounted to nearly £7,000,000. In Austria there has not been a year, from 1789 to the present, in which the revenue of the State has come up to the expenditure. The accumulated deficits from 1851 to 1866 exceed £130,000,000. In France the public debt has been growing at an enormous rate. The funded debt has increased in thirteen years, from 1851 to 1864, from £213,000,000 sterling to £492,000,000, and the whole of its debt now amounts to £539,000,000. The new kingdom of Italy is reeling beneath the burden of its vast expenditure to such a degree that its best friends begin to have grave apprehensions whether it can stand. Official returns state the annual deficits, from 1860 to 1866, to amount to £114,000,000 sterling. Many of the smaller States of Europe, such as Turkey, Spain and Portugal, are in a similar condition. It is a melancholy reflection that, admirable as are the enterprise, invention, skill and laborious industry of the toiling millions of producing classes in Europe, they are deprived of so large a proportion of the fruits of their labors by the perpetual drain made upon them to sustain this armed rivalry kept up by their rulers." And, considering such a prodigious annual tax upon the masses of Europe, it is not to be wondered at that we hear of famine and starvation in so many even of her fertile provinces—in France and Germany, in Poland, Finland and Italy. M. Legoyt, the Secretary of the Statistical Society of Paris, writes:—"Let us for a moment suppose that, by an understanding with the great Powers, a disarming in the proportion of one-half was effected. Immediately two millions of men, of from twenty to thirty-five years of age, constituting the flower of the population of that age, are restored to labors of peace, and at once an annual saving of £64,000,000 is effected on the totality of European budgets."

The same author further shows that this reduction of only one-half of the armies would afford funds for the completion of the entire network of railways throughout Europe and for the erection of a primary school in every parish and commune; or, on the other hand, it would enable all the national debts of Europe to be paid off in less than forty years, thus occasioning an immense alleviation of

popular burdens and an incalculable stimulus to business.—*N. Y. Herald.*

ITEMS.

The Freedmen's Bureau has just issued the fifth semi-annual report of T. W. Alvord, General Superintendent of Schools, giving an account of the educational operations during the last six months of the year 1867. During this time there were 3084 schools of all kinds in operation, in which were engaged 6492 teachers, in charge of 189,517 pupils. Of the whole number of schools, 1000 are sustained wholly or in part by freedmen, and they own 364 of the buildings used for school purposes; 2948 of the teachers are white and 3544 colored. 26,139 pupils have paid tuition, amounting in the aggregate to $65,319.75, or within a fraction of $2.50 per scholar. The average attendance in the day and night schools has been 58,900, or over seventy-one per cent. of the enrolment. As showing the advancement of the pupils, 21,032 are studying geography, 31,530 arithmetic, 30,567 are in writing, and 4675 are in the higher branches. Of the higher schools, and those for the preparation of teachers, all permanent and chartered, there are eighteen, located as follows: National Theological Institute, Washington, D. C.; Howard University, Washington, D. C.; Saint Martin's School, Washington, D. C.; Normal School, Richmond, Virginia; Berea College, Berea, Kentucky; St. Augustine Normal School, Raleigh, North Carolina; Wesleyan College, East Tennessee; Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee; Storer College, Harper's Ferry, West Virginia; Atlanta University, Atlanta, Georgia; Robert College, Lookout Mountain, Tennessee; Maysville College, Tennessee; Alabama High and Normal Schools: St. Bridget's Parochial School, Pittsburg; S Carolina High and Normal Schools. The total amount given to all these institutions is $168,000.

Dr. Sears, general agent of the Peabody Educational Fund, has been for the last six months engaged in traveling through North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and Tennessee, conferring with prominent gentlemen on the best plans of promoting the objects of this magnificent donation, and addressing the people on the subject of education and free schools. He has everywhere been met with expressions of distinguished consideration. The policy of the Trustees, in distributing the aid of which they are dispensers, is to make the citizens of the localities where schools are established co-operators in the work, by making their donations conditional upon the raising of equal or proportional amounts by subscription, assessment, or otherwise, in the vicinities. Communication is established and maintained with the various State Superintendents of Education, and thus the funds are disbursed through authorized and responsible channels.

About $75,000 have been definitely appropriated by the Trustees for the ensuing six months, and about $78,000 in addition have been appropriated conditionally upon the raising of money, in co-operation, by the various communities where aid is thus given. The Board granted aid varying according to circumstances, from one-third to two-thirds of the amount necessary to sustain the respective schools. Particular attention has been given to the founding of Normal Schools and the commencement of a system of free school education.

The account of the interview on May 28th, at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, between Gen. W. T. Sherman with the Navajos, gives interesting particulars of the domestic customs of this tribe. After a long discussion on the subject, Gen. Sherman and the Commission proposed that the tribe should be sent back to their old reservation. In reply to this offer, Barboncite, the chief, said: "It was customary for the Navajos to counsel with their women and take their advice in all matters of business, and therefore he wished to have them present at the council, so that they might all see and hear what was done. We permit them to speak and vote in our councils, and follow their advice; they are one with us." At the next interview General Sherman entered into fuller particulars as to the region of country to be assigned to the Navajos and as to the provision for their support. Barboncite became affected with great emotion; his eyes moistened, his face flushed up, his nerves quivered, and, suddenly starting from his seat, he threw his arms around the General and exclaimed, "Do this for my people and we will look upon you as our father and as our mother. It seems to us now that you are a god."

Capital Punishment is no longer to be such a crying disgrace in England as heretofore. Barrett, the Fenian incendiary, to whom was traced directly the act which caused such loss of human life in Clerkenwell, was the last person who suffered death in that country by a public execution. The new act of Parliament regulating executions goes into immediate effect. Its most important feature is the abolition of public executions, and the consequent disappearance from the surface of English life of those shocking scenes at the gallows which are so familiar to readers of English journals. The new law provides that judgment of death, to be executed on any prisoner on any indictment or inquisition for murder, shall be carried into effect within the walls of the prison in which the offender is confined at the time of execution. The reform comes late, but all friends of humanity will cheerfully accept it.

The Horrors of the Cuban Coolie Trade almost rival those of the African slave trade. During the first period of Coolie immigration, embracing five years, ending in 1856, 42 ships arrived with 14,542 Chinamen, out of 16,694 shipped from China, 2152 having died on the passage, or 13 per cent. The next five years, ending in 1861, 110 vessels arrived, which landed 42,302, out of 49,529 shipped, the mortality, therefore, amounting to 7229, or 14½ per cent. For the following five years, ending in 1866, 71 vessels arrived and landed 21,884, out of 23,796 shipped from China, only showing a mortality of 1912, or 8 per cent. Thus for fifteen years we have 223 vessels, representing 167,407 tons, taking from China 90,019 Coolies, and only landing in Cuba 78,728, causing a loss of life during the passage of no less than 11,291 souls, or an average mortality for the fifteen years of 11·65 per cent. Compared with the tonnage employed, we find the mortality shows one death for every 18·44 tons of the first five years, one for every 13·20 tons the second five years, and one for every 22·70 tons the third five years.

The street-sweepers of Paris are said to number five thousand, and not one of them is French. They are Germans, from Hesse Darmstadt. The pay is so small that only the most economical can make a living; but these Hessians do it, and some large families save enough to go home after a few years and buy an acre or two of land. Many a young couple, whose poverty is a bar to their marriage, according to the local laws, go to Paris, are married by the German pastor, and begin life by sweeping the streets. They inhabit a barren, rocky hill in the northern extremity of Paris, where they have a neat Lutheran church.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 4, 1868. No. 18.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,

At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for entire Club. Single Nos. 6 cts

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

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From J. G. Whittier's "Prose Works."

RICHARD BAXTER.

(Continued from page 2 0.)

The news of the fight of Naseby reaching Coventry, Baxter, who had friends in the Parliamentary forces, wishing, as he says, to be assured of their safety, passed over to the stricken field, and spent a night with them. He was afflicted and confounded by the information which they gave him, that the victorious army was full of hot-headed schemers and levellers, who were against King and Church, prelacy and ritual, and who were for a free Commonwealth and freedom of religious belief and worship. He was appalled to find that the heresies of the Antinomians, Arminians, and Anabaptists had made sadder breaches in the ranks of Cromwell than the pikes of Jacob Astley, or the daggers of the roysterers who followed the mad charge of Rupert. Hastening back to Coventry, he called together his clerical brethren, and told them "the sad news of the corruption of the army." After much painful consideration of the matter, it was deemed best for Baxter to enter Cromwell's army, nominally as its chaplain, but really as the special representative of orthodoxy in politics and religion, against the democratic weavers and prophesying tailors who troubled it. He joined Whalley's regiment, and followed it through many a hot skirmish and siege. Personal fear was by no means one of Baxter's characteristics, and he bore himself through all with the coolness of an old campaigner. Intent upon his single object, he sat unmoved under the hail of cannon-shot from the walls of Bristol, confronted the well-plied culverins of Sherburne, charged side by side with Harrison upon Goring's musketeers at Langford, and heard the exulting thanksgiving of that grim enthusiast, when, "with a loud voice he broke forth in praises of God, as one in rapture;" and marched, Bible in hand, with Cromwell himself, to the storming of Basing-House, so desperately defended by the Marquis of Winchester. In truth, these storms of outward conflict were to him of small moment. He was engaged in a sterner battle with spiritual principalities and powers, struggling with Satan himself in the guise of political levellers and Antinomian sowers of heresy. No antagonist was too high and none too low for him. Distrusting Cromwell, he sought to engage him in a discussion of certain points of abstract theology, wherein his soundness seemed questionable, but the wary chief baffled off the young disputant by tedious, unanswerable discourses about free grace, which Baxter admits were not unsavory to others, although the speaker himself had little understanding of the matter. At other times, he repelled his sad-visaged chaplain with unwelcome jests, and rough soldierly merriment; for he had "a vivacity, hilarity, and alacrity, as another man hath when he

hath taken a cup too much." Baxter says of him, complainingly, "he would not dispute with me at all." But, in the midst of such an army, he could not lack abundant opportunity for the exercise of his peculiar powers of argumentation. At Amersham, he had a sort of pitched battle with the contumacious soldiers. "When the public talking day came," says he, "I took the reading-pew, and Pitchford's cornet and troopers took the gallery. There did the leader of the Chesham men begin, and afterwards Pitchford's soldiers set in; and I alone disputed with them from morning until almost night; for I knew their trick, that if I had gone out first, they would have prated what boasting words they listed, and made the people believe that they had baffled me, or got the best; therefore I stayed it out till they first rose and went away." As usual in such cases, both parties claimed the victory. Baxter got thanks only from the King's adherents; "Pitchford's troopers and the leader of the Chesham men" retired from their hard day's work, to enjoy the countenance and favor of Cromwell, as men after his own heart, faithful to the Houses and the Word, against Kingcraft and Prelacy.

Laughed at and held at arm's length by Cromwell, shunned by Harrison and Berry and other chief officers, opposed on all points by shrewd, earnest men, as ready for polemic controversy as for battle with the King's malignants, and who set off against his theological and metaphysical distinctions their own personal experiences and spiritual exercises, he had little to encourage him in his arduous labors. Alone in such a multitude, flushed with victory and glowing with religious enthusiasm, he earnestly begged his brother ministers to come to his aid. "If the army," said he, "had only ministers enough, who could have done such little as I did, all their plot might have been broken, and King, Parliament and Religion might have been preserved." But no one volunteered to assist him, and the "plot" of revolution went on.

After Worcester fight he returned to Coventry, to make his report to the ministers assembled there. He told them of his labors and trials, of the growth of heresy and levelling principles in the army, and of the evident design of its leaders to pull down Church, King, and Ministers. He assured them that the day was at hand when all who were true to the King, Parliament, and Religion should come forth to oppose these leaders, and draw away their soldiers from them. For himself, he was willing to go back to the army, and labor there until the crisis of which he spoke had arrived. "Whereupon," says he, "they all voted me to go yet longer."

Fortunately for the cause of civil and religious freedom, the great body of the ministers, who disapproved of the ultraism of the victorious army, and sympathized with the defeated King, lacked the courage and devotedness of Baxter. Had they promptly seconded his efforts, although the restoration of the King might have been impossible at that late period, the horrors of civil war must have been greatly protracted. As it was, they preferred to remain at home, and let Baxter have the benefit of their prayers and good wishes. He returned to the army with the settled purpose of causing its defection from Cromwell; but, by one of those dispensations which the latter used to call "births of Providence," he was stricken down with severe sickness. Baxter's own comments upon this passage in his life are not without interest. He says God prevented his purposes in his last and chiefest opposition to the army; that he intended to take off or seduce from their officers the regiment with which he was connected, and then to have tried his persuasion upon the others. He says he afterwards found that his sickness was a mercy to himself, "for they were so strong and active, and I had been likely to have had small success in the attempt, and to have lost my life among them in their fury." He was right in this last conjecture; Oliver Cromwell would have had no scruples in making an example of a plotting priest; and "Pitchford's soldiers" might have been called upon to silence, with their muskets, the tough disputant who was proof against their tongues.

After a long and dubious illness, Baxter was so far restored as to be able to go back to his old parish at Kidderminster. Here, under the Protectorate of Cromwell, he remained in the full enjoyment of that religious liberty which he still stoutly condemned in its application to others.

He afterwards candidly admits, that under the "Usurper," as he styles Cromwell, "he had such liberty and advantage to preach the Gospel with success, as he could not have under a King, to whom he had sworn and performed true subjection and obedience." Yet this did not prevent him from preaching and printing, "seasonably and moderately," against the Protector. "I declared," said he, "Cromwell and his adherents to be guilty of treason and rebellion, aggravated by perfidiousness and hypocrisy. But yet I did not think it my duty to rave against him in the pulpit, or to do this so unseasonably and imprudently as might irritate him to mischief. And the rather, because, as he kept up his approbation of a godly life in general, and of all that was good, except

that which the interest of his sinful cause engaged him to be against. So I perceived that it was his design to do good in the main, and to promote the Gospel and the interests of godliness nore than any had done before him."

Cromwell, if he heard of his diatribes against him, appears to have cared little for them. Lords Warwick and Broghill, on one occasion brought him to preach before the Lord Protector. He seized the occasion to preach against the sectaries, to condemn all who countenanced them, and to advocate the unity of the church. Soon after, he was sent for by Cromwell, who made "a long and tedious speech," in the presence of three of his chief men, (one of whom. General Lambert, fell asleep the while,) asserting that God had owned his government in a signal manner. Baxter boldly replied to him, that he and his friends regarded the ancient monarchy as a blessing, and not an evil, and begged to know how that blessing was forfeited to England, and to whom that forfeiture was made. Cromwell, with some heat, made answer, that it was no forfeiture, but that God had made the change. They afterwards held a long conference with respect to freedom of conscience, Cromwell defending his liberal policy, and Baxter opposing it. No one can read Baxter's own account of these interviews, without being deeply impressed with the generous and magnanimous spirit of the Lord Protector in tolerating the utmost freedom of speech on the part of one who openly denounced him as a traitor and usurper. Real greatness of mind could alone have risen above personal resentment under such circumstances of peculiar aggravation.

In the death of the Protector, the treachery of Monk, and the restoration of the King, Baxter and his Presbyterian friends believed that they saw the hand of a merciful Providence preparing the way for the best good of England and the Church. Always royalists, they had acted with the party opposed to the King from necessity rather than choice. Considering all that followed, one can scarcely avoid smiling over the extravagant jubilations of the Presbyterian divines, on the return of the royal debauchee to Whitehall. They hurried up to London with congratulations of formidable length, and papers of solemn advice and counsel, to all which the careless monarch listened, with what patience he was master of. Baxter was one of the first to present himself at Court, and it is creditable to his heart rather than his judgment and discrimination, that he seized the occasion to offer a long address to the King, expressive of his expectation that his Majesty would discountenance all sin and promote godliness, support the true exercise of Church discipline, and cherish and hold up the hands of the faithful ministers of the Church. To all which Charles II. "made as gracious an answer as we could expect," says Baxter, "insomuch that old Mr. Ash burst out into tears of joy." Who doubts that the profligate King avenged himself as soon as the backs of his unwelcome visitors were fairly turned, by coarse jests and ribaldry, directed against a class of men whom he despised and hated, but towards whom reasons of policy dictated a show of civility and kindness?

There is reason to believe that Charles II., had he been able to effect his purpose, would have gone beyond Cromwell himself in the matter of religious toleration; in other words, he would have taken, in the outset of his reign, the very steps which cost his successor his crown, and procured the toleration of Catholics by a declaration of universal freedom in religion. But he was not in a situation to brave the opposition alike of Prelacy and Presbyterianism, and foiled in a scheme to which he was prompted by that vague, superstitious predilection for the Roman Catholic religion, which at times struggled with his habitual scepticism, his next object was to rid himself of the importunities of sectaries, and the trouble of religious controversies, by re-establishing the liturgy, and bribing or enforcing conformity to it on the part of the Presbyterians. The history of the successful execution of this purpose is familiar to all the readers of the plausible pages of Clarendon on the one side, or the complaining treatises of Neal and Calamy on the other. Charles and his advisers triumphed, not so much through their own art, dissimulation, and bad faith, as through the blind bigotry, divided counsels, and self-seeking of the Non-conformists. Seduction on one hand, and threats on the other, the bribe of bishoprics, hatred of Independents and Quakers, and the terror of penal laws, broke the strength of Presbyterianism.

Baxter's whole conduct, on this occasion, bears testimony to his honesty and sincerity, while it shows him to have been too intolerant to secure his own religious freedom at the price of toleration for Catholics, Quakers, and Anabaptists; and too blind in his loyalty to perceive that pure and undefiled Christianity had nothing to hope for from a scandalous and depraved King, surrounded by scoffing, licentious courtiers, and a haughty, revengeful Prelacy. To secure his influence, the Court offered him the Bishopric of Hereford. Superior to personal considerations, he declined the honor; but somewhat inconsistently, in his zeal for the interests of his party, he urged the elevation of at least

three of his Presbyterian friends to the Episcopal bench, to enforce that very liturgy which they condemned. He was the chief speaker for the Presbyterians at the famous Savoy Conference, summoned to advise and consult upon the Book of Common Prayer. His antagonist was Dr. Gunning, ready, fluent, and impassioned. "They spent," as Gilbert Burnet says, "several days in logical arguing, to the diversion of the town, who looked upon them as a couple of fencers, engaged in a discussion which could not be brought to an end." In themselves considered, many of the points at issue seem altogether too trivial for the zeal with which Baxter contested them,—the form of a surplice, the wording of a prayer, kneeling at sacrament, the sign of the cross, etc. With him, however, they were of momentous interest and importance, as things unlawful in the worship of God. He struggled desperately, but unavailingly. Presbyterianism, in its eagerness for peace and union, and a due share of State support, had already made fatal concessions, and it was too late to stand upon non-essentials. Baxter retired from the conference baffled and defeated, amidst murmurs and jests. "If you had only been as fat as Dr. Manton," said Clarendon to him, "you would have done well."

The Act of Conformity, in which Charles II. and his counsellors gave the lie to the liberal declarations of Breda and Whitehall, drove Baxter from his sorrowing parishioners of Kidderminster, and added the evils of poverty and persecution to the painful bodily infirmities under which he was already bowed down. Yet his cup was not one of unalloyed bitterness, and loving lips were prepared to drink it with him.

(To be continued.)

POWER OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.

There is one department of Christian evidence to which no skill or industry of the champion of revealed truth can do justice—one also with which the skeptic is little disposed to meddle. It is that which is spread before us in the noiseless and almost entirely unrecorded lives of thousands of the faithful followers of Christ. Ambitious of no distinction, intent only on the Master's services, pursuing the even tenor of their way in the discharge of common duties, their lives are ennobled, and sometimes become heroic, through the lofty purity of their aims, and singleness of their devotion to life's great end. No theory of infidel philosophy can account for them. The attempt to explain them by means of enthusiasm or fanaticism is an insult to common sense.

A testimony from Duanesburg Quarterly Meeting, concerning our beloved friend, JAMES THORN, *deceased.*

James Thorn, the subject of the following memoir, was born in the town of New Baltimore, Green Co., State of New York, on the first day of Ninth month, 1799.

His parents were Samuel and Elizabeth Thorn, members of the Society of Friends; the former acceptably filling the appointment of Elder for many years. Little is now known of the early years of their son James, but it is believed they were circumspect and exemplary.

He was married about the twenty-first year of his age to Sylvia Allen, a member of Galway Monthly Meeting, Saratoga Co., N. Y., soon after which they settled in Jefferson Co., within the limits of Leray Monthly Meeting, when that section was comparatively new. Here they spent some ten years in much obscurity, when he removed with his family within the limits of Middleburg Meeting, a remote, out-of-the-way branch of Rensselaerville Monthly Meeting. Here his Ministerial labors commenced, and for a number of years were almost wholly confined to that little meeting. In the Seventh month of the year 1843, he came out in the Monthly Meeting with a powerful, living testimony of considerable length, to the satisfaction and admiration of those who heard him.

His friends soon perceived that he possessed a rare gift as a Minister, and in less than a year he was acknowledged as such by the Society. With the enlargement of his gift, his close provings and deep baptisms increased. He saw, as he believed, an extended field of labor before him, into which he felt he was called upon to enter. He was in straitened circumstances, with a growing family needing the avails of his energies to supply their daily wants. And about this time he was attacked with a cancerous affection, which soon gave evidence of baffling all medical skill. Under all these painful circumstances, any one of which seemed sufficient to weigh down his sensitive spirit, it is no wonder he despaired of finishing the work appointed him to do. Yet after many anxious days and wearisome nights, and years of physical suffering, "way was made where there seemed to be no way," for his going forth to the accomplishing of his mission.

In the spring of 1852, he removed within the limits of Coeymans Monthly Meeting, where he resided until his death. During the seventeen years of intense suffering from cancer on the head, he performed nineteen religious visits with minutes of concurrence from his Monthly Meeting; and we believe

to the entire satisfaction of the visited. Most of these visits were within the limits of his own Yearly Meeting. One extended to Philadelphia, and two to Genessee Yearly Meeting.

His literary attainments were very limited; his knowledge of books small; and up to his fortieth year he had lived a very retired life; yet his language was clear, pertinent and forcible, calculated to enchain a mixed audience, however large. His extended feeling of tolerance opened a door of admittance to most orders of religious professors, often saying in his public discourses, "I claim sincerity for myself, I cheerfully accord it to others." His uniform kindness and courtesy of manner, his large sympathy with the sorrowing and the suffering, made his presence much coveted and widely solicited in cases of bereavement: hence his very frequent attendance of funerals, during the latter years of his life, not only among his own people, but extensively among others; often travelling long distances for their accomplishment. He was mostly able to get to meetings till about a year before his death, when his intense suffering, which he bore with Christian fortitude and patience, confined him to his house. Here, in the bosom of his beloved family, (whose devotion and assiduous attention to the loved sufferer have not often been paralleled) he quietly awaited the progress of that fatal malady that all saw must ere long close his useful life.

Many sympathizing friends visited him during this trying season, to whom he evinced the faith and patience of the saint, giving utterance to weighty and edifying expressions; which, though treasured in the memory of those who heard them, cannot now be collected so as to make a connected relation in this memoir. His last and dying legacy to all Friends everywhere, was love. "Give my love to all Friends." Thus after giving directions about his funeral, desiring that everything should be very plain and simple, and taking a last and most affectionate leave of his family, he quietly passed away, on the twenty-sixth of Third month, 1862.

Signed by direction and on behalf of Duanesburgh Quarterly Meeting, held at Coeymans the twenty-first of Fifth month, 1868, by ISRAEL DRAKE, PATIENCE SMITH, } *Clerks.*

At a Meeting for Sufferings held on the twenty-fifth of Fifth month, 1868, the foregoing testimony of Duanesburgh Quarterly Meeting concerning our friend James Thorn, deceased, was read. Its interesting contents being satisfactory to the Meeting, it is referred to the Yearly Meeting.

SAMUEL WILLETS, *Clerk.*

EXTRACT.

How striking, how heart affecting, and yet how consolatory it is, at the close of a long life, to look back upon the course of our Heavenly Father's dealings with us, and to recognize, in a manner, the end wrought out through the varied stages of our earthly pilgrimage; what each friendship, each trial, each pursuit, was intended to accomplish; what strength each refreshment by the way gave us, and how far it was used to His glory; what wisdom was imparted by each discipline, and whether His message of love and mercy had been kept in our minds, and pondered in our hearts, and what fruit it bore to life eternal. How encouraging, and yet how *humiliating* is the review; humiliating that we *needed* such reiterated chastisements, so much discipline from Him who is love; and yet encouraging, since that very discipline shows that he will never leave us, nor forsake us—but that this God is our God—that He who has been, will be our guide even unto death, or rather through the passage of death to Life Eternal.

The fervor of the day has become the cool of late evening; the lengthening shadows fall long and wide across the closing landscape,—the coloring, once so bright, sinks into one uniform mass of grey; the magic mirror of the mind itself is dull; yet, we still discover those eternal landmarks which, from childhood, even to hoary age, have stood immovable before us—the hope, the anchor, and the refuge of our souls.—*M. A. Schimmelpennick.*

SELF-CONSECRATION.

BY JOHN F. W. WARE.

It is common to represent Jesus as leaving the infinite serenity in which he dwelt, and, moved with a Divine compassion, taking upon himself the form of man and the varied endurance of life, that so he might bring man out of sin. That may be good poetry, but it is not good truth. On the other hand, I do not think that the bald idea of Jesus as one "sent," though a nearer, is quite the whole, truth. It is so that he speaks of himself, and so that his disciples speak of him. But there was a certain *voluntariness* about his mission which we lose sight of when we regard him as simply the follower of an inexorable law, and only coming to man's help because he was "sent." I cannot fathom Divine council, and determine by what election or selection Jesus was commissioned; but this I feel, that the commission, the appointment, did not alone constitute him the Messiah. He did not come as a king's messenger comes, as an envoy of an empire, solely at command. There was a deliberate

and conscious acceptance of the office; and this, not in the mere boy-resolve of the Temple, or the secret struggle and purpose of the desert, not by baptism in the Jordan, but by going out into life and carrying the spirit of self-sacrifice into everything,—else "he had not been a man in God's idea of manhood; for the idea of man which God had been for ages laboring to give, through a consecrated tribe and a consecrated nation, was the idea of a being whose life-law is *sacrifice*, every act and every thought being devoted to God." His whole life was proof of his declaration, "I sanctify myself." To have been merely *sent* made him a servant, at best a later Moses; but to *accept* the mission made him a son,—Jesus, the Christ.

Every man is "sent" into the world; but not till he consciously, deliberately, accepts his mission can he become lifted up into the great heirship with Christ: not till then is he a "son." The act of sending, on the part of God, must be supplemented by the act of acceptance on the part of man. The acceptance must be without reserve. Not only must he take God's gift of life, but he must give life to duty; not merely must he surrender himself to the Divine will, which is compulsion, but he must consecrate himself to the Divine love, which is choice. This is the complement to God's act, without which it cannot be complete. It makes no odds what other consecrating there may have been, what setting apart of parent or of church, what dropping of water, what imposition of hands, what repeating of catechism, what signing of creed: it is all formal and valueless until the man have set himself apart in solemn, secret self-dedication. Balaam and Jonah and many another have been appointed to great duties, have been solemnly put aside for special work, yet have utterly failed to do it, because there was no inward consecrating, seconding and sealing that of God or man. The descending of the spirit upon Jesus, or any other appointing of God, had availed nothing to make him the world's Redeemer, had he not consecrated himself. It was the spirit in him, meeting, co-operating, blending with the Spirit from on high, that gave him the power to become Son of God: it is that in us which shall lift us to be sons.

Self-consecration, the giving of one's self up to the service of God, is a grand, decisive, voluntary act of the soul, striking at the root of all worldliness and selfishness, and accepting without reserve whatever God may order to be done or to be borne. It is the putting side by side what the world has to offer and what God has to offer, the striking the balance between the two, and the unreserved acceptance of the offer of God. It is the conscious and free acceptance of the high destiny God lays before his children; the resolve to dedicate wholly body and mind and heart as a reasonable, holy, and acceptable sacrifice. It is the entrance into the spirit of Jesus, and the carrying of that spirit out into all the details of life, in devotedness to man and devotion to God. It is the full *at-one-ing* of the two wills, the reach of the spirit in man after the spirit of God, the approach of finite toward the Infinite,—the soul's eternal task and grandest privilege. It is not an act of the will alone, one single, great resolve,—the vision of the Mount,—the luxurious, beatific attitude of faith and hope and longing into which secret prayer and thought sometimes throw us, when we taste angels' food, and feel as if the kingdoms of the world were already at our feet; not the transfiguration, but the after duty, the coming in cooler blood down amid the things of earth; the meeting and casting out of the kind that only goes out by the spirit's fast and prayer. The true law of every life, the only law of life, is consecration; and "consecration is not wrapping one's self in a holy web in the sanctuary, and then coming forth after prayer and meditation, and saying, 'There, I am consecrated.' Consecration is going out into the world where God Almighty is, and using every power to his glory. It is simply dedicating one's life, its whole flow, to his service."

The failure of man so largely in the true life is because he will not comprehend what an *utter* thing consecration is, and how *utterly* impossible the kingdom is without it. The difference between a man who has consecrated himself, and the man who has made up his mind that on the whole it is better for him to lead a correct life, is as the difference between fiction and fact. Nothing can turn the man consecrate. Like Paul, he counts all loss gain; and the catalogue of pains and penalties is but his inspiration. What would deter others stimulates him: what would dismay, confirms. No high endeavor, no grand result, comes otherwise. It is the man rising to his native height, doing all things through the Christ strengthening him; the man no way lukewarm, but kindling with, possessed by, "the enthusiasm of humanity," and so treading down all intervening obstacles, till, more than conqueror, he wins "that crown with peerless glories bright."

I know just what every one says down in his heart as he reads this. I know how we shrink from such deliberate surrender of ourselves, our *all*, to God's law; and I know how utterly life fails of its grandeur, how it loses the promise in this, and its hope in the

life to come, because this *one absolutely necessary thing* we will not do. We are willing enough to serve God, if we can only make our own reservations. Rebels so gladly take the oath of allegiance. But it is the reservation that kills the quality of the loyalty: it is the reservation that makes of us, not followers of God, as dear children, but timid and time-serving and unreliable slaves,—in the thing easy, the thing convenient, the thing in which we see immediate reward or penalty, obedient; but when the pressure comes, and the whole man is called on, when a cross is to be borne, hesitating, half faithful, or recreant. There are times of tribulation in every human experience, often unrecognized by other men, —things in our inner secret lives, as well as of our outward and visible,—when nothing can stand but the soul which is *all* God's; there are times when men terribly fail, when the disaster of their moral overthrow is broad and deep. It is only the old story. The house is built upon the sand. The life is not riveted into the core of the rock. There has been some reserve in the consecration,—a secret flaw, which at the test-moment betrays itself, and wrecks the man.

We do not want to be at the mercy of flaws. In the metal thoroughly welded they need not be. Make self-consecration thorough, and the gates of hell cannot prevail.

(To be concluded.)

LIFE'S CHANGES.

How many hearts have been wounded, how many tears have been shed, through what may all be spoken in one little word—"Change!" It is written on everything we behold. The flowers we see one day growing and expanding in all their brilliancy, the next day may be scattered to the ground. Even the leaves that grow on the sturdy oak last only for a season, and as we see them in their freshness, they almost fill us with the hope that they will not fade away. But alas! the autumn comes, and these, too, droop and die. Not only do we see this change in the flowers, and in all nature's works, but we experience it in all we do. How transient are all earthly enjoyments! In the memory of the past, how many scenes can we recall that once made our hearts glad and filled us with joy! Where are many of our dearest friends? The rolling billows may have separated us from them, or we may have said farewell, never again to see them on this side of Jordan. It may be that the friends we trusted have proved false. But what is the lesson we are to learn from all this? Not to fix our affections on things below, but to look forward to that country where the scenes, as they pass, will only be renewed in all their loveliness to eternity. Here there are a thousand ways in which we may be separated in a moment from those we love, but there we meet never again to be divided. There death never comes. Are not these joys that never end worth living for? It is true, we see through a glass darkly. We know not the extent of heavenly joys; but this we know, that they endure forever. Let us, then, endure nobly while we are here, that we may become worthy of the inheritance that is "incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away."—*Methodist New Connection Magazine.*

In accordance with the design mentioned in No. 12 of the Intelligencer, the following Excerpts are given:

EXCERPTS.

There is a temptation offered by public life and by the possession of power, which few can resist. He whose conscience in private life was tender, soon learns to throw the responsibility of his wrong-doing on others with whom he is associated, on expediency, or on the supposed necessity of the case. Those who are prominent in the government of religious bodies are also liable to the danger of putting expediency in the place of right, and surrendering individual conscience to the interests of sect.

I want to bid thee farewell, before leaving the city, and tell thee of the feeling of comfort, and almost of rejoicing, which has of late been my portion. Should this find thee in a different allotment, dwelling in that part of the spiritual creation which is seldom, and but for short periods, visited by the *direct* rays of the sun, be content, my beloved friend, in the belief that the love of our heavenly Father extends to the utmost bounds of His creation, and that He not only allots our habitations, but can so adapt us to them that we can rejoice in our short season of sunshine, and look forward with hope, during the long darkness, to his reappearance. The little scraps thou speakest of, as savoring of divine life, were from a heart humbled under affliction. I often fear that it will be harder for me to bow under the chastening hand, now that affection and almost every earthly blessing have made my lot a happy one, than it was when I seemed bereft of every earthly comfort.

There are authors, in approaching whom we are conscious of an access of intellectual strength. A "virtue goes out" from them. Sometimes a single word, spoken by the voice of genius, goes far into the heart. A hint, a suggestion, an undefined delicacy of

expression, teaches more than we gather from volumes of less gifted men. The works which we should chiefly study are not those which contain the greatest funds of knowledge, but raise us into sympathy with the intellectual energy of the author, and through which a great mind multiplies itself as it were in the reader.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 4, 1868.

We have received the extracts from the minutes of the late Yearly Meeting held in New York, but having in a former number given an account of its proceedings, we only extract the testimony concerning our friend James Thorn.

LONDON YEARLY MEETING.—The British Friend of Sixth month publishes an unusually full abstract of the proceedings of London Yearly Meeting. More than twenty closely printed pages of that periodical furnish the reader, not only with the proceedings, but in many instances the names of the parties who participated. In marking the proceedings of this body, and reading the published accounts annually furnished by the two periodicals devoted to the interests of the Society in England, the observer is led to conclude that a widespread difference of opinion exists in reference to what are esteemed modern innovations, both in doctrine and practice.

Although the remarks of the different speakers do not give a clear idea as to the nature of the "unsound doctrines" alluded to as causing uneasiness, it is presumed that some of the questions which have from time to time agitated the Christian world, including the Society of Friends, are continuing to appear in some form or other.

The whole number of members belonging to London Yearly Meeting, as appears by the tabular statement, is 13,815; and notwithstanding they differ in many respects from a portion of Friends in this country, they are certainly a people "zealous of good works," and, small as they are in numbers, exercise an important influence in the mother country. Our space will only admit of a very brief abstract of the many subjects which claimed the attention of the meeting.

MARRIED, according to the order of Friends, at the house of Ellis P. Marshall, Third month 12th, 1868, ROLPH M. HARVEY, of Chester county, and ANNA P. MARSHALL, of Concord, Delaware Co., Pa.

——, according to the order of Friends, at the house of the bride's parents, Fifth month 21, 1868, ALBAN HARVEY, of Chester county, and MARY P. MARSHALL, of Concord, Delaware Co., Pa.

——, Sixth month 18th, under the care of the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Green Street, Philadelphia, WILLIAM WALMSLEY, of Philadelphia, to CAROLINE, daughter of Daniel Trump, of Germantown, Pa.

DIED, at Poughkeepsie, Dutchess County, New York, on the 23d of Fourth month, 1868, after a severe and protracted illness, which he bore with exemplary patience and Christian resignation, ALEXANDER J. COFFIN, in the 74th year of his age. He was a minister of the Society of Friends, an active, useful and efficient member of Oswego Monthly, and Nine Partners Quarterly Meetings. "An honest man is the noblest work of God."

——, on the 3d of Fifth month, CAROLINE COFFIN, daughter of the late A. J. Coffin, in the 28th year of her age.

"Like a gleam of the sunset, slow melting in heaven,
Like a star that is lost when the daylight is riven,
Like a glad dream of slumber, that wakens to bliss,
She hath passed to the Land of the Holy from this."

——, suddenly, on the 17th inst., at the residence of James McIlvain, near Mt. Holly, N. J., HANNAH STEPHENS, in the 84th year of her age; a minister of Chesterfield Monthly Meeting, N. J.

——, suddenly, at Plainfield, N. J., on the morning of the 22d ult., our beloved friend URIAH FIELD, in the 68th year of his age; a member of Rahway and Plainfield Monthly Meeting.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

——, on Sixth day evening, Sixth month 19th, at Philadelphia, CANBY STEEL, in his 66th year.

——, Sixth month 18th, of typhoid fever, ELLIE B., youngest daughter of Samuel T. and Sarah L. Child, in her 14th year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Green St., Philadelphia.

——, on the 20th of Sixth month, 1868, HANNAH L., wife of James Andrews, in her 67th year; a member of Darby Monthly Meeting, Pa.

——, Sixth month 20th, VICTORIA GERTRUDE, daughter of George A. and Eliza H. Smith, in her 3d year; members of the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Green St., Philadelphia.

——, on Second-day evening, Sixth month 22d, at his residence, Colestown, N. J., J. HEWLINGS COLES, in his 60th year.

——, Sixth month 25th, ANN NICHOLSON, in her 81st year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

——, at Norristown, Pa., Sixth month 12th, TERESSA, wife of Robert Iredell, in her 56th year.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The Executive Committee of the General Conference are desired to meet in Friends' School-house, West Chester, Pa., at 9½ o'clock, A.M., on the 18th of Seventh month. Members at a distance, who may be unable to attend, are requested to confer together, and forward such suggestions as they may consider servicable, to the care of Jos. M. Truman, Jr., 717 Willow St., Philada.

2t. WM. W. BIDDLE, Clerk.

THE FIRST DAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS Within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, will hold its Quarterly Meeting in Friends' Schoolhouse, West Chester, Pa., on Seventh-day, Seventh month 18th, at 11 o'clock, A. M. Subjects of general interest will be considered, such as "the needs of First-day Schools," "proper use of text books," "School literature," the appropriation of funds, &c.

All schools within our limits are requested to send delegates and reports, and the general attendance of Friends is invited. Friends from other Yearly Meetings will be cordially welcomed. Cars leave 31st and Chestnut Sts., West Philadelphia, at 7.15 A.M. A lunch will be provided for those in attendance.

Jos. M. Truman, Jr., Clerk,
2t. 717 Willow St., Philada.

LONDON YEARLY MEETING.

London Yearly Meeting commenced at 10 o'clock on Fourth-day the 19th of Fifth month.

At the first sitting the Epistles from American Yearly Meetings were read. "They were all lively and practical, and marked by a judicious condensation." . . . "The Epistle from Indiana Yearly Meeting stated that several religious meetings now gathered in the South (among the Freedmen) are looking to an essential union with the Society of Friends, as constituent portions of it."

In the answers to the queries from Lancashire Quarterly Meeting, "there was an exception as to the *timely* exercise of the Discipline. This led to a long and very serious deliberation on the condition of Manchester meeting.

"Josiah Forster introduced the subject with much feeling, saying that there was one important part of the condition of Quarterly Meetings which may not be elicited, and may not necessarily appear from the Answers to the Queries, namely, its state as to soundness of Christian doctrine, yea or nay. Perhaps no change in the Queries is needed. But it is a serious reflection that a Friend may be almost out of order in adverting even to a matter of public notoriety. J. F. expressed his love for his dear Lancashire friends, whom he had often visited, and so many of whom he knew personally; but he, nevertheless, had believed it his duty, on the occasion of his last visit to that county, to express to some few Friends his grave apprehensions respecting the unsound doctrines which are known to be entertained by some of the members of a large meeting within its borders. He thought this subject should now claim the attention of the Yearly Meeting.

"The Clerk now inquired whether the representatives from Lancashire had any communications to make on this subject."

Several representatives from Lancashire, and a large number of other Friends, expressed themselves, and differences of opinion were apparent. It was stated that a committee had been appointed in the Quarterly Meeting, and many Friends preferred the subject should remain under its care.

"John Hodgkin was not surprised that a question affecting the fundamental truths of the gospel had awakened the deep feeling of this meeting. Nevertheless, for every right concern there is a right time and a right channel. In most instances there has been a satisfactory issue where the Yearly Meeting has taken up questions of unsoundness in doctrine at the right time, and in due order of discipline. As illustrations he recurred to the cases of Hannah Barnard and Thomas Foster.

"Wm. Irwin did not unite with some of J. Hodgkin's remarks. He repeated that the committee was divided on this question in the proportion of four to three. Wm. Ecroyd (as a member of that committee), said he was not aware that there was such disunity. He believed all the committee were united in their satisfaction with the report they had jointly delivered into the last Quarterly Meeting. He added that there was reason to hope some beneficial result had already ensued from the labors of this committee, and from its interviews with various Friends in Manchester. He had derived comfort from these interviews, especially from those with the younger Friends, many of whom stated that they did not sympathise with the unsound views which were entertained by some, but that they had other reasons for appearing to shield the holders of these views from disciplinary action. He thought a good effect would be produced by the expression of the opinions of Friends on the question which had now taken place.

"John Pease, whilst approving of the recommendation to continue confidence in the committee, and to proceed with patience, and in order, yet reverently desired that this large assembly might not leave this subject without a deep sense of its solemn nature. It had indeed been entered upon from no mere hearsay evidence, there having been publicly put forth statements and doctrines 'the tendency of which is to rob us of our most cherished hopes, and to weaken the very foundations of our faith.' When we feel the value of immortal souls, and particularly of the souls of our young Friends, we may tremble that such poison should be spread abroad. He desired that the Yearly Meeting might deal with this question in all patience, forbearance and love, but that at the same time it should firmly uphold the faith which was once delivered to the saints.

"J. B. Braithwaite expressed his entire concurrence with these remarks of John Pease.

He counselled fervent prayer on behalf of the Quarterly Meeting of Lancashire, that it might be kept upon the eternal Rock, upon which a true church must ever abide, even the rock of faith. This faith, so inexpressibly precious, was a faith in Him who has loved us and given himself for us, and who is the glorified Head of the church. It hath pleased the Father and God of all that in him should *all fulness* dwell."

"The clerk then gave it as the decision of this meeting not to take the matter, at this time, out of the hands of the Lancashire Quarterly Meeting, but to leave it to their continued care and responsibility.

"It appeared that there has been no change in the number of particular meetings of Friends, viz., 327. The total number of members in Great Britain is 13,815, viz., 6,525 males, and 7,290 females. Habitual attenders of our meetings not in membership, 3,658, being 76 more than last year. There have been 63 marriages, 254 births, and 297 deaths of Friends. There have been added by convincement 110 new members, 15 reinstated, 42 minors admitted; total, 167. The losses were 63 resignations and 21 disownments; total, 84. The nett total increase during the past year has been 48. The four largest Quarterly Meetings are—London and Middlesex, 2071; Yorkshire, 2014; Lancashire and Cheshire, 2001; Bristol and Somerset, 847. There are 255 members in Australia (156 males and 99 females.)

"Friends have annually an excess of about twenty-five deaths above births. It is cheering that in the past year there have been more marriages than usual, and more members received by convincement.

"Josiah Forster spoke at considerable length in expression of his fear that there may be a growing tendency to look favorably towards the introduction of the reading of Holy Scripture into our meetings. He decidedly deprecated such a course, and hoped it would not find a place amongst us. He could not conscientiously attend a Friends' meeting in which such a practice might be adopted. But he highly esteemed the Scriptures, and had for forty years been a member of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

"The subject thus introduced occupied the attention of the Yearly Meeting for nearly two hours. There was a general expression of unity with Josiah Forster's view of the subject. T. Short spoke of the value of meetings held wholly in silence. William Watkins wished that Friends in the body of the meeting would not leave all speech, to so great a degree as at present, to the Friends sitting round the table. He had derived no comfort from the tabular statement. We have become a disunited people. We have let our light become dim through forsaking the great principle of the guidance of the Holy Spirit. We are not esteemed by the world as we were a few years ago. Not having sufficiently honored God, we have become lightly esteemed. If the Bible were introduced into our religious meetings it would certainly lead to a division amongst us. Joseph J. Dymond took a more cheering view of the Society. But we should not limit the Holy Spirit. Whilst making no *formal* arrangements for worship, yet if any Friend believed it his duty to read a portion of Scripture in meetings, he should not be debarred. Our increase in religious vitality has been largely found to be connected with the faithful public use of Holy Scripture. It must be remembered that a part of the purpose of our meetings is to bring sinners to Christ. Established Christians may derive comfort from sitting in silence, where the ignorant and unrepentant may be unable to enter into such deep spiritual communion. James Bull spoke of the power of the Holy Spirit to convert sinners without the use of words. The gospel is often conveyed to souls in silent worship by the Holy Spirit far more effectually than by any human instrumentality.

"T. Chalk said that he did not know of anything that would be more fatal to the unity of the Society of Friends than the introduction of the practice of reading the Scriptures in meetings for worship.

"C. Wilson, John Pease, William Irwin, F. Wright, O. Baynes, and G. Cornish expressed unity with J. Forster's view.

"J. Grubb thought we should distinguish between the worship of converted souls, and meetings for the reclamation of the sinner and the wanderer. When holding meetings with such he has felt it his duty to read a portion of Scripture. Friends should not be limited in such cases.

"William Irwin expressed his objection to birthright membership as an injury to the Society. J. Armfield said that the trials now amongst us arise from letting go the life of Christ in the heart. Being off the true foundation, we shall be assailed by errors. The Bible is helpful, but it is not the foundation of our faith. The early Friends believed unitedly that the Holy Spirit is the foundation of our faith. We should recur to this ancient principle—Christ in us, the hope of glory, our hope for the future and the present. Through neglect of this our landmarks are removed, our hedges are broken down, and our walls are unbuilt. The truth would bring us to see eye to eye. The truth would lead all who received it, everywhere, into Quakerism."—(*To be concluded.*)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE SUNDEW.

"We have jewels! Oh! what is your casket of gems
To the pearls hanging thick" on Drosera's stems.

The sundews, or droseras, are little plants inhabiting sandy bogs exposed to the sun's rays, and are easily recognized by their purple aspect, and by their leaves sparkling in the sunshine, as though always covered with drops of dew.

We have felt some interest in these plants, as well as in others nearly allied to them, because of their curious and beautiful structure, and also because some observers think they eat flies and other small insects.

We may easily grow them at home. Bring from the bogs in the early summer time a few vigorous plants, with some sand and bog-moss, plant them in a saucer or other convenient dish, turn a glass cover over them, give a strong light, even let in the golden beams of the early morning sun to play a little with their purple, jewelled hairs, and you will realize a picture of singular beauty. Our remarks apply to the round-leaved sundew, so called because its leaves are rounder than the others, for the species of this genus may be distinguished by the shape of their leaves. The sundew sends its leaves up from the root,—botanists would call them radical. First, only a slender green filament shoots out an inch or more in length; the end of this gradually opens into a flattened, round and somewhat fleshy leaf, about as large as one's little finger nail, thickly set all over the upper surface with hairs, green at first, but turning a deep purple color, *it is supposed*, about the time the plant acquires its carnivorous propensities. Each hair terminates in a little spherical gland which excretes a transparent tenacious liquid, and this liquid remains enveloping the glands, clear as diamonds and nearly as brilliant in the sunshine. But they are not dew-drops. Night, when she comes shrouded in her mysterious darkness, weeps no such drops as these. Her tears dry up at the sun's first kiss, but drosera's jewels defy his angry face, and shine all day in his fiercest beams. Curious indeed is the unfolding of these leaves. In the bud they are rolled in, chiefly from two opposite edges, and all the hairs are snugly tucked in towards the centre. Slowly it unrolls, and the hairs turn up like the opening of the human hand, if it had fingers all round.

We arranged a living leaf under a lens, and with a needle irritated the hairs, in order to see if they possessed irritability or contractility, but we could not detect either. Then we put a dead insect in contact with the glands, but our plant revealed no entomological propensity whatever, but a living insect in the same position, struggled until many hairs became glued to its body, making escape impossible. At a certain stage in the growth of the leaf, these glands no longer excrete their peculiar liquid; evaporation then dries them up and the insect too, and both equally undergo decay. Doubtless the sundew is a *fly-catcher*, but we are not warranted in saying it is a fly-eater.

We found isolated pollen-grains of the pine resting on our leaves, and the plant behaved towards them just as it did towards a dead insect.

Many other plants, also, are *fly-catchers*. The Cuphia viscosissima is covered with a sticky excretion, and many insects are held fast by its affectionate touch; yet no one accuses it of getting its lunch in any other than the ordinary way. The Tofieldia glutinosa, on one part of its stem, catches musquitoes in scores; we wish it would entrap more, and "grind their bones to make its bread," but it won't. Does the Phallus, that upstart fungus, which is redolent of some other things than the sweetness of roses, eat the green-bottle flies that find a grave in its aromatic embrace? No one has accused it. But our pets, the sundews, are charged with this depraved taste; but we believe not the report, any more than we should in regard to others of our friends, whom we know to be pure and innocent and good, without the dry, hard and demonstrated facts.

But we desire to look at the sundew a little more closely. Cut off one of its round leaves, put it in a test tube with a little dilute nitric acid. Heat it a little, only just enough to change the color, then decant into clean water. Rinse off right well, and boil again in dilute alcohol. Now soak for an hour in very dilute caustic potash. At this stage of preparation we perceive all the beautiful purple color is gone, but we must restore that color again. Soak the preparation for an hour in a purple solution of acetate of aniline; this dye goes right through those parts of the leaf where growth had ceased, leaving no trace of its passage, and stains the interior of the cells and glands where the plant's delicate life had been at work, elaborating those jewels with which drosera has decked her tresses for generations back. Now wash off in clean water—but handle carefully, for we have a treasure—and display the specimen under a binocular microscope magnifying eighty diameters. Have we not a revelation? Our leaf which was opaque, is now transparent as glass, although there has been no dissection or disturbance in the natural relationship of parts. Here we would use pictures to express our meaning, but only poor words are at our command.

The large cells of the epidermis have their walls and contents clearly mapped out.

Like rural villages in a landscape, the stomata, small but distinct, lie between conical glands elevated a little above the surface, like miniature mountains. We see, too, the curious spiral vessels traversing the leaf, giving off branches like rivers, and a spiral thread, thin as a spider's web, creeps up the middle of each hair, and terminating in its glandular end, is multiplied into many large, elongated spiral cells, all enclosed in a tissue clear as glass and tinged with purple and cherry light.

We have found in the sundew evidence of an active and wonderful life, and we have seen organs set apart to perform a special and peculiar function—glands for excretion in a plant, balancing glands for excretion in animals. In the one case we explain the phenomenon by supposing the animal no longer has need for certain portions of its system that have done their work and are no longer essential. Shall we deny to similar phenomena in certain plants a similar explanation? Why are these viscid glands in the sundew elevated so far above the surface of the leaf? No drop of the excretion ever falls on the epidermis, for the stomata lie there, those wondrous little windows to let in and out air just as the plant needs it, and if these became glued up it would die.

It is possible that all the final truths connected with plant life may not lie perfected in the books. We would therefore stimulate our young friends to use their own eyes carefully and thoughtfully—guessing at nothing.

J. G. H.

THE MEETING.

BY ELLWOOD ROBERTS.

The busy hum of noisy mill
Has ceased, the farmer's toils are o'er;
Across the brook, and up the hill,
We take our quiet way, once more,
To where the slanting sunbeams fall
Upon the building, old and plain,
In which, 'neath shade of oak-trees tall,
To worship God we meet again.

We pause a moment; pause to look
On all the lovely landscape round;
The valley down beside the brook;
The slope beyond with orchards crowned.
We enter; here, at least, we find
No place for fashion, show, or pride;
What need of these? a peaceful mind
Is greater joy than all beside.

No lofty note of praise we hear,
No swelling strains of music rise.
We come in trustful love; no fear
Disturbs the calm that round us lies.
We love the faith our fathers taught,
That we, in thoughtful silence, still
Must wait until God's hand has brought
Our hearts submissive to his will.

The sunbeams flit across the floor,
Blest emblems of that love divine,
Which bids the sinful soul, once more
Made whole by faith, in beauty shine.
The outward silence deeper lies,
No motion stirs the summer air;
We hear a voice at length arise,
An earnest voice in solemn prayer:

"Grant, Lord, that we may worship thee,
In spirit and in truth to-day;
Let every heart turn willingly,
To thee, Oh, Christ! the only way;
An ever present Saviour Thou,
Teaching as never man has taught,
Oh, make us feel our weakness now,
That we, without thy strength, are naught."

The words within our hearts abide
As homeward bend our steps again,
With growing corn on either side,
And fields of waving grass and grain.
Lord, may thy presence, felt to-day,
Be with us through the coming week;
Recall our thoughts, so apt to stray,
When paths prohibited, they seek.

Norristown Herald.

From the Watchman and Reflector.

SACRED SILENCE.

Never with blast of trumpets
And the chariot wheels of fame,
Do the servants and sons of the Highest
His oracles proclaim;
But when grandest truths are uttered
And when holiest depths are stirred,
When our God himself draws nearest,
The still small voice is heard.

He has sealed His own with silence:
His years that come and go,
Bringing still their mighty measures
Of glory and of woe,—
Have you heard one note of triumph
Proclaim their course begun?
One voice or bell give tidings
When the ministry was done?

Unheralded and unheeded
His revelations come,
His prophets before the scorners
Stand resolute, yet dumb;
But a thousand years of silence,
And the world falls to adore—
And to kiss the feet of the martyrs
It crucified before!

Shall I have a part in the labor,
In the silence and the might,
Of the plans divine, eternal,
That He opens to my sight?
In the strength and the inspiration
That his crowned and chosen know?
O, well might my darkest sorrow
Into songs of triumph flow!

For I hear in this sacred stillness
The fall of angelic feet,—
I feel white hands on my forehead,
With a benediction sweet;—
They say to me, "Labor in silence—
For dearer to God are the songs
Of one earnest and loving spirit,
Than the pæans of joyful throngs."

The rivulet sweetest murmurs
Afar in the forest glade,
And the nightingale wildest warbles
From depths of leafy shade;

So the poet sings most divinely
From the noisy crowd apart,
And the lays most worthy of laurels
Are those he hides in his heart.

O, I hear in this sacred stillness
The fall of angelic feet,
I feel white hands on my forehead,
With a benediction sweet;
No echo of worldly tumult
My beautiful vision mars;
This silence itself is music,
Like the silence of the stars!

OBSERVATIONS ON THE LOCUST OF 1800 AND 1809.

BY THE LATE MIERS FISHER, OF PHILADELPHIA.

1800.

The locusts being expected to appear this year, I waited their coming, with a view to some observations on them. The grub came out of the earth about the 25th of the Fifth month, in small numbers, and increased daily till the 10th of the Sixth month, when they were mostly on the wing. They left an opening of the diameter of from one-fourth to one-third of an inch. I poured water down some of their holes, not one of which would contain more than a wine-glass full. I tried their depth with a rye stalk, which penetrated nearly in a perpendicular direction from six to ten inches, and could be forced no farther. Viewing one of my garden walks, which had been overshadowed by a very large apple tree, cut down last fall, I found from six to ten holes within each square foot, at irregular distances from each other, two, four, six, eight, and sometimes more inches apart. I could not ascertain whether more than one grub came out of the same hole, but my son informs me he found two coming out of an open hole.

The grub, on coming out, had the appearance of a cray-fish, and climbed up the first thing that presented. It fixed its claws into the substance it had chosen, and by violent efforts burst its shell, and the locust came forth like a soft crab, wholly unable to move till after some hours exposed to the sun, which, evaporating the superfluous moisture, gave him strength for short flights, at first only to some more elevated situation, but soon enabled him to range the atmosphere at pleasure.

From thence to about the 20th, every tree and shrub was crowded with them. Their notes were somewhat like the croaking of a tree frog, though not so loud or shrill; two different ones could be distinctly perceived when only a few of them were within hearing, but upon approaching an orchard or wood, where myriads joined in chorus, their united voices formed a loud murmur, nearly monotonous, not unlike that of a distant fall of water, save that the ear could distinguish the ceasing of the note of those that were nearest, from the general hum.

After some time for pairing and gestation, the period of which I did not ascertain, the females began to deposit their burthens. They chose the twigs of all kinds of trees and shrubs indiscriminately, not avoiding the poisonous vines; the tenderest branches of last year's growth appear to have most of them. I have found but few on branches of much more than a quarter of an inch diameter. When beginning, they make an incision about one-third of an inch in length, running from the surface obliquely to the centre, or nearly, and so in regular progression as far towards the end as the wood will bear them; if they proceed to one-eighth of an inch diameter they generally make so great a wound as that the twig breaks or dies; and there is scarcely a tree within view which does not exhibit numbers hanging down, with the leaves withered. I cannot discover how many incisions each locust makes, as I found frequently two, three and four at work upon the same branch.

I have now before me a branch of a peach tree, about four feet long; its diameter where I cut it off is about seven-twentieths of an inch; two-thirds of its length is dead and withered from the wounds, though not broken off. Beginning from the lower end, I find five incisions on each side, nearly opposite to each other, then a clear space, somewhat knotty, about two inches long, and four incisions each on the quarters; then one side has nine incisions that appear to be the work of one locust, and the other side four. From thence upwards there are incisions, for the most part, on two sides, with little intervals till the wood is about one-eighth of an inch thick; where the bark is smooth, and affords no interruption, I count nine incisions, and where little branches stop the direction, I count three, four, five and six contiguous incisions. Hence I conclude that nine is the usual number made by each female, for where the twig admits it I uniformly find that number, and where three end with an obstacle I find the next row six; where four, the next row has five.

Splitting the twig in the line of the incisions, I find the incision made by a forcible instrument with which the locust is furnished, and thrust obliquely from the surface of the bark towards the pith; this turns up the bark and wood into a ridge one-third of an inch in length, and the bottom one-sixteenth within the wood, wherein are deposited eighteen eggs, laying in a double row, each half over the other, very much resembling the grains of wheat or rye in the ear, but closer together. These eggs at this time measure three-forti-

eths part of an inch in length, and their diameter is about one-sixth part of their length. I laid one of them on an ivory scale, graduated 40 to the inch, and found it exactly covered three divisions. It is of an oval shape, more pointed at one end than the other, of a bright, silver-like color, or rather more like mother of pearl; viewed with the aid of a good magnifier it is found to be a vescicle, full of a semi-transparent fluid, of a whitish cast. It cracks with an audible noise, with a very slight pressure.

I have laid up a number of twigs, for future observation of their progress to another state. They have now entirely disappeared; I heard a very few—here and there one—yesterday; not one this day,—Sixth month 30th.

I have continued my observations every week, and found no alteration in the size or appearance of the egg, except a scarcely definable difference in the color, until this day, Seventh month 31st, when I find a pair of dark spots near the cutward end, which are uniform in all I observe, and are evidently the rudiments of the eyes of the future insect. In some twigs which I had early put into my desk, in a glass, I find the wood dry and the eggs discolored, as if killed for want of air, or in a perishing state.

Eighth mo. 8th.—I again examined both the dry and the fresh twigs, and find no difference worth noticing since my last observation.

Eighth mo. 10th.—I examined several fresh-cut twigs, and their appearance induces me to think the insect has escaped, as I cannot discover anything but the shells of the eggs empty, of a clear white color, their order deranged. A doubt, however, remained, as these cuttings were from peach trees, and considerable quantities of gum had been extravasated from the wounds, and hardened, which might have pressed upon the eggs and reduced them to the state in which they appear.

Eighth mo. 13th.—At Brandywine I examined many twigs fresh cut from the oak, and found nothing but the shells of the eggs, as last observed in the peach twigs. This induces me to think the insect has escaped.

Eighth mo. 18th.—At Ury, opening a dry twig which I had kept in a glass since Sixth mo. 30th, I find the rows perfect in their number of eggs, but under very different appearances; most of them are empty, and crushed together, as if the shrinking of the wood had destroyed them; others turned of a brown color, as if they had perished without being crushed; one perfect row I found exactly in the state described Seventh mo. 31st, —white, with brown specks for the eyes; and another row of empty shells, among which I find one insect of the size of the egg, but quite disengaged from it, the whole body ringed exactly as the grub is when it first issues from the earth, but without any appearance of the claws with which the grub is furnished. It is like a small white maggot, discovers no sign of life. All the dry twigs I have are from the peach. I opened a peach twig just cut from the tree in a line with the nine incisions, and find the rows of eggs mostly perfect in their rows; some adhered to one side and some to the other of the split, but, though they appear sound and in a state like those of Seventh mo. 31st, they are so enveloped in a viscous gum, extravasated from the wounds, that the insect must be very strong if he disentangles himself. I opened a pear tree twig in the same manner, and find all the rows complete, but crushed together by the new wood which has grown over them, so that but a small proportion of the eggs deposited in trees of a quick second growth appear likely to be productive of insects.

I opened a twig fresh cut from the quince tree, and find all the cavities of the incisions as in the oak at Brandywine, with the thin pellicle or egg-shell dry, and having every mark that the insect had escaped. I this day put up some fresh-cut twigs of the peach, pear, and quince, for future examination.

Nothing new resulted from my further examination of the twigs preserved this year.

In the Sixth month, 1809, having some business in the county of Northampton, north and west of Easton, at the close of the county court there I crossed by the Delaware bridge into Jersey early in the morning of the 23d, and passed through the village of Belvidere to ——— Ferry, where I crossed into Mount Bethel township, and thence up the river road by the slate quarry, through the Gap by which the Delaware river passes the ridge called in Virginia and Maryland the North Mountain, and in Pennsylvania the Kittatinny or Blue Ridge. From this place, called in its vicinity the Water Gap (a very interesting effect of some violent convulsion of the earth), I reached Stroudsburg just as the day closed. The next morning I discovered the Cicada septemdecima in numbers equal to those of 1800 at my own dwelling. I examined them with care, and satisfied myself beyond doubt of the identity of the species. My friend Daniel Stroud invited and accompanied me in a ride about eight miles northeastwardly, to view the falls of Marshall's Creek, estimated to be sixty feet high, which, however, I did not think exceeded forty feet. In all this ride the locusts were so thick in the air and on the trees, that numbers flew into my carriage, and I had as much oppor-

tunity to examine them again as I could wish, and with the like conviction. The next day I left Stroudsburg, and pursued the road south-westwardly towards the Wind Gap, and lodged near it, on the north-west side.

The locusts continued in like numbers during this ride. On the morning of the 26th I proceeded by the Wilkesbarre turnpike road north-westward, and found the locusts equally numerous in crossing this valley, till we ascended the Pocono or Broad Mountain. When near the summit we passed them, nor saw nor heard them more till our return to the same place on the 28th, about noon, when they again saluted us with their hum, and visited our carriage. By these circumstances I was satisfied that these insects must have different periods in different parts of the United States; that in the country east of the mountains the seventeen years had run from 1766 to 1783, and thence to 1800, in which years I had paid particular attention to them; and that if they were this year of the same species, their period must be different. With this view I enquired of my host and hostess what they knew about them, and ascertained beyond a doubt that their last appearance in this valley was in 1792. This fixed with certainty the period of seventeen years from thence to this present year, 1809.

Some time after my return, I observed in the papers of Philadelphia extracts from those of Poughkeepsie, in the State of New York, stating the visits of the locusts in all that vicinity, and requesting information on the subject. Engagements which then occupied my mind prevented a publication of these facts, which would have been a complete answer to their inquiries, if Poughkeepsie be, as I suppose it is, in a continuation of the same valley which I had just visited.

Conversing with Dr. Barton last winter on the subject of Entomology, which he is examining with a view to some insects peculiar to these States, I mentioned my observations of this double period of the Cicada septemdecima, upon which he informed me that he had reason to believe that they appear in every year in some part or other of the United States, with the complete period of seventeen years between every local appearance of them. At his request I sent him my observations on their appearance here in 1800.

I have only further to add, that on the 4th of Sixth month last, I found on a dwarf pear tree in my garden one solitary locust of this species, and my daughter found, about the same time, the shell from which this or another had escaped the grub state. I also heard their note for several days singly,—that is, but one at a time; and thus my eye and my ear unite their evidence that he was of the same species, with this only difference, that I did not discover towards the extremity of the wing the dark mark resembling a W.

Ury, 8th mo. 2, 1813.

ORIGIN OF ALIMENTARY PLANTS.

It is interesting to study and trace the progress of the Grecians and their advancement in agriculture; the production of wheat, barley, spelt, and millet; then rye and oats, with many new varieties; next, fruit and wine; still later, the beautiful descriptions of gardens from Grecian and Roman history bring forth the treasures of horticulture.

The Greeks excelled in sweetmeats and fruits in that remote age of agriculture. Painting, sculpture, music and drawing, were added to the gayety and splendor of the festival, held every year at Eleusis in honor of agriculture. The beautiful vases, urns, &c., which adorn the museums of Europe, show a superiority of art and refinement. Although minute perhaps to us in our advanced age, yet it brings forth improvement and steady progress to perfection in civilization.

Italy then came forward under the progress of agriculture from the Greeks. Horticulture advanced by the frequent intercourse with Asia and Africa until the invasion of barbarism, when the ancestors became wandering shepherds, and civilization and agriculture disappeared, wrecking the whole Roman empire "for two hundred years." The culture of cereals was resumed and even enforced again, and the barbarians were brought under the rule of Christianity, spreading and progressing through Germany, Spain and France, until the time of the discovery of America.

As Europe is indebted to Asia and Africa, so is America to Europe for many of its original productions, so various that my pen cannot do them justice.

Maize or Indian corn is the most important farinaceous plant peculiar to our soil. We are left in darkness as to where our Creator first deposited this valuable grain. Whether Asia can boast of its original production, or Africa had corn fields in Joseph's sovereign authority, there is no positive record.

Europeans found it under cultivation in North and South America at the time of discovery, but as Grecian or Roman history do not include maize in their minute descriptions, we conclude that it is our plant exclusively.

Millet and cocoa are indigenous; so are the three grains, wheat, barley, and oats.

Our native trees are mostly of the nut-bearing kind—chestnut, black walnut, hickory, and oak included. Blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, and whortleberries are probably, and must be admitted, our native production, as we see them growing and

bringing forth fruit in their wild state in abundance.

Apples, pears, peaches, oranges, and lemons are supposed to be foreign fruit.

Many delicious and fine fruits are from tropical plants, more exclusively lavished on South America. North America cannot even compare with Europe with its originality of fruit.

Potatoes are just as difficult to trace as maize. It is supposed that the aquina, which grows wild on the southern coast of Chili, is our original plant. Its foliage and blossoms are found to be similar; the tuber, though tasteless and watery, is said to have its nutritive qualities. The sweet potato and artichoke are of the same family, and are classed amongst plants that are useful and indispensable to our tables.

That domestic discipline of children may not end in disappointment, three things, with God's help, are needed: firmness of purpose, gentleness of manner, and consistency of example.

ITEMS.

From the statistical returns of the Yearly Meetings of Friends, recently held in Dublin and London, it appears that in Ireland there are 2898 members, 1320 of whom are male and 1578 female, and in Great Britain, 13,815 members. In Great Britain there are 265 recorded ministers, and about 409 unrecorded. The 265 are distributed in 129 meetings, leaving 192 without any. The distraints for church rates, tithe rent charge, and other demands, were 210, for an agregate amount of $9510. The amount of distraints in Ireland was about $1400. The expense of Friends travelling on religious errands during 1867 had been $3375, towards which New England had contributed $1750.

Matthew Vassar, founder of the Vassar Female College, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., died suddenly in that city on 23d of Sixth mo., aged 77. He was born in England, but when about four years old was brought by his father to the United States, where he passed the remainder of his life. In 1810, he commenced the brewing business, at Poughkeepsie, in which, by steady industry, he amassed a handsome fortune. In 1861, he appropriated the sum of $400,000 to found the institution bearing his name, and also gave in addition a tract of two hundred acres, near Poughkeepsie, on which to erect the necessary buildings. In 1863, the institution was first opened for instruction, and since that time, owing to its excellent organization and judicious management, it has attained a high degree of efficiency and popularity. Matthew Vassar gave great attention to the details of its management, and his death occurred while he was in the act of reading his customary address before the Trustees of the College at their annual meeting.

Colored Schools in Baltimore.—The recent report of a committee of the School Commissioners of Baltimore states that under their charge in that city there are now in operation nine colored schools, having about 1100 scholars on the roll, with an average attendance of 800, and employing twenty one teachers. The salaries of the teachers amount to about $12,000 per year, and the rents of buildings amount to $2364 per year. The report states that the number of colored children attending school at this season of the year is much less than during the fall and winter terms, so that a large force of teachers would then be required. The Board then adopted a resolution providing for the establishment of ten additional male and female primary schools for the education of colored children, and for the appointment of white teachers. The employment of colored teachers was considered unadvisable.

The Freedmen's Bureau.—The bill to continue the Freedmen's Bureau for one year contains the following provision:

Section 2. *And be it further enacted*, that it shall be the duty of the Secretary of War to discontinue the operations of the bureau in any State whenever such State shall be fully restored in its constitutional relations with the Government of the United States, and shall be duly represented in the Congress of the United States, unless upon advising with the Commissioner of the Bureau, and upon full consideration of freedmen's affairs in such State, the Secretary of War shall be of opinion that the further continuance of the bureau shall be necessary; *provided, however*, that the educational division of said bureau shall not be affected, or in any way interfered with, until such State shall have made suitable provision for the education of the children of freedmen within the said State.

Female Physicians.—This class of persons, who labor under the disadvantage of contending against a widely extended prejudice, still finds a respectable number of advocates. A resolution recognizing female practitioners of medicine as entitled to be met in consultation by the males, was lost in the State Medical Society, by a vote of 45 nays to 37 yeas. A change of five votes would have abolished disqualifications, based not on irregular medical education or want of good moral and professional standing, but on physiological and psychological distinctions, and somewhat on unfounded prejudice.

The Exiles in Siberia, according to the report of the President of the Administrative Council of that country, are estimated to reach 12,000 every year. During the last few years the average has risen to 14,000, of whom more than a sixth are women and children. Quite recently the journey was still performed on foot. A fifth of the exiles die on the way or in the hospitals. That mortality is explained by the fatigue of travelling, apart from all other circumstances. The mean distance is about two thousand miles, which represents about two hundred and eighty days' walking. The time necessary to reach the more distant government is one year, two months and a half.

The Commissioner of Immigration for the State of South Carolina has just made a report of the operations of his office to Governor Orr. The Commissioner says: The registries of lands now embrace 332,660 acres, in almost every district of the State, for sale at reasonable rates and on favorable conditions; and nearly 6000 acres of good lands, in salubrious sections of the State, have been registered to be given as a free donation to actual settlers, upon reasonable conditions of improvement. Notwithstanding these offers, the laborers do not respond, and several plans are proposed to promote the interests of the State, the principal of which are direct communication with European ports, proffers of cheap lands and a multiplication of industrial pursuits.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 11, 1868. No. 19.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for entire Club. Single Nos. 6 cts
REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.
The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.
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From J. G. Whittier's "Prose Works."

RICHARD BAXTER.

(Continued from page 278.)

Among Baxter's old parishioners of Kidderminster was a widowed lady of gentle birth, named Charlton, who, with her daughter Margaret, occupied a house in his neighborhood. The daughter was a brilliant girl, of "strangely vivid wit," and "in early youth," he tells us, "pride, and romances, and company suitable thereunto, did take her up." But ere long, Baxter, who acted in the double capacity of spiritual and temporal physician, was sent for to visit her, on an occasion of sickness. He ministered to her bodily and mental sufferings, and thus secured her gratitude and confidence. On her recovery, under the influence of his warnings and admonitions, the gay young girl became thoughtful and serious, abandoned her light books and companions, and devoted herself to the duties of a Christian profession. Baxter was her counsellor and confident. She disclosed to him all her doubts, trials, and temptations, and he, in return, wrote her long letters of sympathy, consolation, and encouragement. He began to feel such an unwonted interest in the moral and spiritual growth of his young disciple, that, in his daily walks among his parishioners, he found himself inevitably drawn towards her mother's dwelling. In her presence, the habitual austerity of his manner was softened; his cold, close heart warmed and expanded. He began to repay her confidence with his own, disclosing to her all his plans of benevolence, soliciting her services, and waiting, with deference, for her judgment upon them. A change came over his habits of thought and his literary tastes; the harsh, rude disputant, the tough, dry logician, found himself addressing to his young friend epistles in verse on doctrinal points and matters of casuistry; Westminster Catechism in rhyme; the Solemn League and Covenant set to music. A miracle alone could have made Baxter a poet; the cold, clear light of reason "paled the ineffectual fires" of his imagination; all things presented themselves to his vision "with hard outlines, colorless, and with no surrounding atmosphere." That he did, nevertheless, write verses, so creditable as to justify a judicious modern critic in their citation and approval, can perhaps be accounted for only as one of the phenomena of that subtle and transforming influence to which even his stern nature was unconsciously yielding. Baxter was in love.

Never did the blind god try his archery on a more unpromising subject. Baxter was nearly fifty years of age, and looked still older. His life had been one long fast and penance. Even in youth he had never known a schoolboy's love for cousin or playmate. He had resolutely closed up his heart against emotions which he regarded as the

allurements of time and sense. He had made a merit of celibacy, and written and published against the entanglement of godly ministers in matrimonial engagements and family cares. It is questionable whether he now understood his own case, or attributed to its right cause the peculiar interest which he felt in Margaret Charlton. Left to himself, it is more than probable that he might never have discovered the true nature of that interest, or conjectured that anything whatever of earthly passion or sublunary emotion had mingled with his spiritual Platonism. Commissioned and set apart to preach repentance to dying men, penniless and homeless, worn with bodily pain and mental toil, and treading as he believed on the very margin of his grave, what had he to do with love? What power had he to inspire that tender sentiment, the appropriate offspring only of youth, and health, and beauty?

"Could any Beatrice see
A lover in such anchorite!"

But in the mean time, a reciprocal feeling was gaining strength in the heart of Margaret. To her grateful appreciation of the condescension of a great and good man,—grave, learned, and renowned,—to her youth and weakness, and to her enthusiastic admiration of his intellectual powers, devoted to the highest and holiest objects, succeeded naturally enough the tenderly suggestive pity of her woman's heart, as she thought of his lonely home, his unshared sorrows, his lack of those sympathies and kindnesses which make tolerable the hard journey of life. Did she not owe to him, under God, the salvation of body and mind? Was he not her truest and most faithful friend, entering with lively interest into all her joys and sorrows? Had she not seen the cloud of his habitual sadness broken by gleams of sunny warmth and cheerfulness, as they conversed together? Could she do better than devote herself to the pleasing task of making his life happier, of comforting him in seasons of pain and weariness, encouraging him in his vast labors, and throwing over the cold and hard austerities of his nature the warmth and light of domestic affection? Pity, reverence, gratitude, and womanly tenderness, her fervid imagination and the sympathies of a deeply religious nature, combined to influence her decision. Disparity of age and condition rendered it improbable that Baxter would ever venture to addres her in any other capacity than that of a friend and teacher; and it was left to herself to give the first intimation of the possibility of a more intimate relation.

It is easy to imagine with what mixed feelings of joy, surprise, and perplexity Baxter must have received the delicate avowal. There was much in the circumstances of the case to justify doubt, misgiving, and close searchings of heart. He must have felt the painful contrast which that fair girl in the bloom of her youth presented to the worn man of middle years, whose very breath was suffering, and over whom death seemed always impending. Keenly conscious of his infirmities of temper, he must have feared for the happiness of a loving, gentle being, daily exposed to their manifestations. From his well-known habit of consulting what he regarded as the Divine Will in every important step of his life, there can be no doubt that his decision was the result quite as much of a prayerful and patient consideration of duty as of the promptings of his heart. Richard Baxter was no impassioned Abelard; his pupil in the school of his severe and self-denying piety was no Heloise; but what their union lacked in romantic interest was compensated by its purity and disinterestedness, and its sanction by all that can hallow human passion, and harmonize the love of the created with the love and service of the Creator.

Although summoned by a power which it would have been folly to resist, the tough theologian did not surrender at discretion. "From the first thoughts yet many changes and stoppages intervened, and long delays," he tells us. The terms upon which he finally capitulated are perfectly in keeping with his character. "She consented," he says, "to three conditions of our marriage. 1st. That I should have nothing that before our marriage was hers; that I, who wanted no earthly supplies, might not seem to marry her from selfishness. 2d. That she would so alter her affairs that I might be entangled in no lawsuits. 3d. That she should expect none of my time which my ministerial work should require."

As was natural, the wits of the Court had their jokes upon this singular marriage; and many of his best friends regretted it, when they called to mind what he had written in favor of ministerial celibacy, at a time when, as he says, "he thought to live and die a bachelor." But Baxter had no reason to regret the inconsistency of his precept and example. How much of the happiness of the next twenty years of his life resulted from his union with a kind and affectionate woman he has himself testified, in his simple and touching "Breviate of the Life of the late Mrs. Baxter." Her affections were so ardent, that her husband confesses his fear that he was unable to make an adequate return, and that she must have been disappointed in him in consequence. He extols her pleasant conversation, her active benevo

lence, her disposition to aid him in all his labors, and her noble forgetfulness of self, in ministering to his comfort in sickness and imprisonment. "She was the meetest helper I could have had in the world," is his language. "If I spoke harshly or sharply, it offended her. If I carried it (as I am apt) with too much negligence of ceremony or humble compliment to any, she would modestly tell me of it. If my looks seemed not pleasant, she would have me amend them (which my weak, pained state of body indisposed me to do"). He admits she had her failings, but, taken as a whole, the "Breviate" is an exalted eulogy.

His history from this time is marked by few incidents of a public character. During that most disgraceful period in the annals of England, the reign of the second Charles, his peculiar position exposed him to the persecutions of Prelacy, and the taunts and abuse of the Sectaries, standing as he did between these extremes, and pleading for a moderate Episcopacy. He was between the upper millstone of High Church and the nether one of Dissent. To use his own simile, he was like one who seeks to fill with his hand a cleft in a log, and feels both sides close upon him with pain. All parties and sects had, as they thought, grounds of complaint against him. There was in him an almost childish simplicity of purpose, a headlong earnestness and eagerness, which did not allow him to consider how far a present act or opinion harmonized with what he had already done or written. His greatest admirers admit his lack of judgment, his inaptitude for the management of practical matters. His utter incapacity to comprehend rightly the public men and measures of his day is abundantly apparent; and the inconsistencies of his conduct and his writings are too marked to need comment. He suffered persecution for not conforming to some trifling matters of church usage, while he advocated the doctrine of passive obedience to the King or ruling power, and the right of that power to enforce conformity. He wrote against conformity while himself conforming; seceded from the Church, and yet held stated communion with it; begged for the curacy of Kidderminster, and declined the bishopric of Hereford. His writings were many of them directly calculated to make Dissenters from the Establishment, but he was invariably offended to find others practically influenced by them, and quarrelled with his own converts to Dissent. The High-Churchmen of Oxford burned his "Holy Commonwealth" as seditious and revolutionary; while Harrington and the republican club of Miles's coffee-house condemned it for its hostility to democracy, and its servile doctrine of obedience to kings. He made noble pleas for liberty of conscience, and bitterly complained of his own suffering from Church Courts, yet maintained the necessity of enforcing conformity, and stoutly opposed the tolerant doctrines of Penn and Milton. Never did a great and good man so entangle himself with contradictions and inconsistencies. The witty and wicked Sir Roger L'Estrange compiled from the irreconcilable portions of his works a laughable "Dialogue between Richard and Baxter." The Antinomians found him guilty of Socinianism; and one noted controversialist undertook to show, not without some degree of plausibility, that he was by turns a Quaker and a Papist!

Although able to suspend his judgment and carefully weigh evidence, upon matters which he regarded as proper subjects of debate and scrutiny, he possessed the power to shut out and banish at will all doubt and misgiving in respect to whatever tended to prove, illustrate, or enforce his settled opinions and cherished doctrines. His credulity at times seems boundless. Hating the Quakers, and prepared to believe all manner of evil of them, he readily came to the conclusion that their leaders were disguised Papists. He maintained that Lauderdale was a good and pious man, in spite of atrocities in Scotland which entitle him to a place with Claverhouse; and indorsed the character of the infamous Dangerfield, the inventor of the Meal-tub Plot, as a worthy convert from popish errors. To prove the existence of devils and spirits, he collected the most absurd stories and old-wives fables, of soldiers scared from their posts at night by headless bears, of a young witch pulling the hooks out of Mr. Emlen's breeches and swallowing them, of Mr. Beacham's locomotive tobacco-pipe, and the Rev. Mr. Munn's jumping Bible, and of a drunken man punished for his intemperance by being lifted off his legs by an invisible hand! Cotton Mather's marvellous account of his witch experiments in New England delighted him. He had it republished, declaring that "he must be an obstinate Sadducee who doubted it."

The married life of Baxter, as might be inferred from the state of the times, was an unsettled one. He first took a house at Moorfields, then removed to Acton, where he enjoyed the conversation of his neighbor, Sir Matthew Hale; from thence he found refuge in Rickmansworth, and after that in divers other places. "The women have most of this trouble," he remarks, "but my wife easily bore it all." When unable to preach, his rapid pen was always busy. Huge folios of controversial and doctrinal lore followed

each other in quick succession. He assailed Popery and the Establishment, Anabaptists, ultra Calvinists, Antinomians, Fifth Monarchy men, and Quakers. His hatred of the latter was only modified by his contempt. He railed rather than argued against the "miserable creatures," as he styled them. They in turn answered him in like manner. "The Quakers," he says, "in their shops, when I go along London streets, say, 'Alas! poor man, thou art yet in darkness.' They have oft come to the congregation, when I had liberty to preach Christ's Gospel, and cried out against me as a deceiver of the people. They have followed me home, crying out in the streets, 'The day of the Lord is coming, and thou shalt perish as a deceiver.' They have stood in the market-place, and under my window, year after year, crying to the people, 'Take heed of your priests, they deceive your souls;' and if any one wore a lace or neat clothing, they cried out to me, 'These are the fruits of your ministry.'"

(To be concluded.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"MIND THE LIGHT."

"Mind the Light." This ancient phrase, from the lips of that valiant servant of the Lord, George Fox, has become almost as a watchword or proverb in our Society, and is synonymous with that beautiful Scriptural text, "To thy tent O Israel!" Happy would it be for us, were we more attentive to these commands. We should thereby be preserved from the many shoals and quicksands which lie in our path through life, and from the thorns and briars which so oft entangle us. Did we more frequently practice seasons of inward retirement and introversion of soul, our spiritual sight would be increased, and we should be enabled to see clearly the will of our Heavenly Father concerning us, and also be strengthened to obey those important injunctions.

"To thy tent O Israel!" God is thy tent. A beautiful similitude,—exhibiting a quiet, gathered state of the soul, lying in self-abasement and humility at the Master's feet, waiting to receive instruction from him. Blessed state, wherein at seasons the soul is permitted to hold sweet communion with the Father of Spirits! S. M. H.

There is dew in one flower, and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself and the drop runs off. God rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dew, and if we lack them, it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"WHATSOEVER MAKES MANIFEST IS LIGHT."

This is a prominent doctrine and generally admitted. The question then is, where are we to obtain a saving knowledge of the true Light "that enlightens every man that comes into the world?"

The most popular theology tells us to go to the Bible; but the same Bible says, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God who giveth liberally and upbraideth none." I believe that there is a feeling abroad in the land, which is inherent, that God is willing to be the Teacher of His people Himself. The Scriptures of Truth—what are they but an emanation from the Word of God and not the Word itself. They act as the field-notes of a country that has been surveyed; but the spirit of God's power is the great compass to help us to discover that country, and establish its lines and corners. In other words, it will establish us upon a sure foundation, plucking our feet from the mire and the clay, and bring us into harmony with our Lord and Saviour. Some may say that the way is dark, and there are many obstructions in the path. When we want to go to a certain place, do we refuse to go because it is dark? No. What do we do? We get a light—but our light does not make the way plain from the beginning to the end. It shows a little way at a time; and as we proceed it keeps about so far ahead, and enables us to perceive the obstructions that lie in the way until we reach the end of our journey. If we only hold on to the light with our Heavenly Father's care, we move forward in safety. Just so with this heavenly Light that "shines in darkness, but the darkness comprehends it not." Let us have faith in this Light and follow it—it will brighten our pathway through life as a lamp to our feet. It will preserve us in our youth, be the guiding principle in manhood, and the solace of old age.

May we be enabled to say with the apostle, "Thanks be God for His unspeakable gift." "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for those that love Him."

Then while we believe that God is, and that He is a rich rewarder of all who serve Him, let us under all circumstances draw near unto Him, trusting in the fulness of his power for pardon and protection. If we call upon Him while He is near, and seek Him while He may be found, we may prove to the world that His hand is full of blessings, and that He will crown His children as heirs of His kingdom. A SUBSCRIBER.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

BY JOHN F. W. WARE.

(Concluded from page 279.)

How am I to make self-consecration thorough,—how get my grapple in the heart of the rock,—how secure myself against flaw?

1. By making your consecration *complete;* by reserving nothing to yourself; by giving all to God. The curse of the soul is its habit of *halfness.* Life everywhere bears melancholy witness to the fact. In the things of the higher life, it is specially disastrous. Whose conscience does not condemn him? Who does not shamefully halt at the very crisis-point,—retreat at the moment that he should charge? Who has not again and again turned abruptly from his prayers, his resolves, his hopes, his only relief a panic cry, "God have mercy!" as there starts in his soul the conviction that after all it is only half service that he offers; that there is behind another, blacker half, stubbornly refusing to be surrendered? What sighings, what upbraidings, what conscience-frights, at these too frequent revealings! and then what a lapse again into the old way, into the death-bondage! Man's soul must be in daily peril, unsafe in its safest hour, so long as he cannot yield this other half, so long as he will not make consecration a thing in every way complete. Sin must be master so long as man shall be renegade. The whole man-power is not out, in use, the whole power to do, the whole power to resist, and so there is ever this wretched failure, nursing ever the deadly, growing skepticism as to man's ability to be what God demands and Christ enjoins. Man's infidelity neutralizes Christ's example, and thwarts the Divine purpose; and the second coming of the Saviour in the renewed life of his disciples is hardly more than a far-off dream of a few waiting Simeons and Annas.

2. And, next, consecration must not be mere resolve. The most obstinately resolved is not self-consecrated. In mere resolve, we have only the human elements. The Divine partner is omitted,—that Being whose silent, special partnership is the real capital in the enterprise. When the unjust steward says, "I am resolved what to do," there is no quickening sympathy in us. We are not roused. It is a man's word: there is no God in it. But when the Christ says, "I sanctify myself," or Paul declares, "This one thing I do," you find yourself unconsciously aglow, and a kindred spirit in you, and you know that they will do until the end; and you feel that your doing lies that way. The resolved man is the man alone: the consecrated man is the man with God.

3. Self-consecration is not a single act, or fact in the past,—a definite thing to be referred back to; it is not an act, an impulse, an emotion, a sentiment, but a principle brought and laid upon the altar of service, to be constantly re-placed, re-sanctified, as the show-bread of the table before the altar. It was this perpetual renewal of the early vow that made Jesus the all-conqueror; not in Nazareth, not in the Temple, not at the Jordan, not in the Wilderness only was his consecrating, but in the very deed of love, in every word of truth, in every mountain prayer, in every midnight vigil, in every buffet of man, and every travail of his soul. Renewedly dedicated was he, not by any new Divine outpouring, but by ever-new outgoing of his spirit toward the Infinite, and ever-helping love.

4. Nor is it merely the consecration of ourselves that is needed,—our hearts, our thoughts, our principles; but the consecration of what is ours, the results of gifts God has made us in the beginning, the using of his talents. The man of intellect should consecrate his brain to God, and, dying, be able to say that there is no line he could wish to blot, no sentiment he could desire to suppress; the man of ingenuity should consecrate his gift, and let the cunning of his hand labor nowhere that it will not bless man or help God. The artist, the discoverer, the man of science, and every greater or humbler man, is bound to use his ability as a Divine trust, and see that it glorify not himself, but God; and he who has money and makes money is bound, with no niggardly dole, to give it freely out to God's service,—not to hug it or squander it, but to remember that it is the *only gift of God of which he cannot take something away;* that it is the gift of God by which he can do much good; and that it is the mean avarice and hoarding of it, the stingy, selfish neglect to use it for man and for God, which constitutes a crime Jesus more frequently and terribly rebuked, to which he awarded more fearful punishment, than all others. Take down your Bibles, and read the Gospels through with that one thought, and see how much and how perpetual is his demand of money, and what a doom he promises the man who will not be rich toward God; and then go into life, having not merely set apart, but *consecrated,* some new portion of your increase—God's money—to the good of some fellow-man, some needy cause, some social good, to some great eternal principle of truth, justice, liberty, right. Make a habit of so consecrating the returns of every ability, that in the end yours may be the hopeful, cheerful answer, "Lo! there thou hast thine own with usury."

It is useless to talk, and deny the power of

the human soul to do anything God asks of it. It is no harsh, selfish task set us for own glory; but to our fidelity it will approve itself as a staff of support and a reward of joy. It will ever bring comfort and power. I have somewhere met a thought like this, the truth of which all will recognize,—there is in us all, and native to us, an element of self-sacrifice. It pulses through the imagination of our youth; it is the spur of maturer love. Where we love we desire to give, not outward gifts merely, but *self*,—that which specially is ours, *ourselves*. There is none so selfish but in some sphere desires to give up self, and succeeds. The element out of which self-consecration grows is, then, not merely a thing possible,—an acquisition; but an endowment,—native. That consecration of self is possible in lower things, the long, patient devotedness in sickness proves, the grand heroism of the last past years attests. Is there not something deeper and better in us, something of more worth, something in which we may more desire to be spent, than love of friends, or loyalty to country? And is there not something of a grand help in the very thought and purpose of so serving God, which lifts half the difficulty, and should take away all the doubt? If it be a thing a man can do,—dare danger and death in the spirit of devotedness to country,—can we not give life, the every energy we possess, the uttermost that we are, to Him, the all-loving and gracious? Indeed, there is no impossibility about it. The two things are similar in kind; they only differ in degree. Christ's life is only impossible where there is no Christ's spirit; and Christ's spirit is not the gift to the great and wise, the few: it is not exceptional; but God gives it without measure to the simple, who ask for it, who toil for it, who wait for it, who know it when it comes, and who accept and use it. He drops it into any heart which lies open to receive it, as he drops the dew into the lowliest flower whose upturned cup all day long has thirsted after, and patiently waited, the coming of the blessing.

There is a single way to do the will of God on earth, to render him the acceptable service. It is to consecrate, to religiously set apart and devote, ourselves to Him. And this consecration, as it was in Christ, is not one, but a series of acts, a constant renewal. The life of God in the soul is not a thing to be left to hazard, which may come in return to a little forethought and preparation. You cannot take it up under a spasm of emotion, and carry it out as a sentiment into life. Sentiment parches and shrivels in the first heat of the world, wilts and wastes before its sirocco breath. It must be a principle, a thing with a taproot running deep down into the interior conciousness, grappling with the foundations of life, and getting its success of that Holy Spirit whose presence and sustaining power is not absent from any, though it slumber in the many who will not rouse it into life.

To the work, then. "Rally the good in the depths of thyself." Bring the great offering,—the heart, the life. Lay it reverently, with a great purpose and a deep prayer, with unflinching faith and kindling hope, upon the altar of service. God will move before it and about it, and will accept it as he once accepted Abraham's sacrifice; he will welcome it as he welcomed the Saviour's submission; he will reward it with his best gift,—here peace, and hereafter bliss.

PARENTAL INFLUENCE.

There are some parents who have no special views for the future of their children, or at least none that mould the daily scheme of their own lives and plans. They feed, clothe, and educate them, but are too much occupied with business or pleasure to turn their hearts to this as the highest of earthly aims, to form deliberate plans as to the habits, companions and preparation of those children for their place in the world. Others, whose hearts are deeply set on their offspring, have erroneous or injurious aims for them; some wear out their lives in accumulating wealth for them; others spend all their energies in making them agreeable and fashionable, and others sacrifice all to their ambition, and cherish by example and precept, above all else, the love of pre-eminence. Some parents there are of a different stamp, religious, well meaning, but superficial, whose *only* desire for their children is that they shall become the subjects of some sudden spiritual change, and profess a religious life in some visible way. Then they imagine their whole work is done. Few who will honestly examine their desires and aims for their children, will deny that they are in some respect one-sided and defective, too often lacking that breadth of view and largeness of soul that would take in *all* the needs and capabilities of the young life entrusted to their care.

True views of parental duty would exalt and elevate our aims and hopes for those shortly to fill our places, and lead to renewed efforts of self-denial and diligence to fit them worthily to occupy the positions that await them. Parents should desire to see their children as they grow up, exhibit the marks of a correct and just principle, regulating and developing each portion of their nature, and so governing their bodily, intellectual,

social and religious habits, as to produce the most perfectly balanced and healthful character. Nor need we even too nicely try with our metaphysical pruning knives to dissect and ascertain how much is the effect of education and training, or how far the strength of a separately rooted vitality would enable the young plant to stand without injury the shock of separation from the parent stem. The physical, intellectual and moral natures each brought daily under the developing and controlling influence of virtuous principles is what all should desire and strive for, with respect to their children. The best evidence of this will not be of the marked or precocious or distinctive kind that many may desire. Precocious fruits and flower are not the best, and they fall the soonest.

The cultivation of conscience in the heart of the child, in secret and in little things, producing a susceptibility as to right and wrong; the training to diligence and faithfulness in known duties; the inculcation of truthfulness, candor and justice, of reverence for goodness, and love and benevolence to all around, are the first and most important duties of every parent, and when the fruit of such instruction appears in the daily life of the young, it is worth far more than wholesale professions of the most lofty formal religion. If parents would cultivate in themselves the virtues of self-denial, and then exercise a tender watchfulness, cherishing the buds of virtue in their children, instead of tearing them open to see if they are alive, or treading them under foot in thoughtlessness and indifference, then confidence would be won and the most natural channels would be opened for all the maturity and experience of riper age to flow into the young heart and mould the impressible character. Love is the first key to the child's heart, and it is thus that its treasures are first unlocked by the magic touches of a mother's affection. The haughty, cold, overbearing parent will produce the sly and distant child, and he who closes the natural channels of love and mutual confidence will have no window in Heaven opened to supply his deficiencies. But the earnest love, the judicious authority, the self-sacrificing exertion, the virtuous example of the true parent, will cause his child to regard all his instructions with an affectionate reverence that will make them sink deeply into his heart and mould his life. In fact, the whole prosperity of an age or a nation will greatly depend on the welding together of the hearts of parents and children, so as to form a channel through which the wisdom, goodness and deepest experience of the best men and women of all past ages, may descend from generation to generation.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

EXCERPTS.

The prophet sums up the substance of the law and of all religion in these oft-quoted and memorable words—"He hath shewed thee, oh man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." We could not indite words which would better express our thoughts. The Master taught that there is but one test of discipleship. Not professions, nor creeds, nor experiences, but love. "By *this* shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." We say with James, who urges in such forcible terms the practical duties of life. —"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this:—to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." In one word religion is identical with goodness. The gospel is not in our view a code of morals. It touches the conscience and it renews the heart. It works from the centre to the circumference, not from the circumference to the centre, and it ultimates in good deeds, as blossoms and flowers ultimate in fruit. And we have no proof of any man's religion except as it rules and ennobles his life.

Few characters are so harmoniously constituted that the predominance of some disposition may not prove a source of unhappiness; and yesterday as I sat in meeting with my mind a little gathered and turned towards thee, I was engaged in reflecting on the nature of that faculty which gives us the perception of and relish for the perfect and the beautiful. We find that when enlisted in the service of religion it gives to the spiritual enjoyments of those in whom it predominates a high degree of refinement and elevation. Yet are not these in danger of becoming, if I may so express it, epicures in religion? Judging of their own advancement too much by these *sensations* of good, desiring to be fed with delicacies, forgetting that the daily bread which nourishes is almost tasteless. Prone as these are to set up a high standard of perfection, they are discouraged and sometimes desponding in comparing themselves with it, and unduly cast down at the discovery of frailty and weakness in others.

"The command to take up the cross has been signally and widely misunderstood. The Christian life presents so broad a front that all views blend in it. *This* is but one. They err who would make it *the* characteristic of religion.

Deny thyself, and take up thy cross; but still be not *seeking* for burdens. Go forward where duty calls, and *the end* shall be peace

and life; but do not be ever feeling as if the burden of the Lord was heavy, and to be borne with groans, and bent frame, and sighings—or that you must turn from life's pleasures, merely because they are pleasures, and it would be denying self to forsake them. Christianity asks no such sacrifice. She gives *fulness* to the joys of life, saying only, walk in the love and fear of God; rejoice freely in all life's pure pleasures, but murmur not if God see fit to take them from you. Be patient when the trial comes, but be not seeking poverty of any earthly delight.

Men are called to bring all that is natural within them, given of God in the beginning, and have it sanctified. Then love shall tell them when to take up the cross, and when to deny themselves; and soon there will be only strength in the cross, and choice in the self-denial; for as the higher faculties grow and rise, the lower will cause less and less pain in submitting, and what was sore self-denial will be so no longer.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 11, 1868.

Signs of the Times.—While we keep in view the unprofitable results of religious controversy and desire to be preserved from participation in them, we cannot be insensible to the very remarkable changes in the opinions and policy of some of those once in unity with the Society of Friends and who still bear its name.

Of the periodicals representing the different phases of doctrine and practice in the so-called Orthodox portion of the Society, the *Friend* of this city seems most to dwell upon and deprecate these obvious departures from primitive doctrine and from the strict discipline which it has so long and zealously advocated.

The severity of some of these strictures cannot, we think, prove favorable to the restoration of love and unity among brethren of the same communion.

That wide departures from primitive Quakerism are seen both in England and in the Western States of our own country, where several new Yearly Meetings of the kind called Orthodox have been organized, will hardly be denied. But in this connection it is interesting to notice the general tendencies of the times in which we live. Protestantism is in a general ferment. The venerable Episcopal Church in England, though under the fostering care of the Government, and in this country organized on a less restrictive basis than some other sects, has recently developed antagonism between those who adhere strictly to the letter and give great prominence to forms in worship—the ritualists—and those who, under the name of the Broad Church in England or Low Church in America, are open to more spiritual and more progressive views of Christian truth.

The Presbyterians, though the Old School and New School appear disposed to bury their former theological disputes and unite again under one organization, seem to be covering up the points on which they have differed by something more like a compromise than an approach to that uniformity of doctrine which, in theory at least, they have heretofore claimed as being essential to church fellowship.

The Methodists, who are generally less strict in enforcing theological dogmas, are now agitated by the question of lay delegation, on which there is, strange to say, still great difference of sentiment, the conservative element being zealously arrayed against what would seem to us an unquestionable improvement in their church government.

The subjects of street preaching by laymen and of woman's work in the church are now being presented in the religious periodicals, and the great practical questions involved in the application of Christianity to secular society and to the daily life of men and women, are beginning to assume a relatively greater importance. Meanwhile the Congregational form of organization, formerly confined to New England, is spreading itself over the United States and in Europe, representing many shades of orthodox and unitarian belief, each congregation working independently, according to the measure of light it has, without making of theological differences a cause of division and strife.

These signs of the times would seem to indicate the necessity of charity among those calling themselves Friends. Our forefathers planted a good seed, full of promise for the healing of the nations, and it has already done wonders in the Christian Church and in the

world. No attentive observer of the history of religious thought and opinion during the past century can, we think, fail to see how Quakerism has leavened the church with its great leading doctrine—that of immediate Divine inspiration. It has, moreover, given a practical turn to religious teaching which has brought Christianity in contact with the giant sins abroad in the world, and is now, in so far as it is faithful to its mission, bearing a most valuable testimony against an exclusive pulpit, and a formal and ceremonial worship. The world cannot spare Friends, and however they may have diverged from each other and from their first principles, they still have common testimonies of too much value to be sacrificed to verbal controversies about points of doctrine, and the more or less strict application of rules of discipline.

Yet while we say thus much in the interest of religious liberty, we feel that truth demands a full recognition of that which is most vital and most distinctive in our profession,—the universality and saving efficacy of the Divine Light in the soul—and may express our surprise and regret at the attempts of some in England calling themselves Friends to invalidate it. Of all the departures in the direction of the Orthodox churches, which modern Quakerism has shown, this comes the nearest to a complete abandonment of original ground, and if not repudiated must result in the scattering of the Society, in England at least. If it be said that such a result is the evident sequel to the separation of 1827—that the doctrines then enunciated by those assuming the name of Orthodox were so nearly parallel with those of the Church of England, that their ultimate fusion was only a question of time—we must dissent from that view. We believe that many who have adopted the creed and confession of faith have yet clung with unabated love and fealty to those Divine impressions which have become matter of experience to them, and we regret that so close an adherence to the letter, which killeth, should in any have proved a means of obscuring the spirit, which giveth life. These reflections have been called forth by the following, from the London *Christian Times*, quoted in some of the religious papers published in this country:

"Robert Charleton, a well known philanthropist of Bristol, and minister of the Society of Friends, has just issued a pamphlet in condemnation of the deistical and other heterodox tendencies of *Barclay's Apology*, a work which, in former times, was accounted a considerable authority by the Friends, but which is now generally acknowledged to have exercised a powerful influence in producing the unsound opinions and final secession from the Society in America, of 80,000 Hicksites or Unitarian Friends. R. Charleton is one of the most influential ministers amongst the Quakers, and his exposure of the volume in question is very timely, in face of some lately renewed tendencies in the north of England towards deistical doctrines, by a few Friends professing an ardent attachment to Barclay's opinions."

Not having seen R. Charleton's book, we cannot speak particularly of its contents, but we observe in the *Herald of Peace*, a paper recently established in Chicago, and believed to represent the sentiments of the great body of Western Orthodox Friends, comments by correspondents upon the writings of Barclay and others of the early Friends, which show that the writers are by no means disposed to adopt any of the time-honored views and sentiments of the fathers, without subjecting them to the test of their own judgment. Thus a correspondent from western New York writes: "If early Friends reason correctly on a subject, let us follow. If they fail to make out their point, we will judge them charitably and go our own way. We must be on the side of George Fox when he is on the Lord's side, for that reason." From the general tenor of the remarks of what may be regarded as the advance wing of the Society, calling itself by the name of Orthodox Friends, we think it must be apparent that its tendencies are more and more away from the simplicity of the profession by which Friends have been known for two centuries—away from primitive Quakerism—toward the dogmas and the forms of the church.

Whether they are in the line of their duty therein we must not judge. Let us cultivate charity for one another, and be willing to watch the developments of time in regard to the perpetuity and growth of the testimonies we hold dear, without being over anxious either to build ourselves upon that which

is past, or to rush into the tide which seems to be sweeping away many of the barriers which have so hedged in the Society, the concern of every one being to fill his own allotment, and to be found walking worthily in the vocation whereunto he is called.

GENESSEE YEARLY MEETING.—Through a private letter, we learn that Genessee Yearly Meeting has closed its sittings, having had a favored season wherein encouragement was received from an evidence that the "Good Master's presence was felt to be with them from day to day, and the business of the meeting was conducted in harmony and love."

A number of Friends from other Yearly Meetings were in attendance. It is probable that a record of the proceedings will be forwarded to us and transmitted to our readers.

FISHING CREEK HALF-YEAR MEETING.—By a Friend who attended the late Half-Year's Meeting at Fishing Creek, we are informed that it was a large and interesting meeting.

There appeared to be no diminution of interest in the testimonies of truth, either on the part of friends or others, who met with them on such occasions.

In this vicinity are a number of young people who give promise of future usefulness in the Society. May there be a realization of this pleasant prospect.

MARRIED, on Fourth-day, Sixth mo. 10th, 1868, at the residence of the bride's father, according to the order of the Society of Friends, CHARLES W. ROBERTS to ELIZA T., daughter of John Pine, of Baltimore Co., Md.

DIED, suddenly, on the morning of the 17th of Eleventh month, 1867, in Madison Co., Ind., THOS. DAVIS, in the 72d year of his age; a member of Fall Creek Monthly Meeting of Friends.

——, on the 26th of Fifth month, 1868, at the residence of Chas. E. Cock, Cornwall, N. Y., JOSIAH HAZARD, in the 88th year of his age; a minister of Cornwall Monthly and Particular Meeting.

——, on the 2d of Sixth month, 1868, at Ghent, Columbia Co., N. Y., MARY, wife of Henry M. Robinson, in the 65th year of her age; a member and elder of Hudson Monthly Meeting. She was a bright and living example to all around her. Mild and unassuming in her deportment, she was nevertheless firm to her convictions of duty; and while her departure is mourned by many sorrowing relatives and friends, they have the comforting hope that she has been gathered to her heavenly Father's rest.

——, at her residence in Norristown, Pa., on the 12th of Sixth month, 1868, TERESA, wife of Robert Iredell, in the 56th year of her age; a member of Plymouth Monthly Meeting. As wife, mother, sister and friend, she has few superiors. She bore her protracted illness with that Christian patience which characterized her through life, and quietly passed away to her eternal rest.

——, at the residence of her son Wm. E. Ward, Port Chester, N. Y., on the 24th of Sixth month, 1868, HANNAH ANN WARD, in her 74th year.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day, Seventh month 17th, at 3 o'clock, at Race St. Meeting Room.

L. H. HALL, *Clerk.*

NOTICE.

Friends who have received a circular in regard to correction of list of meetings in Friends' Almanac are desired to respond *without delay*, as the work must go to press at a very early day. Direct to care of WM. M. LEVICK,
331 N. Sixth St., Philada.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The Executive Committee of the General Conference are desired to meet in Friends' School-house, West Chester, Pa., at 9½ o'clock, A.M., on the 18th of Seventh month. Members at a distance, who may be unable to attend, are requested to confer together, and forward such suggestions as they may consider servicable, to the care of Jos. M. Truman, Jr., 717 Willow St., Philada.

2t. WM. W. BIDDLE, Clerk.

THE FIRST DAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS

Within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, will hold its Quarterly Meeting in Friends' School-house, West Chester, Pa., on Seventh-day, Seventh month 18th, at 11 o'clock, A.M. Subjects of general interest will be considered, such as "the needs of First-day Schools," "proper use of text books," "School literature," the appropriation of funds, &c.

All schools within our limits are requested to send delegates and reports, and the general attendance of Friends is invited. Friends from other Yearly Meetings will be cordially welcomed. Cars leave 31st and Chestnut Sts., West Philadelphia, at 7.15 A.M. A lunch will be provided for those in attendance.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., Clerk,
2t. 717 Willow St., Philada.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

An article in a late number, on the subject of "Helpers in our Families," so fully accords with my feelings that I feel bound to endorse it, under *the full conviction* that in many country places the wives and daughters of our substantial farmers *are oppressed* with the amount of *needful work* which they *do with their own hands*, and I am fully satisfied that some of these are breaking down and will be prematurely old, if the present system of doing everything themselves is persevered in. Better have patience with help which is *under par*, than shorten life, making that life *drudgery*, and beside leaving no time for intellectual improvement and enjoyment.

W.

Four things come not back: the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.—*Prophet Omer.*

LONDON YEARLY MEETING.

(Concluded from page 282.)

DOCUMENT ON THE MINISTRY.

"There was an unusually large attendance, both in the body of the meeting and in the galleries. It had been previously announced that this sitting would be devoted to the further consideration of the state of the Society, in connection with the reading of a document from the Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders.

"The document was then read. It is a comprehensive one, accompanied by two supplements. Amongst other matters it stated that there are in this country 265 recorded ministers, who reside in 129 meetings. The largest number of such in any one meeting is eleven. It was suggested that ministers should (after the example of the early Friends) take into consideration the small meetings around them where there may be no ministry, with a view to their visitation and edification. It was also advised that ministers should let their words be few and full; and in meetings often addressed by the same Friends, these should carefully avoid monotony and undue repetition.

The number of elders is stated as 436, resident in 165 meetings. These were reminded that their duty is not confined to prayerful sympathy with ministers, but that also their prayers and their care should embrace Friends generally, and especially the young. Neither should elders feel restrained, by virtue of their office, from themselves yielding to constraint to exercise vocal ministry.

"The document further stated that there are in Great Britain about 400 unrecorded ministers, scattered over 170 meetings. There are 108 meetings in which there are no ministers, either recorded or unrecorded. Prayerful meditation on Holy Scripture, and the practice of private religious retirement are recommended, also the religious instruction of young Friends during the years immediately following their leaving school. The renewed use of shut-up meeting-houses in various districts is favorably alluded to, also the increasing practice of holding meetings for the religious instruction of the poor, whether in large rooms or in cottages. It was mentioned that it might perhaps be advantageous to revive the practice, common in the early days of the Society, of holding periodical General Meetings for worship, &c., in various parts of the country.

"William Tallack, whilst admitting the value of many parts of the document, said, we should observe that it emanates from merely one class of Friends. He spoke of the excellence of much of the acknowledged ministry, and of the number of elders who were fathers in the church; but that there was nevertheless a strong undercurrent of feeling, widely diffused, that the present system of the acknowledgment of ministers is irregular and partial. It is wholly different from the custom in George Fox's days, when there was a living ministry, without 'acknowledgments,' and without certificates. . . . . He also thought that the present distinction between acknowledged and unacknowledged ministers was, to a considerable extent, of an artificial, and even of a somewhat hierarchical nature.

"William Graham regretted that such a document had been issued. He objected to the advice given in it to meditation on the Scriptures, as if with a view to preparation for the ministry. He could not take comfort in the state of our ministry. Many Friends are now acknowledged who are not truly gifted, as he believed, by the Holy Spirit. There are soundly concerned Friends who have long spoken in our meetings, and who have not been acknowledged. Why is this? Because they have held fast to first principles, from which not a few others have to some extent departed.

"Richard Fry remarked, that though all are called to Christian service, all are not endowed with gifts for exercise in the church. A. W. Bennett was also of opinion that there are other very valuable gifts of the Holy Spirit besides that of ministry. James Bull spoke of the usefulness, the true service, of individual silent exercise of spirit in meetings for worship. When this exercise is faithfully maintained by individuals, its solemnizing influence extends to others, and flows as from vessel to vessel.

"G. Dymond approved of the report. He thought there was a great variety of ministry, and we should not make too great distinction between acknowledged and non-acknowledged ministers.

"J. Radley said, although he considered it quite true that we have a virtual clergy in the Society of Friends, and an undue separation between acknowledged and non-acknowledged ministers, yet he thought the document was an unclerical and valuable one.

"C. Wilson feared there is a growing tendency not to trust sufficiently in the teaching of the Minister of ministers. He had sometimes found when waiting, as 'for the moving of the waters' from above, that some one had stepped in and troubled them prematurely.

"William Watkins united with the view of the last speaker. He could take no comfort from that document, but the reverse. It will tend to strengthen the burden already

felt by many, and to increase the existing hierarchical tendency in the Society; for there is a tendency to a central hierarchy amongst us. He thought there was more need to exercise repression than encouragement as to speaking in meetings now-a-days. At Birmingham meeting there was so much speaking a few years ago, that the time used to be almost entirely taken up by it. Happily there is less of this now. But as words have lessened, the divine life has increased. There is still a redundancy of words almost everywhere in Friends' meetings. He disapproves of the report, because it tends to increase this undesirable condition.

"William Irwin also thought there was a tendency to overestimate the value of words in our meetings. Abraham Fisher, at considerable length, expressed his apprehensions as to the present state of things amongst us. He queried whether our ministry was preserved under Christ's divine power. He thought our modern ministry did not go down to the true foundation. We had been exhorted to prayer, but we must experience a preparation even for prayer, a being humbled by the power of the Spirit of God.

"William Ball warmly expressed his disapprobation of the remarks on the ministry made by some Friends; he thought the Clerk should interpose. Alfred Lucas was sorry that William Ball should thus have 'showed temper.' He disapproved of the document. Charles Thompson took comfort in the remarks of A. Fisher, believing the tendency of the document was to widen the breach between those amongst us who hold office, and those who do not. There is a painful tendency to exalt ministers and elders over other members of the body. The first object of our religious meetings should be worship, and not vocal ministry. In the deepest religious awe words may find no place.

"Thomase Pearc alluded to the number of rightly concerned Friends who have spoken long in ministry, but have not been acknowledged, because there are Friends around them unable to judge rightly of the nature of true gospel ministry. How can persons who are absorbed in the spirit of trade, and of the world, rightly judge of spiritual things? Even our Lord could do no great works when he was amongst some persons, because of their unbelief.

"Up to this stage the preponderance of expression had been unfavorable to the document, or evincing partial dissatisfaction. But it was now remarked, that, with one or two exceptions, the large body of ministers and elders, who were unanimous in approving the report, had not spoken on the subject. A number of Friends now rose in succession, and very briefly expressed their satisfaction with the document.

"After a little further objection by one or two Friends, the Clerk decided that the address was adopted, and made a minute to that effect; the meeting then adjourned."

THE DISCIPLINE—THE PROPOSITION FROM SUFFOLK QUARTERLY MEETING.

"Next business was the threefold proposition from Suffolk, respecting the meetings of ministers and elders. It was decided to take the judgment of the meeting on each part of the proposition separately. The first was then entered upon, namely, that overseers should be associated with elders and ministers in the 'select meetings.'

"William D. King, a representative from Suffolk, explained that some jealousy existed as to the meetings of ministers and elders, and it was thought desirable to extend its constitution. The present proposition was a step in this direction.

"W. D. Sims, another representative from the same quarter, said, there appeared an undesirable exclusiveness in the constitution of the 'select meeting.' It is somewhat hierarchical. Some Suffolk Friends wish to go further than this proposition, and to admit to those meetings such Friends as may be earnestly engaged in public religious efforts, although not acknowledged ministers.

"S. Perry (a representative from Suffolk) did not concur with the proposition; he thought there is too great a tendency in the Society to build up systems—a church within a church. We have the Monthly, the Quarterly, and the Yearly Meetings of Ministers and Elders, also the Morning Meeting and the Meeting for Sufferings. Yet from all these a large class of well-concerned Friends is wholly excluded. In various instances elders are appointed, not because the church really needs them, but merely to strengthen the meetings of ministers and elders.

"Several other Friends then briefly spoke to the proposition, when the Clerk decided that the judgment of the meeting was not in favor of accepting the first part of the proposition. The second part was then taken, viz., that in all localities the meetings of elders should be held at least once a year. This did not excite much discussion. Several Friends remarked that it merely recommended elders to do their acknowledged duty, or to permit them to do what they were at liberty to do already. In some places the elders meet three or four times a year regularly. This portion of the proposition was also not acceded to.

"The third part of the proposition was next considered, viz., that the lists of min-

isters and elders should be periodically revised.

"Jonathan Grubb expressed his opinion, that religious appointments for life, whether of ministers or elders, are not safe. Friends do not recognize the doctrine, 'once in grace, always in grace;' so also they may not conclude that 'once a minister, always a minister.' Some Friends after being silent for thirty or forty years are still retained as ministers; by an occasional revision of the lists such names might be quietly dropped.

"Many other Friends spoke on the subject, and the Clerk decided that the Yearly Meeting was not prepared to accede to this part of the proposition."

SUPPLEMENTARY REPORT FROM THE YEARLY MEETING OF MINISTERS AND ELDERS.

"This was a document from the committee appointed two years ago by the above body. It stated that various Friends, not acknowledged as ministers, have been travelling in the exercise of ministry. The report recommended that in future such Friends should be refused the use of any of our meeting-houses, and if they continued their travelling services, should be further reported to their Monthly Meetings. J. Forster spoke briefly of the importance of Christian order. He was followed by a general expression of disapproval of the report.

"Charles Thompson hoped Friends would observe where this report came from. He disapproved of it, and thought the Meeting of Ministers and Elders had taken a false step. The Friends aimed at are adorning our doctrine and profession. It is the duty of such to follow the leadings of the Holy Spirit laying upon them an individual responsibility. Wm. Ball reminded the meeting that in George Fox's days those who would not submit to the judgment of their friends were considered as being 'ranters.'

"A. Lucas said this report had deeply wounded him. It was an arbitrary thing to recommend shutting up our meeting-houses against those dear Friends who go about in the name of their Lord and Saviour. It was persecution. He was ashamed of our Society that such a document should be presented. Those Friends who are here discouraged are those who go against the tide of unsound opinions.

"The general preponderance of expression was against the adoption of the report, and the result of the discussion was to reject the report, and the Clerk was encouraged to frame a minute which omitted the objectionable and principal parts, viz., the reference to particular Friends travelling as ministers whilst unacknowledged; also, as to closing meeting-houses against them, and the recommending of such persons to their meetings for disciplinary action. Thus the report was virtually nullified.

"John Pease, who brought the subject of peace specially before the meeting, contrasted the privileges of Friends now, compared with their condition 200 years ago, particularly with reference to war, marriage, and oaths. Are we alive to our duties and testimonies in relation to these matters at the present day? Whilst dwelling at ease in our ceiled houses, we may perhaps not be in a condition of spiritual earnestness equal to that of our persecuted predecessors, who, even in their prisons, could yet declare that 'the love of God dwelt in our hearts, and the love of the world came not near us.' He then alluded to the sorrowful increase of the war-spirit, and the enormous extent of military armaments, mentioning the condition of France in particular, where nearly 800,000 of our fellow-creatures are compelled to lead the demoralizing and exposed life of a soldier, driven almost irresistibly into licentious habits, receiving little religious instruction, withdrawn from civil industry, and taught only to slaughter and destroy their race. These considerations should excite our increased efforts to promote peace principles. Many of the other speakers took a similar view. Joseph Pease recommended the distribution of illustrated peace tracts. C. Wilson alluded to the late absurd and cruel law passed in New South Wales, which renders it penal for any one to refuse to drink the queen's health. Eli Jones spoke of the 100,000 persons on the verge of starvation in Algeria, and of the £250,000,000 sterling spent annually by Christian nations in war. He incidently adverted with Christian interest to the little group of Friends at Alexandria in Egypt, and also recommended Friends to re-open the schools formerly under the care of this Society in the south of France. W. S. Lean feared the successful termination of the Abyssinian war would tend to strengthen the military spirit of the people. Others took a similar view.

"John Bright, M. P., said he did not share in the desponding views which some had in relation to the increase of a popular feeling in favor of war. Although it is quite true that the armaments of European nations are greater than ever they were, yet the very formidable nature of these armaments tends both to prevent and to shorten wars. But a growing fear of war is spreading. Again, most of the former European wars were of a dynastic origin, or were undertaken to preserve "the balance of power." But the more recent contests have arisen from the inconveniences of the geographical

conditions of certain nationalities, or from the natural desire for union amongst separated people who ought to have been united. The people of this country have of late become much more averse to interference in the disputes of other nations. We seem to have accepted a settled policy of non-intervention. This is very encouraging. The chief source of the prevailing apprehensions of war in Europe is the threatening condition of France. But lately we have not meddled as formerly with Continental affairs, even when important changes have taken place contrary to the national wish. If France would only change her attitude and her very warlike position, the present anxious state of things would be removed. It is true that we now spend more money annually in military preparations (twenty-six million pounds) than any other nation. To this vast sum must be added a similar enormous sum spent annually for India. Thus nearly fifty millions sterling are raised every year for solely warlike purposes—an amount of expenditure for which we have no excuse, it being acknowledged that we do not need it, either to coerce Europe or our own colonies. Yet we are in a transition state. Probably when certain great questions agitating the public mind are settled, the national attention will turn to our excessive military expenditure, and it must then be evident that with our position of non-intervention, and in our general circumstances, it is an impudent plea to assert that there is any necessity for so burdensome an outlay. In all probability the public will not long tolerate such a state of things.

"It must be remembered that Friends are almost the only body of Christians who entirely disapprove of war. The vast majority of Christian ministers and churches do not look upon it as we do. Therefore they are apt to consider the views of Friends on this subject as advocating what is impossible or absurd. Hence it is evident that peace principles can only be promulgated by slow degrees. Most persons are now of this opinion. He did not look to any great thing being done either by Friends or by the Peace Society on this question. Only gradually and through the steady progress of generations, by the lessons of further experience, and through involved national sufferings, will these principles come generally to prevail.

"Meanwhile, we have much reason to be satisfied that we are not, as a nation, going backward but forward. We have abandoned almost all the traditional principles of national policy which caused past wars. Notwithstanding our present vast armaments, still a hatred of war is growing amongst the people; and it is no longer in the power of monarchs to involve us in war so easily as previously. Ultimately the time will arrive when professing Christian nations will live at peace, and this great evil of war come to an end. But the very little that we can do to hasten that time is mainly by the labors of every man in his own circle endeavoring to exalt the great principles of peace and justice which we believe to have their foundation in those inspired writings from which we derive our holy religion.

"H. Pease expressed some dissent from J. Bright's conclusions, but was followed by R. D. Catchpool and others, who united with J. B. in taking an encouraging view of the progress of popular opposition to war. Young Friends were recommended by one speaker to exert their influence for peace and similar questions in connection with Christian associations, public discussions, &c. The subject of peace was referred to the Large Committee on the epistle."

"In the afternoon the Clerk informed the meeting that there was on the table an epistle from the Wesleyan Reform Union, addressed to the Clerk of this meeting. A number of Friends objected to its being received; but many more were in favor of it. It was therefore read. The letter thanked Friends for their kindness to the Reform Methodists in various places. It stated that that body had quitted the old Wesleyan body because of the heavy yoke of Wesleyan priesthood, and from a desire to recognize Christ as the one Master of a church of equal brethren. It mentioned that most of their members were in humble circumstances; that their ministers were engaged also in outward business for a livelihood, and ministered from the constraint of the love of Christ and of souls. It expressed a thankful appreciation of the influence of the Society of Friends, and of its labors in promotion of temperance, peace, &c., desiring the divine blessing upon the labors of the Yearly Meeting.

"The Clerk was directed to acknowledge the receipt of this epistle in a kind and courteous private letter."

For the Children.

THE PATH OF LIFE.

My way is marked, my course is clear,
The haven full in view;
A gracious Pilot waits to steer
My fragile vessel through.

Where is this Pilot? He is near,
He 's *in* my little bark;
His voice is power,—I'll trust to Him,
Though all around be dark.

"QUAINT" GEORGE HERBERT.

One of the profoundest utterances of the Elizabethan age is George Herbert's poem on Man:

Man is all symmetrie,
Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
And all to all the world beside:
Each part may call the farthest, brother:
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moon and tides.

Nothing hath got so farre,
But man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest starre:
He is in little all the sphere,
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Finde their acquaintance there.

The starres have us to bed:
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws:
Musick and light attend our head.
All things unto our *flesh* are kinde
In their *descent* and *being;* to our minde
In their *ascent* and *cause.*

More servants wait on Man
Than he'll take notice of: in every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him,
When sickness makes him pale and wan,
O mightie love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a Palace built: O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last!
Till then afford us so much wit,
That as the world serves us we may serve thee,
And both thy servants be.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"LO, THE POOR INDIAN!"

When will the persecutions of the "Red Man" and the defrauding him of his lands cease? From the signs of the times, it is to be feared, only with his *extermination*, on which, it seems, too many, possessed of power, are now bent.

The following manly and righteous exposé of a most unrighteous and unholy transaction is taken, with its caption, from a recent editorial in the *Evening Bulletin* of this city, a periodical which appears to be always on the alert, and ever ready to promote the humanitarian interests of the day. J. M. E.

THE OSAGE LAND SWINDLE.

It is positively affirmed in Washington that the Senate will this week ratify the Osage land treaty, which is nothing more nor less than a swindling scheme of the most gigantic and infamous character. The Eastern public have a very indefinite conception of the grossness of the fraud about to be perpetrated, but when the story is told there will be few honest men in this community who will not join the Western people in denouncing it. The United States Government holds in trust for the Osage Indians nearly nine million acres of land in the southern part of the State of Kansas. This territory, embracing an area nearly equal to that of the State of Massachusetts, and forming about one-sixth of the State of Kansas, belongs as absolutely to the Osages as the District of Columbia does to the United States. The most audacious of the swindlers dares not dispute their title. The first wrong was done to the proprietors when settlers were permitted to go in and occupy this territory without paying for it; but this might have been remedied if the Government had compelled payment, even at the present time. The settlers probably would have been willing and are willing now to pay a fair price for their homes. But this was not hinted at. A few men, some of them not of the highest reputation, supported by certain Government officers, held interviews with the Osages, and by dint of threats and intimidation, succeeded in obtaining their consent to its purchase for the sum of a million and a half dollars, or something less than twenty cents per acre. The land, at the very lowest estimate, is worth six millions of dollars, and if it were put up to be sold to the highest bidder, would probably bring a much larger sum. The man in whose favor this treaty was made is named Sturgis, and in order to give an appearance of decency to the scheme, he is styled the President of the Lawrence, Leavenworth and Galveston Railroad, although this railroad has no existence, and probably never will have, and if it does, will not touch any portion of the territory in question. Sturgis and his friends claim that the Senate should ratify the treaty because the road will be an immense improvement to the section through which it is intended to run, and deserves some encouragement from the Government. The people of Kansas are opposed to the treaty. They declare that the road is not needed, and if it ever is wanted, can be built with private capital. There is money enough involved in the treaty to build a dozen such roads. It puts a vast tract of land into the hands of speculators, who will instantly demand of the settlers unreasonable prices for their homes, and the consequence will be that the southern section of the State will either be depopulated or made bankrupt. They claim that the Indians were cheated, and that the ratification of the fraud by the Senate will simply place seven or eight millions dollars in the pockets of a few private individuals, who have no interest but their own to serve.

There seems no reason to doubt that it is the intention of many men in the Senate to vote in favor of this outrageous scheme, despite the protest of the whole State of Kansas. Their excuse is, that the constant policy of the Government has been to grant land to Western railroad companies, in order to enable them to improve sparsely settled districts. In exceptional cases this policy may be the true one. Generally it is altogether wrong.

The people are made to contribute to the wealth of private corporations, and as the policy of these latter is to hold their lands at exorbitant prices, settlers are actually excluded from them, and thus whole sections, as at present in Kansas, are permitted to remain an uncultivated waste. In this instance such an excuse cannot obtain, because there are hundreds of responsible parties who are willing to pay the Indians five times the sum offered by Sturgis, under the provisions of whose treaty there is no guarantee that any railroad will be built, or that the Indians will be paid a dollar. In either case neither the Government nor the people of Kansas will have any means of redress.

The simple fact is, that the whole thing is a piece of bold and impudent rascality. The Senators all know this, the people of Kansas, as well as the treaty ring, being ably represented in Washington. If, then, the treaty is ratified, the settlers on the land turned out of their homes, and the Indians defrauded, we shall be justified in believing that the magnitude of the sum involved has tempted other and more prominent and responsible men than Sturgis and his confreres, and we shall know also precisely where to lay the responsibility, if the cheated savages avenge their wrongs in a bloody war. We hope that the press will speak out plainly upon this subject, and that the force of public opinion will be brought to bear against the consummation of this most scandalous fraud.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

SIXTH MONTH.

	1867.	1868.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	5 days.	13 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	7 "	1 "
Cloudy, without storms	6 "	8 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	12 "	8 "
	30 "	30 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1867.	1868.
Mean temperature of Sixth mo., per Penna. Hospital,	72.19 deg.	72.00 deg.
Highest do. during mo., do.	88.50 "	90.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	53.00 "	54.50 "
RAIN during the month, do.	11.02 in.	4.37 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 5 current weeks for 1867, and 4 for 1868	1197	914

Average of the mean temperature of 6th month for the past *seventy-nine* years.	71.59 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1828 and 1831	77.00 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1816	64.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.	1867.	1868.
First month	1.70 inch.	3.62 inch.
Second month	2.89 "	2.52 "
Third month	5.46 "	3.36 "
Fourth month	1.81 "	5.44 "
Fifth month	7.82 "	7.00 "
Sixth month	11.02 "	4.37 "
Totals for first six months	30.70 "	26.31 "

It will be observed the temperature of the present year, through all its phases, has varied but little from that of last; while the quantity of rain, with two days more on which it fell, is far short of 1867. And in reference to deaths, last year representing five weeks, deduct one-fifth from the number for that year, and the record will stand, for four weeks of 1867, 958, and 1868, 914.

PHILADA., 7th mo. 1, 1868. J. M. ELLIS.

ITEMS.

MATTHEW VASSAR has, by his will, added a considerable sum to the endowment of the Vassar Female College at Poughkeepsie. In his lifetime he had contributed $400,000 and a valuable farm of 200 acres, on which the college buildings are erected. By his will, it appears that he bequeathes $50,000 as a "Lecture Fund," directing the income to be appropriated to procuring from time to time distinguished persons in America and Europe to deliver lectures on Literature and the Arts and Sciences. He also gives $50,000 as an "Auxiliary Fund," directing its income to be appropriated to aid such students of superior minds and high scholarship as may be unable to pay full charges for board and tuition, and who shall apply in writing to participate in said privileges at or before their admission, and who, on due examination, shall be approved and selected by the college authorities as suitable persons. At the time of his death he held a mortgage of $75,000 on the college, which was cancelled in his will.

AN APPEAL has again come up from the South for aid to the freedmen in the shape of food. The teachers in charge of the colored schools in South Carolina give a woeful account of the destitution. All crops failed last year; the caterpillar devoured the cotton; floods drowned the corn; merchants will not sell food to the freedmen on trust; the Bureau has withdrawn physical aid; hence the call for charity. Crops promise well this year, and could the freedmen have aid just now, so they could return to their own fields and work their own crops, it would give them new life, and at once end the famine there.

MOUNT CENIS RAILWAY.—The railway over Mount Cenis was opened to the public on the 15th of June, and the journey from Susa to St. Michael was performed with perfect regularity and success. For the present, there are to be two trains daily each way. The journey over the mountain, which, by the most rapid mode of conveyance, has hitherto occupied ten hours, can now be accomplished in half that time.

THE NORTH GERMAN PARLIAMENT has adopted the bill for the institution of a new system of weights and measures. The chief feature of the bill is that it introduces the decimal system. The metre will be the basis of measurement, and the mile as a measure of distance will consist of 7500 metres. This is the German mile, which at present equals 4.611 English statue miles, or 7424 metres. The bill, therefore, increases the German mile by 76 meters. This law is to go into operation January 1st, 1872.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 18, 1868. No. 20.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for entire Club. Single Nos. 6 cts
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[From J. G. Whittier's "Prose Works."

RICHARD BAXTER.

(Concluded from page 292.)

At Rickmansworth, he found himself a neighbor of William Penn, whom he calls "the captain of the Quakers." Ever ready for battle, Baxter encountered him in a public discussion, with such fierceness and bitterness as to force from that mild and amiable civilian the remark, that he would rather be Socrates at the final judgment than Richard Baxter. Both lived to know each other better, and to entertain sentiments of mutual esteem. Baxter himself admits that the Quakers, by their perseverance in holding their religious meetings in defiance of penal laws, took upon themselves the burden of persecution which would otherwise have fallen upon himself and his friends; and makes special mention of the noble and successful plea of Penn before the Recorder's Court in London, based on the fundamental liberties of Englishmen and the rights of the Great Charter.

The intolerance of Baxter towards the Separatists was turned against him whenever he appealed to the King and Parliament against the proscription of himself and his friends. "They gathered," he complains, "out of mine and other men's books all that we had said against liberty for Popery and Quakers railing against ministers in open congregation, and applied it as against the toleration of ourselves." It was in vain that he explained that he was only in favor of a gentle coercion of dissent, a moderate enforcement of conformity. His plan for dealing with Sectaries reminds one of old Isaak Walton's direction to his piscatorial readers, to impale the frog on the hook as gently as if they loved him.

While at Acton, he was complained of by Dr. Ryves, the rector, one of the King's chaplains in ordinary, for holding religious services in his family with more than five strangers present. He was cast into Clerkenwell jail, whither his faithful wife followed him. On his discharge, he sought refuge in the hamlet of Totteridge, where he wrote and published that Paraphrase on the New Testament which was made the ground of his prosecution and trial before Jeffreys.

On the 14th of the sixth month, 1681, he was called to endure the greatest affliction of his life. His wife died on that day, after a brief illness. She who had been his faithful friend, companion, and nurse for twenty years was called away from him in the time of his greatest need of her ministrations. He found consolation in dwelling on her virtues and excellences in the "Breviate" of her life; "a paper monument," he says, "erected by one who is following her even at the door in some passion indeed of love and grief." In the preface to his poetical pieces he alludes to her in terms of touching simplicity and

tenderness: "As these pieces were mostly written in various passions, so passion hath now thrust them out into the world. God having taken away the dear companion of the last nineteen years of my life, as her sorrows and sufferings long ago gave being to some of these poems, for reasons which the world is not concerned to know; so my grief for her removal, and the revival of the sense of former things, have prevailed upon me to be passionate in the sight of all."

The circumstances of his trial before the judicial monster, Jeffreys, are too well known to justify their detail in this sketch. He was sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred marks. Seventy years of age, and reduced to poverty by former persecutions, he was conveyed to the King's Bench prison. Here for two years he lay a victim to intense bodily suffering. When, through the influence of his old antagonist, Penn, he was restored to freedom, he was already a dying man. But he came forth from prison as he entered it, unsubdued in spirit. Urged to sign a declaration of thanks to James II., his soul put on the athletic habits of youth, and he stoutly refused to commend an act of toleration which had given freedom not to himself alone, but to Papists and Sectaries. Shaking off the dust of the Court from his feet, he retired to a dwelling in Charter-House Square, near his friend Sylvester's, and patiently awaited his deliverance. His death was quiet and peaceful. "I have pain," he said to his friend Mather; "there is no arguing against sense; but I have peace. I have peace." On being asked how he did, he answered, in memorable words, "*Almost well!*"

He was buried in Christ Church, where the remains of his wife and her mother had been placed. An immense concourse attended his funeral, of all ranks and parties. Conformist and Non-conformist forgot the bitterness of the controversialist, and remembered only the virtues and the piety of the man. Looking back on his life of self-denial and faithfulness to apprehended duty, the men, who had persecuted him while living, wept over his grave. During the last few years of his life, the severity of his controversial tone had been greatly softened; he lamented his former lack of charity, the circle of his sympathies widened, his social affections grew stronger with age, and love for his fellow-men universally, and irrespective of religious differences, increased within him. In his "Narrative," written in the long, cool shadows of the evening of life, he acknowledges with extraordinary candor this change in his views and feelings. He confesses his imperfections as a writer and public teacher. "I wish," he says, "all over-sharp passages were expunged from my writings, and I ask forgiveness of God and man." He tells us that mankind appear more equal to him; the good are not so good as he once thought, nor the bad so evil; and that in all there is more for grace to make advantage of, and more to testify for God and holiness, than he once believed. "I less admire," he continues, "gifts of utterance, and the bare profession of religion, than I once did, and have now much more charity for those who, by want of gifts, do make an obscure profession."

He laments the effects of his constitutional irritability and impatience upon his social intercourse and his domestic relations, and that his bodily infirmities did not allow him a free expression of the tenderness and love of his heart. Who does not feel the pathos and inconsolable regret which dictated the following paragraph? "When God forgiveth me, I cannot forgive myself, especially for my rash words and deeds by which I have seemed injurious and less tender and kind than I should have been to my near and dear relations, whose love abundantly obliged me. When such are dead, though we never differed in point of interest or any other matter, every sour or cross or provoking word which I gave them maketh me almost irreconcilable to myself, and tells me how repentance brought some of old to pray to the dead whom they had wronged to forgive them, in the hurry of their passion."

His pride as a logician and skilful disputant abated in the latter and better portion of his life; he had more deference to the judgment of others, and more distrust of his own. "You admire," said he to a correspondent who had lauded his character, "one you do not know; knowledge will cure your error." In his "Narrative" he writes: "I am much more sensible than heretofore of the breadth and length and depth of the radical, universal, odious sin of selfishness, and therefore have written so much against it; and of the excellency and necessity of self-denial and of a public mind, and of loving our neighbors as ourselves." Against many difficulties and discouragements, both within himself and in his outward circumstances, he strove to make his life and conversation an expression of that Christian love, whose root, as he has said with equal truth and beauty,

"is set
In humble self denial, undertrod,
While flower and fruit are growing up to God."*

Of the great mass of his writings, more voluminous than those of any author of his time, it would ill become us to speak with

*Poetical Fragments, by R. Baxter, p. 16.

confidence. We are familiar only with some of the best of his practical works, and our estimate of the vast and appalling series of his doctrinal, metaphysical, and controversial publications would be entitled to small weight, as the result of very cursory examination. Many of them relate to obsolete questions and issues, monumental of controversies long dead, and of disputatious doctors otherwise forgotten. Yet, in respect to even these, we feel justified in assenting to the opinion of one abundantly capable of appreciating the character of Baxter as a writer. "What works of Mr. Baxter shall I read?" asked Boswell of Dr. Johnson. "Read any of them," was the answer, "for they are all good." He has left upon all the impress of his genius. Many of them contain sentiments which happily find favor with few in our time; philosophical and psychological disquisitions, which look oddly enough in the light of the intellectual progress of nearly two centuries; dissertations upon evil spirits, ghosts, and witches, which provoke smiles at the good man's credulity; but everywhere we find unmistakable evidences of his sincerity and earnest love of truth. He wrote under a solemn impression of duty, allowing neither pain nor weakness, nor the claims of friendship, nor the social enjoyments of domestic affection, to interfere with his sleepless intensity of purpose. He stipulated with his wife, before marriage, that she should not expect him to relax, even for her society, the severity of his labors. He could ill brook interruption, and disliked the importunity of visitors. "We are afraid, sir, we break in upon your time," said some of his callers to him upon one occasion. "To be sure you do," was his answer. His seriousness seldom forsook him; there is scarce a gleam of gayety in all his one hundred and sixty-eight volumes. He seems to have relished, however, the wit of others, especially when directed against what he looked upon as error. Marvell's inimitable reply to the High-Church pretensions of Parker fairly overcame his habitual gravity, and he several times alludes to it with marked satisfaction; but, for himself, he had no heart for pleasantry. His writings, like his sermons, were the earnest expostulations of a dying man with dying men. He tells us of no other amusement or relaxation than the singing of psalms. "Harmony and melody," said he, "are the pleasure and elevation of my soul. It was not the least comfort that I had in the converse of my late dear wife, that our first act in the morning and last in bed at night was a psalm of praise."

It has been fashionable to speak of Baxter as a champion of civil and religious freedom. He has little claim to such a reputation. He was the staunch advocate of monarchy, and of the right and duty of the State to enforce conformity to what he regarded as the essentials of religious belief and practice. No one regards the Prelates who went to the Tower, under James II., on the ground of conscientious scruples against reading the King's declaration of toleration to Dissenters, as martyrs in the cause of universal religious freedom. Nor can Baxter, although he wrote much against the coercion and silencing of godly ministers, and suffered imprisonment himself for the sake of a good conscience, be looked upon in the light of an intelligent and consistent confessor of liberty. He did not deny the abstract right of ecclesiastical coercion, but complained of its exercise upon himself and his friends as unwarranted and unjust.

One of the warmest admirers and ablest commentators of Baxter designates the leading and peculiar trait of his character as *unearthliness*. In our view, this was its radical defect. He had too little of humanity, he felt too little of the attraction of this world, and lived too exclusively in the spiritual and the unearthly, for a full and healthful development of his nature as a man, or of the graces, charities, and loves of the Christian. He undervalued the common blessings and joys of life, and closed his eyes and ears against the beauty and harmony of outward nature. Humanity, in itself considered, seemed of small moment to him; "passing away" was written alike on its wrongs and its rights, its pleasures and its pains; death would soon level all distinctions; and the sorrows or the joys, the poverty or the riches, the slavery or the liberty of the brief day of its probation seemed of too little consequence to engage his attention and sympathies. Hence, while he was always ready to minister to temporal suffering wherever it came to his notice, he made no efforts to remove its political or social causes. In this respect he differed widely from some of his illustrious contemporaries. Penn, while preaching up and down the land, and writing theological folios and pamphlets, could yet urge the political rights of Englishmen, mount the hustings for Algernon Sydney, and plead for unlimited religious liberty; and Vane, while dreaming of a coming Millennium and Reign of the Saints, and busily occupied in defending his Antinomian doctrines, could at the same time vindicate, with tongue and pen, the cause of civil and religious freedom. But Baxter overlooked the evils and oppressions which were around him, and forgot the necessities and duties of the world of time and sense in his earnest aspirations towards

the world of spirits. It is by no means an uninstructive fact, that with the lapse of years his zeal for proselytism, doctrinal disputations, and the preaching of threats and terrors, visibly declined, while love for his fellow-men and catholic charity greatly increased, and he was blest with a clearer perception of the truth that God is best served through His suffering children, and that love and reverence for visible humanity is an indispensable condition of the appropriate worship of the Unseen God.

But, in taking leave of Richard Baxter, our last words must not be those of censure. Admiration and reverence become us rather. He was an honest man. So far as we can judge, his motives were the highest and best which can influence human action. He had faults and weaknesses, and committed grave errors, but we are constrained to believe that the prayer with which he closes his "Saints' Rest," and which we have chosen as the fitting termination of our article, was the earnest aspiration of his life.

"O merciful Father of Spirits? suffer not the soul of thy unworthy servant to be a stranger to the joys which he describes to others, but keep me while I remain on earth in daily breathing after thee, and in a believing affectionate walking with thee! Let those who shall read these pages not merely read the fruits of my studies, but the breathing of my active hope and love; and if my heart were open to their view, they might there read thy love most deeply engraven upon it with a beam from the face of the Son of God; and not find vanity or lust or pride within where the words of life appear without, that so these lines may not witness against me, but, proceeding from the heart of the writer, be effectual through thy grace upon the heart of the reader, and so be the savor of life to both."

A SUBLIME TRUTH.

Let a man have all the world can give him, he is still miserable, if he has a groveling, unlettered mind. Let him have his gardens, his fields, his woods, his lawns, for grandeur, plenty ornament and gratification, while at the same time God is not in all his thoughts. Let another have neither field nor garden, let him only look at nature with an enlightened mind—a mind which can see and adore the Creator in His works, can consider them as a demonstration of His power, His wisdom, His goodness, and His truth—this man is greater, as well as happier in his poverty, than the other in his riches. The one is a little higher than the beast, the other a little lower than an angel.

EXTRACTS FROM "PRAYER."

BY R. P. STEBBINS.

In this age of intense activity,—accumulating riches with feverish anxiety, extending the boundaries of science in all directions with astonishing rapidity, and dispensing charity with a profusion akin to the Divine beneficence,—there is danger of disregarding and forgetting our connection with the unseen and eternal. Man is not only an efficient actor: he is an abundant receiver. Influences flow into him as well as out of him. Heavenly dews descend upon the soul as well as upon the soil. Man aspires as well as plans. He is conscious of the spiritual as well as of the material. He is conscious of his dependence as well as of his strength. He lifts his soul in prayer as well as his hand in labor. He feels kinship with the skies. "Alone, of all earthly beings," says an eminent statesman, "man prays. Among his moral instincts, there is none more natural, more universal, more invincible, than prayer. The child cherishes it with a warm earnestness. The old flee to it as to a refuge against decay and loneliness. Prayer rises spontaneously upon young lips which can hardly lisp the name of God, and upon dying lips too feeble to pronounce it. Among all people, celebrated or obscure, civilized or barbarous, one encounters at every step acts and forms of invocation. Everywhere where man lives, in certain circumstances, at certain hours, under the control of certain impulses of the soul, the eyes are raised, hands are joined, knees are bent, to implore or give thanks, to adore or deprecate. With transport or with trembling, publicly or in the privacy of his heart, man betakes himself to prayer in the last resort, to fill the emptiness of his soul, or to relieve the burdens of his lot: it is in prayer that he seeks, when every thing else fails him, support in his feebleness, consolation in his griefs, and hope for his virtue." The soul as naturally pours itself in prayer as the mountain bird warbles, or the mountain spring overflows. The religious experience of all ages and nations is indeed redolent with devotion and prayer. Jesus not only consecrated the mountain and the desert by his prayers, but he prayed with his disciples. Paul and Silas made the prison a temple by their prayers. Prayer was made without ceasing by the saints. At the grave; by the bed of the dying; in the chamber of sickness; in the hour of separation when friends were parted; in the day of return which welcomed them home; in festive hours, when the heart was joyous and the day bright; in sorrow, when the spirit fainted and the heart was riven; in every condition of retirement and society, of hope and fruition,

of prosperity's blessing or adversity's blight; everywhere where there was a blessing to seek or be grateful for, a want felt and to be supplied,—there was the place, then was the hour, for prayer.

I know that some persons, especially the young, think there is a shadow, a sadness, covering the hour of prayer. As well might one speak of sadness when the child pours its griefs into its mother's bosom, and finds relief; or floods her ears with tones of joy, and deepens and lengthens its bliss thereby. I know that when sin has mottled the soul's whiteness, and conscience accuses us of wrong, the petition for forgiveness falters on our lips, and we look up timidly, speak tremblingly, still in hope, still in faith; but the nearer we approach the mercy-seat, the greater our assurance, the warmer our fervor, till the hesitating petition for pardon is changed into ardent gratitude for acceptance. As the erring child hesitates and halts as it approaches its father whom it has wronged, and shrinks and trembles as it implores forgiveness, looking timidly up into his face, rendered indistinct by its tears, to read the expression of acceptance or rejection, yet at last rushes confidingly and joyfully into his extended arms, and, thrilled with delight, reposes on his bosom as it sees the benignant smile and hears the encouraging word; so the sinning soul may feel sad, and tremble and hesitate, when at a distance he resolves to seek his Father's house and blessing, and sees the green, fresh fields, and the paternal mansion, and the open door, and the Infinite Father from afar: but, when he approaches, his fears diminish as the distance diminishes, till his sobs of penitence are changed into outpourings of trust and of gratitude. No: the hour of prayer is not an hour of sadness; the place of prayer is not a place of darkness; it is an hour of deep and holy peace and joy; it is a place of transfiguration bathed in light from heaven. Calmness, serenity, usually fill the soul. Sometimes, however, the billows of sorrow may so break over us that sharp agony may pain us; but angels will visit us, as they did Jesus, and still the storm, and give us peace. Or, on the other hand, our joy may be so deep, so thrilling, that ecstasy may fill the hour and heart; but, after we have poured our gushing gratitude into the inclining ear of the Father, a serene, a tranquil joy succeeds our exultation. This is one of the eminent blessings of prayer: it gives serenity, peace, trust, after the anxieties of expectancy, the exultations of success, the agonies of sorrow and bereavement. And such hours are the most precious. The deepest and most desirable and most permanent joy is not where the laughter and song are loudest. These are superficial and temporary. These are ripples, eddies, on the surface of joy, showing its shallowness, not its depths. We are always pensive and thoughtful when we are most happy. As the tidal wave climbs up the shore, hour by hour, when not a ripple ruffles the surface of the water till it fills and floods every waiting pool and winding inlet; so the serene joys of devotion, though no music murmurs on the lips, no laughter sparkles in the eye, bathe and refresh the thirsty recesses of the aspiring soul.

I say, then, that the hour of prayer is a pleasant hour: it is as the small rain upon the tender herb, as the gentle dew upon the thirsty plant.

But why? wherefore? What is prayer, that it will make us thus tranquil and joyous, thus calm and trustful? What is prayer, that it purifies and exalts us, helps us to live worthily and hopefully? What is it, that the young should kneel in their buoyancy and brightness; that the joyful should gather at its shrine, and offer thanksgiving; that the sad should look upward, and dry their tears; that morning should be welcomed by its voice, and evening made fragrant by its incense?

To pray is to ask for what we need, to return thanks for what we receive, to implore forgiveness for our sins. It is to seek guidance in difficulty, strength in weakness, wisdom in ignorance, aid in duty. It is to invoke a blessing upon past endeavors, and help in future undertakings: it is to commit ourselves, and all whom we love, trustfully to our heavenly Father's care. Prayer is not a cold, formal repetition of words, at set times, in set tones, in consecrated places. It is the gushing-up of the soul's desires, the overflowing of the soul's gratitude, the struggling confession of its short-comings, the expression of its resolves, its consecrations. It is an irrepressible sense of want seeking supplies from the Infinite Fulness. It is aspiration climbing along the craggy pathways to the Fountain of all joys and fruitions.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glance of an eye,
When none but God is near."

Emotions may take the place of speech, and aspiration of petition.

When prayer is offered unitedly in the congregation, the penitence, the gratitude, the petition, are embodied in words so that all hearts can join in one request, utter one thanksgiving; and thus all things be done

decently and in order. But, when one prayeth alone, all form is disregarded, and man speaketh freely to his heavenly Father. No other voice is to join with his, no other hearts are to be lifted heavenward by his devotions. His words, if words he uses, are his own. All restraint is removed. The filial spirit overflows and enjoys. In a word, which comprehends all and expresses all, prayer is a child's intercourse with his parent,—so free, so confiding, so joyous, so natural.

I need not pause here, and ask if this is not an elevating, refining, gratifying service, —a holy privilege as well as a sacred duty. Is it strange that men should pray? Is it wonderful even that prayer should sometimes become a superstition, and its form a charm? So natural, so spontaneous is it, that the wonder the rather is that men do not pray always and everywhere. It is wonderful, passing strange, that one can doubt and hesitate, and refuse to pray; that he can do such violence to his nature as to suppress its aspirations heavenward, and restrain the word of devotion which rushes to his lips. This is wonderful: this is strange.

This fact teaches us *why* we should pray. It is because we *cannot help it*, unless we do, or have already done, a grievous wrong to our natures. These upward yearnings must be gratified, these aspirations heavenward must ascend, the necessity of aid must be relieved, or the soul, through all its vital tissues, will feel the wrong. How low must one have sunk who never feels them! How the turbid currents of worldliness and appetite must have torn in their fury, and clogged in their foulness, all the tissues of that spirit which neither feels gratitude for success, nor a disposition to express it if felt; who neither recognizes, nor if recognized will acknowledge, the presence and providence of God in his blessings or his sorrows; who lives an orphan under the very shadow of his Father's protecting hand! God in mercy quicken such hearts, unseal such eyes, that they may behold his presence and feel his care!

I go further than this. I not only affirm that prayer is a *natural* act of man, and that to restrain prayer would be doing violence to his highest nature: I say also, that this spirit of devotion MUST BE NURTURED to be healthy, to be preserved even. As to all other emotions and affections, so to this, neglect brings disease, feebleness, extinction. Exercise, indulgence, is the life of the emotions. We must pray filially, or we shall pray profanely. We must adore, or we shall blaspheme. We must soar where the seraphs sing, or we shall sink where the serpents hiss. If a devout, a grateful spirit is natural and holy, then it becomes a duty, a necessity, to watch its inspirations, to diligently cherish every devotional impulse, and pour our souls in prayer when the spirit breathes upon us.

More than this: We should pray because *devotion is the mother of other virtues*, consecrates all virtues. It makes fragrant other services of heart and hand, as the cedar-tree perfumes all the grove. It clarifies the intellect and warms the heart; it invigorates resolution and insures performance; it repels temptation and inspires goodness. Let experience speak.

Here is a man about to enter upon the duties of the day. He has laid his plans, and is about to execute them. He is to-day going to take advantage of the weakness and ignorance of his neighbor, and wrong him of both estate and reputation, not in violation of law, but according to law,—according to its letter, not according to its spirit. He prays: he asks a blessing on the day's duties and labors; he hesitates; he pauses. "Pray for hardness and deceit? pray for aid from the Father to wrong his child?" Never, never! The scheme is abandoned, the stain on the soul's whiteness bleached by repentance. The transaction, when seen in the light of the Father's countenance, is transformed from attractiveness to repulsiveness, from lawful barter to a brother's robbery.

Again: Here is one who has been wronged, —deeply, sorely wronged,—and he not only has not forgiven the wrong, he is seeking revenge, not recompense; he is plotting how he may take it. He discovers a way; and he exults, that, before the next day's sun goes down, he shall taste the sweets of retaliation, give in full measure injury for injury. Before he closes his eyes in sleep, he prays for protection, for forgiveness. The words of that simple yet comprehensive prayer of our Saviour are on his lips: "Forgive me my trespasses as I forgive those who trespass against me."—"What! is this the ground of pardon? How can I thus pray? Is it not solemn mockery to pray for forgiveness if I do not forgive? to seek for mercy when I show no mercy?" The burning passion cools; the cherished revenge is cast out; the victim of his hatred becomes the object of his pity and forgiveness; and so prayer repels the tempter, rescues from wrong-doing.

He who daily prays must live virtuously. I do not say, he who daily utters the words and takes the posture of prayer, but he who *prays*. No man, living in daily violation of what he believes to be the will of his heavenly Father, can ask that Father's aid. Will the evil-doer invoke the presence and the benediction of God on his evil deeds? Never, till his nature is inverted, and all his moral instincts are dead. Prayer, then, is our re-

fuge in temptation: we are rescued from evil-doing thereby.

More than this: Prayer is more than a stronghold in which we are secure.

> "The closet which the saint devotes to prayer
> Is not his tower only, but his temple,
> Whither he goes for blessing and renewal."

We should pray because the soul is invigorated by it. Our good resolutions are strengthened, our prostrate faith is lifted up. The labor which seemed so difficult that we shrank from it is now undertaken with ardor; for the Omnipotent One is our helper. Our loneliness is relieved by the Father's presence. We become pure by a consciousness of the presence of infinite Purity; all low, unworthy, selfish purposes and desires are put far away from us, and loftier, nobler, fraternal desires and purposes take their place. And often, in the hour of devotion, we find strength to rise above the passions and appetites which before and elsewhere had ruled us with such despotic power. The more pervasive our devotion, the more entire our self-control, the more complete our self-mastership. These are the results of prayer flowing from our nature, originating in it.

But God is not inactive. He helps us. We are not only cheered by the consciousness of his approbation, but we are lifted by his hand, taught by his inspiration, sanctified by his spirit. God gives while we seek. Is not our heavenly Father more willing to give good gifts to those who ask him, than earthly parents are to give good gifts to their children? Do you ask how he *can?* Has he not the power, who guideth Arcturus and his sons, and looseth the bands of Orion? Has he not the blessing, whose is the earth, and the fulness thereof, and the glory of the firmament? "*Will* he hear us?" Has he not said it? has he not written it on the living tablet of our hearts? has he not promised it by implanting this ineradicable instinct in our souls, in all souls? Has the infinite Father mocked the hopes, the trust, of his child? Never, oh, never! God answers our prayers. We may be assured of receiving what we ask for in filial trust; or what is better than that for which we ask, when we ask amiss. Prayer is not, as the philosophers tell us, simply self-excitation, chafing the skin, irritating the throat, fretting the emotions, the blessedness of making moral muscle by struggling at our shoe-latchets to lift ourselves to heaven. Oh, no, no! it is no such folly as that. It is asking favor of God; and he gives it. The blessing of prayer is not simply improving our vocabulary of devotion, and hallowing our emotions by a thoughtfulness of God's presence. The blessing of prayer is more than this, much more than this. It is a gift bestowed because it was sought, and so in our weakness we are made strong. God breathes upon the upward-looking spirit, and we are refreshed. As a child does not ask its father for a favor simply for the pleasure of being in its father's presence, and addressing him, so God's child does not pray simply for the joy which the privilege gives, but for the blessing which the Father has promised to bestow upon those who ask him.

When should we pray, then, if such is the blessedness, such the spirit, of prayer? We should pray when we feel our need; when the trials of life press upon us, and we want help; when the blessings of life are heaped upon us, and gratitude rises to our lips. When adversity overtakes us, let us pray for courage; when prosperity showers abundance, let us offer thanksgiving; when morning dawns, let us implore aid in our duties; when evening darkens, let us seek forgiveness for the wrong, acceptance of the right, and protection in our sleep. In the retirement of solitude, let us pray: there, the flame of devotion burns most steadily, most purely, and ascends to heaven most swiftly. But we may pray elsewhere. In the midst of toil, we may send up a devout aspiration, offer a hearty thanksgiving. But he who prays nowhere else save in the crowd, under the burden of toil, amidst the tumult of the multitude, will find his offering poor and his incense earthly. Solitude must often be sought, that fresh fire from heaven may descend, and kindle the sacrifice. But we need not always pray there. Surrounded by the clamor of the world, the din of business, the shouts of the rushing throng, our aspirations may sometimes go up gratefully to heaven, as did the cloud of incense from the golden altar in the temple on Moriah, though hostile hosts surrounded it, and the shout of battle rolled and reverberated through its pillared courts. In the midst of the collisions and strifes of the market and the court, the rumbling of wheels and the din of machinery, the expectant ear may hear the answering words of peace and deliverance.

Pray everywhere, with all prayer and supplication. Let all pray that sorrow may be turned into joy, and joy be hallowed by gratitude. Let all pray that youth may be fragrant with excellence, and age mature with virtue, that both blossom and fruit may be acceptable to God our Father.

HOME CHEERFULNESS.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers needs sun-

beams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it displeases, they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces are sour, and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother, then, try to be happy. Let them look happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy.

EXCERPTS.

The sentiment is becoming increasingly dear to good people of every phase of religious belief, that in judging men we should not estimate them by their adoption of certain "mysteries of faith," as much as by the qualities of heart and life, by which alone their Christian character can be known and determined. We should learn that disputed and disputable doctrines should not be made a test of discipleship, a badge of religious attainment, nor a bond of religious communion. The highest belief in Christ is shown in an earnest endeavor to be like him; and the truest service of the Most High is to be found in obedience to the everlasting law.

There is a charm about colloquial pleasures, and the chain of feeling is brightened and more highly polished by its aid, provided the stream of converse be pure and sanctified. Truth is ever a refiner, and were it always suffered to be a *filterer*, nothing corroding or corrupting would escape us.

Our garden is still brightening in beauty, as Autumn calls forth its flowery family; and to me these flowers are not only testimony-bearers of the power and purpose of All-creative Energy, but they are also sometimes ministers of consolation and encouragement, by reviving the language, "If He so clothe the grass of the field, which to day is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, oh ye of little faith."

The wonderland of childhood must henceforth be sought within the domain of truth. The strange facts of natural history, and the secret mysteries of flowers and forests, and hills and waters, will profitably take the place of the lore of the past, and poetry and romance still hold their accustomed seats in the circle of home, without bringing with them the evil spirits of credulity and untruth.

Truth should be the first lesson of the child, and the last aspiration of manhood; for it has been well said that the inquiry of truth, which is the lore-making of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 18, 1868.

Genessee Yearly Meeting.—Since the notice in our last number of Genessee Yearly Meeting held last month, we have received copies of the extracts of both men and women's meeting.

This body of Friends is composed of two Quarterly and two Half-yearly Meetings, containing, as their records exhibit, 2,954 members.

Samuel M. Janney and Louisa Steer, from Virginia, Thomas Foulke and Israel Drake, from New York, Ministers, and Asa M. Janney, Wm. B. Steer, Jane Drake and Elisha Wells attended with minutes of concurrence from the meetings of which they are members.

The subjects which usually claim the attention of a Yearly Meeting were severally introduced, and the minutes adopted embracing some of the exercises give evidence of a harmonious labor in the cause of Truth. The Committee on Epistles proposed the adoption of the minute of exercises, with a few additional paragraphs as an epistle to each of the Yearly Meetings with which they are in correspondence.

Among the proceedings it is gratifying to find that a large Committee was appointed of men and women Friends "to take such care in relation to the Indians as circumstances shall point out to be best; to hold their appointment for three years, and to report annually."

Six hundred copies of the extracts from the minutes of the meeting were directed to be published, together with the Epistles received from other Yearly Meetings. The closing minute expressed the gratitude felt for the favors conferred, and the preservation of brotherly love and condescension, under which feeling the meeting concluded.

Died, of paralysis, on Fourth-day, the 17th of Sixth month, Hannah Stephens, of Trenton, N. J., in the 84th year of her age. Her life was a beautiful exemplification of Christian meekness and love. In all the works of God she saw so nothing to admire, and from admiration she rose to adoration of Him who "created the heavens and the earth, and

giveth us richly all things to enjoy." Though her demise was sudden, she was ready at her post, arrayed in robes fit to meet the Bridegroom of souls, and enter with him into the marriage chamber. Truly "she being dead yet speaketh, Follow me as I have followed Christ."

DIED, on the 13th of Third month, 1868, at her mother's residence in Halfmoon Township, Centre Co., Pa., HANNAH M. WAY, in the 27th year of her age, daughter of the late Robert and Martha Way. She was a useful member of Centre Monthly and Particular Meeting. The removal of this young friend by death has brought sadness to the hearts of her numerous friends. But they have the comforting assurance that she has exchanged an earthly for a heavenly mansion. She was an example of patience and resignation throughout her sickness, praying that the Lord would not cast her off. At the last, said she was ready and willing, for to the redeemed soul death brought no fears, neither had the grave any victory.

——, on the 2d inst., MARY ELLEN CHAPMAN, daughter of S. Baldwin and the late Virginia Chapman, of Brooklyn, L. I., in the 24th year of her age; a member of New York Monthly Meeting.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

No. 10.

THE SEPARATION CONTINUED.

After the lapse of forty years it would be profitable for both parties to recur to the principal events of the separation, to see whether any and what vestiges remain of the malignant spirit which animated the actors in that disreputable controversy.

In the discipline of Orthodox Friends, as revised and published in the year 1834, under the head of "Separatists," we find the following clause adopted by them in 1833:

"If any of our members should attend the meetings of those who have separated from us, and who have set up meetings contrary to the order and discipline of our religious society; or should attend any of the marriages accomplished among the said people, or sign the certificates issued on those occasions; as it is giving countenance to, and acknowledging those meetings, as though they were meetings of Friends, this meeting declares that such conduct is of evil tendency, and repugnant to the harmony and well-being of our religious society; and where such instances occur, Friends are desired to extend brotherly care and labor; and if those endeavors prove ineffectual, monthly meetings should testify against them." This clause remains to this day a part of their discipline.

For any of their members to attend the meetings of Methodists, Presbyterians or Catholics, is doubtless regarded as somewhat reprehensible, and as lending countenance to a paid ministry; but to attend a meeting of those whom they term "Separatists," though there be no paid ministry, is *disownable*.

The separation in many instances placed on opposite sides those bound together by the closest ties of consanguinity, even parents and children, brothers and sisters; but for one connected with Orthodox Friends to attend the marriage of a child, a brother or a sister married among us, or sign the marriage certificate, is visited with the highest penalty known among religious bodies, that of expulsion from membership.

There exists in the City of Philadelphia an institution denominated the "Shelter for Colored Orphans," which was established by Friends in the early part of this century, and of which after the separation Orthodox Friends kept the control; and one of the rules of the institution by them adopted, provides, as the writer is informed, that the children under the care of the institution may be put out to suitable persons of any religious denomination, except "Hicksites" (the name by which they designate us) and Catholics.

It is from no spirit of animosity toward Orthodox Friends, but from a sincere desire for the promotion of truth and right, that these manifestations of what has at least the appearance of a malignant spirit on their part are referred to and held up for examination. If any similar manifestations on the part of Friends were known, they would by no means pass unnoticed; and it is hoped there may be found in all that has been and may be said, sufficient to attest the sincerity of these declarations.

This cursory review of the separation would be incomplete without some reference to the doctrinal controversies, so far as such a reference may be made to yield lessons of instruction; but in this connection it may be well to repeat that the writer only is responsible for what may be said. If this essay were, however, to attempt to fathom and elucidate the intricacies of speculative theology, as brought into the controversy on one side at least, the writer would shrink from the task as one entirely beyond his knowledge and comprehension, but he believes that whatever is beyond the capacity of an humble layman is of evil tendency when set up as a test of true discipleship, and may very properly be thrust aside.

Our Orthodox brethren generally allege that they, and they only, are the Society of Friends,—that they occupy the original ground, and hold no new doctrine; yet it is a most significant fact that simultaneously with their charges of unsoundness against Elias Hicks and others, which led to the separation, an attempt was made by them to introduce into the Society a formal creed or declaration of faith, such as had never before existed; and by that creed to establish as *essential* doctrines of Friends certain theological dogmas which had never before been so con-

sidered; and no sooner had they become a separate Society than these dogmas were introduced into their discipline, thus giving them an authoritative sanction as fundamental doctrines, in conflict with the long-settled views and practice of the Society of Friends, and while most tenacious in their adherence to what is ancient, and in their opposition to innovations generally, in matters of *form*, *on doctrinal* points they seem to have found it necessary to make some seven or eight additions to the ancient discipline in order to make it conform to the new standard of faith. The following are selected from the additions thus made. At their Yearly Meeting in 1828, among other new articles they adopted the following;

"We receive and believe in the testimony of Scriptures, simply as it stands in the text—"There are three that bear record in Heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one."

And in regard to the Scriptures,

"We have always asserted our willingness to be tried by them; and admit it as a positive maxim, 'That whatever any do pretending to the Spirit, which is contrary to the Scriptures, be accounted and reckoned a delusion of the devil.'"

Again, in 1834, they adopted the following:

"By the propitiatory sacrifice of Christ without us, he hath reconciled us to God, even while we are enemies; that is, he offers reconciliation unto us, and puts us into a capacity of being reconciled; and we, truly repenting and believing, are, through the mercy of God, justified from the imputation of sins and transgressions that are past, as though they had never been committed; and by the mighty work of Christ within us, the power, nature and habits of sin are destroyed; that as sin once reigned unto death, even so now grace reigneth through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord."

The first of these clauses, though carefully confined to the printed language of the Bible as in use with us, is nevertheless the formal assertion and adoption of the doctrine of the Trinity, as embraced in the creed of the Episcopal and other churches. The clause of Scripture upon which it is founded is pronounced by the best authorities to be an interpolation; the learned Dr. Adam Clarke says of it, that it is wanting in every manuscript copy of the bible written, before the invention of the art of printing, except that of Trinity College, Dublin; the others which omit it being one hundred and twelve in number. It is upon the authority of this more than doubtful clause that our Orthodox Friends are willing to venture upon the incomprehensible doctrine of the plurality of the Deity, as a cardinal principle of faith.

The second clause is chiefly a quotation from Barclay, and one with which, apart from its being adopted as an essential article of faith, in the manner of a creed, it is presumed Friends have no controversy, but this passage would seem to have been selected as the one going farthest to sustain the peculiar views of the Scriptures, entertained by church theologians, in opposition to those of Friends, who, while they regard them as secondary to, yet acknowledges their accord with the living witness for truth within, by and through which alone they can be properly understood and appreciated.

Of the third and last of the foregoing selections the writer must acknowledge his inability to attempt an analytical criticism. It reveals a predilection for the mysteries of scholastic theology, which cannot but be regarded with the most apprehension. It is difficult to conceive how any but school-taught professors of theology—interested to make religion a mystery beyond the common apprehension—can find anything in this clause to make it worthy to be specially incorporated in the discipline as a fundamental article of faith.

But it is not so much from anything in themselves literally contained, so far as they can be construed to have any rational meaning, that these clauses are to be objected to, as in the application given to them, and their formal adoption as constituent elements of a creed. It is the significance given to them, and their transfer from the list of *non-essentials* to that of *essentials*, which chiefly constitutes the departure from the simple faith always entertained by Friends.

But, it may be suggested, has not the object with which we set out, that of obtaining instructive lessons from this review, been lost sight of? Let us see whether an instructive lesson may not be deduced from the consequences that have resulted from the adoption of the foregoing, and other mystical dogmas of the popular churches of the day. It was the assertion of these dogmas as *vital principles of faith*, that in the first place led to the separation of which we are treating, which began in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Only a few years after this event, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Orthodox Friends became itself convulsed by jarring factions, and ceased to be in unity with any other Yearly Meeting of Friends; an actual separation has occurred, and it is believed still continues, in every other Orthodox Yearly Meeting in this country.

In the separation of 1827, Friends in England, *as a body*, took sides with the Orthodox,

and some of their members then in this country were active promulgators of the charges of *unsoundness* raised by Orthodox Friends; and the departure from the simple testimonies of the Society have been carried even further in England than here. A late writer there, a minister in the Society who is acknowledged to represent the general sentiment of London Yearly Meeting, has pronounced the ban of unsoundness against Barclay's Apology. And in the last London Yearly Meeting, the old cry of unsoundness was raised against some of subordinate meetings, showing that bigotry, intolerance and proscription, the natural concomitants of a speculative theology, are still at work, spreading discord and dissension where love and unity would otherwise prevail.

Yet in the face of all this, Orthodox Friends, at their late Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia, published an address in which, with a solicitude which it is difficult to comprehend and appreciate, for those (to use their own language) "who separated from our religious Society some years since, but who assume the name of Friends," after setting forth in *extenso* their creed, proceed to say: "Impressed with the awful consequences that may attend doubt or disbelief of these fundamental truths of Christianity in any who possess the Holy Scriptures which set them forth, and who make profession of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, it is our heart's desire and prayer that those who were formerly members in our religious Society, but who stumbled at these doctrines and went out from us, laying aside all traditional bias and reasoning of the carnal mind, would heartily embrace them," &c.

May not Friends well stumble at doctrines whose mystical profundities have had the strange fascination to lure from the simple faith under which the Society had so long enjoyed the blessings of unity and peace, so many otherwise intelligent and well disposed people, who, spellbound as it were by these dogmas, are still induced to cling to them, notwithstanding the awful consequences which have resulted to them, in the repeated scisms and discord to which they have thereby been subjected?

It is proper to say that, with many things set forth in the Orthodox creed, Friends, it is believed, have no controversy, when any members think them of sufficient importance to dwell upon; and with some points they doubtless have a general unity. But the experience of our Orthodox brethren has not been such as to induce us to embrace the speculative theories which, after separating them from us, have subjected them to a second schism, and which are still at work spreading discord and dissension among them.

Our body of Friends, composed of six yearly meetings, all in unity and harmony with each other, as they have been since the separation, will scarcely feel prepared to embrace the theological doctrines which have so scattered and divided our Orthodox brethren, but will the more be confirmed in the wisdom and divine truthfulness of the plain and simple testimonies danded down by our religious ancestors, and which it is our heart's desire should again be embraced by all claiming the name of Friends. T. H. S.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

WHITTIER.

The Mysterious Character in "Snow Bound"—The Late Harriet Livermore—Interesting Recollections.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

During the winter of 1866 no mail was received at the post-office in the quiet village of Amesbury, Mass., without containing letters seeking information from John G. Whittier concerning one of the characters in that beautiful New England idyl "Snow Bound." Indeed, much of the poet's time—for his circle of readers is constantly enlarging—has been consumed in answering the questions addressed to him in regard to

"Another guest, that winter night,
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light;
Unmarked by time, and yet not young,
The honeyed music of her tongue,
And words of meekness scarcely told,
A nature passionate and bold;
Strong, self-concentred, spurning guide,
Its milder features dwarfed beside
Her unbent will's majestic pride."

All the other characters of "Snow Bound" were real. The "gray-haired sire;" the mother who transmitted her own poetic nature and grand moral views to the boy; the uncle, "rich in lore of fields and brooks;" the aunt—

"The sweetest woman ever Fate
Perverse denied a household mate;"

the elder sister, who found rest

"——beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings;"

the younger sister and household pet, whose dark eyes—

"Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise;"

the old school teacher (the late Joshua Coffin of Newburyport); the country doctor—all pass before us as real men and women, with whom we hold converse and have sympathy. But did not the poet let his imagination and fancy play when he described one of whom—

"A certain pard-like, treacherous grace
Swayed the lithe limbs and drooped the lash,
Lent the white teeth their dazzling flash?"

Was it not some ideal creature conjured up by Whittier's brain when he told how

"——from under low brows black with night,
Raged out at times a dangerous light,
The sharp heat lightnings of her face,
Presaging ill to him whom fate
Condemned to share her love or hate?"

The mystery is deepened as we read on about this

"——woman, tropical, intense
In thought and act and soul and sense—
. . . . . .
Revealing with each freak or feint
The temper of Petruchio's Kate,
The raptures of Siena's saint."

Nor do we have any more light on the subject when we follow her to eastern skies, and see her amidst the tombs and shrines of Jerusalem,

"Or startling on her desert throne
The crazy Queen of Lebanon
With claims fantastic as her own;"

or when she watches

"The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
Whereof she dreams and prophesies."

And yet this one upon whom the poet invokes "the Lord's sweet pity" was a character as real as any that stand out so clear and comprehensible in "Snow Bound."

Last week a few papers in Philadelphia had the brief announcement of the death of "Harriet Livermore, aged 81." Not many of the readers of the obituary notices that morning knew that Harriet Livermore was the original of the most powerful and deep-feeling lines of Whittier's "Snow Bound."

My home being near to Whittier's, I have often enjoyed the most pleasant conversations with the poet on literature and various other themes of the day; and once I asked him to give me some recollections of Harriet Livermore. From that conversation, and from the sketch of others who knew well the mysterious "guest," I obtained some facts in regard to her that may be of interest.

I could not learn much of Harriet Livermore's parents, as she was placed when quite young under her uncle, Judge Livermore, whom elderly persons in New Hampshire and Massachusetts will still remember. The girl early displayed great originality and independence of character. As her uncle was also a man of original ways of thinking, two such people under one roof were sometimes too many. It is said that being thwarted in an early love attachment (perhaps it was her uncle who thus thwarted her), she began to display eccentricities which attracted much attention. Several who remember her at their firesides, have told me that she was generally of a grave countenance, but that her wonderful conversation and her flashing eyes would command the silence, and rivet the closest attention of every one. Those who knew her think that Whittier has been most happy in catching the leading features of her portrait, and has presented the vagaries of her demeanor and her power most faithfully to the world, when he says:

"The warm, dark languish of her eyes,
Was never safe from wrath's surprise,
Brows saintly calm and lips devout
Knew every change of scowl and pout;
And the sweet voice had notes more high
And shrill for social battle cry."

At one time she adoped the garb of her sex in the Society of Friends, and often addressed them at their quarterly meetings; or in various towns and cities of New England she spoke on the second coming of Christ.

There was nothing vulgar about her, and she must not be confounded with those women whose names and voices in "social battle cry" have often been made known to the public by penny-a-liner clap-trap and literary quackery. Her whole bearing was that of a high-born lady who had no trifling themes. She was in deep, solemn earnest.

At length her friends missed her, and after many months they heard of her in Europe, and Asia and Africa.

"Since then, what old cathedral town
Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown?
What convent has held its lock
Against the challenge of her knock?"

At one time we find her in Egypt, giving our late Consul, Mr. Thayer, a world of trouble arising from her peculiar notions. At another time we see her amid the gray olive slopes of Jerusalem, demanding—not begging—money for the "Great King"; and once when an American, fresh from home during the late rebellion, offered her in Palestine a handful of greenbacks, "she flung them back to him with disdain, saying: 'the Great King will only have gold!'" At one time, years ago, she climbed the sides of Mount Libanus and visited Lady Hester Stanhope, that eccentric sister of the younger Pitt.

One day they went to the stables where Lady Hester had a magnificent collection of Arabian horses, for it is well known that Lady Hester, amongst her other oddities, married a Scheik of the mountains, and thus had a fine opportunity for securing the choicest steeds of the Orient. Lady Hester pointed to Harriet Livermore two very fine horses with peculiar marks, but differing from each other in color. "That one," said Lady Hester, "the Great King, when he comes, will ride, and the other I will ride in company with him." Thereupon, Harriet Livermore gave a most emphatic "No," and declared, with fore-knowledge and *aplomb*, that "the Great King will ride this horse, and it is I who, as his bride, will, at his second coming, ride the other horse." It is said that she carried her point with Lady Hester, overpowering her

with superior fluency and assertion. No wonder Whittier speaks of her as

"——startling on her desert throne
The crazy Queen of Lebanon,
With claims fantastic as her own."

Between two and three years ago she returned to America, and since that time has resided in Philadelphia. To the end of her life, though more impatient than when younger, she exhibited those qualities which Whittier has so well described. The poet throws the mantle of pity over her, and we all can join in the conclusion of his admirable sketch of Harriet Livermore:

"It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,
To show what metes and bounds should stand,
Upon the soul's debatable land,
And between choice and Providence
Divide the circle of events.

But He who knows our frame, is just,
Merciful and compassionate,
And full of sweet assurances,
And hope for all the language is,
That He remembereth we are dust.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ON MY FORTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Sixth month 21*st*, 1868.

Just forty years old, can it be, *can* it be,
That time is thus rapidly passing from me,
That my springtime of life has entirely gone by,
And the noon of its splendor illumines the sky?

Ah yes! it is so, there are landmarks that tell
We are all growing old, which we recognize well;
Though there's light in my eye, and no frost in my hair,
Still my brow wears the wrinkles, imprinted by care.

That care which the mother so richly enjoys,
In teaching and training her fine manly boys,
Whose fresh dawning manhood she hails with a pride
And a love that is sweeter than all else beside.

And a change too I feel o'er my spirit has passed,
Which experience brings to us all, first or last,
Taming down the wild spirits, which fire our youth,
Unveiling its romance, disclosing the truth.

Just forty to-day! Were these years spent in vain,
Or have all their lessons of pleasure and pain
Been teaching me wisdom, refining my soul,
And giving me power my *self* to control?

Yes, here is the question, and oh! it were well
To ponder it *deeply*, and then we can tell
Where our errors have been, and what virtues we need
To make our life battle a victory indeed.

Oh, may the swift changes of these vanished years,
Their sunshine and shadow, their smiles and their tears,
But humble my spirit, my nature refine,
And teach me in all things *my* will to resign.

Give me faith, O my Father, to plead and to pray
For a pure heart to love thee, and strength to obey,
A soul *full* of tenderness, meekness and love,
And assurance of rest in "thy mansions above."

BERTHA.

There is no better test of friendship than the ready turning of the mind to the little concerns of a friend, when preoccupied with important concerns of our own.

For the Children.

THE LITTLE SUNBEAM.

A tiny sunbeam stole,
All on a summer's day,
Through a little crevi e,
To where a sick man lay.

It played upon the wall,
And upon his table;
With a smile he watched it,
As long as he was able.

Much he loved the sunbeam,—
Little dancing light;
It told of sunny hours,
Of skies and meadows bright.

Kind words are like sunbeams,
Stealing into hearts;
O scatter them now freely,
Before our life departs.

A PRAYER.

Heavenly Father, bless thy child,
Keep me innocent and pure,
Make me loving, true and mild,
Then my steps will all be sure.

If thy Spirit be my Guide,
Day by day and hour by hour,
Then I will be kept from pride
By thy own Almighty Power.

From Talks with my Pupils.

BY ELIZABETH SEDGWICK.

TEACHING.

Possibly there are those among you who will become teachers, and it may be well, therefore, to give you some of my ideas on the subject, the more especially as they may assist you in the selection of teachers for your children—should you have no other occasion to act upon them. A thorough knowledge of what is to be taught, though an indispensable, is not a sufficient qualification, for this important profession. The power of imparting the knowledge does not necessarily accompany it, and is a distinct and especial gift. Supposing that the prospective teacher combines the two within himself, he still needs, for full and proper success, a heart conscientiously devoted to his work, and a love both for it and for his pupils. No teaching will be thorough that is not conscientious; and conscientious teaching is very hard work, requiring a stimulus from within.

The first thing to be taught is, generally, *how* to study, though this, in many instances, is never learned, in all the years of school-life. Sitting over one's book, while gazing much of the time around the room, or into empty space, is called study. Committing a lesson, so that a few passages may be recited from it by rote, is called study. Making a very imperfect slipshod translation, partly by guessing, and partly by a certain facility of insight into hidden meaning, is called study. "I have spent so much time over that lesson," is considered a sufficient apolo-

gy for not knowing it, instead of a proof sufficient that no proper means have been used for mastering it. Time was given, but will was wanting. It has been said that a man being asked what was the first requisite in a wife, replied, "An amiable disposition; and the second, an amiable disposition; and the third, an amiable disposition."

There is a word equally deserving a threefold repetition, as applied to teaching, which is, "thoroughness." If this is insisted upon from the beginning of a child's education, he is made a working student almost as a matter of course; but I am led to infer that this is not usually the case; because I have found, in a majority of instances, that my pupils of all ages have yet to learn this first principle.

There have been exceptions, of course. Real study is hard work, and it is only by hard work that anything of importance or value is to be obtained in this world. Let the mind be made up to the work, and it ceases to be formidable. Often what was at first laborious and difficult, becomes easy. "To him that hath shall be given," applies to every human effort. The promise is really made to him who hath—what he has gained for himself. It is with the mental as with bodily powers; they acquire both strength and facility by use; and, therefore, whether the chief end of schools be to accumulate stores of knowledge, as is maintained by some, or, as others believe, to train the powers of the mind for future use, it is equally important that the discipline should be very thorough.

It is painful to find how many young girls go through several years of school-life, with little or no gain of any sort, often with injury; for sham lessons, like shams of all sorts, impair the tone of mind and character, and constitute a most unfit preparation for a true earnest life.

Not unfrequently, I think, the perceptions are dimmed, and the mind confused, even in the case of those who would be willing to learn under proper auspices, by their being hurried on, as members perhaps of large classes, through lessons which they did not understand.

Some of you will remember a lassie of about twelve, who came to me from a mammoth school, which she had attended some years without learning anything, whose brow contracted the moment she began to recite, and remained so knit during the whole time of recitation, in spite of all my efforts to the contrary—nor could I cure her altogether of this habit, during the two years that she remained with me. Her sister, too, older than herself, had a most painfully anxious expression under the same circumstances. I told their father, I could have done far more and better for them if they had not attended school at all, up to the time that they came to me, so that I could have begun at the alphabet with them. Young people must be excused for wishing always to *get through a book*, and counting their advancement by the number of books they have gone through; but a teacher is unfit for his vocation, who has not an entirely different mode of reckoning; and does not consider that the thorough study of one book, is better than a superficial skimming of any number whatever. Not merely thoroughness in the first instance, but repetition, often a good deal of repetition, is necessary to master it.

I have sometimes found, after trying by every possible means, to quicken a new pupil to diligence, and make her acquire a lesson, that one secret of her failure, was her ignorance of her own language, which she actually did not know well enough to study any but the simplest elementary book, perhaps not even that. The extent of this ignorance is in some cases marvellous, and almost unaccountable; for unless one were brought up with the dumb or with idiots, it might be expected that a good deal of language would be learned, *nolens volens*. I have had one pupil of sixteen, whose vocabulary was limited to that required for ordinary material life. Her ignorance measured by her opportunities, was quite as striking as that of a little child in a ragged school, who, poor little creature, did not know what a *flower* meant, never having seen one.

Be sure then that the lesson is comprehended. Let no word or phrase remain unexplained, that may possibly not be understood by even the least intelligent of the class, and then insist upon its being well learned. Let it never be excused or let go, until this is accomplished. You will perceive at once, how important it is that you should study carefully the capacity, character, and previous attainments of your pupils, that you may know how much you may reasonably and safely require of them, and be enabled to class them perfectly, so that the quick and gifted may not be kept back by the slow and the dull, nor the latter pulled forward to a point quite beyond their proper attainment, or be discouraged altogether.

One of my pupils, who had attended a large and celebrated school in one of our cities, assured me that she never studied a lesson while she was there. When I asked how this was possible, she replied, "The classes were so long that never more than one question came to her, and she could generally contrive to 'manage' that somehow or other."

Your school, therefore, must not be very large if you mean to follow my advice; for then, instead of that intimate knowledge of your pupils, indispensable to the proper performance of your duty towards them, you may be ignorant of their names, even; for this is true, I am told, of the heads of some of the great schools of our country, and I can well believe it.

I have found it, as you know, very useful to furnish you all with a written "order of exercises," prescribing the time alloted for the study of each lesson, and not permitting any to be borrowed or stolen for one, which properly belongs to another.

This prevents, or breaks up if it already exists, the habit of lolling lazily over your books, instead of working as if "now" were not, as it always is, or should be, the "accepted time." The time of recitation must also be fixed, of course.

(To be concluded.)

ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE BAROMETERS.

The sensibility of many animals and plants to the varying condition of the atmosphere is so great that a careful study of their movements will often indicate with certainty approaching changes in the weather. When a storm is pending the spider shortens the thread of his web, and lengthens them again when the storm is about to pass off; careful observers even pretend to foretell how long fine weather will last, from the degree to which the web is extended. If the spider is quiet, it is a sign of rain, but when he goes to work during a shower, be sure it will soon clear off. The swallow is also an infallible barometer, flying low, almost touching the earth, and uttering a low, plaintive cry before a rain, but sailing back and forth high in the air during settled weather; when a violent tempest is about to break out he soars even to the clouds, and adopts a slow, majestic motion, very different from his ordinary one. In pleasant weather the crow will at any time leave her nest in search of food; but if she feels a storm approaching, nothing will tempt her off till her mate takes her place to protect her young. The peacock foretells rain by its frequent cries; the woodpecker by its cooings; the paroquet by its chattering, and the guinea-fowl by its going to roost. The goose manifests great uneasiness, plunging into the water, and rapidly returning to the land. The sea-gulls seek the shores, and are only seen far inland in settled weather. The petrel, on the contrary, dashes out boldly into the midst of storm and tempest. The chirp of the cricket is a sign of fair weather, but the cry of the tree-toad indicates rain. When the air is overcharged with moisture the odor of flowers is strong and penetrating, and in dry weather is soft and agreeable.

A TOWN WITHOUT POLICE.

The Editor of *The British Workman* thus introduces the following notice of *Bessbrook.*

"Before inserting the following paragraph, we have made inquiry as to its correctness, and have been assured on good authority that it is, on the whole, a faithful report."

Bessbrook is an Irish manufacturing town near Newry. Its principal founder and now sole proprietor is J. G. Richardson, a leading member of the Society of Friends. This gentleman, with one or two other "Friends," founded the Bessbrook Spinning Company, and erected there the Bessbrook mills. The factory has grown so large that it gives employment to 3,000 hands, most of whom reside in the neighborhood of the works. In Bessbrook there is no licensed public-house, nor is there one in any of its surrounding lands. There are no police in the place. The Irish constabulary, armed, occupy every town in Ireland, and have barracks for half a dozen men each along every road-side, but there are no police in Bessbrook. Mr. Richardson alleges that so long as he keeps out the public house they can do without police; but so soon as the tap-room is introduced they will require the constabulary. There is no drunkenness in Bessbrook; in short, the operatives are models of sobriety and good order. Of course it is not meant to be said that they have not their faults and their failings like mankind everywhere; but the town is wholly free from the sad scenes which are to be met with publicly every night in much smaller populations. And the population of Bessbrook is composed entirely of operatives, while that of many other towns is mixed, comprising the wealthy and the poor. The operatives themselves have not two opinions on the question of the absence or presence of the public house. They are agreed that if licensed houses were opened in Bessbrook, the reading room, the library, the schools, the co-operative societies would all be deserted, by only too many, for the allurements of the dram-shop, and that another establishment, hitherto unknown in Bessbrook, the pawn-office, would soon be required. And not only so, but the police barracks, the handcuffs, and the dark cells would come into fashion, too, and homes now happy would soon be rendered miserable. All this Mr. Richardson had seen in too many other towns, and he decided to keep the licensed public-houses out of Bessbrook. The results have decidedly confirmed him in his resolution, and would convince the most sceptical of the wisdom of the course he thus

adopted, if the town were only once or twice visited by them. Coupled with the last negative point of management is also the exclusion of police and pawn-offices, as already referred to; these follow in the wake of the dram-shop, and the exclusion of the public-house renders all the rest unnecessary.—*Newcastle Weekly Express.*

TELEGRAPHS IN TROPICAL COUNTRIES.

We excerpt the following from a recent English publication:

In India the conditions of the country render a different method of constructing the telegraphic wires necessary. Traversing, as the wires do, dense jungles and forests swarming with birds and animals, it is necessary to make the wires very much stronger than we do in this country. They are, in fact, small bars of iron three-eighths of an inch in thickness. An amount of rigidity is thus obtained which is necessary to meet the requirements of the country. The bars of iron are placed on the tops of bamboos of a sufficient height to allow the country carts to pass underneath them, and even to give passage to loaded elephants. The size of these conducting bars is necessitated by the heavy rains which fall in the wet seasons in India. Even in England the rain, dripping in a stream from the telegraphic wire to the post, is sufficient to stop the working of the wire, inasmuch as the electric current escapes directly to the earth and is then dispersed. The same rule that obtains in one dependency will obtain in all tropical countries, and deviations from the European method of constructing electric telegraphs will be necessitated. In all countries where thunder-storms are frequent, and where dense fogs prevail, it is necessary at times to have increased battery power, in order to drive the electric current through the storm. When a thunder-storm occurs, even in this country, the electric spark sometimes runs along the wire from station to station, and does great damage to the finer parts of the working apparatus. If such mishaps occasionally occur in these temperate regions, what must be the casualties that have to be provided against in the Indian monsoon? Lightning conductors in such countries are necessary at various parts of the line to conduct to the earth this unwelcome visitor, which, in the most temperate climates, is sufficient to reverse the polarity of the needles. In England there is a system of switches employed resembling those on railways, by the use of which one wire can be put in communication with any other, instead of the direct one it is usually placed in communication with. In this manner a thunder-storm, which interferes with its working, may be escaped, and a circuitous route, free from the passing storm, secured. Fogs are dodged in the same ingenious manner, a divergence in the route of a hundred miles or so causing no loss of time, inasmuch as the speed of telegraphic communication is equal, at least, to the speed with which light travels.

ITEMS.

The total length of electric telegraphs in the world, not including the submarine, amounts to upward of 180,000 miles, which is more than enough to go round the earth half a dozen times.

The friends of the equal rights of women in England have made the important discovery that, under the Reform bill, female householders and ratepayers have the right to be enrolled as electors. This right has been practically asserted in Salford, the great outlying township annexed to the borough of Manchester. Chisholm Anstey has pointed out the loophole in the law through which women may assert their rights; and it is the opinion of many eminent men that his views of the matter are correct. After careful consideration of the wording of the Reform act, the officials have decided that the claim of the female householders otherwise qualified to be put on the register must be granted! The act of last year employed the words "every man" in giving a definition of the persons whose names are to be registered as electors by the overseers; and an interpretation act, passed eight years ago, directs that "in all acts words importing the masculine gender shall be deemed and taken to include females, unless the contrary as to the gender shall be expressly provided." This interpretation, however, is likely to be contested.

By the close of this year London expects to have a second tunnel beneath the Thames open for passenger traffic. Peter Barlow, Jr., has drawn a plan for a new cutting near the Tower; a bill has been carried through Parliament, and a contract has been all but completed for executing the work. The plan is to sink a vertical shaft on each side of the river to a depth of fifty feet further, with a hydraulic lift to raise and lower a carriage and ten passengers; to drive a tunnel in the clay under the river, not exceeding eight feet in diameter, between these shafts, and to line it as driven, partly with Staffordshire blue bricks, and partly with cast iron, by which means it can be rendered air-tight, and all danger from the river avoided.

The Artesian Well at St. Louis, Mo., which is being bored by the county, has reached a depth of 3147 feet, and is the deepest in the world. There is no water yet. The work has been going on for twenty-six months.

A new African expedition, for exploring Lake Nyassa and the adjacent region, has been fitted out in Dublin, under command of Captains Faulkner and Norman. A small steam yacht of about fifty feet in length, eleven and a half feet beam, and five and a half feet in depth, has been constructed in seventy-five sections, to be put together with over 8000 bolts and nuts. Her engines are eight horse power, and she will have one of Griffith's three-bladed propellers. The party were expected to leave Southampton on the 9th ult

It is estimated that £280,000,000 sterling is lost to the industry of Europe by the withdrawal of the men now in the army from productive labor.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 25, 1868. No. 21.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for entire Club. Single Nos. 6 cts
REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.
The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.
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SALVATION BY CHRIST:

OR THE ALL SUFFICIENCY OF THAT LIFE WHICH WAS AND IS THE LIGHT OF MEN.

The manifestation of divine life and power in the soul of man, as a sufficient guide and teacher, may be considered the fundamental doctrine of the Society of Friends. Upon it rests our hope of safe guidance through time, and of an entrance into a state of eternal blessedness, when mortality shall be put off and immortality be put on.

We believe that this *internal manifestation of divine life* is "God's gift for man's salvation." This "*grace* of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us, that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." As we yield to the government of this *indwelling, redeeming power*, we are preserved in innocence or brought from under the bondage of sin, if it has had dominion over us. The old man (self-will), with all his deeds, is put off, and the "new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him who created him, is put on;" and here we can receive the testimony, "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory." For, by coming under the influence of Christ, the *anointing power*, knowing it *to be our life*, we are enabled to bring forth the fruits of the spirit, "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," and *herein* is the true glory of the Christian.

The Apostle James exhorts his brethren to "receive with meekness the *engrafted word which is able to* save the soul;" and adds, "but be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."

Salvation by Christ is to be witnessed by becoming subject to divine government. "The fleshly lusts, which war against the soul," and which, when indulged, bring forth fruit bitter to the taste, must be brought under subjection, and the fruit of the spirit nurtured, which is in all goodness, and righteousness, and truth.

We are called to yield our spirits, thoughts, and affections to the government of the divine principle, even until, as a little leaven leavens the whole lump, we come to know the same mind to be in us that was also in Christ Jesus, and all is brought into harmony with the divine nature. In thus yielding the whole man to the regulating influence of this internal manifestation of divine life, we know for ourselves *its power*, and can say with some formerly, "This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

It has been said, "*The full consciousness of truth rejects the formality of proof.*" This may be measurably true, and yet *proof may be valuable* to those who have not fully realized in their own experience any great truth. We, therefore, in confirmation of the forego-

ing testimony to the power of divine grace to redeem from all iniquity, quote Robert Barclay, who in pointing out the difference between the outward law and the gospel (or *divine gift*) says, "In that the law being outwardly written, brings under condemnation, but hath not life in it to save; whereas the gospel as it declares and makes manifest the evil, so it being an *inward powerful* thing, gives also ability to obey, and delivers from the evil. Wherefore, such as come to be acquainted with it, feel greater power over their iniquities than all outward rules or laws can give them. Hence the Apostle concludes, "Sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace." This grace, then, which is an *inward* and not an *outward* law, *is to be* the *rule of Christians.* Hence the Apostle recommends the elders of the church to it, (Acts xx. 32,) to that *spiritual law,* which makes free from sin, (Rom. viii. 2,) which was not *outward,* as Rom. x. 8 manifests; where distinguishing it from the law, he saith, "It is nigh thee, in thy heart, and in thy mouth, and *this is the word of faith which we preach.*" Robert Barclay further says, speaking of "Christ within, the hope of glory," "This is that *Christ within* which we are heard so much to speak and declare of, everywhere preaching him up, and exhorting people to believe *in the Light,* and obey it, that they may come to know *Christ in them delivering them* from all sin."

In the foregoing extract, the redeeming power, upon which this essay treats, is held up to view as *a light.* In Scripture it is sometimes called "the light that makes all things manifest," and we are exhorted to "walk in the light, while we have the light, that we may be the children of the light," that "true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

He who walks in this light, or "lives in obedience to this spirit of truth or grace of God, will find a continual growth and increase of strength, by which he will be enabled to resist temptation and to work righteousness; until, at length, it will become his study and delight to do the Father's will and glorify his name on earth. This is the Emmanuel state, in which God becomes the life of the soul; for He is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end of our salvation."*

Sewell says, "This light, then, Christ the truth, &c., is that which makes manifest and reproves sin in man; showeth him how he is strayed from God; accuseth him of the evil which he doth and hath committed; yea, this it is which judgeth and condemneth him. Again, this is the preaching to every creature under heaven, though they have never read nor heard of the Scriptures. This it is which leads man in truth into the way to God; which excuseth him in well-doing, giving him peace in his conscience, yea, *brings him to union with God, wherein all happiness and salvation do consist.*"

Much Scripture testimony might be adduced in confirmation of the great truth that man's reliance for present guidance and preservation must be upon the one strong arm —even the great Jehovah,—and that an acknowledgment of His supremacy, and an *obedience* to His law, made manifest within, is the ground of our acceptance with Him. The Most High, speaking through one of His prophets, says, "I will not give my glory to another, nor my praise to graven images."—"I, even I, am the Lord, and beside me there is no Saviour."

We conclude this essay in the apostolic language, which, referring to the sufficiency of divine power and its immediate workings, is full of beauty, and rich in teaching. "Now, unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the throne of His glory with exceeding joy,—to the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever."

* Janney's Conversations.

WORSHIP.

The word *worship* is derived from two Saxon words, which signify *worth* and *ship,*—the state of worth or worthiness; though sometimes applied in Scripture to an act of respect or obeisance to man, it is now generally understood as implying adoration and reverence to the Supreme Being.

Various postures of the body, such as prostration, bowing, or uncovering the head, bending the knee, &c., have been adopted among various nations, to express the feelings of adoration and reverence; therefore, it is easy to see how actions, connected with the religious sentiment, and handed down from age to age, come to have a sacredness in our view, which does not belong to them. It was, no doubt, this consideration which led the Society of Friends to dispense with most forms, as obligatory, and to adopt only those which appeared to them to be essential to their mingling together for one common object.

The sentiment of respect and reverence is an internal, spiritual feeling, and can only be fully expressed by the attitude (if we may so speak) *of the spirit. When the human will is bowed before the Divine will,—when all the powers of the understanding are offered up and consecrated to God,—then alone may we be truly said to worship.*

"God is a spirit, and they who worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth," —therefore, worship is not the mere act of assembling in an appointed place,—neither is the performance of acceptable worship confined to the time when we are thus assembled; but every thought turned unto the great Jehovah, under a feeling of our dependence upon Him, is worship; and every act performed in a devotional spirit, and in accordance with the laws He has established, is also worship.

The *subjugation of self* is acceptable worship, whether it be offered when our hands are employed in our secular affairs, or while assembled with our friends in the place appointed for the purpose of worship.

The profession or form of worship of the Society of Friends has less in it, to come in, as it were, between the soul and its God, than the forms of most other religious professors,—less that is calculated to interfere with *immediate communion with Diety.* We believe, that when assembled for public worship, an observance of outward rituals or ceremonies has the effect to draw the mind or feelings away from the true place of waiting and of prayer, and leads to a dependence upon *outward ministrations*, for that strength which comes direct from the fountain of Life, and which is to be found in the inmost temple of every heart.

Neander, one of the most approved ecclesiastical historians, says, "The kingdom of God,—the temple of the Lord,—were to be present, not in this or that place, but in every place where Christ himself is active in the spirit, and where, through him, the worship of God in spirit and in truth is established. Every Christian in particular, and every church in general, was to represent a spiritual temple of the Lord. The true worship of God was to be only in the inward heart, and *the whole life* proceeding from such inward dispositions, sanctified by faith, *was to be a continual spiritual service.* This is the great fundamental idea of the gospel, which prevails throughout the New Testament, by which the whole outward appearances of religion was to assume a different form, and all that was once carnal, was to be converted into spiritual, and ennobled.

"Christianity impelled men frequently to seek the stillness of the inward sanctuary, and here to pour forth their hearts to God, who dwells in such temples; but, then, flames of love were also lighted in their hearts, which sought *communion*, in order to strengthen each other, and to unite themselves into one holy flame, which pointed toward Heaven. The *communion of prayer and devotion* was thought a source of sanctification, inasmuch as men knew that the Lord was present, by His spirit, among those who were gathered together in His name; but they were far from ascribing any peculiar sacredness and sanctity to the place of assembly."

The foregoing extracts are very expressive of the views of the Society of Friends. True worship *is a sanctification of the whole life;* and while this is an object of *individual* concern, we may yet fully appreciate the benefit resulting from "*a communion of prayer and devotion,*" and feel it an incumbent duty, as well as a reasonable service, to gather with our friends in public assemblage, as an acknowledgment of allegiance to the King of kings, and of our dependence as *finite* beings upon that strength which is *Infinite*; and, when rightly gathered, concerned minds experience, at times, not only a communion with the Father of spirits, but one with another in Him: and thus their spiritual strength is renewed.

This united travail of spirit promotes the circulation of that life in which their fellowship consists, and unites them in feeling one for and with another: in which state they know something of the experience described by the apostle, "Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it."

"Holding our meetings under these impressions, it very frequently happens that they are continued throughout in silence; a state which, when attended with a right exercise of mind, we consider as best adapted to the performance of the great duty of divine worship: for here, every individual who feels his own condition and necessities, can secretly pour out his soul unto God, without distraction or interruption; and here, also, we can freely partake of those divine influences upon the soul, which, when mercifully afforded, constitute the highest enjoyment of man upon earth.

"But we are sensible that these effects are not always experienced in our religious meetings. We fear many who attend them have not their minds rightly exercised. We know that divine good is not at our command, and we believe that the sensible enjoyment of it is often withheld for a season, and sometimes for a long season, from the truly exercised mind. But even in this situation, we think it much safer to wait in a state of passive silence, than, by the activity of the creature, to rush, unprepared, into those external acts of devotion, which we believe are no further acceptable, than as they come from a heart rightly prepared to offer them."*

Jehovah, speaking through his prophet

H. Tuke.

Isaiah, says, "Keep silence before me, oh islands, and let the people renew their strength; let them draw near, then let them speak; let us draw near together in judgment."

Upon this introversion of spirit, rests the testimony to *silent worship*. A state wherein we are found *waiting upon God for the help of his good spirit;* that, man being silent, *God may speak in him*, and the good seed arise and reign, bringing "every thought into subjection to the obedience of Christ."

"*Silent waiting* in an assembled capacity, is a lively testimony to the omnipresence of God, (the great I AM), and to the eternal and blessed truth, that, "The Lord is the teacher of his people."

Robert Barclay, alluding to his early acquaintance with the Society of Friends, says, "When I came into the silent assemblies of God's people, I felt a secret power among them, which touched my heart; and as I gave way unto it, I found the evil weakening in me, and the good raised up, and so I became thus knit and united unto them; hungering more and more after the increase of this power and life, whereby I might feel myself perfectly redeemed."

But there is need that we watch diligently, lest we settle into a *lifeless* silence; and if by any special posture of the body which the present feeling does not lead into, or by the maintenance of an *assumed* stillness, we seek to convey the idea that we are *thus* performing an act of worship, we are as justly charged with formality, as are those whose forms are more elaborate and numerous.

The author before quoted, after holding up to view the excellency of *silent waiting*, says, "Yet I do not so much commend and speak of silence, as if we had bound ourselves by any law to exclude praying or preaching, or tied ourselves thereto; not at all; for as our worship consisteth not in words, so neither in silence, but in an holy dependence of the mind upon God, from which dependence, silence necessarily follows in the first place, until words can be brought forth, which are from God's spirit."

Scripture record tells us that, "When the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and God said let there be light, and there was light." This is an apt illustration of the experience of the Christian mind, sometimes witnessed when gathered with other minds for social worship. A feeling of weakness, of instability and of nothingness prevails. But, in this state we are made sensible of the workings of the Divine Spirit upon our spirits. We feel the movings of an heavenly influence, gradually quieting our unsettled feelings and bringing all into an holy order. And if entirely passive under this experience, and open to receive this visitation of heavenly love, or manifestation of divine power, the command goes forth, "Let there be light," and there *is* light. The understanding is illuminated, and the eye can perceive the unfoldings of the divine law.

This is one of the blessed effects of waiting upon the Lord, *in the silence of all flesh*, for then it is we can hear the Divine Voice, and understand the teachings of the Good Spirit; and it is in this state of self-abnegation, that we receive strength sufficient for the performance of every manifested duty.

Let none weary with this exercise, for it is as marrow to the bones, and health to the inner life.

Robert Barclay also illustrates very happily, in the following simile, the excellency of silent waiting, as in the presence of the Lord, for the teachings of his spirit.

"He that cometh to learn of a master, if he expect to hear his master and be instructed by him, must not continually *be speaking* of the matter to be taught and never be quiet, otherwise how shall his master have time to instruct him? Yea, though the scholar was never so earnest to learn the science, yet would the master have reason to reprove him as untoward and indocile, if he would be always meddling of himself and still *speaking*, and not patiently wait in silence to hear his master."

Silent waiting, so expressive of what should be the attitude of the creature toward the Creator, is to some extent adopted by other religious societies in their public assemblies; and this will no doubt be increasingly the case, as more exalted views of the Divine Being, and of his intimate relation to his creatures, shall obtain among professing Christians.

SUCCESS.

Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes he may be equal to it. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about what the world says to us; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of his own voice.—*Longfellow.*

LETTER FROM JOHN THORP TO RICHARD REYNOLDS.

MANCHESTER, 8th mo. 1, 1811.

My Dear Friend,—It was very pleasant to me to receive a letter from thee, and such a letter in thy 76th year. I, who am seven years younger, feel the effects of old age both in mind and body; but let us not accuse ourselves, or listen to the accuser of the brethren, because our faculties and powers are on the decline. Meekness, humility, and patience, are a cure for all sores; our strength and powers are equal to all we have to do, or to all that is required of us. It is our departure from humble submission, and wanting to feel more of the fervor of devotion; not willing to live by faith, and possess our souls in patience, that is a fruitful source of much unprofitable anxiety. How much of this appears in the few diaries we have published; and I am persuaded in the experience of many pious people, who suffer greatly, because they are unskilfully taught to believe, that if it were not owing to some omission of duty they would more frequently, perhaps always, (particularly in meetings,) be favored with these sensible feelings and enjoyments of heavenly goodness. Many, many, I believe, put on a much more painful pilgrimage, and experience many doubts and tossings, which would certainly be avoided by a wise attention to that holy precept, "in your patience possess ye your souls." To how many religious people might it be said by the blessed Master, as formerly to Peter, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" though it is by no means in our power to put ourselves into possession of those Divine consolations, that sometimes, in unmerited mercy, are vouchsafed. I wish to be thankful, truly thankful, to be favored to feel no condemnation. There is, I think, a great deal of comfortable instruction and truth in the remark, that "the Christian's crown in this life is hid under the cross, that we cannot see it," and doubtless laid up safely for us, when our warfare is accomplished. What cause have I to be thankful for this and a thousand other mercies; but to feel suitably thankful for favors, or compunction for our infirmities, is not at our command. How earnestly do I sometimes desire a more fervent, sensible feeling of gratitude for favors I have not deserved, and repentance for all I have done amiss; but as I have said before, perhaps we may be too solicitous for these sensible fervors of devotion. My mind hath often been stayed and comforted, in recollecting these observations of an experienced Christian: "Do not look for or expect the same degrees of sensible fervor; the matter lies not there; nature will have its share; but the ups and downs of that are to be overlooked; whilst your will-spirit is good and set right, the changes of creaturely fervor lesson not your union with God."

Farewell, my dear friend; may the Divine blessing comfort and support our declining years, and enable us to finish the little work that may yet remain for us to do; that finally we may be found worthy to enter into the joy of our Lord.—*John Thorp.*

EXTRACTS FROM "MEANS OF PROMOTING CHRISTIANITY."

BY WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

We live at a time when the obligation of extending Christianity is more felt than in many past ages. There is much stir, motion, and zeal around us in this good cause. Even those who seem not to be burdened by an excess of piety themselves, are in earnest to give it to others. The activity of multitudes is taking strongly this direction; and as men are naturally restless, and want room for action, and will do mischief rather than do nothing, a philanthropist will rejoice that this new channel is opened for carrying off the superabundant energies of multitudes, even if no other good should result from it.

We hope, however, much other good. We trust, that, whilst many inferior motives and many fanatical impulses are giving birth and action to large associations in Christendom; whilst the love of sway in some, and the love of congregating in others, and the passion for doing something great and at a distance in all, are rearing mighty institutions among us —still many sincere Christains are governed in these concerns by a supreme desire of spreading Christianity. They have found the gospel an infinite good, and would communicate it to their fellow beings. They have drunk from the fountain of life, and would send forth the stream to gladden every wilderness and solitary place, and to assuage the thirst of every anxious and afflicted mind. They turn with continual pleasure to the prophetic passages of Scripture, and, interpreting them by their wishes, hope a speedy change in the moral state of the world, and are impatient to bear a part in this stupendous renovation. That they are doing good we doubt not, though perhaps not in the way which they imagine or would prefer. The immediate and general success of their attempts would perhaps be ultimately injurious to Christianity. . . . But be the issue what it may, sincere Christians, who embark in this good work, not from party spirit and self-conceit, as if they and their sect were depositaries of all truth and virtue, but from unaffected philanthropy and attachment to Jesus Christ, will have their reward.

There is one danger, however, at a period like the present, when we are aiming to send Christianity to a distance, which demands attention. It is the danger of neglecting the best methods of propagating Christianity, of overlooking much plainer obligations than that of converting Heathens, of forgetting the claims of our religion at home and by our firesides. It happens, that on this, as on almost every subject, our most important duties are quiet, retired, noiseless, attracting little notice, and administering little powerful excitement to the imagination. The surest efforts for extending Christianity are those which few observe, which are recorded in no magazine, blazoned at no anniversaries, immortalized by no eloquence. Such efforts, being enjoined only by conscience and God, and requiring steady, patient, unwearied toil, we are apt to overlook, and perhaps never more so than when the times furnish a popular substitute for them, and when we can discharge our consciences by labors, which, demanding little self-denial, are yet talked of as the highest exploits of Christian charity. Hence it is, that when most is said of labors to propagate Christianity, the least may be really and effectually done. We hear a torrent roaring, and imagine that the fields are plentifully watered, when the torrent owes its violence to a ruinous concentration of streams, which before moved quietly in a thousand little channels, moistening the hidden roots, and publishing their course, not to the ear, but to the eye, by the refreshing verdure which grew up around them. It is proper, then, when new methods are struck out for sending Christianity abroad, to remind men often of the old-fashioned methods of promoting it, to insist on the superiority of the means, which are in almost every man's reach, which require no extensive associations, and which do not subject us to the temptations of exaggerated praise. We do not mean that any exertion, which promises to extend our religion in any tolerable state of purity, is to be declined. But the first rank is to be given to the efforts which God has made the plain duties of men in all ranks and conditions of life. Two of these methods will be briefly mentioned.

First, every individual should feel, that whilst his influence over other men's hearts and character is very bounded, his power over his own heart is great and constant, and that his zeal for extending Christianity is to appear chiefly in extending it through his own mind and life. Let him remember that he as truly enlarges God's kingdom by invigorating his own moral and religious principles, as by communicating them to others. Our first concern is at home, our chief work is in our own breasts. It is idle to talk of our anxiety for other men's souls, if we neglect our own. Without personal virtue and religion, we cannot, even if we would, do much for the cause of Christ. It is only by purifying our own conceptions of God and duty, that we can give clear and useful views to others. We must first feel the power of religion, or we cannot recommend it with an unaffected and prevalent zeal. Would we then promote pure Christianity? Let us see that it be planted and take root in our own minds, and that no busy concern for others take us from the labor of self-inspection, and the retired and silent offices of piety.

The second method is intimately connected with the first. It is example. This is a means within the reach of all. Be our station in life what it may, it has duties, in performing which faithfully, we give important aid to the cause of morality and piety. The efficacy of this means of advancing Christianity cannot be easily calculated. Example has an insinuating power, transforming the observer without noise, attracting him without the appearance of effort. A truly Christian life is better than large contributions of wealth for the propagation of Christianity. The most prominent instruction of Jesus on this point, is, that we must let men "see our good works," if we would lead them to "glorify our Father in heaven." Let men see in us, that religion is something real, something more than high sounding and empty words, a restraint from sin, a bulwark against temptation, a spring of upright and useful action; let them see it, not an idle form, nor a transient feeling, but our companion through life, infusing its purity into our common pursuits, following us to our homes, setting a guard round our integrity in the resorts of business, sweetening our tempers in seasons of provocation, disposing us habitually to sympathy with others, to patience and cheerfulness under our own afflictions, to candid judgment, and to sacrifices for others good; and we may hope that our light will not shine uselessly, that some slumbering conscience will be roused by this testimony to the excellence and practicableness of religion, that some worldly professor of Christianity will learn his obligations and blush for his criminal inconsistency, and that some, in whom the common arguments for our religion may have failed to work a full belief, will be brought to the knowledge of the truth, by this plain practical truth of the heavenly nature of Christianity. Every man is surrounded with beings, who are moulded more or less by the principles of sympathy and imitation; and this social part of our nature he is bound to press into the service of Christianity.

It will not be supposed from these remarks on the duty of aiding Christianity by our example, that religion is to be worn ostentatiously, and that the Christian is studiously to exhibit himself and his good works for imitation. That same book which enjoins us to be patterns, tells us to avoid parade, and even to prefer entire secrecy in our charities and our prayers. Nothing destroys the weight of example so much as labor to make it striking and observed. Goodness, to be interesting, must be humble, modest, unassuming, not fond of show, not waiting for great and conspicuous occasions, but disclosing itself without labor and without design, in pious and benevolent offices, so simple, so minute, so steady, so habitual, that they will carry a conviction of the singleness and purity of the heart from which they proceed. Such goodness is never lost. It glorifies itself by the very humility which encircles it, just as the lights of heaven often break with peculiar splendor through the cloud which threatened to obscure them.

A pure example, which is found to be more consistent in proportion as it is more known, is the best method of preaching and extending Christianity. Without it, zeal for converting men brings reproach on the cause. A bad man, or a man of only ordinary goodness, who puts himself forward in this work, throws a suspiciousness over the efforts of better men, and thus the world come to set down all labor for spreading Christianity as mere pretence. Let not him who will not submit to the toil of making himself better, become a reformer at home or abroad. Let not him who is known to be mean, or dishonest, or intriguing, or censorious, or unkind in his neighborhood, talk of his concern for other men's souls. His life is an injury to religion, which his contributions of zeal, or even of wealth, cannot repair, and its injuriousness is aggravated by these very attempts to expiate its guilt, to reconcile him to himself.

It is well known, that the greatest obstruction to Christianity in heathen countries, is the palpable and undeniable depravity of Christian nations. They abhor our religion, because we are such unhappy specimens of it. They are unable to read our books, but they can read our lives; and what wonder, if they reject with scorn a system under which the vices seem to have flourished so luxuriantly. The Indian of both hemispheres has reason to set down the Christian as little better than himself. He associates with the name, perfidy, fraud, rapacity, and slaughter. Can we wonder that he is unwilling to receive a religion from the hand which has chained or robbed him? Thus bad example is the great obstruction to Christianity, abroad as well as at home; and perhaps little good is to be done abroad, until we become better at home, until real Christians understand and practise their religion more thoroughly, and by their example and influence spread it among their neighbors and through their country, so that the aspect of Christian nations shall be less shocking and repulsive to the Jew, Mahometan, and Pagan. Our first labor should be upon ourselves; and indeed if our religion be incapable of bearing more fruit among ourselves, it hardly seems to deserve a very burning zeal for its propagation. The question is an important one; would much be gained to heathen countries, were we to make them precisely what nations called Christian now are? That the change would be beneficial, we grant; but how many dark stains would remain on their characters. They would continue to fight and shed blood as they now do, to resent injuries hotly, to worship present gain and distinction, and to pursue the common business of life on the principles of undisguised selfishness; and they would learn one lesson of iniquity which they have not yet acquired, and that is, to condemn and revile their brethren, who should happen to view the most perplexed points of theology differently from themselves. The truth is, Christian nations want a genuine reformation, one worthy of the name. They need to have their zeal directed, not so much to the spreading of the gospel abroad, as to the application of its plain precepts to their daily business, to the education of their children, to the treatment of their domestics and dependants, and to their social and religious intercourse. They need to understand, that a man's piety is to be estimated, not so much by his professions or direct religious exercises, as by a conscientious surrender of his will, passions, worldly interests, and prejudices, to the acknowledged duties of Christianity, and especially by a philanthropy resembling in its great features of mildness, activity, and endurance, that of Jesus Christ. They need to give up their severe inquisition into their neighbors' opinions, and to begin in earnest to seek for themselves, and to communicate to others a nobler standard of temper and practice, than they have yet derived from the Scriptures. In a word, they need to learn the real value and design of Christianity by the only thorough and effectual process; that is, by drinking deeply into its spirit of love to God and man. If, in this age of societies, we should think it wise to recommend another institution for the propagation of Christianity, it would be one, the members of which should be pledged to assist and animate one another in living according

to the Sermon on the Mount. How far such a measure would be effectual, we venture not to predict; but of one thing we are sure, that should it prosper, it would do more for spreading the gospel, than all other associations which are now receiving the patronage of the Christian world.

EXCERPTS.

There is no need of smiting a rock in the wilderness, to supply the thirst of the heart. So far as outward things are concerned, no spring-floods of good fortune are necessary for the purpose; if the mind is kept in action, and the affections unchilled by selfishness, every day of life may be one of gladness, because, when the *power* of enjoyment is kept in order, the *means* of enjoyment are never wanting. The truth is that happiness depends on what we are, and not on what we have; that when the spirit is kept in tune, the harmonies of nature and of life will always be listened to with delight; that, to be at peace with ourselves, with others and with God, brings out those full tones of glory and love on which the soul floats upborne from all things unworthy, and brought continually nearer Heaven.

I am aware of the difference in temperaments. Dispositions vary almost as much as countenances. Yet truth, the just balance, the almighty equalizer, restores the equilibrium. Under its regulation, that which is rough and harsh, is smoothed and softened; distant and reserved, brought near and enlarged; exclusive and fearful, expanded in confidence. The lamb and the lion lie down together, and a child leads them; the leopard and the kid play upon the same sward; the bear, and the cow, and the fatling feed in the same pasture; the venom of the asp and the cocatrice is changed; and the weaned child plays around their den. It not only equalizes, but makes free. Equality is freedom. "If the truth make you free, ye are free." If this freedom is equality, then are the children of God upon the same heavenly ground, receiving of the same cup, eating of the same bread, and enjoying the same pleasures. The same energy quickens, the same life governs and invigorates, the same powers go into action and are witnessed in all, the same consolations produce similar results of comfort and holy hope; and thus this equality is seen as the one faith and the one baptism for all the spiritual children.

And yet with all this proof in favor of equality, we have to acknowledge ourselves so differently circumstanced at times, as almost to justify a conclusion that we may vary in the exhibition of dispositions and temperaments. Submitting as we do, and perhaps must do, to what may be called the artificial arrangements of society, and which in many instances do not accord with the pure openings of Divine Wisdom, we are brought into suffering. The feeling originating from such connection crowds upon us, and often partially overwhelms in sorrow. And although in the discharge of duties we may be found faithful, and in that state lifted and above the world, yet the prospect of return, to again mingle in the same scene, brings a cloud upon what would otherwise have been a bright and blessed day of favor. I am satisfied, however, that nothing should be allowed to mar the beauty of the view presented, it being designed for good to us and glory to God,—to annul the effects of the true peace given, and which is appointed as the stay and the strength of the mind; but that we should make war through the armor given, a war in a righteous mind and feeling, and then I can see a prospect of deliverance in the achievement of victory, perfect and decisive. I cannot doubt an overcoming, neither can I doubt but that they who overcome have a right to the tree of life, to a full and an entire participation of what is food in heaven; whether that Heaven is the Eternal and, to us, yet unexplored condition, or the one known by the spirit of the just on earth, in a pure and holy love, in a peace unbroken, in a joy supreme.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 25, 1868.

DIED, at his residence in Chatham, Columbia Co., N. Y., on the 14th of Fourth month, 1868, REUBEN N. FINCH, in the 84th year of his age.

——, on the 23d of Sixth month, at her residence in Easton, Md., ESTHER E. ATKINSON, widow of the late Isaac Atkinson, in the 84th year of her age; a member and elder of Third Haven Monthly Meeting. Her daily life was an example of meekness and loving kindness worthy of imitation; and while her departure is mourned by many sorrowing relatives and friends, they have the comforting assurance that with her all is well, and that she has been gathered into the rest which is prepared for the righteous.

"The love of God! Who can fathom it? We soon cloy with honey; 'tis not very hard to satisfy ourselves with sugar; even of bread we may tire; but who ever tired of air? All day we breathe it; at morning, at noon, at night, all night—all our lives, and we are not weary.

"*Love* is the *vital air* of the soul. Every earthly pleasure wearies, but of spiritual pleasures we never tire. The more we are filled with them, the more hungry and thirsty after them we grow; and we are more sure,

the more we taste the love of God, that it can fill us, and be always about us, and be always peace and everlasting joy."

From the Boston Weekly Transcript.

LETTER FROM GERMANY.

WINTERBURG CHALET, SWISS SAXONY,
June 2, 1868.

We have been journeying slowly up the "Elbe" valley, through this romantic country, occasionally changing our mode of conveyance from steamboat to horse or mule back, or the very comfortable arm-chair barrow, as one might make it most desirable. The formation in this part of Germany is unlike anything I have before seen. It has an interest for the geologist as showing the action of water in the far away time before there was any "green thing" to make beautiful the earth. The valleys are deep, and the immense height and abruptness of the sides render it impossible to find egress save by winding pathways. As I looked yesterday over the broad panorama, and saw great piles of stone work, I could scarcely believe the hand of man had not been there—that water alone had done this mighty work. Layer upon layer of sandstone and column above column rises to claim our admiration. Sometimes overhanging the pathway as if ready to fall and crush us, assuming fantastic and grotesque shapes, they look like the work of the fairies and gnomes of whom we read in old German tales and legends. Many of them need only the action of a few more winters' frosts to fall and encumber the valleys over which for hundreds of silent centuries they have stood sentinels. Swiss Saxony embraces all the country bordering the Elbe from Pilnits to Ausiz. Formerly this part of the country was called Hochtan, but the last centuries it has been known as "Swiss Saxony." We do not see here, as in Alpine Switzerland, mountains covered with eternal snow, nor rivers of eternal ice, but we see strange conformations of stone work, as if the giants of old had left hastily the building of mighty cathedrals and strongholds, and so long ago, too, that the ivy, that beautifier of old ruins, has had time to do its loving work.

Here are to be found innumerable treasures for the student in mineralogy; abundant harvest for the botanist wherewith to enrich his collection; and for the lover of nature in its wild and beautiful, as well as in its grotesque and strange forms, there is ever a changing picture. The student of men and women, their various customs and habits, has ample material to engage his mind, and acute observation; while the poet will delight in the true heart pictures opened to him to transcribe, without thought of obtrusiveness or indelicacy—the heart's best treasures. To the "Winterberg" and into Swiss Saxony come men and women of all degrees, from kings, queens and princes, the educated and refined, to the humble peasant who tills the ground, with his peasant wife, who, on market days, take the vegetables and little pigs to market—the latter perhaps may have walked many miles to see the strange conformations before them, to worship, wonder and adore, and love, yes, love, dear old Saxony, and their good Saxon king, more for this wonderful stone work!

Yesterday Oswald carried my chair to the brink of a fearful precipice, and said, "Look, Madam, there is the tower built by King August's son, to show the spot where his father killed the enraged deer;" and I looked up to a point called the "Little Winter Bay," where, in the fifteenth century, August the Strong killed a deer which had turned upon him and pursued him to this fearful spot. The king was so immensely strong that a common horse-shoe was easily broken in his hands, and turning at the last fearful moment, he gave the enraged animal a blow with his arquebus which felled him instantly, and the king was saved. The horns of the deer are now in the collection at the Castle of Wallestein—*the Mallestein*, made famous, in our day, by Schiller, and in his own day, of the thirty years war, by his daring deeds of wrong. I will at some future time write a letter telling you of a most delightful excursion we made into Bohemia, to this castle, and to the Monastery of the Cistersian Brotherhood.

After looking long at the beautiful carpet of tree-tops before me, and far down the deep ravine, and up to the old tower, I said, "Are you Saxon, O wald?" He folded his hand over his heart and said: "Saxon heart loves Saxon's kings." How deep a grief for such hearts to lose the shrine where their fathers worshipped for so many centuries, and they have held in reverence from their childhood. The time in the year the most favorable for visiting Swiss Saxony is either late in the spring or autumn; the weather is clear at these seasons and most serene, the crowd of peasants not so great, for they are busy in the field. The best way to travel is on foot, but when this is not practicable, mules and ponies are always to be found, and good chairman, with comfortable, easy sedan chairs, can be had at the various points to take those on their way to the mountain who may wish to ascend. I at first had much discomfort lest I was too heavy a chairful, but soon became easy as I saw the men walk on without fatigue and keep far in advance of the party on horse-back.

The Chalets, the guides, mules and horses—indeed, all these accommodations—are under the control of the government; so of course the

paths are in good and safe condition, while any extortion on the part of the employed towards the traveller would at once be punished by removal. The trees in the forest are so cut away that they offer glimpses of distant points, yet at the same time afford shelter from rain or sun. We came up last evening to the Chalet just before the sun went down. The view was beautiful, and after the evening closed in, a thunder storm gathered, which seemed to spread from one to every point of the heavens. Soon the rain came down in torrents, and after a simple supper we were glad to rest ourselves till morning.

Everything is taken to the Chalet in baskets, on the backs of women and girls. Some of the younger are very pretty. Unlike in form and feature the Southern German, they have sharp black eyes, black hair and erect forms; the hair is finer and longer, not worn and made coarse by carrying heavy burdens on the head.

Most of the people have Bohemian traits of character, and it is of great interest to watch the varied types presenting themselves. The morning proved a rainy one, and I awoke to regret the loss of a bright clear sunrise. I amused myself as well as might be by watching the various parties leaving the Chalet, and with the gambols of a beautiful deer that came last year into the inclosure badly wounded. The good wife kindly cared for it, bathed its hurt, and gave it milk: it recovered, and remained with the family till winter. So soon as the spring and Chalet opened, the deer came back, and has been ever since a guest; four days since it went to the woods at night and returned in the morning with a little one not more than eight days old; probably the deer heard the cry of distress made by the little one who had lost its mother, and brought it to the same kind hand that had healed its own wounds. Before the little one came Hans always drank a bottle of milk, since then he refuses it in favor of his young favorite. I have written my letter in a little room filled with students, foresters, and some women playing on the harp and guitar, while the students are talking—some Bohemian, some Russian, some Polish and some Hungarian—and at last I am addressed in Mother English.

From all this, the guide calls me, to prepare for leaving. The ladies are in their saddles, and the gentlemen mounted—Hans (as they call the deer) gives a short cry for the little one, and they follow us to the opening, when they turn suddenly and we see them in the distance. It is singular (the host told me) that Hans will always escort the ladies on their way, but if there are none in the party he will not leave the inclosure. I suppose he feels all women must be as kind as his good friend, the hostess at the Chalet, and pays them this cautious attention. We will be in Bohemia in a few moments, on our way to take the boat for Teplitze, a pretty city in Bohemia, the residence in summer of Prince de Cleary—and near to Castle Wallestein, of which in my next I will write, and of many other matters which perhaps may interest and amuse. The crops promise an abundant harvest, and the hearts of all are glad and hopeful that it may be gathered and garnered before the War Demon is loosed upon this fruitful land. B.

OUR LITTLE NEWSBOY.

BY LOUISA ALCOTT.

Hurrying to catch a certain car, at a certain corner, late one stormy night, I was suddenly arrested by the sight of a queer-looking bundle lying in a doorway.

"Bless my heart, it's a child! O John! I'm afraid he's frozen!" I exclaimed to my brother, as we both bent over the bundle.

Such a little fellow as he was, in the big, ragged coat; such a tired, baby face, under the fuzzy cap; such a purple, little hand, still holding fast a few papers; such a pathetic sight altogether, was the boy, lying on the stone step, with the snow drifting over him—that it was impossible to go by.

"He is asleep; but he'll freeze, if left so long. Here, wake up, my boy, and go home as fast as you can," cried John, with a gentle shake, and a very gentle voice; for the memory of a dear little lad, safely tucked up at home, made him fatherly-kind to the small vagabond.

The moment he was touched, the boy tumbled up, and, before he was half awake, began his usual cry with an eye to business.

"Paper, sir? Herald!—Transkip!—Last ——" a great gap swallowing up the "last edition;" and he stood blinking at us like a very chilly young owl.

"I'll buy 'em all, if you'll go home, my little chap; it's high time you were abed," said John, whisking the damp papers into one pocket, and his purse out of another, as he spoke.

"All of 'em?—why there's six!"—croaked the boy, for he was as hoarse as a raven.

"Never mind, I can kindle a fire with 'em. Put that in your pocket, and trot home, my man, as fast as possible."

"Where do you live?" I asked, picking up the fifty cents that fell from the little fingers, too benumbed to hold it.

"Mills Court; out of Hanover. Cold, ain't it?" said the boy, blowing on his purple hands, and hopping feebly from one leg to the other, to take the stiffness out.

"He can't go all that way in this storm—such a mite, and so used up with cold and sleep—John."

"Of course he can't; we'll put him in a car," began John: when the boy wheezed out:

"No; I've got ter wait for Sam. He'll be along as soon's the theatre's done. He said he would; and so I'm waitin."

"Who is Sam?" I asked.

"He's the feller I lives with. I ain't got any folks, and he takes care o' me."

"Nice care, indeed, leaving a baby like you to wait for him here such a night as this," I said, crossly.

"Oh, he's good to me, Sam is, though he does knock me around sometimes, when I ain't spry. The big fellers shoves me back, you see; and I gets cold, and can't sing out loud; so I don't sell my papers, and has to work 'em off late."

"Hear the child talk! One would think he was sixteen instead of six," I said, half-laughing.

"I'm most ten. Hi!—ain't that a oner?" cried the boy, as a gust of sleet slapped him in the face, when he peeped to see if Sam was coming. "Hullo! the lights is out! Why, the play's done, and the folks gone, and Sam's forgot me."

It was very evident that Sam *had* forgotten his little *protege;* and a strong desire to shake Sam possessed me.

"No use waitin' any longer; and now my papers is sold, I ain't afraid to go home," said the boy, stepping down, like a little old man with the rheumatism, and preparing to trudge away through the storm.

"Stop a bit, my little Casibianca; a car will be along in fifteen minutes, and while waiting you can warm yourself over there," said John, with the purple hand in his.

"My name's Jack Hill, not Cassy Banks, please sir," said the little party with dignity.

"Have you had your supper, Mr. Hill?" asked John, laughing.

"I had some peanuts, and two sucks of Joe's orange; but it warn't very fillin'," he said, gravely.

"I should think not. Here!—one stew; and be quick, please," cried John, as we sat down in a warm corner of the confectioner's opposite.

While little Jack shovelled in the hot oysters—with his eyes shutting up now and then, in spite of himself—we looked at him, and thought again of little Rosy-face at home, safe in his warm nest, with mother-love watching over him. Nodding toward the ragged, grimy, forlorn little creature—dropping asleep over his supper like a tired baby—I said—

"Can you imagine our Freddy, out alone at this hour, trying to 'work off' his papers, because afraid to go home till he has?"

"I'd rather not try," answered brother John, winking hard, as he stroked the little head beside him, which, by the by, looked very like a ragged yellow door-mat. I think brother John winked hard, but I can't be sure, for I know I did; and for a minute there seemed to be a dozen newsboys dancing before my eyes.

"There goes our car, and it's the last," said John, looking at me.

"Let it go, but don't leave the boy;" and I frowned at John for hinting such a thing.

"Here is his car. Now, my lad, bolt your last oyster, and come on."

"Good-night, ma'am! Thankee, sir!" croaked the grateful little voice, as the child was caught up in John's strong hands, and set down on the car-step.

With a word to the conductor, and a small business transaction, we left Jack coiled up in a corner, to finish his nap as tranquilly as if it wasn't midnight, and a "knocking round" might not await him at his journey's end.

We didn't mind the storm much as we plodded home; and when I told the story to Rosy-face, next day, his interest quite reconciled me to the sniffs and sneezes of a bad cold.

"If I saw that poor little boy, Aunt Weedy, I'd love him lots!" said Freddy, with a world of pity in his beautiful child's eyes.

And, believing that others also would be kind to little Jack, and such as he, I tell the story.

When busy fathers hurry home at night, I hope they'll buy their papers of the small boys, who get "shoved back;" the feeble ones, who grow hoarse, and can't "sing out;" the shabby ones, who evidently have only forgetful Sams to care for them; and the hungry-looking ones, who don't get what is "fillin'." For love of the little sons and daughters safe at home, say a kind word, buy a paper, even if you don't want it; and never pass by, leaving them to sleep forgotten in the streets at midnight, with no pillow but a stone, no coverlid but the pitiless snow, and not even a tender-hearted robin to drop leaves over them. —*Merry's Museum.*

MY CREED.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where Charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else named piety
A selfish scheme, a vain pretence;
Where centre is not, can there be
Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go,
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so;

Whether it be the lullabies
That charm to rest the nestling bird,

Or that sweet confidence of sighs
And blushes without word;
Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
Or by some cabin door, or bush
Or ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, or stated prayers,
That make us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From work, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

SUMMER.

BY HARRIET MILLER DAVIDSON.

Blow, flowers, yellow and red,
Down in the garden fair;
Sing, birds, with love-notes strong,
In your swinging bowers in the air.
Sing, birds; blow, flowers;
Swing censers of sweetness high,
For the festival time of earth is begun,
And solemn, and sweet, and glad in one,
Is the summer that draweth nigh.

Blow, lilies, stately and tall,
Robed in your silver sheen;
Sing, glad father-birds, over the nest,
Up in the tree-tops green.
Sing, birds; blow, flowers;
Ring out your anthems sweet;
Little leaves clap your innocent hands;
Summer is thrilling through all the lands,
With the touch of her golden feet.

Flame out, wallflowers, in fiery brown;
Ope, early rose-buds of June;
Brood, mother-birds, in silent joy,
Waiting is over soon.
Sing, birds; blow, flowers;
Faint stirrings of life begun
Will come below in the thrilling nest,
Under the mother-bird's love-warm breast,
And the crown of her life be won.

Brighten, O flowers, with the brightening days,
Down in the garden fair;
Peal out, O birds, your passionate notes,
On the quivering summer air.
Blow, flowers, sing, birds;
Summer-time fleets amain;
Bind my heart with a chain of song,
So shall its pulses beat brave and strong,
When winter-time comes again.

Frazer's Magazine.

TEACHING.

BY ELIZABETH SEDGWICK.

(Concluded from page 319.)

There cannot be a really *working school*, without an energetic, hard-working person at its head. School-boys and girls know when their guide is a fellow-worker—when he has the spirit he tries to breathe into them. Magnetism is a somewhat vague, unsettled term, but it stands for a very real thing when used to signify the subtle influence, whatever it is, that acts and re-acts between human beings in different relations—invisibly, but as certainly, as the wind upon the weather-cock, or the pole-star upon the needle. Every teacher must be aware that his own state gives its tone to that of the school. If he, from any cause, is languid and listless, the energy of his pupils will droop to some extent at least; whereas, if his spirit is vigorous and active, it will communicate a life-giving influence. Woe, then, to the school which has not at its head an earnest man or woman. No other should assume the functions and duties of a teacher. Every arrangement in connection with the school should be made to assist and enforce the impression of its being a place for real work. An example of strict punctuality must be set by the teachers, and pupils must be required to follow it. They must not, for any light reason, be permitted to lose half a day, or even an hour from it—the idea being constantly held up, that the time and the opportunity are too important to be lost. They must be encouraged to resist a headache, if not severe, or any slight bodily ailment, of which they would fain make an excuse for a holiday.

If you have pupils, out of your own family, and one stays away a day, go immediately to ask the reason; that parents as well as child may see what importance you attach to regular attendance. Listen to no plea for having lessons excused on slight and insufficient grounds; nor because a study happens to be completed within only one or two days of the end of the week; allow a class to postpone beginning a new one, until the following week. In these "Character-factories," all the operations should be as regularly, habitually, uninterruptedly, and *unavoidably* carried on as in those for the weaving of cloth; and the same busy hum of industry should pervade them, though not quite so audibly.

When a new scholar comes to you, ten to one, whatever her age, you will find her deficient in spelling, and incapable of writing a half page of a letter grammatically, or of bounding even the New England States; for "the rudiments of education" are a good deal out of fashion. With such, of course, you must begin at the beginning. I shall not attempt, within these limits, to lay out any plan of study, but I would earnestly recommend, that the studies pursued at any one time, should be few in number, and that undue importance should not attach text-books on various subjects, the contents of which, however well mastered at the time, will either be forgotten altogether, or remain an undigested mass in the memory; and which are more valuable as books of reference than for any other purpose.

The studies should have reference, first of all, to the faculties they are to develop; the reasoning powers, those of analysis, language,

and ideality should all have direct cultivation. The perceptive powers have also a claim to attention which is not usually properly acknowledged. I have often thought that if I were capable of teaching them, I should like, in the summer season, to have nothing taught but the natural sciences.

A great deal of what is learned at school is necessarily forgotten, as a matter of course; and that is best remembered of which there is something within or without ourselves always to remind us. The study of the human mind, and the human body comes within this category, of course; and that of the latter, in connection with health, I consider indispensable. So also does the study of languages, between which there is such affiliation, that one, alone, is sufficient to keep many others, to a certain degree, in the mind; and although men are said to forget a great deal of their Latin and Greek, these have constituted the foundation of a superstructure, which is always rising higher and higher.

Skeleton histories have their value for the same reason. They may be clothed upon at a later period; for no intelligent, cultivated person will be content to live in ignorance of "the ages" of which he is the "heir," any more than of the present time. But do not assign your pupils too much to do; do not let them attempt too much. If you succeed in training properly their powers of mind, in forming in them habits of patient careful study, of a concentration of their powers, bearing upon a single point, as the sun's rays are collected in a focus, and in inspiring them with a love of knowledge for its own sake, you have done inexpressibly more for them than if you had made them passive repositories of the knowledge to be got out of all the school-books that ever were printed.

If you have your pupils in your family, I advise you to read to them a good deal, taking care to secure attention by an animated manner, by occasional questions or remarks, by looking out geographical, historical, biographical, or mythological references that may occur; and to exercise their thinking powers by conversation growing out of the topics treated of, whatever they may be. In the country, there are always six school-hours; and, in my opinion, it is an admirable plan to devote one of these to loud reading, while the listners carry on various branches of *sewing*, which, though a beautiful feminine accomplishment, is so fast falling into disuse, that it is in danger of becoming one of the lost arts. I have been jealous of the time usually devoted to mere surface geography, if I may so speak, by remembering how much I was made to give to it, in my early years, and how unprofitably. "Latitudes and longitudes, lengths and breadths," etc., I was made to repeat with as much facility as A B C.

My memory, the only faculty called into exercise, was stored with names of countries, towns, and rivers, etc., which it was of no use for me to know, and which I must necessarily forgot, and which I might never have recalled by hearing them spoken of in conversation, or seeing them mentioned in books. In a child's early years, a thorough acquaintance can be made with the great general divisions and features of the globe, such as it is essential to know, and with all its artificial divisions. And this knowledge should be kept up by a weekly or semi-weekly lesson on the maps, and by referring to them whenever in reading any point is mentioned, the place of which is not remembered. Grammar, I believe, is seldom anything but a puzzle to the young. It is, at first, taught better by example than by practice, and it is well to require some written exercise every day, even of the youngest pupil.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE STORY OF A PIECE OF CHALK.

It is so long ago that I can hardly remember it. If the years which have elapsed since my birth were reckoned in millions, that number would not be too great. My first recollections are of a white, muddy sediment, many scores of feet in thickness, stretching along the bottom of a very deep sea. Of this oozy bed, I formed an inconsiderable part. The depth of sea-water which pressed down this stratum was so great that the light scarcely found its way through the green volume. Day and night, the billows tossed and heaved above me. I could hear the storm howl and the hurricane sweep over the surface of the sea, although they could not affect the bottom where I was lying. Before I awoke to consciousness in my oozy condition, I had existed in quite another form. The constant beatings of the Cretaceous sea against its rocky barriers, and the vast quantity of muddy matter poured into it by rivers, caused to be distributed through the sea-water a considerable quantity of mineral sediment. Of course, great though this quantity originally was, when it was diffused throughout the sea, it appeared so small as not to affect the real transparency of the water. The presence of carbonate of lime (for such was a good portion of the mineral matter above mentioned) could only have been proved by chemical tests. It happened, however, that there were eyes sharp enough to detect it, although *human* eyes did not open on the world for myriads of ages afterwards. Those to which I allude belonged to a

set of animals so small that you could have put millions of them into a school-girl's thimble!

Each creature was a perfect animal, nevertheless. It had a soft, jelly-like substance, which developed itself into feelers, that took hold of prey even smaller than itself. This soft body was enclosed in a sort of shelly case, beautifully ornamented, and uniformly shaped. This case was manufactured either out of carbonate of lime, or silica, which has already been mentioned as held in solution by the sea-water. Every cubic inch of water in all the vast ocean at whose bottom I was lying was alive with these animalcules, everlastingly at work separating the mineral matter. It was quite impossible to see these little workers that 'out of water brought forth solid rock,' and yet they were there. Their individual lifetime was very brief, rarely extending over a few hours. But their powers of reproduction were enormous, and thus they were always dying and generating. As they died, they began to sink slowly through the water. The sea was always full of their dead shells, which were gravitating towards the bottom, where they fell as lightly as the motes which float in the sunbeams drop upon the floor. Night and day, they were always alighting there, and forming a thin film. Century after century passed away, and still found these dead shells accumulating, until all the figures I have heard reckoned on the blackboard near me—I am now used in a school-room for the purposes of arithmetic—would not together give any idea of their numbers, even if they were all stretched out in a row! You may think this is a bit of romancing, but it is not. A few days ago, a gentleman broke a piece off me, and after powdering it and washing it with a fine camel-hair brush in distilled water (so as to make sure of his experiment), I heard him tell a friend that he could show him thousands upon thousands of fossil animalculic shells which he had obtained from this small piece!

I am composed of exactly the same ingredients. Although I am no bigger than a small orange, I can assure you there are scores of millions of fossil shells contained within my bulk. In fact, I am myself nothing more than a mass or congeries of the dead shells to which I before alluded. Every time the teacher makes a figure with me on the black-board, he leaves thereon thousands of fossil animalculæ. If you will wash the chalk as the above-mentioned gentleman did, you may see these minute fossils for yourself; though, it is true, you would need a powerful microscope to enable you to do so.

It was the gradual accumulation of these animalculic shells that formed the oozy mud at the bottom of the sea. The extent of this mud-bed was very great—not less than thousands of square miles in area. Notwithstanding the slowness of the deposition, and the infinitely minute creatures which almost wholly formed it, the accumulation went on until the mud had reached a vertical thickness of fifteen hundred feet! What must be the enormous number of shells contained in this mass, and the number of centuries occupied in elaborating it, I leave you to guess. The rate of deposition was very regular, and I have heard that along the bottom of the great ocean called the Atlantic there is actually now being formed a stratum very similar to that from which I was taken. Like it, also, it is formed principally by immense numbers of dead animalculæ.

I lay along the bottom of the Cretaceous sea for thousands of years, during which great changes took place in the oozy deposit, some of which I distinctly remember. I mentioned before that, besides carbonate of lime, there were diffused through the sea-water other minerals, among the rest one called *silica*, the basis of common sand. Well, a good proportion of the minute animals inhabiting my native sea used this mineral instead of lime, so that their shells were formed of flint. These, of course, fell to the bottom along with the others, and were all mixed up together. By and by, a chemical change took place in the thick mud. It seems that the little grains or shells of silica have a tendency to separate from the lime, and to run together; consequently, the flinty little shells aggregated along the sea-bottom, and there formed what are now known as *flint-bands* and *nodules*. These layers of flint were formed at nearly regular intervals, the chemical changes being very uniform. I should also mention, that as the oozy bed increased in thickness, what with the weight of sea-water and the overlying mud, the *lower* beds began to be compressed into a solid form. As soon as this took place, they passed into real *chalk*, of which I found myself a part.

I have a distict recollection of the creatures that inhabited the sea whilst I was lying along the bottom. I am told there are nothing like them living in the seas of the present day. Even those which approach nearest in resemblance differ in some point or another. The most remarkable of these inhabitants of an extinct ocean were a series of large sponges, called by scientific men *Paramoudræ*, but better known in Norfolk (where I come from) as 'Pot Stones.' These were originally sponges which grew one within the other, like so many packed drinking-glasses, sometimes to the height of six or seven feet.

Through the set, however, there was a connecting hollow, which is now filled with hard chalk, the rest being all pure flint. It is very remakable how these sponges became transformed into their flinty condition. As sponges, they were full of what are called *spiculæ*—that is, flinty, needle shaped crystals, which act the part of *vertebræ* to the sponge. You may find them in the sponges of the present day. When the 'pot stones' existed in this state, as the sponges died and began to decompose, they served as nuclei to all the flinty particles of animalculic shells diffused through the mud. These replaced the decaying matter of the sponge little by little, until the original *Paramoudræ* were turned into 'pot stones.' That the flint was originally soft may be proved by the fact, that fossil shells are often found embedded in it. The other creatures I most distinctly remember are now found in a solid state in the chalk, and are commonly known as 'Fairy loaves' and 'hearts.' They belong to an extensive family still living, and known to fishermen (who often dredge them from the bottom of the present sea) as 'Sea-urchins,' on account of their spiny covering. The existing sea-urchins crawl along the bottom by means of innumerable suckers. Many a time have the fossil fairy loaves thus crept over where I lay. The hearts were similarly covered with movable spines or bristles.

(To be continued.)

JAPANESE COINAGE.

The *Mechanics' Magazine* gives the following account of the decidedly primitive methods by which Japanese silver money is coined at the Government mint at Yeddo:

"A lump of silver of the necessary fineness, obtained either from the Government mines or by melting down Mexican dollars, is placed in an iron ladle, and reduced to a molten state by means of a charcoal fire and a pair of blacksmith's bellows. It is then poured into a mould, from which it is taken out in the shape of thin rectangular bars, which are immediately thrown into a tub of cold water. On being taken out, a man seated on the ground shears off, with a pair of large fixed scissors, all jagged pieces adhering to the angles. They are now handed to another man, who weighs them one by one, and a piece is cut off, if necessary, to reduce the bar to its proper weight. The next process is that of dividing the bar by a fixed pair of shears into eight equal portions of the size of ichibus. This is done by a workman cutting it as accurately as his practised eye would enable him; and his work is tested by weighing, light pieces being rejected, and the heavy ones reduced to their proper weight by the scissors. The pieces are now heated white-hot in a charcoal fire, plunged into water, boiled, and washed in a kind of brine, from which they come out with a moderately bright surface. They are next very slightly milled on the two sides, and more deeply on the edges, by means of a milled hammer. They are now ready for stamping. A man places one of the pieces on a stationary die, and lays on the top the other die; a second man, armed with a huge hammer, gives one blow on the upper die, and the coin is struck. The blows are dealt in rapid succession, and the whole scene reminds one of a blacksmith shop. Boys now punch small stars on the edges by means of chisels and hammers. The coins are weighed one by one for the last time, and the light ones are rejected. The imperial stamp is added by means of another stamped chisel and mallet, and the coins are complete. They are rolled up in paper packets of one hundred; each packet is weighed and marked with a seal, which serves as a guarantee of its contents, and gives its currency as one hundred ichibus.

"While every operation is performed in this primitive manner, perfect order prevails in the establishment; every man goes through his portion of the work in silence, and with the regularity of clock-work, and many evince considerable skill. There are about three hundred hands employed in the building. When the men enter in the morning, they are made to divest themselves of their own clothes and put on others belonging to the mint. At the end of the day's work a gong sounds, when the somewhat curious spectacle is presented of three hundred men springing from the ground on which they had been seated, throwing off their clothes, and rushing, a naked throng, to one end of a yard. Here they pass through the following ordeal to prove that they have no silver on them: Their back hair is pulled down and examined; they wash their hands and hold them up to view; they drink water, and then halloa; and, lastly, they run to the other end of the yard, clearing two or three hurdles on their way, after which performance they are allowed to put on their own clothes and depart. Mr. Sidney Locock, her Majesty's Secretary of Legation, from whose report of this year these statements are taken by the *Times*, believes that the mint has been only twice entered by foreigners, and states that the apparent absence of all restrictions with regard to touching and handling the coins points to the probability that it is not often open to the public; but he remarks that even if it were, the manners and customs of the country are not such as would preclude a mixed assemblage of visitors from going over it and remaining to the end. The quan-

tity of silver being coined daily at the beginning of this year was 50,000 momme, which, at the rate of 23 momme to the ichibu, would give a daily total issue of over 21,000 bus, or about £1500. The whole of these coins are produced by the simplest manual labor, unaided by a single piece of machinery."

ITEMS.

A new Safety Lamp.—Two young students of the French Polytechnic school have invented a lamp which burns under water without any accessory machinery, and carries within itself the requisite supply of gas. On the 18th ult., at night, a man in the costume of a diver descended into the sluice opposite the Mint (Paris), to the depth of eight feet, and carried with him the lighted lamp. It continued to burn beneath the water, and at a distance of two yards the diver was able to mark with a diamond on a piece of glass the date and hour of the experiment. The lamp burned for three quarters of an hour in the water, and when it was brought up to the surface it was still burning, with a flame as bright as ever. This invention may not only prevent the danger of explosions in mines, but will allow of search for drowned persons or for property lost by shipwreck.

Internal Heat of the Earth.—An artesian boring near Geneva, Switzerland, to the depth of 742 feet, and at an elevation of 1600 feet above the level of the sea, showed an increase in heat at the rate of one degree Fahrenheit for every 55 feet, while another at Mendorff, in Luxemburg, which penetrated to the depth of 2394 feet, gave an increase of one degree Fahrenheit for every 57 feet.

It is said the "jar" caused by the frequent passage to and fro of the heavy engines and trains on the underground railroads in London is gradually but surely loosening and making unsound the foundations of the superstructures in the vicinity.

A Wonderful Dome.—The dome of the capitol at Washington is the most ambitious structure in America. It is a hundred and eight feet higher than the Washington Monument at Baltimore, sixty-eight feet higher than that of Bunker Hill, and twenty-three feet higher than the Trinity Church spire of New York. It is a vast hollow sphere of iron weighing 8,200,000 pounds. How much is that? More than four thousand tons, or about the weight of seventy thousand full grown people; or about equal to a thousand laden coal cars, which, holding four tons apiece, would reach two miles and a half. Directly over your head is a figure in bronze, "America," weighing 14,985 pounds. The pressure of the iron dome upon its piers and pillars is 13,477 pounds to the square foot. St. Peter's presses nearly 20,000 pounds more to the square foot, and St. Genevieve, at Paris, 66,000 pounds more. It would require to crush the supporters of our dome a pressure of 775,280 pounds to the square foot. The cost was about $1,100,000. The new wings cost about $6,500,000. The architect has a plan for rebuilding the old central part of the Capitol and enlarging the Park, which will cost about $3,200,000.

The Library of Congress is rapidly assuming its proper position among institutions of that class. The appropriations for its support are very liberal, and the annual expenses amount to about $36,000. The corps of officers consists of a librarian, at a salary of $5292; three assistants, at $2160 each; two assistants, at $1440 each; one assistant, at $1200; one assistant, at $1152; one messenger, at $1728, and three laborers, at $2592. The annual appropriation for the purchase of books is $8000, and $2000 for the purchase of law books, in addition to all the copyright books deposited by law. Then there is an appropriation of $1500 for files of periodicals and newspapers, and $2000 for contingent expenses. All amounting to nearly $34,000, in addition to some $2000 for heating. The amount of work performed by the librarian and his assistants is great. Some Congressmen have been known to have out a hundred books at once, and others merely give an order for information on some certain subject, which has to be hunted up before the works containing it can be sent.

Among recent additions to the British Museum library are the following: An Arabic papyrus, dated A. H. 133 (A. D. 750), one of the earliest specimens of Arabic writing; a Hebrew service book of the fifteenth century, with grotesque initials, and a Coptic papyrus of the eighth century. Amongst the objects acquired by the department of oriental antiquities are the royal signet cylinder of Ilght, son of Urekh, who reigned in Lower Babylonia about 2050 B. C.; and a cylinder of Chaldean workmanship, having the Persian name Nandakhya inscribed in cuneiform over the original device at an interval of at least one thousand five hundred years after its first engraving. The department of Greek and Roman antiquities also has been greatly enriched during the past year. Among the contributions is a skull, sculptured in marble, rather larger than nature, found in the ruins of one of the palaces of Tiberius at Capri.

The Sarsaparilla Diggers of Yucatan are asserted to be descended from the ancient Aztecs of Southern Mexico, and to retain many of the peculiarities supposed to characterize their ancestors. Provided with narrow spades, a coil of rope and a bag of water, they penetrate the boundless forests of Central America, supporting life upon the wild banana as food, and sheltering themselves under the thick leaves of the trees. The demand in the United States for the sarsaparilla root gives employment to large numbers of this primitive race.

The evaporation of alcohol from corks, may be prevented to a considerable degree, by the application of a solution of leather in oxalic acid. A very thin layer will have the desired effect. A coating of gelatin or glue, also answers the same object to a certain extent. It is well-known that corks treated with a mixture of glycerine and glue, are completely impervious to petroleum or benzine. Another method for petroleum vessels consists in introducing a hot solution of glue and forcing it into the pores of the wood by atmospheric pressure.

Three interesting memorials of the Pilgrim Fathers have been placed in the New England Congregational Church of Chicago. In the walls of the church are built three stones, one from Scroby Manor, in England, the residence of Elder Brewster, and the first place of meeting of the church which afterward assembled under Robinson at Leyden, and at which they embarked at Delfthaven for America; another from the pavement of a church in Delfthaven, near the place of their embarkation, in which church M. Cohen Stuart, of Rotterdam, by whose agency the stone was procured, supposes them to have assembled for the last time before leaving Holland; and the third a piece of the Rock of Plymouth, in Massachusetts, upon which they landed, a gift from the Trustees of the Pilgrim Monument Association.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 1, 1868. No. 22.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for entire Club. Single Nos. 6 cts

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

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Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
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GOSPEL MINISTRY.

"But I certify you, brethren, that the Gospel, which was preached of me, is not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ."

The apostle Paul in this lucid language leaves no room for doubt, respecting the authority of his mission—an authority on which alone a living gospel ministry rests.

The apostle Peter is equally decisive in his teachings. "If any man speak, let him speak as the oracle of God: if any man minister, let him do it in the ability which God giveth."

Many other testimonies may be found in Scripture, corroborative of the view held by the Society of Friends, that the gift of gospel ministry is not received through human learning nor worldly wisdom, and that authority for its exercise cannot be conferred by man, neither can it be purchased with money. The immediate and quickening influence of the Holy Spirit, is recognized in Scripture as the alone qualification to preach the gospel of Christ.

The disciples were commanded to tarry at Jerusalem until they received power from on high, and we are told that the holy men of old spake as the Spirit gave them utterance.

Friends believe that the gift of gospel ministry must be received in this day, even as the apostle received it, not from man, neither by the teachings of men, but by the immediate inspiration and renewings of Divine Power, and under the influence of this power alone the minister must act, if he preach baptizingly, or minister to the state of the people.

The descendings of the quickening spirit must be waited for, and it is good not to utter words *hastily*, even when the spirit of the Lord moves upon the face of the waters. If, under this exercise, or sense of divine power, the minister waits in holy stillness, ability will be received to divide the word aright, and sometimes he may perceive that the revealings of the spirit, or the openings with which he may have been favored, are designed for his own profit, and not to be handed to those assembled.

We have a clear illustration of the power which attends a rightly authorized ministry, in one of the early appearances of George Fox as a public minister. We give the account as found in Samuel M. Janney's "Life of George Fox." "Being at a great religious meeting at Mansfield, he felt constrained, by a sense of duty, to appear in prayer; and the Lord's power was so eminently manifested among them, that the house seemed to be shaken, so that some of the congregation remarked, 'it was now as in the days of the apostles, when the house was shaken where they were.' The effect of this prayer on the audience, encouraged another professor to pray; but he, not being under the same in-

fluence, brought a sense of deadness over the assembly, whereupon George was asked to pray again, 'but he could not pray in man's will.'"

Friends, in common with other religious professors, have set times and places for publicly assembling; but when thus met, they have no pre-arranged course of active devotional exercises or religious services. They show, by their practice, that the ability to preach or to pray is not at their command; and in this, they have a precedent in the experience of Jesus, when he says, "my time is not always." The minister of Christ must, on every occasion, wait to feel the quickening influence of divine love to inspire and put him forth. Some other religious organizations unite, to *some extent*, in the admission of the necessity of an *inward call* before entering upon the work of the ministry, but they consider a course of theological study as also a necessity. Friends *stand almost alone* in considering scholastic learning a *non-essential* in this service.

The apostle Paul, though a man of great learning, disclaimed it, as the qualification under which he acted, for he says, "I was with you in weakness, in fear, and in much trembling, and my speech and my preaching were not with the enticing words of man's wisdom, but in the demonstration of the spirit and of power, that your faith might not stand in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God."

Friends as a religious body do not lightly esteem literary knowledge. They are disposed to promote and rightly use it, but they entirely abnegate it, as an essential qualification for the work of gospel ministry, and they believe "without the holy unction, the most learned and eloquent ministry is vain and unprofitable, and with it, the most illiterate may be instumental in leading the soul to God."

The command of the blessed Jesus to his disciples, "Freely ye have received, freely give," brings to view another point of difference between the Society of Friends and other religious professors.

The gift of the ministry, having been bestowed *freely* by the great Head of the Church, should be exercised freely by those upon whom it is conferred.

"I seek not yours, but you," was the noble testimony borne by one of the apostles, when engaged in calling men to repentance and amendment of life; and thus, also, can the minister among Friends speak, if he stand faithful to his high calling. He can have no mercenary views. He stands in his allotment, as called of God, and unto Him he looks for his reward. Having received freely of the manifold gifts of a gracious God, and being *by Him commissioned*, he imparts freely, without money and without price, that which he has seen and handled of the word of life.

In thus giving *freely*, he has not the temptation to preach to suit his hearers that he might have, had he to feel he was dependent *for a living* upon those to whom he spake. We believe this is a great snare in the path of those who "preach for hire, and divine for money,"—those who make merchandise of the gospel,—a snare by which many are taken captive, even when there has been a call to the work. The chains thus thrown around them, prevent the free exercise of their calling, and, instead of standing upright as advocates of truth, and testifying against evil wherever found, they bow to the thraldom of human opinion, and compromise their testimonies.

We have reason to believe that Paul preserved a noble independence, and preached not for hire; for when he was preaching at Corinth, "one of the most opulent and luxurious cities of Greece," he supported himself by tentmaking, thus not only preserving the freedom of the gospel, but giving an example of honest industry to those of the same high calling.

The gift of gospel ministry being at the disposal of the Head of the Church, is bestowed upon whomsoever He will; and as with Him there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female, so woman is an equal recipient with man of this gift, and, among Friends, she is admitted to a full participation in its exercise.

We are aware that much stress is laid by the opposers of our practice in this respect, upon Paul's prohibition against woman's speaking and teaching in the churches; but, "the words used by the apostle on this occasion cannot mean the exercise of gospel ministry, because in the very epistle in which he first mentioned this prohibition, he gives particular directions respecting the manner in which women are to exercise that gift, which he denominates praying or prophesying, and which he, no doubt, considered as different from speaking, teaching, or usurping authority. It cannot reasonably be supposed that the apostle would give directions for the exercise of that which he thought should never be exercised."*

There are many allusions in Scripture to the *prophetesses* of those days, which might be quoted as confirmatory of the views we have expressed; but they can be referred to and read as they stand on the record.

We will close this essay with the prophecy

* H. Tuke.

uttered by Joel in view of the gospel-day: "I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy,—your old men shall dream dreams, —your young men shall see visions,—and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit."

WAR.

"Ye have heard that it has been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, that ye resist not evil." "Ye have heard that it has been said, thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thy enemy; but I say unto you, Love your enemies."

The teachings of Jesus Christ forbid all wars and fightings; and they also have controversy with that spirit whence all discord springs. Yet, is it not strange that nearly nineteen hundred years after he declared, "My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight," it should be necessary to remind *the professors of his gospel*, that *war is inconsistent with Christianity?*

The teachings of that pure spirit which speaks in the inner sanctuary of every mind, call emphatically upon us to "do unto others as we would they should do unto us," and on the authority of these teachings, which are the voice of God to the soul, rests our testimony against war.

The Christian's armor is *love*. This enables him to suffer long and be kind. It is also effectual to overcome evil or unkindness,—not by resistance, but by patient endurance, —not returning evil for evil, but contrariwise, blessing for cursing. This spirit will work wonders in overcoming opposition; and, by the nature of our profession, we are called to acknowledge it our governing principle, and to act under it. Did we do so, we would, on all occasions, bear an uncompromising testimony against wars and fightings. If, as a people, we were faithful to the testimony given us to bear against *all evil*—did we, in our dealings with our fellows, act in accordance with the secret monitions of divine truth, which call us to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly—others, not of our fold, attracted by the beauty of these principles, would lay down at its standard their weapons of carnal warfare, now so sadly productive of human suffering, and acknowledge the government of that kingdom whose heavenly anthem is "glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good-will to men."

Dymond, in his excellent treatise on war, says, "I would recommend to him who would estimate the moral character of war, to endeavor to forget that he has ever had presented to his mind the idea of a battle; and to contemplate it with those emotions which it would excite in the mind of a being who had never before heard of human slaughter. The prevailing emotions of such a being would be astonishment and horror. If he were shocked at the horribleness of the scene, he would be amazed at its absurdity. That a large number of persons should assemble, by agreement, and deliberately kill one another, appears to the understanding a proceeding so preposterous, so monstrous, that I think a being such as I have supposed, would inevitably conclude that they were mad. Nor is it likely if it were attempted to explain to him some motives to such conduct, that he would be able to comprehend how any possible circumstance could make it reasonable.

"There is an advantage in making suppositions such as these: because, when the mind has been familiarized to a practice however monstrous and inhuman, it loses some of its sagacity of moral perception; the practice is, perhaps, veiled in glittering fictions, or the mind is become callous to its enormities. But if the subject is, by some circumstance, presented to the mind unconnected with any of its previous associations, we see it with a new judgment and new feelings; and wonder, perhaps, that we have not felt so or thought so before."

The learned Thomas Dick thus speaks of war:—"It is an indelible disgrace to nations in modern times who designate themselves as civilized and enlightened, that such a mode of settling disputes and differences should be resorted to as that of warfare. It is glaringly unchristian; it is atrocious and inhuman; it is a violation of the fundamental laws which unite the moral universe; it is accompanied with almost all the evils that can afflict humanity; it is subversive of the wealth and prosperity of nations, and carries an absurdity in the very idea of it."

Benjamin Franklin was a staunch opposer of the war system. "I have been apt to think," he says, "there never has been, nor ever will be, any such thing as a good war, or a bad peace. All wars are follies, very expensive, and very mischievous ones. We daily make great improvements in natural philosophy; there is one I wish to see in moral—the discovery of a plan that would induce and oblige nations to settle their disputes without first cutting one another's throats."

Robert Southey asks: "Whence is it that wars still disgrace the self-styled Christian world? It is owing to the doctrine of expediency. If Christians had boldly looked in the face of their duty, as developed in the New Testament, this senseless system of wholesale butchery must, long ago, have ceased."

The continuance of the desolating evil of war is perhaps, in great measure, owing to the blinding influence of custom, and to the fact, that war has become a trade, on which thousands and millions of people are dependent for their daily bread. The light of Christianity is, no doubt, dispelling this terrible delusion—though its progress is so slow, that the professed followers of "the Prince of peace" may well examine whether faithfulness to their high calling is keeping pace with knowledge, or whether, through a conformity to surrounding influences, they are throwing obstacles in the way of the advancement and growth of the blessed testimony to peace.

S. M. Janney, in his introduction to "History of Friends," says, "To impoverish, to devastate, to maim and to kill, are not the dictates of Christian love; nor can such deeds be reconciled with that heavenly charity which 'suffereth long and is kind, which seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, . . . hopeth all things, endureth all things, and never faileth.' It is a well attested historical fact, that the primitive Christians, during nearly three centuries, did not bear arms, nor engage in battle; and the reason assigned for it by Tertullian, Irenæus, Justin Martyr, and others, was, that *war was unlawful for a Christian.*"

The printed Discipline of the Society of Friends brings *war* before us very clearly, as a great evil, from a participation in which we must wash our hands, before we can consistently claim to have come under the Gospel dispensation.

We extract from "The Book of Discipline," as follows:—

"Friends are exhorted faithfully to adhere to our ancient testimony against wars and fightings, and in no way to unite with any in warlike measures, either offensive or defensive, that by the inoffensiveness of our conduct, we may convincingly demonstrate ourselves to be real subjects of the Messiah's peaceful reign, and be instrumental in the promotion thereof, toward its desired completion, when, according to an ancient prophecy, 'The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea,' and its inhabitants 'learn war no more.'

"This meeting fervently recommends to the deep attention of all its members, that they may be religiously guarded against approving or showing the least connivance at war, either by attending or viewing military operations; or in any wise encouraging the unstable, deceitful spirit of party, by joining with political devices or associations, however speciously disguised under the ensnaring subtilties attendant thereon; but that they sincerely labor to experience a settlement on the alone sure foundation of pure unchangeable truth; whereby through the prevalence of unfeigned Christian love and good-will to men, we may convincingly demonstrate that the kingdom we seek is not of this world. A kingdom and government whose subjects are free indeed; redeemed from those captivating lusts, from whence come wars and fightings."

THE true felicity of life is to be free from perturbations, to understand our duties toward heaven and man, to enjoy the present without any anxious dependence upon the future; not to amuse ourselves with either hopes or fears, but to rest satisfied with what we have.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

OUR SOCIETY, PAST AND PRESENT.

It was not without some misgivings as to the propriety, or perhaps it would be better to say the *expediency*, of bringing into view the lamentable schism of 1827–28, that I noticed the articles in your paper in relation to it, over the signature of T. H. S. But upon reading them carefully, I could not discover anything calculated to awaken either animosity or prejudice,—no disposition, surely, to "unearth the hatchet," which I would fain hope has, ere this, lost its edge and is incapable of wounding. The painful events of that period can never be clearly comprehended by future generations, and it would indeed be grateful to many if the memory of that which cast a withering blight over the extended domains of a religious brotherhood, who had been renowned for their love of peace and good-will to men, could be wiped out. But the effects are still too apparent, and however unpleasant, we stand before the world a divided people, each claiming the original title with the belief that we have a legitimate right thereto in accordance with our faith.

Because of the invectives indulged in by our dissenting brethren, we have thought it right at times, in justice to the cause which we have espoused, to attempt at least to define our true position, not so much with the hope, however, of removing the scales from their eyes, as for the sake of others who hear the charges of infidelity, &c., that these may know that while we retort not, but desire patiently to endure reproach, as becoming the disciple of Him who when reviled, reviled not again, we firmly believe that we maintain the principles of the early Friends, and hold inviolate the *fundamental principles* upon which the Society was founded,—the "Light within," which, with them, we regard as the word of God revealed in every creature.

The hopes which may have been entertained of a re-union by those who would gather into one fold the sheep of the heavenly pasture, must have been dispelled by the late address of the Yearly Meeting held at Arch Street. I have reference most especially to that part of it which denounces in no measured terms the carefully collated account of S. M. Janney, of the Separation of the Society in 1827–28, as contained in the 4th vol. of his "History of the Society of Friends." "The British Friend," in the notice of "Philadelphia Yearly Meeting," republishes these charges without comment, —no doubt in good faith. English Friends may not be aware, as some of us on this side of the Atlantic are, that in the law-suit respecting property alluded to as having been decided "by two of the highest Courts in New Jersey," the Judges of the Court stated that they did not attempt to decide which party was *the Society*. Their decision was accompanied by a recommemdation that in future all contested property held by the Society should be divided according to numbers.

This offer had been made in a number of instances by our friends who were greatly opposed to litigation, but at that time the feeling among our Orthodox Friends, to a controlling extent, was,—"all or none." The recommendation of the Court in the case above cited had, however, the happy effect to discourage or prevent the prosecution of several suits contemplated, if the trial at Trenton, N. J., should be in their favor; for that was looked upon as a test case. These facts are given only for the purpose of enabling "the present generation and posterity" to judge understandingly when they would "decide which represents the Society truly." I attempt not to defend the work of S. M. J., who is at the present time engaged in an extensive religious visit. When he shall have accomplished this service, he will no doubt act in the matter as he may deem advisable.

I observed in the editorial selections from the proceedings of the late London Yearly Meeting you omitted the rejection of a request from one of our friends to attend that Meeting. It seems to me to be a matter calculated to interest the readers of the Intelligencer as much as any other, and therefore I make the following quotation: "A note was read from the Women's Yearly Meeting, stating that an American female Friend (of the body known as Hicksites) was present and desired permission to attend the sittings of the Yearly Meeting." Several men Friends thought it would be inexpedient to grant the request. "Wm. Bennett hoped the meeting would not too hastily decide against the application. Wm. Tallack, while decidedly disapproving of Hicksite principles, spoke of the kind and courteous manner in which English Friends visiting the United States were received by many of the Hicksites. He also alluded to the evident religious weight and earnest concern to serve the Lord, both in the church and the world, manifested by many of them, whom, however erroneous their opinions might be, the Lord was pleased to visit graciously and to use in His service. He hoped the permission would be granted. Robert Alsop would have been willing to grant permission, but that he understood the individual was a minister. The Clerk decided that the meeting was not prepared to accede to the request, and a note to that effect was returned to the Women's Yearly Meeting."

Through a private letter I learn that a number of Friends called upon the individual in question, and expressed unity with her concern, and sympathy with her in the refusal to which she had been subjected. Many voices were heard in favor of granting the request, but the time had not *yet* come when the iron bars of prejudice could be removed from those who claim to be judges in Israel. My marvel is not at the refusal under existing circumstances, but I do wonder that in the land of Fox, Penn and Barclay, that there are not adherents enough found to the simple faith of Quakerism as illustrated by those noble apostles of Truth, to remove the mists which have apparently spread over the land, and have a tendency to obscure the clear inshinings of that Light to which G. Fox directed his fellow men when he said, "Mind the Light." Had early Friends held the doctrinal views for which we as a class are anathematized for not believing, whence their persecution? They were not understood to do so by the religionists of that day, who were wont to call them heretics and unbelievers. In conclusion, I would say let not those who have "begun in the Spirit" seek to be "made perfect by the flesh.

7 mo. 22d, 1868. A READER.

Alas! for him who grows old without growing wise, and to whom the future world does not set open her gates, when he is excluded by the present. The Lord deals so graciously with us in the decline of life, that it is a shame to turn a deaf ear to the lessons which He gives. The eye becomes dim, the ear dull, the tongue falters, the feet totter, all the senses refuse to do their offices, and from every side resounds the call, "Set thine house in order, for the term of thy pilgrimage is at hand." The playmates of youth, the fellow-laborers of manhood, die away and take the road before us.—*Tholuck.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

RELIGION IN DAILY LIFE.

"Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Religion is not merely a sentiment, not a set of abstract theories apart from our every day occupations. As the atmosphere in which we live and move and have our being, so must this religious principle permeate our whole life. He who is able to trace the guiding finger of Diety in the minor events of life, who believes that it is necessary to practice the graces of heaven in our everyday employment; the man of business who is concerned to preserve an unsullied integrity, from motives which arise in a conscience enlightened by the Holy Spirit,—exhibits a greater beauty of religious character than he who sits in his closet and writes a devotional treatise to the purpose that religion consists in worshipping the Supreme Being, and who deems the time misspent which is devoted to secular objects.

The contemplation of the Creator's handiwork, the earth which is full of His riches, and teeming with beauty, life and joyousness, is not in consonance with this narrow view of the duty of life.

We weave snares for consciences when we allow ourselves to believe that the lawful pursuits, the intellectual or simple pleasures of life, necessarily carry us out of the atmosphere of religion. They may be the very best means of elevating the mind for the highest department of religious exercise. The sentiment of grateful love will lead to actions of obedience and devotion, and "every act of obedience weaves a thread in the robe which the righteous wear." We can offer no more acceptable praise to the Father of Mercies than when with hearts peacefully reposing on His love, we enjoy the beautiful world in which He has placed us, and they expand with glowing benevolence toward all around us.

Love to God, and love to man, is the sum and substance of the Divine law. And it is scarcely possible to name a grace which is not necessary for the carrying out of these two principles. Are we then watching for the precious opportunities afforded by the swiftly-changing events of each day to do His work? For whether it be in public or private life, each day brings with it the Christian's duty, both towards God and our neighbor. The commencement of great works is generally small and insignificant. The seed is small though the tree be of great magnitude. But the seed must be planted in the earth, or the tree will not spring up. And though at first the growth seem feeble, yet by degrees it will strengthen and expand, and as the tender plant is nourished by the gentle shower or the refreshing dew, so is the vital principle of Divine grace within us, cherished by the persevering efforts of duty in daily life. F.

From Christian Times.

ROBERT BARCLAY'S LECTURE.

In connection with the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, which closed on the 29th of May, we may note that Mr. Robert Barclay delivered a lecture, "On the Position occupied by the Society of Friends during the last Sixty Years, in relation to the Spread of the Gospel," to an audience of over 300 of the most active and influential members of the Society. He dwelt first upon the vast increase of the population in large towns during the last half century, and the deplorable extent to which it had outstripped the appliances for religious teaching which the towns possessed, and stated that attendance at a place of worship in most of our large towns and manufacturing counties was diminishing relatively to the increase of the population. He stated that the Society of Friends was now principally located in the large towns, and that therefore it was a matter which especially claimed their attention as a religious body. He then showed by statistics how little had been done by Friends to add to the number of those who attend a place of worship and to diminish the godless population of our large towns, and that this could only be done effectively by the organization of a Christian church; that although individual efforts of a private character were very praiseworthy, and did much for the cause of Christ, yet unless they were moulded into and attached to churches, they were never self-supporting, nor did the plant propagate its species. He urged with great earnestness upon the body to which he belonged to take the matter up *as a church*, and establish a simple and effective organization, which should, in accordance with their well-known views, admit of a more free development of their gifts of grace as a church, and at the same time apply and direct them into appropriate channels, and argued that the same power which the Society of Friends is acknowledged to wield in philanthropic enterprises would tell greatly on the cause of the gospel among our degraded population, who belong to no church, and go to no Christian place of worship. He stated that the number of scholars in their Sunday schools was 11,000, and that 1000 of their members, out of about 16,000, were occupied as Sunday-school teachers; that they had certainly not less than 2500 to 3000 adults under religious teaching, and that the attenders of their

meetings were increasing, and that the decrease of their body appeared now to be arrested. He ascribed this diminution to the operation of the severe penal laws of the Society of Friends against marrying those of other religious denominations, (which have now become a dead letter), and the want of a healthy and rapid increase to the absence of proper organization for the instruction and subsequent reception of attenders of their meetings into membership. Mr. John Pease, of Darlington, the chairman, expressed his general concurrence with the views of Mr. Barclay, and remarked upon the somewhat desultory character of their gospel labors, and that the result of gospel preaching should be the founding of churches. Mr. Jonathan Grubb, of Sudbury, who is well known to the Christian public as an earnest gospel minister, said that their practice of supporting their own poor deterred instead of attracted the independent poor. This lecture excited considerable interest. We trust it will lead the Society of Friends to press forward in a path in which they have begun to distinguish themselves, and one which every other Church will rejoice to see them take up in earnest.

LITTLE THINGS IN RELIGIOUS LIFE.

Little words, not eloquent speeches nor sermons; little deeds, not miracles nor battles, nor one great act or mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam, "that go softly" on their meek mission of refreshment, not "the waters of rivers, great and mighty, rushing down in torrent noise and force, are the true symbols of a holy life."

The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of self and of the flesh, little acts of indolence or indecision, or slovenliness or cowardice, little equivocations or aberrations from high integrity, little bits of worldliness and gayety, little indifferences to the feelings or wishes of others, little outbreaks of temper and crossness, or selfishness, or vanity; the avoidance of such little things as these go far to make up at least the negative beauty of a holy life.

And then attention to the little duties of the day and hour, in public transactions, or private dealings, or family arrangements; to the little word and tones; little benevolences, or forbearances, or tendernesses; little self-denials, self-restraints, and thoughtfulness: little plans of quiet kindness and thoughtful consideration for others; punctuality, and method, and true aim, in the ordering of each day—these are the active developments of holy life, the rich and divine mosaics of which it is composed.

What makes yon green hill so beautiful? Not the out-standing peak, or stately elm, but the bright sward which clothes its slopes, composed of innumerable blades of grass. It is of small things that a great life is made up.

EXCERPTS.

The children of God are never more under His notice and most tender regard than in seasons of their deepest humiliations; never is He more intimately present with us, preparing and supporting under every operation, and directing, blessing and sanctifying every dispensation to willing, humbled and subjected souls, than in such seasons of apparent desertion. Thus He is carrying on His own work, though we see it not. Be not discouraged, nor sink under the present exercise; neither murmur, as some of old murmured, nor think the Lord delayeth His coming, but endeavor all in thy power to centre in perfect resignation to the will of God, and then assuredly all things will work together for thy good and for thy additional preparation to glorify His Holy Name.

My heart was humbled yesterday, my beloved friend, in being permitted to mingle a little in sympathy with thee; and it is now humbled in attempting thus to offer the language of encouragement, feeling as I do very unworthy of realizing, even in a small degree, the flow of that feeling, which we both know is not at our command. There is also a fear which always attends my mind, in attempting to speak of that which is not *fully* matter of experience, lest I should merely be repeating what I have learned from others, and which, though true in itself, may, coming from me, be unaccompanied with life. Yet in the recollection that where the feeling of love predominates, and no desire for self-exaltation felt, there can be little danger of going far astray, I have felt *more* than willing to express what has occurred to me, earnestly desiring that thou wilt give it no place except as it may carry conviction to thy own mind. There is perhaps no comparison in Scripture more frequent than that in which the Christian is represented as treading a path, in which there are many stages of advancement; in the early stages of this progress, there seems to be a necessity that the evidence attending the Divine requirings should be strong enough to overcome the repugnance that is felt to entering on a path that is new and untried. But as we advance in the experience that requisitions of the Lord simply followed always lead to peace, there is then a necessity that loving and watching for His appearing,

we should be prepared to obey his gentlest intimations, without desiring, like the doubting disciple Thomas, to place the fingers in the very prints of the nails. We may recollect that this state of mind, which required strong evidence, was not despised nor rejected by the blessed Master, for he condescended to it, and granted the evidence desired; but that it was a low state compared to that to which he was leading his followers, is evident from his expressions: "Because thou hast *seen*, thou hast believed, but blessed are they who, not having seen, have believed." That thou art called to this more advanced state, I have no doubt, for are we not all called to it? Therefore be of good cheer, He in whom is thy trust, will also be thy exceeding great reward.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 1, 1868.

"CANNOT WE ASSIST EACH OTHER IN OUR PILGRIMAGE?"—This appeal, contained in a letter from a Western Friend, seems to be uttered in the same spirit which in the apostolic days asked for help in Macedonia; and it leads us to endeavor, according to our ability, to respond to the request to answer through the Intelligencer the query, whether we believe "the Lamb of God which takes away the sins of the world to be a person or a principle?" If we accept the testimony of the blessed Jesus as recorded in the 5th and 6th chapters of John, we think there can be no doubt respecting the spiritual meaning of this text. His words, which were *spirit* and *life*, are so full in relation to the power that dwelt in the body which had been prepared for him, in which to do the will of the Father, and they so clearly assert that the "flesh profits nothing," that we can but marvel that a question should have arisen respecting it. In reference to himself as a man, Jesus said, "I can of mine own self do nothing—as I hear, I judge—and my judgment is just because I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me." John v. 30. In personating Christ, the power, his language was, "I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." John vi. 51. When the disciples murmured because of this "hard saying," he queried, "Doth this offend you?" "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." John vi. 63. Had these "sayings" continued to be spiritually interpreted by Christian professors, the Church might have been preserved from being as we now see it, broken into fragments, each part claiming to be the true and living representative of the truth.

We hesitate not to acknowledge that we believe "the Lamb that takes away the sins of the world" to be the power of God or life of Christ revealed in man. He who is oppressed with a sense of guilt—with a weight of transgression—has but to accept the gracious invitation to come to the Lord and reason with Him, in order to understand who or what this "Lamb is that takes away the sins of the world." Surely it is that which removes the stains from the soul, even though they be as the scarlet or crimson dye, and makes it white as wool or snow. This power is also figuratively spoken of as a "refiner with fire," and a "fuller with soap." It dwelt in fulness in the person of the pure and holy Jesus, and endowed him with ability to open the blind eye, to unstop the deaf ear, to cleanse the leper and to perform the many mighty works which were wrought by him. It enabled him to lay down his life in sweet and gentle submission for the blessed cause which he came to promote. And in the hour of agony, so far from alluding to his crucifixion as the *means* of appeasing the wrath of an offended God, he petitioned the Father to forgive the perpetrators of the wicked deed—for they knew not what they did. That the above doctrine was held and advocated by early Friends their writings abundantly prove. Whatever may have been their views respecting the material blood shed upon Mount Calvary, it is evident they did not consider it the *atoning power* by which man was to be redeemed.

Their language is susceptible in many instances of a twofold meaning, and we think it would be unjust, where this is the case, not to accept it in harmony with the much which is not ambiguous. George Fox, "on

one occasion when a great meeting was held in which the religious professors were speaking of the blood of Christ, said: 'I saw through the immediate opening of the invisible spirit the blood of Christ, and I cried out among them, do ye not see the blood of Christ? see it in your hearts to sprinkle your hearts and consciences from dead works to serve the living God. For I saw the blood of the new covenant how it comes into the heart.' This, he says, 'startled the professors, who would have the blood only without them and not in them.'"* Much might be quoted of a similar character to prove G. Fox's consistency in adhering to the doctrine of the "internal Light" as the medium of man's salvation, but it is not our purpose to extend these remarks further than is necessary to answer in a simple form the interrogations of our correspondent. Many who not only call themselves Friends, but who claim an exclusive right to that title, have so far departed from the fundamental principle of the Society as established by our forefathers, that the Light which was their guiding star, is well-nigh obscured by the more popular theology of original sin and a vicarious offering. Such, not unfrequently indulge in serious reflections upon their brethren who deem these views not only at variance with those for which our early Friends suffered imprisonment and death, but with the religion promulgated by Him who "came to bear witness to the truth." Throughout the teachings of Jesus as recorded in the New Testament, obedience to the divine will, with purity of heart, is made the basis of acceptance with "the Father." "Whoso heareth these sayings of mine and *doeth* them, I will liken him unto a wise man who built his house upon a rock," &c. "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." In the parables of the lost sheep, the pieces of silver and the prodigal son, the mercy of the heavenly Father is illustrated in so simple a manner that he who runs may read. Early Friends, perceiving the spirituality of the religion of Jesus Christ, were earnest in their appeals to their fellow men, to heed the "still small voice," the teachings of the spirit of truth, which should lead and guide into all truth. We, as their successors in faith, rely upon the sanctifying baptisms of the Holy Spirit for our redemption. The blood of the Lamb," through which "the robes of the saints are made white," we can accept as no other than the vivifying power of God in the soul, which is Christ the Saviour—the Redeemer. To this ever-present Saviour we look for help in seasons of trial and temptation, and trust in His mercy who has said "*my grace is sufficient for thee.*"

*Janney's History of Friends.

We have recently published extracts from the proceedings of London Yearly Meeting, from which it appears that the doctrinal differences which have long existed in that body are becoming more apparent.

In the present number will be found some remarks from a country correspondent of the British Friend of this Truth which we publish. The sentiments contained therein are deserving of consideration from all who profess the name of Friends, and we would commend them to the notice of our readers.

MARRIED, on Third day,, 19th of Fifth month, 1868, according to the order of the religious Society of Friends, WILLIAM, son of Jesse and Elizabeth Webster, (the latter deceased,) of Sadsbury Township, Lancaster Co., to ELIZABETH D., daughter of Joseph and Sarah Haines, all of Sadsbury Monthly Meeting.

DIED, on the 7th of Seventh mo., 1868, JOSHUA B., eldest son of Joshua and Phebe Sutton, of Brooklyn, L.I., in the 39th year of his age. He was a member of the Monthly Meeting of New York. During his illness, which he bore with placid resignation, he left the pleasant assurance that death had no terrors to him, that our loss would be his gain, and that he ever experienced the most satisfactory feelings amidst the quietness of his own meeting. Thus star by star declines, till all have passed away.

"Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While Heaven and earth combine to say,
How *blest* the righteous when he dies."

——, suddenly, on the morning of the 19th ult., ALBERT S., infant son of Amos and Rachel W. Hillborn, members of Race St. Monthly Meeting, Phila.

——, after a lingering illness, on the 3d of Sixth month, 1868, at Medford, Burlington Co., N. J., MARY A., wife of Joseph Hornor, in the 66th year of her age; a member of Medford Monthly Meeting.

——, at her residence in Philadelphia, on Third-day, 21st ult., MARY, widow of the late John Lamb, in her 81st year.

CONTRIBUTIONS OF A COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT.

It must, I think, be evident to those who are watching the "signs of the times" within our Society, and especially to those who attended the late Yearly Meeting, that whether or not diversity of religious view and feeling is increasing among us, the differences are at all events coming more to the surface, and making themselves heard and felt. This must go on even more rapidly during the next few years. No advantage will be gained by disguising the fact that these differences do exist, and must be met, and the more earnestly and straightforwardly the better. It is not as if they were confined to comparatively minor matters of arrangement and practice, or even to the right mode of carrying out certain testimonies in which all unite at heart. Their root lies deeper, and affects what some would consider the essentials and the foundation of the Christian faith.

The time seems to have come when these things will force themselves upon the attention of our Society, in a way they have not done for many years, if ever before. The spirit and the way in which we approach their consideration are of vital importance.

There are some striking remarks in a very nice spirited article in the last number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, entitled, "The first Sunday in Lent." The scene is in Paris, and the writer says:—"Nevertheless, speaking of idolatries, I think we somewhat misjudge our Catholic brethren on this head, even, as on the opposite side, we often greatly misstate the faith of some others. In both cases we take for granted not what they *say* they believe, but what we *think* they believe, and judge them less by their real creed, than by our presumed interpretation of it." This will apply to religious controversies, almost without exception, in every age of the world, even including some at least of those who have agitated our own Society.

It is of the utmost importance, in reference to the differences among ourselves, that we should endeavor as much as possible to realize the points of view of those who differ from us; vigilantly repressing all tendency to party or personal feeling, let us refuse to entertain doubts of the sincerity and honesty of those from whom we seem to be farthest apart. We should remember that the sins against which churches have been most zealous, and of which they have been most intolerant—"heresy" and false doctrine—are not those which lie under the greatest condemnation in the New Testament, and which, if we take our standard from it, are of little importance compared with that practical life of love towards God and our fellowmen, which brings forth fruit in this world, and in that which is to come.

Supposing, thererefore, I am one of those who are considered by some to have virtually forsaken the distinguishing faith of our forefathers, and am called "evangelical," let me not be angry with those who thus accuse me, nor call them hard names, even though some of them seem to me to be treading on very dangerous ground, and appear to disparage landmarks which I prize most highly, and which seem essential to *my* religious life. If, on the other hand, I sympathize with those who believe the Society of Friends has not kept pace with the advancing spirit of the times, and imagine there is danger of the assumption of undue church authority over what are deemed my unsound opinions, let me endeavor to exercise patience and charity, even under what may sometimes seem almost like persecution. Or if I belong to that smaller number who do not take any encouragement from the present state of things, but lament over the deadness and desolateness all round, and look upon all the external and internal changes in our Society during the present generation as evidence of declension from first principles, let me guard against that spirit of religious exclusiveness which is, I believe, the peculiar temptation of this class of mind, and which finds it exceedingly difficult to recognize or appreciate what may very closely harmonize with its own feelings, if not clothed in precisely the same dress, and presented in the same form.

It is not to be expected that we shall be able to agree in all points, or see eye to eye even on important matters; for I do not believe that it is intended we should do so, or that it would be good for us. But, if we act upon the principles that have been indicated, we shall be entirely preserved from that religious denunciation in reference to matters of faith and doctrine, a little of which I have been much pained to hear in the Yearly Meeting, and to see in print. If this is the case, then to whatever results the existing controversies may lead, there will be no infraction of that love which should unite all, without which the soul cannot truly live, and which is of infinitely more importance than mere soundness of views. It is not that spiritual truth or an enlightened faith is of little value, but if our differences on these matters lead to feelings of bitterness towards each other, we may be sure there is something wrong, and that we are sacrificing things of first to those which are of secondary importance.

By way of conclusion, I will quote from the article referred to at the commencement, a beautiful testimony in favor of our meet-

ings for worship: "High mass possesses in common with its opposite pole the Quaker service, one great merit, it leaves one very much to oneself. How many a time in English or Scotch churches has one not longed to go into a Friends' meeting-house, and sit there dead silent, with every one else mercifully silent likewise, for the whole two hours."

6th month 23d. C. C.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

No. 17.

Our schools are now all closed for the summer season, giving to our teachers an opportunity for a little relaxation, which they greatly need and richly deserve. Who amongst us who read their interesting and sometimes touching narrations, would be willing to undergo the same privations, and "go and do likewise?"

The following extracts from letters recently received will show them faithful to the last, and the anxiety they and their pupils feel to have our schools reopened. It may be as well to remark here that the Education Committee has decided to reopen and continue for a few months *eleven* of the schools. Though something of a risk in a pecuniary point of view, the Committee has faith to believe that Friends *will* sustain them.

Cornelia Hancock writes from *Mount Pleasant, S. C.:* "As we have not heard from you, I feel encouraged to believe our schools will not have to be closed as soon as was anticipated, and would like to know if you feel yourselves justified in continuing them longer. We have had deluging rains this month (*Sixth*), which has impaired our averages somewhat. It also makes the grass grow so fast amongst the cotton, that it is a temptation to parents to keep their children at home to pull it out; but, be it said to their credit, they manage not to trespass upon their allotted *five days* per month."

Mary A. Taylor, also at *Mt. Pleasant*, in alluding to the altered state of feeling existing amongst the *freedmen* in reference to our national holiday, which was just then approaching, remarks:

"I do not think the Southerners will show themselves much, but the colored people are making great preparations; they tell us it is *the one great day* for them in Charleston. Many of them have been saving up their small change for weeks, so they can spend liberally on that day." Notwithstanding the many things constantly transpiring in the summer to prevent a regular attendance, our three South Carolina schools show an excellent average attendance,—this one averaging 35 out of 40 on the roll.

Isabella Lenair, the colored teacher having charge of the primary school at this place, continues to give satisfaction. Although she has *forty-five* pupils between six and sixteen years of age, she has but *nine* in the alphabet, while *thirty-six read, twenty-five are in arithmetic*, and *thirty* write. She thus contrasts the condition of things with what they were formerly.

"In my younger days I used to teach school when I could get the chance so to do. The laws of Charleston, where I then lived, were so hard on my race that I had to hide to teach the children, and have spies out to give a signal at the approach of a white person. But I thank God that he has opened a way by which all my race may get instruction without molestation."

Catharine E. Hall writes from *Vienna:*

"Thee asks if the colored people are interested in education. I think they are as much so as such poverty-stricken people can be interested in anything. They are *very* poor,—so poor that it is only by the strictest economy they can support their families. The men receive *ten dollars* per month for laboring as farm hands, but that is a small sum towards feeding and clothing their children. They are grateful, very grateful for what you have done for them, and when I have spoken to them about aiding in some measure to sustain the school, lest it be discontinued, they said, '*We must not let our school go down.*' *I do hope* the benevolent people of the North may not 'weary of well-doing,' but keep their hearts open to *pity*, and purses to *help* this race, so dependent *now*, but who, sometime in the far future, will doubly repay their helpers. It may be many, many years before we reap our reward, but if *patrons* share the faith of *teachers*, and believe that 'bread cast upon the waters' will come to us again, they will be tireless in their efforts to accomplish much more. I have received many papers from members of the Association, for which I thank you; and there is another thing for which I also wish to thank you, and that is, *for the confidence you place in your teachers*, shown by letting us alone; not binding us by rules, but allowing each one to rely upon herself. Few people of the North understand the peculiarity of a teacher's position here. There are numberless little things constantly occurring, that require a great deal of tact to settle, which can be better arranged by a judicious teacher than by those unacquainted with the habits of this people."

Mary McBride thus alludes to our decision to keep open her school, at *Fairfax Court House*, a few months longer:

"Yours of the 2d received, and read with the usual interest. The news therein con-

tained regarding the continuance of the school another term, I read to the assembled pupils. It was some time before I could command order again, they were so delighted; nor did I try very hard,—I thought they had cause for a little jubilee. The news was very unexpected to them, as they had made up their minds '*for the worst*,' as they termed it.

"The freedmen here are hired by rebels, who do not pay their wages until it suits them; and with some, pay-day never comes."

ISADORE BRINKERHOFF, at *Herndon Station*, states that "the scholars are progressing rapidly in all their studies," and anticipates that "in the fall and winter the school house will be full. How encouraging it is for a teacher to have a full house, and each scholar intent on his lesson!"

From SARAH E. LLOYD, at *Woodlawn*, no letter has been received very recently, but her report for *Fifth* month shows that out of 34 on the roll, 31 are between 6 and 16 years of age, with *but one* in the alphabet.

DEBORAH K. SMITH, at *Gum Springs*, writes: "The patrons of my school are *very* anxious it should continue, and so am I; and as a little substantial evidence that they will do their part, I have circulated a subscription paper amongst them (which I enclose), and I think you can rely on the amounts they have placed opposite their names. Until Virginia is reconstructed, a colored school can hardly stand without some outside support."

MARY K. PERRY, at *Manassas*, alludes to her school thus:

"My scholars are progressing finely, and I do not want *this* school to go down. I have a class of three little fellows, who did not know a letter three months ago, who are now reading very well, and who spell off the book in three syllables, and seldom miss a word. I feel so sorry to leave them; they come in every few minutes with some little token of affection. They are an affectionate people, and will go to any length for one they love. I have had the pleasure of starting several schools, and have always gained their affections."

SARAH ANN STEER, at *Waterford*, gives a very pleasant account of a literary picnic her pupils and some of their friends enjoyed upon the closing of the school for the summer season. "The exercises consisted of reading compositions, reciting pieces, singing, &c., &c. * * About six o'clock I collected them in the school-room again. An essay was read, the children sang two hymns very beautifully, and after a few remarks I dismissed them. All seem very sorry to leave school. I received many earnest thanks and good wishes from the older people for my care and attention, and affectionate farewells from all. I think they appreciate the kindness of their friends at the North, and are determined to do what they can towards supporting their school."

The cheerfulness with which *all* our teachers have borne their various privations, and the determination they have manifested to see a "silver lining to every cloud," have been remarkable, and probably in no one more apparent than the author of the following quotation, whose trials have been well known to some of us:

CAROLINE THOMAS, at *Leesburg, Va.*, in alluding to a change of home forced upon her by circumstances beyond her control, writes:

"But my present abode also has its charms. I now have my bright little window, with its cheerful sunlight. Here are also my pets. A bright geranium gladdens my eyes with its cluster of red blossoms, on one side; on the other, a beautiful tall petunia, with pink flower, &c., &c.; and beside these I have a nosegay, made up of several gifts of flowers from my little sable flock. This morning, as I sat reading in my room, I heard a voice say, '*Emily, is Miss Tomit dare?*' I looked up, and there just outside stood a tiny little girl, with a spray of apple blossoms in her hand, —a morning offering to her teacher, and *so* acceptable!

"These little children coming to school of a morning with their little offerings of flowers, or a spray of box, or wild violet,—*their all*,—often remind me of the 'widow's mite,' and I sometimes 'fear I do not fully appreciate these little tokens of regard.'"

* * * * *

In thus taking leave of our faithful teachers for a season, the compiler believes he only expresses the desires of all their friends, in the heartfelt wish that the summer recess may be one of true enjoyment, and that, when the time comes for them to resume their labors, it may find them with such renewed strength and health as will enable them to carry out their arduous duties with comfort and satisfaction. Till then, and looking forward with pleasure to a renewal of our correspondence, —adieu!

J. M. ELLIS.

Philadelphia, Seventh mo. 31, 1868.

. . . I suppose there is hardly any, even the most successful worldly man, who does not again and again confess that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." There is not a man, even a rich one, who would not welcome that divine change, which, inspiring him with a faith and knowledge of the universal and perfect love of God, would enable him to bear all and to do all, in full confidence that it was for the best, because it was the will or the wish of the Great Father.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY ELLA DODGE.

Sadly by my casement musing,
In the eve's sweet twilight hour,
While brilliant orbs, their light diffusing,
Smiled in radiance from afar,
And the moon's soft, gentle glances
O'er my heart like magic wrought,
Driving off my wayward fancies,
Giving back true, earnest thought,—

By-gone years to view returning,
Like some changeful, fitful dream,
Would softly soothe my heart's deep yearning,
Then would add a livelier pain;
For those years so fraught with changes,
Traced on memory's faithful leaf,
Were full of sowing and of reaping,
Sometimes joy, and oftimes grief.

While I mused my fancy bore me
Quickly from my own weak spoils
To behold the sheaves of others,
Which at length repaid their toils;
I saw a wanderer o'er life's pathway,
Weary, fainting by the way,
With no ray of hope to guide him,
With no light to mark the day.

Not a gleam of sunshine thrilling
Through the darkness into light,
But despair his soul was filling
With the shades of darkest night.
O, the longing and the sighing
For one bright and cheering ray!
O, the wreck of fond hopes dying!
Must those hopes all fade away?

Like a ship upon the billows,
Tossed about by wind and wave—
When no eye seems near to pity,
When no arm seems strong to save—
So his bark was wildly drifted
On the ocean's depths of gloom,
When at length a hand uplifted
Called a little further on.

Yes, a pitying brother traveler
Had beheld his heart's deep pain;
He saw him drifting on the ocean,
And brought him safe to shore again.
Loving words, so fitly spoken,
Gave new courage to his heart,
While the thoughtful deeds of kindness
Bade all gloomy clouds depart.

Like a flower that at morning
Glistens 'neath the sun's bright spell,
So upon his soul the dawning
Of a sun-lit morning fell;
While the heart of him who gave it,
As he gathered up his sheaves,
Gladly sang, "O, far more blessed
Is he who gives than who receives!"

Then if you, while on life's journey,
Weary, fainting ones should meet,
Climbing where the path is thorny
To their tired, trembling feet,
O, withhold not words of comfort,
As they sadly onward move!
Sow the seeds of truth and kindness—
Yours should be the fruits of love.

Lift the yoke from off the weary,
Unbind the fetters of the slave,
Brighten every pathway dreary,
Make the weak and timid brave:
Though no flower-decked path may lead you
To the goal of high renown,
Yet in that eternal harvest
You shall reap a fadeless crown.

THE WEIGHT OF A TEAR.

A pair of scales before him—
A rich man sat and weighed
A piece of gold—a widow's all,
And unto her he said:

"Your coin is not the proper weight,
So take it back again,
Or sell it me for half its worth—
It lacks a single grain."

With tearful eye the widow said:
"Oh, weigh it, sir, once more;
I pray you be not so exact,
Nor drive me from your door."

"Why, see yourself, it's under weight;
Your tears are no avail."
The second time he tries it,
It just bears down the scale.

But little guessed that rich man,
Who held his gold so dear,
That the extra weight that bore it down
Had been the widow's tear.

Anti-Slavery Standard.

EXCESS OF READING.

This is a reading age; and, precisely because it is so reading an age, any book which is the result of profound meditation is perhaps less likely to be duly and profitably read than at any other former period. The world reads too much and too quickly to read well. When books were few, to get through one was a work of time and labor; what was written with thought was read with thought, and with a desire to extract from it as much of the materials of knowledge as possible. But, when almost every person who can spell, can and will write, what is to be done? It is difficult to know what to read, except by reading everything; and so much of the world's business is now transacted through the press, that it is necessary to know what is printed, if we desire to know what is going on. Opinion weighs with so vast a weight in the balance of events, that ideas of no value in themselves are of importance from the mere circumstance that they *are* ideas, and have a *bona-fide* existence as such anywhere out of Bedlam. The world, in consequence, gorges itself with intellectual food; and, in order to swallow the more, *bolts* it. Nothing is now read slowly, or twice over. Books are run through with no less rapidity, and scarcely leave a more durable impression than a newspaper article. It is from this, among other causes, that so few books are produced of any value. The lioness in the fable boasted that, though she produced only one at a birth, that one was a lion; but if each lion only counted for one, and each leveret for one, the advantage would all be on the side of the hare. When every unit is individually weak, it is only multitude that tells. What wonder that

the newspapers should carry all before them? A book produces hardly a greater effect than an article, and there can be three hundred and sixty-five of these in one year. He, therefore, who should and would write a book, and write it in the proper manner of writing a book, now dashes down his first hasty thoughts, or what he mistakes for thoughts, in a periodical. And the public is in the predicament of an indolent man, who cannot bring himself to apply his mind vigorously to his own affairs, and over whom, therefore, not he who speaks most wisely, but he who speaks most frequently, obtains the influence.—*J. S. Mill.*

TREASURES.—If a young person will begin and persevere in learning by heart, say four lines of good poetry every day, there will be laid up in the treasure-house of memory fourteen hundred and sixty lines in a year. So of facts, and various kinds of information. All great things are done little by little. Atoms make worlds. The greatest fortunes consist of farthings. Life is made up of moments, and a succession of well-spent moments makes a well-spent life.

THE STORY OF A PIECE OF CHALK.

(Continued from page 335.)

But the commonest objects I remember are those now often found in the chalk as well as the flint, and which are known as "Thunderbolts." These fossils, however, are individually only part of the creature to which they originally belonged. They were the solid and terminal bones of a species of "cuttle-fish." After the latter had died, and lay embedded in the chalky mud, the soft and fleshy parts decomposed, and left only the harder portions to be preserved. Sometimes the *thorns*, which were attached to the long arms of these creatures, as well as the horny portion of the beak, are also found fossilized. During my time the *Belemnites* (as these fossils are now called) swarmed the seas in millions; in fact, they were thorough scavengers, and devoured any garbage they came across—dead fish, rotting fairy loaves, &c., and even one another. Here and there, grouped in the hollows of the sea-bottom, lay nests of shells. They are commonly called "cockles," a generic term which fossil shells are always known by to those who have not made geology a study. Real *cockles*, however, had not then come into existence. There were a great many species of shells, and these abounded in every sheltered spot. Some of the fishes were covered with little enamel plates, instead of horny scales. Sharks also abounded in considerable numbers, and I have frequently been witness of the great havoc they made among the shoals of smaller fish. But by far the most gigantic sea-monster was a great marine lizard, fourteen or fifteen feet long, which had teeth implanted in its jaws like bayonets. I have seen its dark shadow pass over where I lay, and have beheld the fishes, and even the otherwise bold sharks, dart away in fear. With one or two strokes of its formidable *paddles* (for it had these instead of fins), it could glide through the water with lightning speed. But even this terrible creature had to succumb to death, and its rotting carcass sunk among the oozy chalk, and there fell to pieces, and became fossilized.

Time would fail me to tell of *all* the creatures which lived in my native sea. I remember that, after long ages had passed away, tremors were again and again felt to shake the sea-bottom. It was evident that some earthquake action was at work over a considerable area. By and by, we found the water getting shallower, and that the light came through the waves more clearly. The sea-bottom was being upraised; and at length what had formerly been ocean, became an extended mud-flat. The sea was drained off, and covered land which had sunk as ours had risen; and thus the two changed places. The up-heaval went on, and the chalk hardened into its present solid state, and became a land-surface.

Do not imagine that this upheaval was a sudden and violent process, as some have thought; on the contrary, it was exceedingly slow. The exact spot where I was born was at hundreds of yards depth of sea-water, and the upheaving process was probably not greater than at the rate of a few feet a century. From this you may form some idea of the time it took to lift me from my briny bed to the fresh air and hot sunshine. Meantime, whilst the chalk formation, of which I was an infinitesimal portion, was thus being upheaved, the sea was at work in other localities depositing strata similarly to the manner in which I had been originated. Not a single moment was idled away. The forces of nature know no Sabbath—they must toil on from the creation to the final consummation of all things! The great work of the sea, ever since the waters were divided from the dry land, has been to lay the foundations of future continents, and even mountain-chains. Her own barriers have thus been erected by herself, and then as slowly frittered away in order to establish them elsewhere. Geologically speaking, a "new earth" is always being formed! The old one is gradually altered, particle by particle, just as the human body changes its physiological structure, and yet retains its own individuality.

When I did appear above the surface of the sea, it was to form part of an extensive

chalky mud-flat. Far as the eye could see, this monotonous landscape stretched away. Here and there an arm of the sea extended, as if old Neptune were loath to quit his sway, and to see his recent territory possessed by his rival Tellus. The pasty mud hardened on the surface in the hot sunshine (for the latitude of what is now Great Britain then enjoyed a sub-tropical climate), and cracked into huge dikes, which the wear and tear of the atmosphere again filled up. The upheaval still proceeded, until at length, after century upon century had passed away, the solid chalk was lifted high enough above the waves to form a tolerably steep coast-line.

For a long time, the hardened, *new born* chalk was perfectly bare. There was neither soil nor vegetation upon it, It extended in an undulating area, just as the sea-currents had carved it. for hundreds of miles. Wind and rain at length formed a light, chalky mould, which was rendered somewhat sandy by the admixture of flints that had been broken up and pounded into dust. Sea-birds, such as the *albatross*, lived in the adjoining sea, and for centuries the chalk surface served them as a refuge from the storm, and to build their nests upon. Their excrements, together with the light mould I have spoken of, laid the first foundations of soils and subsoils which covered me up. Some of the birds left undigested seeds, brought from other lands, and these took root and flourished. The wind came laden with minute spores of moss and fern, and soon thick brakes and morasses clothed the marshy places with cheerful green. An occasional palm-nut was stranded upon the beach, where it grew, and shortly afterwards bore fruit, that spread itself in huge palm forests over an area which a few centuries before, had been nothing but an extensive and barren chalk-flat. In this manner a sub-tropical vegetation covered up the chalk of which I formed part. It has not taken me long to tell, in a general way, of the changes which were thus wrought, but it required thousands of years to produce them. After the upheaval had continued for a long time, it suddenly ceased, and the chalky continent with its wealth of virgin forests and innumerable inhabitants, remained at rest. But the ordinary physical laws of nature were in operation just as they are now. I ought to have told you that the chalk continent extended from the west of Ireland, through Russia, as far as the coasts of what is now the Mediterranean Sea. It is also more than probable that there was a continuation of land across the Atlantic into America. Existing oceans, seas, lakes, and rivers had not then been formed. These are the results of subsequent processes, which, as may be imagined, took up scores of centuries to bring them about.

(To be concluded.)

HE SEES AND I SEE,—A boy fills his pipe, and he sees only the tobacco; but I see going into that pipe brains, books, time, health, money, prospects. The pipe is filled at last, and a light is struck; and things which are priceless are carelessly puffed away in smoke.

IMPULSE AND PRINCIPLE.

It was formerly held that in early life all persons have hearts and minds like blank sheets of paper, waiting to receive impressions from the external world. But it would seem, from the world's experience, that all young persons are possessed by many various impulses and passions, which by degrees work themselves into that enduring and consistent form which we call character. There is an inevitable tendency about each one of those passions and powers, to gravitate into some settled relation to all the others. Character is, therefore, the sum of these propensities, good or bad, which result from every action of our whole past existence, and their tendency to reproduce themselves in the future. Each one of these impulses either acquires or loses force, according to what is allowed or denied to it, and every man's future character depends on the force accorded to his various impulses. In some, appetites and passions obtain supreme power. Such are sensualists in character. With others intellect gradually obtains the supreme authority. Night and day they seek for mental food, and the whole world is digested simply in relation to the ideas—the thoughts it contains. With others, the sense of duty is supreme; its authority rises above all else—what is right, is the great motto on which they act. But none of these obtain the settled mastery suddenly, or without many back-sets. In youth, especially, they all work together, and ferment in strange confusion, but gradually settle down through habit into certain fixed relations to each other. To the formation of a settled character, every action of life, every word spoken, and every thought indulged, is daily contributing, giving to each impulse, good or bad, its force and direction.

A character, in which duty in the broadest sense is supreme, in which it subsidizes every part of the nature, so that all other impulses work harmoniously under its direction, is the most perfect type of human character. In proportion as our dispositions are daily tending to that, they are becoming more elevated, and in proportion as they fall away from this standard, we sink in the scale of being. We

know how much our daily habits change our bodily constitutions; the feeble physical frame may attain to great power, endurance and longevity, by suitable bodily cultivation; while those of robust health, originally, may degenerate and die by neglecting such daily exercises. The same is true of the intellect. It is not the men of the greatest quickness of mind that make, as a whole, the most substantial scholars. On the contrary, they often become the most flashy and empty, relying on a certain quick-witted superficiality, while many a youth of rather dull powers originally, by steady application, becomes, in the course of a few years, a man of real mental force and usefulness, whose name will live in after years, when that of the superficial genius is forgotten. And so in morals; it is not he who has the most lively and imaginative experiences, and who can talk the most glibly and weep the most copiously, that will make the best man or citizen. This very excitability of temperament often gives its possessor a fatal fluency of superficial Scripture language which deceives himself and others.

There is probably no one who has not at times some virtuous feelings or sentiments; indeed they form an essential element in man's nature, but with the more perfect character, these feelings are cherished, cultivated and trained into settled principles, regulated and strengthened, until they become the supreme and ruling motive of a new life, operating and producing fruit. We should, then, live in the constant remembrance that each action is contributing to the formation of character, and in all our aims for ourselves or others, correct principles should guide each action. To cultivate an inward moral perception, whereby always to perceive the true line of right, is the greatest attainment of life. This is like the golden thread in the fabled bower of fair Rosamond, conducting all who follow it safely through the labyrinths and complexities of life.—*Ledger.*

If all unkind and unjust words were arrows, like needles and pins, and if instead of piercing the ear and then the heart, they flew against the bodies of those to whom they were directed, the children in some families would be like pin-cushions stuck completely full of sharp and painful weapons."

ITEMS.

The blacks of Jamaica have, in little over a quarter of a century, acquired property amounting in value to over ten millions of dollars. This fact speaks volumes in favor of their industry and thrift, especially as their property consists mainly of houses and lands. Very happy results have followed the change of rulers and the recall of ex-Governor Eyre.

The San Francisco papers are urging the necessity of extending the protection of the laws to the Chinese immigrants who have settled among them, with a view to cultivating friendly relations and promoting commerce with the Chinese Empire. Hitherto the Chinese, who are among the most peaceable, industrious and harmless portion of the population of California, have been treated with utter brutality by the coarser portion of the people, and have been virtually denied the protection of the laws. There about 60,000 Chinese on the Pacific coast.

The Union Pacific Railroad is being built more rapidly this year than ever. Six hundred and forty miles are now in running order, and a hundred miles more are nearly ready for the track. Brigham Young has five thousand men at work in Utah, and says he is not afraid of the Gentiles. It is probable that the locomotive will go through to the Pacific in 1869 instead of 1870, and will carry along with it an immense train of passengers and freight, now awaiting the happy event.

Copper, according to Professor Hitchcock, of Amherst College, is very plentiful in New Hampshire. At a lecture delivered at Concord, N. H., he asserted that there was copper enough in Gardner's Mountain, in that State, to supply the United States for two hundred years, the vein being five miles long, and five hundred feet in depth.

The Metrical System was not generally accepted in France until after the old and familiar names were applied to the new measures that most nearly approximated to them. The North German Parliament has wisely determined to avoid this difficulty, and has adopted a German as well as a scientific nomenclature for their metrical system, which will go into operation in 1872. Thus the metre is to be called the stab (staff); the centimetre, neuzoll (new inch); the millmetre, the strice (line); the decametre, the kette (chain); the litre, the kanne (can); the half kilogramme, the pfund (pound); and so on of the rest.

As many persons are from necessity compelled to labor in the sun, thereby subjecting themselves to the risk of being sunstruck, they will find not only comfort but safety in the use of a wet handkerchief or towel placed on the top of the head. Try it. It is an almost certain preventive of sunstroke.

Flies.—The naturalist recognizes many hundreds of flies in this country, but in our household economy we reduce them mainly to three sorts: House flies, biting flies and blue-bottle or blow flies. The latter is readily distinguished; the two former are, however, frequently confounded, although easily known apart by an acute observer. They may, however, always be identified at a glance by the position they assume on a wall. A common house fly almost invariably rests with its head downwards, and however it may alight, works its way around until this direction is assumed. The biting flies, on the contrary, as universally rest with the head pointing upwards, acting in this respect, precisely like the mosquito, equally blood-thirsty with itself. This observation, which, we believe, has not been in print before, was first made by a Russian serf. The brother of an eminent foreign entomologist, now residing in the United States, observed the man in question killing some of the flies on a wall of his hut, without disturbing others, and, on being questioned, he gave as a reason that those with the heads up were "biters," and the others were not. A careful examination of the facts by the entomologist himself, proved the accuracy of the generalization thus made by an ignorant but observant peasant.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 8, 1868. No. 23.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for entire Club. Single Nos. 6 cts
REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.
The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.
AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
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SLAVERY.

The position taken by the Society of Friends against a participation in the great wrong of human slavery, rests upon the broad ground that man *has no right* to make of his fellow-man a *chattel personal.*

The Christian feeling cannot acknowledge *the right of property in man*, for, "though our brother be guilty of a skin not colored like our own," he is a being, accountable like ourselves, and equally endowed by the Universal Parent and great Former of us all, with rational powers.

That one thus endowed, should be degraded to a level with the brute creation, made as a beast of burden, and deprived even of the ownership of his own body, is a direct violation of truth's testimony against *oppression;* this testimony a Christian must sustain, if he obeys the injunction, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

The Scripture record is sometimes quoted to prove that the holding of slaves was sanctioned under the Mosaic dispensation; but admitting such was the case, the condition of the Hebrew servant was very different from that of the enslaved African. The seventh year was to the Hebrew a year of release, when he was sent out free; then he was not to go empty away, for he was liberally to be furnished out of the flock, and out of the floor, and of that wherewith the Lord had blessed them they were to give unto him. The Mosaic law expressly declares, "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee: He shall dwell with thee, even among you in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates where it liketh him best: thou shalt not oppress him."

How different with the son of a bondwoman in this age of the world? He is a bondman according to legal enactment *all the days of his natural life:* his health, his happiness, subject to the control of another; he is denied the power of improving or elevating himself, and if he escape from his master he is hunted and returned at the point of the bayonet. While these things are so, can we as Christians expect to escape the condemnation, "inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me?"

John Woolman, one of the worthies of the 18th century, was one of the pioneers in the great cause of emancipation. Previous to his day, our members held slaves. His attention was arrested and called to an examination of the subject by the immediate workings of the Spirit of Truth, and yielding to the blessed and sanctifying operations of this redeeming principle, he was enabled not only to wash his own hands clean from a participation in this gross evil, but he was qualified to labor availingly with those in profession

with him, until they also were gradually prepared to stand separate from it; so that now, no one can have a right of membership in the religious Society of Friends who holds *ownership in man*. In acting out, through the practice of daily life, the great Christian injunction of doing as we would be done unto, and in obedience also to the positive command, "Be ye not partakers of other men's sins," there are many who cannot indulge in the fruit of the labor of the slave. Were there no market for such produce, the inducements to hold the laborer in unpaid servitude would be so lessened, that we may reasonably believe the shackles would soon fall from this now greatly oppressed people.

If, in any measure, we are accessory in using our neighbor's service without wages, and giving him nought for his work, we cannot expect to receive the blessing promised to them "that keep judgment," and to him "that doeth righteousness at all times."

We append to this essay the following extract from our discipline:—

"It appears to have been the concern of this meeting, revived from time to time with increasing weight, to testify their entire disunity with the practice of enslaving mankind; and particularly to guard all in membership with us, against being concerned in the purchase of slaves from the coast of Africa. Yet, as we have, with sorrow, to observe that in some parts of our country this shameful practice is still continued and connived at, we think it proper to revive the advices heretofore issued, and again exhort our members *to be no way accessory* to this enormous national evil, but to discourage it by all the justifiable means in their power: it being obvious that wherever it prevails, it tends to corrupt the morals of the people, so as not only to render them obnoxious to the displeasure of the Almighty, but deaf to his warnings, and insensible and regardless of his impending judgments."

OATHS.

The testimony *for truth*, and *against swearing*, rests upon a broad basis.

If we "speak every man the truth to his neighbor," where will there be room found for oaths? And where truth dwells not in the heart, how can the taking of an oath induce confidence?

When we examine the principle on which the precepts or laws of the gospel of Christ are founded, and compare them with those which are cognizable in many of the precepts or laws of Moses, given to the Jews, we may perceive how greatly in advance are those of the gospel.

"Ye have heard it has been said, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thine oaths. But I say unto you, swear not at all." Thus, we see that while *false* swearing was forbidden by Moses, *all* swearing is forbidden by Jesus. The teachings of Moses have been superseded by the ushering in of the gospel dispensation, under which the command is "Swear not at all, but let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay." This is a positive requirement, and cannot be disregarded by the professed followers of the great Lawgiver, without incurring the application of His reproving language—"Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

The apostle James also gives his testimony against swearing; and the Society of Friends testify against it as an antichristian practice, that should not be found among a people professing the name of Christ. We believe nothing can be added to a simple, truthful assertion, that will make the testimony of greater force: for nothing can add value to truth.

Perhaps no testimony borne by the Society of Friends has been more opposed by a corrupt worldly spirit, and consequently been a source of more suffering to its faithful supporters, than the testimony *to truth*, as it stands in the simple Scriptural language, yea and nay.

The time of the rise of this Society was a period of great civil commotion, when the oaths of allegiance and supremacy could be legally tendered to any man. Thus, when our friends stood forth in the advocacy of *a free gospel ministry*, their testimony against oaths was made, by a mercenary priesthood, a pretext for much abuse. When George Fox and others, whose doctrines were offensive to the priests, were arraigned before those then in power, and no other valid ground of commitment being found upon which they could be deprived of liberty, it was very common to tender them the oath of allegiance. This was done with the knowledge, on the part of their persecutors, that they could not conscientiously take it; and thus very many were summarily sent to loathsome prisons, the commitment resulting in some cases in death.

On one occasion, when they were brought to trial, and the oath tendered to them, they answered thus: "We do not deny to swear because of any guilt that is upon us, but in obedience to the command of Christ, who saith, 'Swear not at all,'—and *we will not come under the condemnation of an oath, for the liberty of the outward man.*" *

The acknowledgment of the superiority of speaking the truth to swearing, was not first made by the Society of Friends. Polybius

* Sewel.

said, "The use of oaths in judgment, was rare *among the ancients;* but by the growing of perfidiousness, so grew also the use of oaths."

Thus, it is very apparent that oaths took their beginning from the want of truth, and were only called in as helps, when the people had ceased to speak every man the truth to his neighbor,

"Every practical believer in the teachings of the gospel, will manifest that he is governed by the spirit of Christ; and from the principle of truth in the heart, he is under far stronger obligations to speak the truth on all occasions, than all the penalties of perjury, or the supposed sanctity of oaths, can possibly produce."*

DRESS.

"No *peculiar form* of dress has ever been prescribed by the Society of Friends. The first members of the Society wore the dress then common among serious and religious people in England, and it was much more simple than that worn in fashionable society; and when, in the reign of Charles II., the nation became infected with that passion for gaudy and extravagant apparel which distinguished his court, the Friends still adhered to their plain and simple costume, and thus became peculiar by refusing to follow the changing fashions of the world. They maintained that the only proper objects of dress were decency and comfort, and that useless ornament and gaudy apparel are inconsistent with the Christian profession."†

The foregoing extract is given to show that the testimony of the "Society of Friends" is a testimony to *simplicity* and *moderation*—a non-conformity to the changing fashions of the world, rather than a conformity to any peculiar form or color.

Dress, considered in itself, would seem to be of small moment, but viewed in relation to our highest interests it becomes important. The tyranny of fashion is so powerful that considerations of health, convenience, and propriety all bow before it; and this sway is exerted not alone upon the vain and thoughtless, but even upon the intelligent and sedate, who, while they despise the tyranny, yield themselves to it. Surely the emancipation of the mind from such a thraldom is not unworthy of the exertion of our highest powers.

It need not then surprise us, particularly when we consider how much *time*, *thought*, and *means* are spent in the adornment of the person, that the first requirements of the newly-awakened mind very often have reference to dress: and when the inquiry of the humbled spirit is, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" there is sometimes unfolded to view the discipline requisite for a growth in the truth. If a vain spirit has had the ascendancy, it may be needful that the superfluous adornments of the person be laid aside, and a simple attire be adopted; and the experience of many will bear witness that, in yielding to the impressions of duty on this point, the bondage imposed by fashion and custom has been broken, and the once shackled thoughts and affections set free.

In this state of experience a seasonable watchword may be found in the ancient injunction, "See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount," and the young traveller will find safety in adhering to it, although that "pattern" may differ from the apparel of those who are considered consistent members of the religious community.

When William Penn was convinced of the principles of "Friends," and became a frequent attender of their meetings, he did not immediately relinquish his gay apparel; it is even said that he wore a sword, as was then customary among men of rank and fashion.

Being one day in company with George Fox, he asked his advice concerning it, saying that he might perhaps appear singular among Friends. George Fox answered, "I advise thee to wear it as long as thou canst." Not long after this, they met again, when William had no sword, and George said to him, "William where is thy sword?" "Oh," said he, "I have taken thy advice; I wore it as long as I could."

"This anecdote, derived from reliable tradition, seems to be characteristic of the man and the times. It shows that the primitive Friends preferred that their proselytes should be led by the principle of divine truth in their own minds, rather than follow the opinions of others without sufficient evidence."

"It must have been manifest to George Fox, that his young friend, while expressing his uneasiness (and asking his advice) about his sword, was under the influence of religious impressions, that would, if attended to, lead him not only into purity of life, but likewise into that simplicity of apparel which becomes the disciples of a self-denying Saviour."*

The consistency of an *inexpensive* and *simple* costume with a life of practical righteousness must be so apparent, that it would seem *no other* reason need be urged for its adoption by those who make a profession of religion. But we must not confound this "fruit of the spirit" with *that form of dress* which custom has made peculiar to us as a people; because

*J. Comly.

†Janney's Life of Penn.

*Janney's Penn, Chapter 3d.

in so doing we set up an outward standard which cannot be applicable to every mind, and may throw a serious obstacle in the way of those who have not felt it incumbent upon them to adopt a *peculiar garb*, and yet have been called to renounce the gaieties of fashionable life.

A simple attention to the revealings of the "*light within*," in a matter of apparently so little importance as the raiment in which we are clothed, will bring glory to the great Name. Every act of obedience to the divine law is an acknowledgment of our loyalty to the King of kings and Lord of lords.

The testimony to simplicity has not been exclusively confined to the Society of Friends. The example of some of the early Christians gives evidence of their belief in the necessity of *showing through externals* the power of Christianity to redeem from the vain fashions of the world. "Tis not enough," says Tertullian, "that a Christian *be* chaste and modest, but he must *appear to be so*—a virtue of which he should have such great store and treasure, that it ought to flow from his mind upon his habit, and break forth from the retirement of his conscience into the superficies of his life."

THE QUIET-SPIRIT GRACES.

It has been said that the more a common daisy is examined, the more interesting does this simple, starry flower become; since in its little circle there are multitudes of perfect flowers each with its own organization, and in every stalk, leaf, and tiny seed, there are wonderfully contrived tissues, and beautifully adapted mechanisms, which add to the pleasant associations that cluster round this modest plant. Many a quiet life of unobtrusive devotion to God's cause presents a like subject for marvel. It is gratifying, in reading the biography of a godly man, to find as we proceed, new beauties developing in his character, and that, as the life matures, the mental and spiritual characteristics shine forth brighter and brighter. The graces of a quiet spirit are precisely those that bear the test of analysis; and what gives such zest to our interest in biographies of the great and good, is the ever-increasing delight we find in tracing the workings and the power of God's indwelling grace.

COMPENSATIONS OF THE SICK ROOM.

BY J. WARE.

It would be worth our while to trace, amidst the desolations which disease creates, the footsteps of that mercy which descends to repair them. We do not admit to our minds freely enough the lights which might gild, if they could not dissipate, the clouds which brood over them. God forbid that we should represent as less than they are the sorrows of the sick. They can hardly be spoken of unreservedly to the healthy and happy, without the semblance of exaggeration. But they who will enter the dark retreats which cover them, may know for themselves what those sorrows are. Others cannot know by being told. Yet sternly, terribly, as the evils in the prison-house of the victim to disease may frown upon us, there are good angels among them, whom having seen, we remember forever with inexpressible tenderness and joy.

One element among those most obvious in this sad condition, is the deep, entire, often dreary seclusion it implies. In health we range far and wide, unrestrained. Our track is on the morning dews "o'er every pleasant hill and dale;" we linger at nightfall by the murmuring brook, or the shore which echoes the moan of the sea. Nature opens for us all her springs of delight. Society awaits our coming, with other pleasures and gifts of instruction to bestow. And there are yet other resources for mind and for body, wholesome and not without their charms, in the scenes where business traffics. This free contact with a thousand varieties of outward objects and interests is replete with spiritual uses. We lose and forget ourselves in the open world. Collision brings out thoughts and feelings which had else slept within us, and the soul may be thus enriched, and is always quickened and animated. The intellectual activity receives here direction as well as impulse, and when tending to excess is conducted off through many safe channels. But with health this liberty passes away. The invalid must dwell apart where the world will not follow him. He has few severer pangs than the one which accompanies the conviction, that he is henceforth cut off from free intercourse with nature and society, and has no longer a part in the common business and amusements of life. Long will images of objects once cherished, but abandoned now, continue to haunt his waking and his sleeping hours. In his feverish dreams he resumes suspended tasks, stands at the wonted desk and writes, makes sales, calculates accounts; or he revisits favorite places, sits beneath the tree on the rock which he rested by when a child, joins the merry ring on the green sward, kneels on the hassock with his parents to pray. But he wakes to find it only a dream. He is alone in a retirement from which he can seldom, perhaps never, be withdrawn. Not his, the solitude which the scholar knows well to enliven. Happy were it so. With his aching frame and unstrung nerves, few studies could be made compatible, supposing he had the

disposition and the means to pursue them. Not his, the solitude of the artist; those are brighter and happier hours than his, which are spent with pallet, pen, or chisel in hand, however spent alone. Intelligence with him has put off its dignities, and genius has done with her creations. The hands which hang down and the feeble knees, are no more unsuitable to their wonted uses, than the higher faculties to their former employments, in their present drooping and spiritless condition. He sits, alike in pain or quietness, idle, or with varied expedients, all poor enough, to keep from seeming idle. What exertions of mind or body he puts forth are so different from those he once made, that he can find nothing in them to raise self-esteem, though they help to beguile the sorrows he must still endure. Other and yet darker incidents overshadow the picture, but we will not name them. Enough, if we have indicated what is implied in sequestration from the common paths and interests of men.

And have we any offset to all this? There is one, arising from the very circumstances that produce the evils we have adverted to. In exclusion and banishment, amidst dreariness and despondence, when heart and flesh are failing, the soul obtains a new and a more profound conviction than it ever had before of the highest truths. How does it then begin to apprehend as a reality the great presence of God! He was near in happier scenes and hours, as He is in these. But many other objects were interposed, which turned the thoughts from Him, or attracted to themselves what should have been His alone. In the captivity which has torn it away from them, it is restored to Him. God becomes to the soul then a refuge and solace, when the idols it has suffered to supplant Him have been all destroyed.

There are few situations in which man feels his relation to God, and his dependence on the Divine mercy more sensibly, than in the solitude created by a hopeless disease. The stillness necessary to the shattered frame is propitious to the holiest thoughts and emotions. The humiliations which are attendant upon infirmity and pain bring low, even into the dust before him, whatever exalteth itself against God. The helplessness, that knows not what to do nor where to look for relief, carries us to Him who is able to supply all our need. Ah! with what emphasis might a sick and dying man reiterate the exclamation, "I have heard of Thee with the hearing of the ear, but *now* mine eye seeth Thee!"

With its new sense of God, the afflicted and humbled spirit attains also a better knowledge of itself. The essential worth of a human soul is effectually taught by the process which takes all its dross away. Life in the sick-room is existence stripped of its factitious adornments, from which all pomp and pride and festal shows, the glory of man, have departed. Whatever had been fuel to vanity, is consumed in that furnace; all that was beautiful to the eye of a fond self-esteem is marred there; but beneath these is disclosed what outvies them by an infinite value. It is when man has seen all distinctions but moral ones reduced to nothing, and has learned how unavailing are riches and titles and pleasures to meet life's sorest exigence, and prepare for death's severing blow, that he begins to know in what his own worth consists. And in the penitent endeavor to repair what by the frailty of his nature and his own sinfulness has been lost of that true worth, he has a consolation which beguiles him of all that is bitter in the thought of other losses, which he wants power to make good again.

To the better knowledge of himself, and more intimate communion with God, the discipline of his peculiar lot will add, for the invalid's solace, a more adequate appreciation of his fellow-beings. They who minister to his wants, give him the daily blessing of their sympathy, and lavish their affection upon him, are understood now and valued as they deserve. His dependence upon their assistance and care for the alleviations which his suffering state admits, makes him feel how little he deserves in comparison with the much which he receives. Their sacrifices of rest and ease and enjoyment for his sake, teach him the disinterestedness which he requires to have constantly in exercise, if he would not sink from wretchedness to self-contempt and despair. How the voices penetrate us, which "whisper of peace" to our sick hearts! What a beauty is there in the smile that beams within our close apartment! How we welcome the kind ones, who come to break the long stillness of our solitary room with their pleasant words! Then are love's divinest offices made known to the soul. And to the help of our purer purposes and humbler efforts to improve the fruit of the sharp teachings of pain, comes the strong impulse which is imparted by the virtues in others which have so redounded to our good.

Yet another element in the spiritual process which is going on amidst the sorrows of sickness, is the deeper conviction obtained through them of the value of our Christian faith and hope. It is when the night of life's direst experience has fallen upon us, when the true light pours down upon a mind bewildered and fainting in an untried, unimagined way, that the Gospel proves itself

divine. "He that believeth hath," then, "the witness in himself." The conviction produced in life's best and happiest hours, cherished amidst every vicissitude, having borne the soul onward in peace "through all time of its prosperity and all time of its tribulation," remains to cheer and strengthen it in the season of desolation, decay, and death. In the methods which God employs to deepen and secure such a faith in Himself, in the Redeemer, and in immortality, the lingering agony which belongs to an invalid's experience has its place. The endurance is more than compensated by the unutterable feeling of the preciousness of those promises and hopes, which is obtained by the fiery trial.

THE SKY.

It seems to me that in the midst of the material nearness of the heavens God means us to acknowledge His own immediate presence as visiting, judging and blessing us. "The earth shook, the heavens also dropped, at the presence of God." "He doth set His bow in the cloud," and thus renews, in the sound of every drooping swathe of rain, His promises of everlasting love. "In them hath He set a *tabernacle* for the sun," whose burning ball, which without the firmament would be seen as an intolerable and scorching circle in the blackness of vacuity, is by that firmament surrounded with gorgeous service, and tempered by mediatorial ministries; by the firmament of clouds the golden pavement is spread for his chariot wheels at morning; by the firmament of clouds the temple is built for his presence to fill with light at noon; by the firmament of clouds the purple veil is closed at evening round the sanctuary of his rest; by the mists of the firmament his implacable light is divided, and its separated fierceness appeased into the soft blue that fills the depths of distance with its bloom, and the flush with which the mountains burn as they drink the overflowing of the dayspring. And in this tabernacling of the unendurable sun with men, through the shadows of the firmament, God would seem to set forth the stooping of His own majesty to men, upon the *throne* of the firmament. As the Creator of all the worlds, and the Inhabiter of eternity, we cannot behold Him; but as the Judge of the earth and the Preserver of men, those heavens are indeed His dwelling-place. "Swear not, neither by Heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is His footstool." And all those passings to and fro of fruitful shower and grateful shade, and all those visions of silver palaces built about the horizon, and voices of moaning winds and threatening thunders, and glories of colored robe and cloven ray, are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance, and distinctness, and dearness of the simple words, "Our Father, which art in Heaven."—*Ruskin.*

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

FAITH THE PRINCIPLE OF LIFE.

In a recent address delivered by Dr. Samuel Harris, President of Bowdoin College, on "Faith in the Unseen God, the energizing principle of a noble life," he gave utterance to some very striking thoughts. Among them were the following, which are worthy of thoughtful attention: The well-being of man is not found in indulgence, but in achievement. Man cannot be groomed and foddered into blessedness. He must work out his own salvation. Even in Heaven, while "they rest not day nor night, the everlasting repose of the spirits of the just made perfect is like that of the solid earth, the repose of harmonious, but intense and unceasing action. It is this radical impulse which makes it impossible for any man to rest satisfied with any good possessed; which drives him from the arbors of delight already created, to incur new risks, to endure new toils and privations, to assume new responsibilities. Jesus announces the law of *service* as that of his kingdom. 'If any man will be great among you, let him be your servant.'"

The ideas and hopes which arouse enthusiasm and heroism spring only from the unseen, and are received by faith. Thence the ideas of the true, the right, the perfect. From eternal truth we gain the principles of all existence, from eternal right the laws of all action, and from absolute perfection the ideals of all beauty and goodness. Outward goods cease to satisfy when attained. "They perish in the rising," while spiritual ideas and hopes are above the soul, and command its action and its aspirations. In striving to realize these a man finds a cause which kindles enthusiasm and heroism, gives scope to energy, and at once satisfies and ennobles the impulse to action.

The character developed by faith is that in which the soul alone attains its fulness of life, and is capable of its highest and most enduring energy. That character is *love.* It is the soul's enthusiasm to realize in itself and in society the principles of truth, the law of right, the ideal of perfection. Love is psychologically not less than ethically the perfection of being. It is the soul's life. Faith necessitates worship. Its native speech is aspiration, praise, adoration. Before the grandeurs of nature we admire or are awed, but when we discover God, in whom is perfect truth, law and goodness, admiration and awe pass into adoration, and we prostrate ourselves and worship.

Faith by the necessity of its nature becomes love. By contact with the Divine it is transformed, and returns Godlike to bless mankind, like the dew and the rain. The faith that expands itself in meditation and exhales in emotion, is spurious, and exhausts the soul in evaporation, but the love into which true faith is transformed is not a transient glow of sentimentality, but a vital force, like that in the acorn, transforming the soil, water and air into its own substance, lifting the massive oak in triumph, and yearly crowning it with leaves. Virtue is not a mere negation of sin. The moralist whose only goodness consists in *not* doing wrong, can never enter with enthusiasm into a noble act of self-sacrifice, and he whose *whole* moral energy is concentrated in abstaining from vice, will never have the heart of love from which blooms all that is lovely in the soul of man. Religion consists in loving God and man, not in simple antagonism to evil, and the love which springs from faith is the fulness of life in which the soul realizes its noblest development. In closing, President Harris addressed the class, pointing out some of the hindrances to faith in the complex civilization of the age, and exhorting them to the faith which works by love.

SILENT INFLUENCE.

Albert Barnes says: "It is the bubbling stream that flows gently; the little rivulet which runs along day and night by the farm-house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or roaring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as he pours it from the hollow of His hand; but one Niagara is enough for the continent or the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and shall flow on every day and night with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, good is to be done, but by the daily and quiet virtues of life, the Christian temper, the good qualities of relatives and friends."

Carlyle says, in a letter to a gentleman in Edinburg: "For many years it has been one of my constant regrets that no schoolmaster of mine had a knowledge of natural history, so far, at least, as to have taught me the grasses that grow by the wayside, and the little winged and wingless neighbors that are continually meeting me with a salutation which I cannot answer, as things are! Why didn't somebody teach me the constellations, too, and make me at home in the starry heavens, which are always overhead, and which I don't half know to this day? I love to prophesy that there will come a time, when not in Edinburg only, but in all Scottish and European towns and villages, the schoolmaster will be strictly required to possess these two capabilities, and that no ingenious little denizen of this universe be thenceforward debarred from his right of liberty in those two departments, and doomed to look on them as if across the grated fences all his life."

EXCERPTS.

Atlantic City.

Thou wilt hardly understand how little of the quiet so necessary to enable me to collect my thoughts and write, we have at this place. Our chamber, which has a verandah fronting on the ocean, is the rallying point for our numerous party of young folks. In fact we have a circle of friends and relatives so large, that it might seem as though we had adjourned here in a body. D. estimated that nearly one hundred met yesterday morning (First-day) in E. H.'s parlor, where we had a solemn and interesting meeting. Several Friends ministered to the different states present. The opportunity closed with a short supplication that while enjoying relaxation here, and gaining health and strength to fit us for daily duty, we might be preserved in watchfulness and suffer no spiritual loss. We had a similar meeting, though not so large, yesterday week. Our Orthodox Friends, who used to meet at E. Gurney's cottage, have, we understand, rented a room in the town, where they expect to assemble regularly while the "season" continues.

A feeling of gratitude on several accounts has been in my mind since coming here—that we have a place so easy of access, where in a few hours one can breathe an air untainted by the filth of a crowded, hot city, and that our heavenly Father has so constituted us that we tire of pleasure and relaxation even sooner than of work, and are glad to return to daily duty.

I was at the Indian Department in Washington, week before last, on business for the Indians, and was introduced by the acting Commissioner to three Nez Percé Chiefs from Idaho Territory; and thinking some incidents attending our interview may interest thee, I will relate them.

The Chiefs were in citizen's dress; the only distinction of the principal Chief was a pair of moccasons in place of laced boots worn by the others. They were very fine looking men, say 45 to 50 years old, 5 feet 9 inches high, with benevolent and intelligent countenances, and light complexions for Indians. Their hair was long, straight, full, and jet black. They appeared to be happy and con-

fiding, and in conversing among themselves, they frequently smiled and even laughed, and looked each other steadily and sometimes archly in the face, as I had never seen Indians do before. When the Commissioner introduced me to them, he said, "*Friend—Quaker—Wm. Penn*"—whilst they seemed to interpret as intimating mutual friendship, and they were very cordial and affable. We sat together for some time. Four of them came in together from the far West with the agent of their Tribe, some time ago, in consequence of dissatisfaction with a Treaty they had made with the Department. [How very general this dissatisfaction in regard to Indian Treaties is!] One of their number died since in Washington, and was buried there. In their conversation with me, they referred to their bereavement with sad countenances. The principal Chief held up the four fingers of one hand, to denote the number that came; and then he took the other hand, and, with apparent effort, twisting his body, forced down one finger, implying that one had been forced away from the others, by a Power they could not resist.

When the Commissioner was consulting them in regard to the funeral, they told him it was the custom of the Nez Perces to place the corpse in the ground as soon as life had departed, and they wished to do so now; but he replied, that as the burial was to be in Washington, they must, to some extent, comply with the custom of that place, and defer the funeral till next morning, which they consented to do. Before the funeral, the Commissioner asked them if they would like a clergyman to perform the funeral services, but they declined. The Commissioner attended the funeral, and said the proceedings were very impressive and solemn. The Chiefs chanted what appeared to be a hymn, mournfully, and very slowly. Then each Chief shook the hand of the corpse for some time, as bidding it a long and reluctant farewell; and on the corpse being laid in the grave, each of the Chiefs took a handful of earth and sprinkled slowly over it.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 8, 1868.

DIED, on the 1st of Fifth month, 1866, at the residence of her son-in-law, near Winthrop, Maine, ELIZA LEGGETT, widow of Joseph Leggett, aged 82 years and 3 months; a beloved member of Spruce St. Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia.

——, on tha 19th of Seventh month, 1868, JANE, widow of the late Seth Davis, in the 69th year of her age; a member of Horsham Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 21st of Seventh month, 1868, MARY ANN RICH, daughter of John G. and the late Lydia Rich, in the 43d year of her age; a member of Fishing Creek Mo. Meeting, Millville, Columbia Co., Pa.

A Friend has sent us the following hasty sketch of a meeting of the First-day School Association recently held in West Chester, Pa.

The Quarterly Meeting of "The Association of Friends for the promotion of First-day Schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting" was held at Friends' Meeting-house, West Chester, Pa., 7th mo. 18, 1868.

Written and verbal reports were received, and delegates in attendance from a number of schools. Eight schools were now for the first time reported, making nineteen in all within our Yearly Meeting.

It was also stated that a sewing school for poor children had been held at Race Street Meeting-house during last spring, attended by over one hundred children,—about thirty of them colored. At such times works were read to them having a moral bearing.

The Minutes of the Executive Committee having been read, the meeting proceeded to consider the first subject introduced by it, viz., "What is the proper use of Text-books in First-day Schools?"

A teacher in the Green Street School said she made but little use of text-books, but regarded them as valuable aids to those who were inexperienced in teaching. As regarded the establishment of these schools, she considered the command of the Master, "Go ye into all nations, teaching them whatsoever I have commanded you," as covering the whole ground. Their use is to assist the young in obtaining the proper instruction from the Scriptures, and texts of Scripture are so suggestive that books seem unnecessary.

A teacher of Fallowfield had labored both in and out of the Society, and had not used any book but the Scriptures.

A Friend from Bucks Co. expressed his interest in these schools, believing that if rightly conducted they would do great good. By gathering up the children in our respective neighborhoods irrespective of their being in membership, we might be the means of quickening and instructing them, and of showing them the value of our testimonies and principles, both by precept and example.

A Friend of Unionville said many of their scholars had previously attended a Presbyterian school.

An aged minister would encourage the dear young people to embrace every opening for doing good, and suggested that when visiting, or on other occasions, by seeking out the domestics and others who are laboring to make us comfortable, and presenting them some small token, an opportunity would often be presented for conversation and imparting good advice. Let us do as ability is afforded and as the light makes manifest.

A teacher of Goshenville said aids were important in order that the facts connected with the Bible may be properly answered, but above and behind that we should depend on Divine guidance.

A Friend said that much additional interest was imparted by giving facts relating to oriental manners and customs.

A teacher from Upper Greenwich, N. J., would like to hear the experience of teachers in regard to their modes of teaching with these books.

A Wilmington Friend said their plan was to place the books in the hands of the children who recite the text, after which they are questioned in regard to such parts as may not seem to be clearly stated, and any one is at liberty to answer. He thought the study of the Old Testament of more importance than many Friends consider. In connection with the text-books, outline maps and Smith's Bible Dictionary were used. The teachers often read to them and furnish cards for recitation. Cowdry's Moral Lessons and the Scriptures were also used, but he thought the text-books in use were not sufficient.

A Friend said it was evident there was great need of the proper kind of text-books.

A Race St. teacher had used the question book lately published in Baltimore, and thought it had advantages. It is not always interesting to children merely to read verses in the Bible, but if the answer requires to be searched out, it will be more attractive. The answer should be correctly recited, and then by branching off and presenting to their minds the beauty of virtue, of love, charity, &c., and by giving some illustration of them in the Saviour's life, and bringing it home to their everyday experience, it will be more readily understood. But it is better to get from the scholars an answer in their own language, which shows they understand the subject before them.

A Friend of West Chester thought the use of text-books depends very much on the teachers. Without them the teacher needs to be very fertile in suggestions and ideas, and therefore to young teachers they are very useful. It is a great mistake to desire to know how other teachers practice with a view to following after them. A copyist will never make a good teacher. While it is well to get all the good we can by a comparison of ideas, yet beware how we adopt the plans of others. We should not find fault with other societies for drawing our young people into their organizations. We are to blame, not they, as it is an evidence of their earnestness and our neglect of duty; and as they have found text-books serviceable, so they may be found of use among us.

A teacher of Green St. spoke of the advantage of instructing the children by the use of the objects of nature as being something they can comprehend.

The next subject presented by the committee was, "How shall funds be raised for the use of schools, and to what purpose shall they be applied?

In reply to a query, it was stated that funds would be needed for the publication of books, &c., and to aid schools in neighborhoods where there may be a difficulty to collect funds.

A Friend thought the plan proposed by the New York Association a good one to obtain yearly subscriptions.

A West Chester Friend said there must be a beginning, and as there was a great want of the right kind of literature, and more variety was needed—that by combining the experience of the teachers in getting up books—every year would add to our stock of literature.

A Race St. teacher had been one of a committee to examine books, and out of over one hundred published by other societies, not more than eighteen or twenty were found free from objection. Oftimes a very excellent work would have to be rejected on account of a single sentence at variance with our views.

A West Chester Friend was glad to find so much interest in the subject of books. Care should be extended to keep out every objectionable doctrine, or anything not in accord with our principles.

A Friend thought it was better to prepare our own books rather than select from others.

A Green St. teacher thought our young Friends know best what will be satisfactory to Friends, and that by offering to compensate for the preparation of books, we should soon have enough offered for our use.

It was finally recommended that Friends in different neighborhoods obtain subscriptions to the funds of the Association, to be used by the Executive Committee in the publication of school literature, or such other way as will best promote the cause of First-day schools.

A number of Friends were added to the Executive Committee, which now consists of T. Clarkson Taylor, Wilmington; Louisa J. Roberts, Sarah S. Truman, Philadelphia; Ann S. Paschall, Hannah Paxson, Phebe Griffith, Lydia H. Hall, West Chester; Abby C. Williams, Samuel R. Downing, Goshen; Abigail Woolman, Wm. W. Biddle, Jane P. Grahame, Jos. M. Truman, Jr., Philadelphia; Jos. Powell, Thos. Garrigues, Margaret S. Powell, Darby; Samuel E. Griscom, Reading; Wm. Dorsey, Germantown; Samuel Martin, Kennett Square; Jas. B. Mode, Mary Ann Smith, Fallowfield; Anna Mary Martin, Sally W. Chalfant, Thos. F. Seal, Unionville; Rich-

ard Darlington, Doe Run; Hannah Ann Haines. Edwin Craft, Upper Greenwich, N. J.; Willis Corkran, New Hope, Md.; Lydia H. Yardley, Yardleyville, Pa.; Ellis Eves, Fishing Creek; Lizzie F. Moore, Valley.

The propriety of naming a committee to visit schools and appoint conferences was considered, but decided to leave it with the Executive Committee to attend to.

A Friend of Darby remarked that the holding of conferences should be as way opened in different neighborhoods for them, otherwise the cause might be retarded rather than advanced.

The utility of teachers' meetings being brought up, the meeting was informed that such gatherings were held at West Chester, and an advantage had resulted by a comparison of views at such times. They endeavored to interest as many parents as possible in them.

A Green St. teacher thought their school had suffered loss by not having them.

A Friend of Wilmington stated that their adult or normal class, from which their teachers were taken, meet semi-monthly, alternately, at each other's house. The business connected with the school is there transacted, and they had found them very serviceable in the selection of suitable books for the library, &c. These gatherings were more or less of a social character.

A Friend thought if parents were invited to meet with the teachers at such times, it would have a good effect.

A Race St. teacher remarked on the benefit there would be in teachers visiting their pupils, thus drawing them nearer to us, and increasing the interest of the scholar. Such had been the effect in her own case from a few visits paid in this way.

From Salem and Wilmington invitations were received for the next meeting of the Association to be held at those places. After consideration, it was concluded to meet at the latter place on Seventh-day, Tenth mo. 17th, at 10 A.M., and at Salem at some future time.

A Friend from Bucks Co. expressed the gratification she had felt in being present, and would urge upon us the advice which she received in her early religious experience, that when the way did not seem to open, to wait, and in due time we would be enabled to proceed; and so in regard to teaching, where ability does not seem to be furnished to explain the lesson to the comprehension of the child, to wait for the unfoldings of Divine Wisdom.

After a solemn pause the meeting concluded.

READ not books alone, but men, and among them chiefly thyself; if thou find anything questionable there, use the commentary of a severe friend.—*Enchiridion.*

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 18.

LAUSANNE, May 30th, 1868.

I came this morning from the Hotel Bonivard, which is a most quiet and beautifully situated Pension, very nicely kept, and so near the Castle of Chillon that I visited it yesterday from the depot; and it was well that I did, as a thunder shower came up soon after I had deposited myself and baggage at the hotel. My room overlooked the lake, and there are snow mountains in the ranges that stretch on the opposite side of the lake; and these are my passion, I would say, did they not seem to lift me out of the sea of passion into the pure sky of reason. The shower did not come immediately, and it cleared off at dark, giving room for a golden sunset; then "the moon took up the wondrous tale," and nothing could have been more beautiful. The ride this morning along the border of the lake to Lausanne was lovely; and here I suppose I must take leave of lakes for the present, as to-night I arrive at Fribourg, and thence shall onward to Paris, stopping perhaps at Basle over Monday. If any one wishes to stay at the quietest, most lovely place in Switzerland, let him go to the Hotel Bonivard, near the station, which is close by the Castle Chillon. The price at the Pension is only five and a half francs a day. I arrived there from Sion (which is the end of the Diligence route over the Simplon,) at one o'clock, having had a charming ride through the valley of the Rhone. I was twenty-two hours in the diligence, in crossing the Simplon from Stresa on Lake Maggiore, from which place I started at one o'clock at night. The weather being very hot, it was too long a journey, but it was beguiled by the grand mountains on either side and in front, which I began to see about three by the morning twilight. It is the best road for safety, but I rather think the least picturesque of the routes. I should have liked to stop at the Hospice, but was afraid to risk not finding a seat in the diligence the next day. As there was one free seat in our diligence, the guard took in a foot traveller who had been enjoying the hospitality of the Hospice for two days, after a four or five days' walk from Arona, which is at the southern point of Lake Maggiore. She was a bright, strong-looking woman of about forty, perhaps younger, and our party being a sociable one, we found out considerable about her. She was an Austrian by birth, and the daughter of a teacher, who was, however, so poor that he could only leave her an excellent education. There were four gentlemen in our party, an Englishman, two Germans and an Italian; the German gentle-

men talked with her, and said she was exceedingly well educated. She could speak Italian beautifully, (as the gentleman of that country averred,) and the English gentleman talked to her in French, and they all said she spoke that excellently. It was melancholy to find that with this education she could only earn her living as a lady's maid, and she was travelling then from one service to another, (from Arona to Sion.) All this I learned from one of the German gentlemen who spoke English. They had gradually gathered it from her; and I would remark by the way that I do not see but that Europeans have as much curiosity, and find out what they want to know by questions, as much as Americans do. At the last stage before we arrived at Sion, a paying passenger took the seat in the diligence, and she got out before I had time to learn her name and where she could be communicated with, as I intended to do, for I thought she might be an excellent person to go to America. When I was in Saxony I found there were multitudes of young girls who generally have a worse fate than to be ladies' maids, having a few years of pleasure and an old age of frightful labor. I cannot tell you how often I saw, when in Saxony and Bohemia, women yoked with dogs or milch cows, drawing wagons. An American gentleman whom we met with told me that he had seen a woman and a milch cow tugging a cart with fuel in it, and a man sitting on it smoking. It was as much as he could do to refrain from knocking the man off, which would only have made bad worse. When I was at Stresa on Lake Maggiore, a stone house was being built of very large stones, and I saw an elderly woman mounting a ladder with one of these great stones on her back. It does not cure all the evils of society for women to have freedom of labor.

I left Milan for Stresa by railroad, and at Arona embarked in the steamboat on Lake Maggiore, whose beauty and size surpassed my expectation. I was bound for the Hotel of the Borromean Isles, (as it is called, because it is on the shore nearly opposite to Isola Bella and Isola Madre,) and it is truly in a magnificent situation. It is very large, and a very large inhabitancy streams through it all the time, some people taking up their abode in it for months. It stands on as beautiful a site as the lake affords, very near to the villa of the Duchess of Genoa, where "la bella Marguirita" was brought up. One can sit in front of the house or on the balconies and have the most lovely panorama of mountains, across the lake, all day. The price of the Pension is five francs a day if one stays a week or more, and one can eat à la carte if he chooses, and dislikes the long tedious table de'hote, as I do. Everything is good, and one of the proprietors speaks English, having once been the body servant of an English nobleman. On one occasion I went to the table de'hote for the purpose of seeing if there was any one there whom I knew, and I found some very dear friends whom I had been so fortunate as to meet at Dresden, Rome and Florence; and this very much enhanced my enjoyment. From them I learned how to make a charming trip through Luino Lugano, Porlerra, Menaggio, Bellaggio, Como, Lavena, and back to Stresa. First, I went in a little boat to Isola Bella, which was in full sight from my window at Stresa. This island is *one villa*, its garden of ten terraces facing the hotel. All the earth of Isola Bella was carried to the slate rocks of the original wild island by the builder of this villa, and the ten terraces were made for the better cultivation of the oranges and other tropical fruits and flowers which abound in the beautiful garden, which is also ornamented on each terrace with statues. The lower terraces are supported on arches, which are extremely ornamental in themselves. A stone wall and these arches fill up all the spaces not filled by natural rocks. I found on approaching the north side of the island that there were some hotels and other houses there; on the west end was the palace where we landed. The rooms were filled with pictures, and furnished like other palaces, but the pictures were mainly copies, and I had seen the originals. The views from the balconies were lovely. There was a suite of basement rooms, the walls and furniture of which were of shell, and whose very pavement was made to resemble that of a natural grotto. I went out of the basement and wandered over the garden, ascending all the terraces. On each side of the lowest terrace were towers, and on both the north and south side of the island were groves and arcades, and at the ends were groups of sea nymphs and wood nymphs. I wished that I had had Jean Paul's Titan with me to identify places. Some one told me he was never there, and I can believe it, for the Isola Bella of the Titan seems to glow, in my imagination, with a richness of color and gorgeousness of beauty which I did not see here. It certainly has its own beauty; not the beauty of nature, but of landscape gardening. Isola Madre is more in a state of nature. I believe the soil of that was not made by human toil. On that also is a palace, less pretentious than the one on Isola Bella, with very charming gardens and natural shade. I did not land upon that however. Nothing could be more entrancing than the sail in the steamboat to

Luino. There was one point were we looked up as it were an interminable vista of mountains running down to meet each other on opposite sides of the lake; and then the three Borromean Isles looked exquisite from the steamer as long as we could see them, Fisher's island making no pretensions, with its mass of fishermen's houses, but very picturesque as a part of the scene. I should have taken the diligence at Louino, as I had received a ticket for it on the steamboat, but it was not there at the moment, and a coachman took advantage of my ignorance to get me into a carriage, for which I had to pay another fare. But I had a charming ride through the summer sunset in this beautiful Italy, the road winding among the richly cultivated and beautifully wooded country, laid out as it would seem for mere beauty, but rich in uses, if the riches were only shared with the laborers. E. P. P.

(To be continued.)

WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.

O THE weary, solemn silence
Of a house without the children!
O the strange, oppressive stillness
Where the children come no more!
Oh! the longing of the sleepless
For the soft arms of the children,
Ah! the longing of the faces
Peeping through the open door,
Faces gone for evermore!

Strange it is to wake at midnight
And not hear the children breathing,
Nothing but the old clock ticking,
Ticking, ticking by the door.
Strange to see the little dresses
Hanging up there all the morning;
And the gaiters—ah! their patter,
We will hear it never more
On our hearth-forsaken floor!

What is home without the children?
'Tis the earth without its verdure,
And the sky without the sunshine.
Life is withered to the core!
So we'll leave this dreary desert,
And we'll follow the Good Shepherd
To the greener pastures vernal,
Where the Lambs have "gone before"
With the Shepherd evermore!

THE CHIFFONIER.

BY W. W. S.

I am a poor Chiffonier!
I seek what others cast away!
In refuse heaps the world throws by,
Despised of man, my trade I ply;
And oft I rake them o'er and o'er,
And fragments broken, stained, and torn,
I gather up, and make my store
Of things that dogs and beggars scorn.
I am the poor Chiffonier!

You see me in the dead of night
Peering along with pick and light,
And while the world in darkness sleeps
Waking to rake its refuse heaps;
I scare the dogs that round them prowl,
And light amid the rubbish throw,
For precious things are hid by foul
Where least we heed and least we know.
I am the poor Chiffonier!

No wretched and rejected pile,
No tainted mound of offal vile,
No drain or gutter I despise,
For there may lie the richest prize:
And oft amid the litter thrown
A silver coin—a golden ring
Which holdeth still its precious stone,
Some happy chance to me may bring.
I am the poor Chiffonier!

These tattered rags, so soiled and frayed,
Were in a loom of wonder made,
And beautiful and free from shame
When from the Master's hand they came.
The reckless world that threw them off
Now heeds them only to despise:
Yet, ah! despite its jeer and scoff,
What virtue still within them lies!
I am the poor Chiffonier!

Yes! all these shreds so spoiled and torn,
These ruined rags you pass in scorn,
This refuse by the highway tossed,
I seek that they may not be lost:
And, cleansed from filth that on them lies,
And purified and purged from stain,
Renewed in beauty they shall rise
To wear a spotless form again.
I am the poor Chiffonier!

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE STORY OF A PIECE OF CHALK.

(Concluded from page 351.)

I remember starting with surprise, one morning, on seeing a *four-footed* creature near me, the like of which I had never beheld before. I had been used all my life long to marine creatures of various shapes and sizes; but now the time had come that I was to be introduced to a different set of acquaintances altogether. The best idea of the aboriginal forrests which covered the chalk may be obtained by studying those of India. But at the time I am speaking of, forests equally great covered Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Kent, Surrey and a number of other localities. The creature I have just mentioned was an enormous *monkey*, which had strayed from its companions into my immediate neighborhood. "The geological period of which I am speaking is known as the *Eocene*.) Huge boa-constrictors hung on the trees for days, and only left them when urged by the sharp pangs of hunger; in the marshier places, crocodiles wallowed, and lay in wait for their prey; strange animals, allied to the present South American tapir, snorted about. An immense creature, called the *Dinotherium*, with semi-aquatic habits, used to bask in the marshes and sleep for hours, with its tusks anchoring its huge head to the shore, and thus keeping it above the water and the mud. Many other genera and species of animals—so strange, that long Greek names alone give

us any idea of their main features—lived upon our hardened surface. Flowers of tropical hue and color were rivalled in beauty and gorgeousness by humming-birds and butterflies. The broad leaves of the banana stretched forth and mingled with the graceful fronds of the tree-fern. The bread-fruit-tree shed its rich store of food on the earth, and fed herds of *Hyracotheria* and *Palæotheria*. In sooth, the landscape was a scene of magnificent beauty. When the golden sunset lingered among the palm-groves, one could well have though that the Lord indeed walked in the garden. But Man—who makes such a noise in the world now, and imagines that it has been made specially for *him*, and that therefore everything should be subservient to his wishes and gratifications—had not then made his appearance. And yet Nature, notwithstanding the absence of a human-priest, did not the less daily offer up a hymn of praise to her adorable Creator.

Nothing earthly is stable; and geology is a science full of proof of this assertion. The Eocene age passed away; the *Meiocene* came; and, in turn, was replaced by the *Pleiocene*. The tropical conditions of which I have been speaking underwent a change, which was at first very gradual, and almost imperceptible. The tree-ferns and palms did not flourish as luxuriantly as they were wont; the cold winds blew more frequently, and the poor monkeys shivered and died. At length, finding the climate became colder instead of warmer, many of the creatures migrated to more southerly and congenial latitudes, while those unable to do so died out. The old forests grew thinner, and winter now showed he was unwilling to give place to almost perpetual summer. But, as if to compensate for the mischief which alteration of climate produced, other trees replaced the palm and the fern. Thickets of hazel and alder grew in marshy places, pines innumerable spread over the country; whilst the oak, ash, and elm made their appearance for the first time. Thus did the land gradually assume something like its present European appearance. I had before felt the ground shake with the heavy tramp of a monstrous large creature, quite different to any I had seen in bygone days. I had by this time grown used to changes, and was therefore more curious than alarmed at the new-comer. It was an elephant of the most gigantic size, much larger than any living at the present time. It browsed luxuriantly upon the young shoots and fresh twigs, and found a hearty meal spread for it wherever it went. By and by, I was accustomed to see herds of elephants, and to hear them trumpet and snort loud enough to make the welkin ring again. The rivers which sluggishly meandered through the chalk-beds, had now become very broad and deep, and in these, hosts of rhinoceri and hippopotami wallowed and gurgled. The fights that sometimes took place among these creatures were fearful to behold. There was none to disturb them, except a savage and gigantic lion, with enormously sharp teeth and long claws; but this beast, the *Machairodus*, was the greatest enemy to the antelopes and deer that browsed on the adjacent plains.

The climate gradually became more rigorous than ever. In the interval of the existence of the forests which covered up myself and brethren, I am told that great and extensive physical changes went on elsewhere. In France, volcanoes had been actively at work, and great sheets of molten lava had been poured out by them, which had antedated Herculaneum in their destructiveness. Where London, Paris, and Vienna now stand, great fresh-water lakes, similar to those of North America, existed, and all along their bottoms series of fresh-water strata were deposited, upon which the foundations of these celebrated cities are now laid. In fact, all over the world, more or less, great changes had been going on. What is now the Pacific Ocean, had been occupied by a great continent, which was afterwards split up into the South Sea Islands.

In addition to the increasing cold, I had for some time imagined that the sea-level was no longer as steady as it had been. The dry land was gradually *sinking*, just as ages before it had been as gently upheaved. There could be no doubt about it; and I was alarmed at the apparent insecurity of the world into which I had been introduced. The ratio of the increase of cold was almost in proportion to the rate at which the dry land was sinking. To cut the matter short, it was only a question of time as to when the chalk continent would once more be sea-bottom. It happened at last—we were dry land no longer, but a shallow sea. The cold was now intense, so intense that, for a long time back, the elephants and rhinoceri had been covered with long, woolly hair, to protect them from its rigor. Away on the mountain-tops the snow had accumulated, and sent forth long sheets of ice, which thrust their way towards the sea, where immense fragments broke off, and floated away as icebergs. The submergence still went on, until many hundreds of feet in depth of sea-water covered us. I looked around to discover any of the old marine creatures that had lived in the sea of the chalk period, where I was born, but not one could I behold. Everything was altered—the very shell-fish were those now living in arctic latitudes! The shallower portions of the sea-bottom were con-

tinually liable to be ploughed up by some stranding iceburg, which brought burdens of mud and boulders to topple over us. What dry land did remain was covered with a moving sheet of thick ice, which ground the rock-surface on which it rested into impalpable mud. This mud was carried away in prodigious quantities to the sea, where it was strewn along the bottom. There it formed those immense beds of *till* and brick earth which cover the whole area of Great Britain, more or less. This arctic sea, as I may term it, kept its place for ages, until several hundreds of feet of gravel, clay, and sand had been deposited; then came an arrest to the submergence; and eventually, *another* upheaving process set in. When this terminated, and dry land once more appeared, the physical geography of the country assumed pretty much the appearance which now characterises it. The clay and sand formed admirable subsoils; flowers spread over hill and dale, and the green grass carpeted the meadow and mountain side. The earth had recently been baptised in the ocean and there prepared as a renewed world for a new-comer. It was at this time that Man first appeared. His remains may be found mixed up with those of many extinct animals, and his primitive weapons of the chase are commingled with the gravel of the rivers on whose banks he lived. My own experience extends such a long way back, that it seems but as yesterday that Man was introduced. But in that brief period, he has managed to alter the face of creation, and his race has progressed beyond that of all other species put together. I am now getting towards the end of my story, and must leave it to others to continue the history of this last created of animals, merely mentioning, by the way, that it was he who quarried me from the adjacent hillside; and that it is to his children I am used as a humble means of instruction.

AN APPEAL TO WOMEN.

In a recent pastoral, Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe says:

"When I see the tawdry fashions, the costly vulgarity, and the wicked extravagance of the times, I feel sure that thousands of American women are strangers to the first law of refinement—simplicity in manners and attire.

"When I see that thousands of American women read the most shameful romances and the most degrading newspapers, frequent the vilest dramatic entertainments, and join in dances too shocking to be named among Christians, I feel that Christian matrons are becoming too few, and that civilized heathenism is returning to the fields we have wrested from the Indians.

"When I read, daily, of the most ungodly divorces, and of crime against social purity and against human life itself, which are too gross to be mentioned more particularly, I feel that too many of our countrywomen are without God in the world, and that radical reforms are necessary in the systems of education on which the young women of America are dependent for their training.

"When I see thousands of households in which young girls are reared for a life of pleasure, without reference to duty, I cannot wonder at these results, nor at the misery in which they involve families and communities. Sow the wind and reap the whirlwind!

"As a Christian bishop, therefore, I make my appeal to you, Christian women, and I ask you to begin the reformation by faithfully bearing your testimony against all that tends to the degradation of your sex, and the more so when such crime is not only winked at, but receives countenance in circles which ought to be exemplary."

SILENT TEACHERS.

"What! another flower, Tom; is not your window-sill full already?"

"They don't eat nor drink, bless 'em, and it does me and my wife good to look at 'em." It was but a passing bit of conversation that I heard, and yet it set me thinking. The man with the flower-pot in his arm was a rough—no, I shall not say "rough"—he was a sturdy son of toil, and I was amused to hear his fervent blessing on his flowers. His acquaintance, who had expressed surprise at another flower in Tom's possession, had pulled a short pipe out of his mouth when he spoke; and no doubt his love for tobacco cost him much more than Tom's love of flowers. Then as to the gain. The smoker would gain a dry, hot mouth, a foul breath, yellow teeth, sallow skin, dull eyes, drowsiness, and headache—that's what his pipe would do for him, even if he did not drink. But Tom with the flower would refresh his eyes with its bloom, and his smell with its sweetness, and he would adorn his window with its beauty, and gladden his wife and his children by bringing them such a pretty gift. What innocent delight would they all feel in looking at it! And more than all that, they would learn something from the flower. It would tell them of the wisdom and love of God; how he sent these beautiful flowers into the world to please the eye of man:

> "To comfort man, to whisper hope
> Whene'er his faith grows dim,
> For who so careth for the flowers
> Will much more care for him."

I think flowers teach neatness and order. The wife and children like to have a clean room, so that the flower, in its purity and

grace, may not shame them. And then, too, a poor man likes to feel that he has an ornament in his dwelling similar to that which a rich man chooses as the best embellishment of his drawing-room. The cottage and the mansion differ very much in structure and in furniture; not one article of furniture may at all resemble the other, but a pretty flower, carefully watered and tended, often blooms as well in a cottage as in a palace window.

I know a little bit of a cottage outside a town. It stands in a nook by the roadside, and has no view but that of the yard where carts are kept; but in the window of that humble dwelling there are some fuchsias. They make a pretty screen, that shuts out all ugly sights, and shuts into the room graceful drooping blooms, hanging like jewels among the green leaves. The floor of the cot is of red brick, and so are the steps outside the door; but I notice as I pass how clean are those bricks, and what a glow of neatness and comfort they present! And the wooden chairs are bright, and so are the brass candlesticks over the mantleshelf. That clear window, with its lovely clustering flowers, at which people look as they go by, has given the dwellers in that cottage an honest pride in their dwelling; the flowers have brought their own purity with them, and taught it to their owners. And when little John and Mary learn to take care of flowers, and have one of their own given them, I think they cease to be destructive and careless. They know that rough handling or neglect will injure and kill their flower; so their hands learn gentleness of touch, and they grow watchful over their favorite. Once conquer the thoughtlessness and roughness of a girl or boy, by giving them something to take care of and attend to, and you have put them in the way of being diligent and useful.

I remember one evening meeting, in the Harrow road, a working woman whom I knew. She had her baby in her arms and a big bundle besides, and she was hurrying on so fast that I said, with some concern, as I passed her, "Mrs. Gibbs, is anything the matter that you are in such haste?"

"Nothing, please; but I'm having the front of our house painted down, and I forgot to tell the man not to hurt our bit of ivy."

Of course I did not detain her by any further remark; but two days afterward I walked past her house, and looked with some interest at the renovated front; and there was the tendril of ivy safe, and Mrs. Gibbs was cleaning her parlor window, on the sill of which was a box of mignonette. "So the workman did not injure the ivy, Mrs. Gibbs," I said.

"O, dear, if he had, I should have been so sorry, for my husband brought that root of ivy from the side of the church where we were married. We've had some trouble to take care of it to make it grow in this street, but it's safe now."

Ah! the ivy branch told to the husband and wife the story of their wedded love. In its evergreen foliage it gave them a symbol of what true love should be—clinging and unfading; it was to them both a teacher and a memorial.

And so, when a husband or father brings home a little plant, if it is but a halfpenny daisy-root, be careful of it. His hand, that so tenderly carried the little flower, will have a tender touch for the human flowers in his dwelling. His eye, that sees and feels the beauty of God's silent works, will be sure to dwell lovingly on the little prattlers that climb his knee. He will be careful and kind; for none but the careful and gentle can have a great love for flowers.

Happy is the wife who helps her husband in his love of flowers, and who hears with a joyful heart her children say, as they look out on a summer night for their father's return:

"Here he comes, mother! and, O dear, he has such a nice flower, such a beauty, in his arms! Do come and see, mother!"

Yes, this is the greeting; these are the innocent joys that may be had in the British workman's home, and of which flowers are the silent but sweet teachers.—*British Workman.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

SEVENTH MONTH.

	1867.	1868.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours.....	8 days.	13 days.
Rain all or nearly all day.....	2 "	0 "
Cloudy, without storms	5 "	10 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	16 "	8 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1867.	1868.
Mean temperature of 7th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	76.48 deg.	80.94 deg.
Highest do. during mo., do.	92.50 "	98.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	62.00 "	69.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	2.38 in.	3.51 in.
DEATHS during the month, being 4 current weeks for each month	1415	1782

Average of the mean temperature of 7th month for the past *seventy-nine* years.	75.75 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1795 and 1838.....	81.00 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1816.....	68.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.	1867.	1868.
Totals for first six months	30.70 inch.	26.31 inch.
Rain during Seventh month	2.38 "	3.51 "
Entire totals.....	33.08 "	29.82 "

The "*Heated Term*," as it has been appropriately called, lasting from the 1st to the 16th of the month, inclusive, and in a mitigated form for several days after that, was truly remarkable. It will be seen from the above that the mean for the entire month has only been *exceeded twice* during a period of *seventy-nine* years, and then only by a *very small* fractional part of a degree!

From a table recently published, showing the temperature at noon for the first sixteen days of the month for the years named below, we compile the following averages of said noon temperatures, viz.:

For 1865.....78.81 deg. For 1867.....82.18 deg.
" 1866.....85.25 " " 1868.....90.62 "

We are sometimes reconciled a little to the present by looking back into the past. We have had "heated terms" before, but the writer, referring to his own diary, commencing with 1834, and Peirce's review, as far back as 1790, believes there has been none of so long continuance during that entire period.

In the same month of 1866, we had one which Dr. Conrad, of the Pennsylvania Hospital of this city, then believed to constitute the hottest week on record, his notes registering the following maximum:

Seventh month 12, 1866.....91 degrees.
" " 13, " .....95 "
" " 14, " .....97 "
" " 15, " .....94 "
" " 16, " .....99 "
" " 17, " .....99.25 "
" " 19, " .....97.25 "

In 1830 we have also very high figures, constituting a "heated term" from the 16th to the 28th, both inclusive. We have other notes of like character, which, although possessing considerable interest, are too lengthy to quote here.

From a long statement, carefully compiled from the records of W. Y. McAllister, No. 728 Chestnut St., we glean the following days on which, since 1834 inclusive, the mercury reached 99 degrees and upwards, viz.:

7th mo. 21, 1825, 100 deg. 7th mo. 14, 1845, 101 deg.
8th " 6, 1827, 99 " " " 19, 1856, 102 "
6th " 28, 1828, 100½ " " " 28, " 99 "
7th " 30, 1838, 99 " " " 14, 1866, 99 "
6th " 9, 1845, 101 " " " 17, " 101½ "

The highest record at the Pennsylvania Hospital the present year was 98 degrees, though in some localities in this city we believe it reached 100 degrees on two or three days!

In reference to deaths, the excessive heat has left its record there, showing an increase for the four current weeks over last year of 367! *One hundred* fatal cases of *sunstroke* occurred from the 11th to the 25th, both inclusive. In New York, this state of things was still more alarming. During the week ending on the 18th, their deaths were 1142, with 132 of *sunstroke*. This has awakened inquiries as to the cause or causes, and by some the great increase of deaths in that city is attributed to their defective sewerage and drainage, combined with an insufficient supply of water.

In reference to the latter indispensable, our own citizens have reason to be greatly thankful, and would do well to heed the caution published several times during the recent hot weather against *so much waste*, as it is well known is constantly taking place.

PHILADA., 8th mo. 3, 1868. J. M. ELLIS.

ITEMS.

PHOSPHATE OF LIME is found in immense beds in Canada West. Dr. Chas. T. Jackson, who visited this locality recently, gives an interesting account of the mineral deposit. From one of the quarries near Perth not less than one thousand tons of very pure phosphate of lime were sent during the past year to England, mainly for agricultural use; single blocks of several tons weight have been extracted. The mineral occurs in a metamorphic rock supposed to have been chiefly derived from altered Potsdam sandstone. The beds run nearly northeast and southwest; they are about vertical in dip, and vary in width from a few inches to five or six feet. Hexagonal prisms of magnesian mica and calcareous spar of various colors are associated with the phosphate of lime. No trace of organic remains has been discovered in these rocks, and it seems idle to imagine that the phosphate of lime had an organic origin; it is much more probable that the minerals is one of the original ingredients of our planet, for it occurs in volcanic rocks, and phosphorus is a common element in meteoric stones.

HEAVY ROCK BLAST.—Great wonder was created some years ago at the ingenuity exhibited in England, in exploding mines containing vast quantities of gunpowder. The object of the operation was to form a sea wall of large fragments of rock, at the base of the high chalk cliffs near Dover and Folkstone. Though the experiment has frequently been repeated, it has never ceased to attract attention. Recently the same operation was successfully performed at Lime Point, the site of the new fort in course of construction by the Government for the defence of the harbor of San Francisco. To prepare the ground for the fort, it was found necessary to remove a hill of rock 250 feet in height. A small tunnel was pierced in the hill, near its base, to a depth of 60 feet, and a chamber 60 feet long was excavated at right angles with it and parallel to the face of the hill. In this chamber were placed two charges of powder, one of 4000 lbs., and the other of 3500 lbs., separated by 45 feet of clay and sand, and both were fired at the same moment by means of a wire and a galvanic battery. The amount of rock displaced by the blast was 40,000 cubic yards, or 80,000 tons, and its total cost $2,000.

ANIMALS ENCLOSED IN SOLID STONE.—There have been many well authenticated instances where, on splitting open stones, living animals have been found enclosed in cavities, with apparently no sufficient outlet. The cases on record refer principally to toads, but in one recently brought before the consideration of the Zoological Society of Vienna, a salamander, or water lizard, was the prisoner. Of the actual facts, in this instance, there was no question; but Prof. Frauenfeld, a well-known naturalist of that city, showed that there was a small fissure leading to the outside of the stone, though much too small to admit of egress of the animal. He suggested, therefore, that the lizard had entered when very young, and in its growth had soon become too large to escape, and was kept perhaps a not unwilling captive, since in the minute insects continually traversing every cranny accessible to them, it found ample means of support, the sandstone in which it occurred maintaining the proper degree of moisture. The same explanation attaches to the case of toads, which when first attaining their perfect shape are in many cases smaller than a common fly, and can easily enter a minute cavity.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 15, 1868. No. 24.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for entire Club. Single Nos. 6 cts

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

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SILENT MEETINGS.

BY ISAAC PENINGTON.

This is a great mystery, hid from the eye of that man, who is run from the inward life, into outward observations. He cannot see either that this is required by the Lord of his people, or any edification therein, or benefit thereby; but to the mind that is drawn inward, the thing is plain; and the building up hereby in the life of God, and fellowship one with another therein, is sweetly felt; and precious refreshment from the presence of the Lord, received by *them* who singly herein wait upon him, according to the leadings and requirings of his holy spirit.

After the mind is in some measure turned to the Lord, his quickenings felt, his seed beginning to arise and spring up in the heart, then the flesh is to be silent before him, and the soul to wait upon him, and for his further appearings, in that measure of life, which is already revealed.

Now, in this measure of life, which is of Christ, and in which Christ is, and appears to the soul, there is the power of life and death; —power to kill the flesh, and power to quicken to God;—power to cause the soul to cease from its own workings, and power to work in and for the soul, what God requires and what is acceptable in his sight. And in this, God is to be waited upon and worshipped continually, both in private and in public, according as his spirit draws and teaches.

For the Lord requireth of his people not only to worship him apart, but to meet together to worship; and they that are taught of Him dare not forsake the assembling of themselves together, as the manner of some is, but watch against the temptations and snares which the enemy lays to deceive them therefrom, and to disturb their sense by, that they might not feel the drawings of the Father thereunto.

And this is the manner of their worship; They are to wait upon the Lord,—they are to meet in the silence of flesh, and to watch for the stirrings of His life, and the breaking forth of His power amongst them. And in the breakings forth of that power, they may pray, speak, exhort, rebuke, &c., according as the spirit teaches, requires, and gives utterance. But, if the spirit do not require to speak, and give to utter, then every one is to sit still in his place—in his heavenly place, I mean—feeling his own measure, feeding thereupon, receiving therefrom into his spirit what the Lord giveth. Now, *in this*, is edifying —pure edifying—precious edifying; *his* soul, who thus waits, is hereby particularly edified by the spirit of the Lord at every meeting. And then, also, there is the life of the whole felt in every vessel that is turned to its measure; insomuch as the warmth of life in each vessel does not only warm the particular, but they are like a heap of fresh and living coals, warming one another, insomuch as a great

strength, freshness, and vigor of life flows into all. And if any be burdened, tempted, buffeted by Satan, bowed down, overborne, languishing, afflicted, distressed, &c., the estate of such is felt in spirit, and secret cries, or open, as the Lord pleaseth, ascend up to the Lord for them; and they many times find ease and relief in a few words spoken, or without words, if it be the season of their help and relief with the Lord.

For absolutely silent meetings, wherein there is a resolution not to speak, we know not; but we wait on the Lord, either to feel Him in words, or in silence of spirit without words, as He pleaseth. And that which we aim at, and are instructed to by the spirit of the Lord as to silent meetings, is, that the flesh in every one be kept silent, and that there be no building up, but in the spirit and power of the Lord.

Now, there are several states of people; some feel little of the Lord's presence, but feel temptations and thoughts with many wanderings and rovings of mind. These are not yet acquainted with the power, or, at least, know not *its dominion*, but rather feel dominion of the evil over the good in them; and this is a sore, travailing, and mournful state; and meetings to such as these, many times, may seem to themselves rather for the worse than for the better. Yet, even these, turning as much as may be from such things, and cleaving, or at least, in truth of heart, desiring to cleave to that which disliketh or witnesses against them, have acceptance with the Lord herein; and continuing to wait in this trouble and distress, keeping close to meetings in fear and subjection to the Lord who requireth it, though with little appearing benefit, do reap a *hidden* benefit at present, and shall reap a more clear and manifest benefit afterwards, as the Lord wasteth and weareth out that in them, wherein the darkness hath its strength.

God is to be worshipped in Spirit, in His own power and life, and this is at His own disposal. *His church is a gathering* in the spirit. If any man speak there, he must speak as the oracle of God, as the vessel out of which God speaks; as the trumpet out of which he gives the sound. Therefore, there is to be a waiting in silence, till the spirit of the Lord move to speak, and also gives words to speak. For a man is not to speak his own words, or in his own wisdom and time; but the spirit's words, in the spirit's wisdom and time, which is, when it moves and gives to speak. Yea, the ministry of the spirit and life is more close and immediate when without words than with words, as has been often felt, and is faithfully testified by many witnesses. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, how and what things God reveals to his children by his spirit, when they wait upon him in his pure fear, and worship and converse with him in spirit; for then the fountain of the great deep is unsealed, and the everlasting springs surely give up the pure and living water."

PLAINNESS OF SPEECH.

The blessed Jesus, in his admirable sermon on the mount, after holding up to reproof the desire of the high professor to be exalted above his fellows, and to receive honor from man, says to his disciples, "But be not ye called Rabbi; for one is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

This exhortation leaves no room for the use of "pompous titles, or flattering appellations;" for, if obeyed, it would bring the whole Christian world to one level; where, in lieu of those distinctions which lead to the bowing of the head, the scraping of the foot, and the use of ceremonious titles as tokens of respect, there would be a simple acknowledgment of brotherhood and the one common Father. Under this feeling, we could address each other in such language as the feelings of the heart would prompt us to use; and then our yea would be yea, and our nay, nay.

Early Friends had much to suffer in consequence of their non-compliance with the customs of their day, in respect to outward ceremonies. They bore these sufferings unflinchingly. They labored, and we, through their labors, are now at liberty to act out our sense of right in most matters pertaining to conscientious scruples, without fear of persecution, imprisonment or death.

They labored, and it is our place now to enter into and *go on* with the labor, carrying on the work of *our day* with equal fidelity to the unfoldings of truth. Are we thus doing? Are we worthy of our present privileges? or are we, through fear of the world's dread laugh, proving recreant to duty, and violating truth's tesimony to plainness of speech.

In a work recently issued,* the writer, speaking of George Fox, when he was called to testify to the great truth "that a measure of the same power and spirit that guided the prophets and apostles, may now be experienced by the faithful," says, "Although this doctrine met with much opposition from the professors of religion, there was, in the plain and unflattering address of George Fox, a cause of offence that rendered him still more obnoxious to opprobrium and abuse. When sent forth on his mission of love, to preach the gospel in its ancient simplicity, he felt himself restrained from giving to his fellow

* Janney's Life of Penn.

man the usual tokens of reverence, which, having originated in human vanity and pride, were, in his view, calculated to nourish the same pernicious passions.

"He could not 'put off the hat' to any man, how exalted soever his station or rank; he durst not use vain compliments nor titles; and in speaking to a single person, he was required to adhere to the ancient Scriptural language, *thee* and *thou*. These deviations from popular manners, although small matters in the eye of human reason, were, by the persecution they occasioned, shown to be important to the progress of truth; for the love of worldly honor had taken deep hold of the public mind, not excepting the ministers and professors of religion, who received honor one of another, and sought not the honor that cometh from God only."

The practice of Friends in using numerical names to designate the months and the days of the week, as it differs from general usage, may call for some notice in this essay, as also the use of the pronouns thee and thou, when addressing a single person.

The same desire for simplicity which led to the rejection of the merely ornamental and superfluous in dress, and the laying aside of unmeaning and complimentary phrases or modes of expression, such as Mr., Sir, &c.; also led from the use of the plural pronoun you to a single person.

The names of the months and weeks then in use, having been given in a far back idolatrous age, *in honor of heathen deities*, Friends believed themselves required to relinquish them, and to adopt the simple and convenient mode, of naming them numerically.

These requirements led into a form of address, the simplicity and reasonableness of which, it is presumed, none will deny, even if they do not allow its necessity.

Applying the plural number to one individual, and giving complimentary titles to one another, surely originated in pride. Beside this consideration, our practice of using the singular number to a single person, and of calling one another by the proper name, is both more correct and more perspicuous.

As to our refusal to take off the hat, as a mark of respect to our fellow man, we would call attention to the fact, that it is a token of reverence enjoined and used in our solemn approaches to the Supreme Being; and, therefore, it is not right to confound this act of reverence to the Almighty, with the marks of respect to our fellow creatures.

Many are apt to plead *general custom*, as a sanction to practices, which, were they impartially examined, would be acknowledged erroneous and improper, and it is to be regretted that the professors of Christianity should retain so much that is inconsistent with its purity and simplicity.

Two laws are more adequate to the regulation of the whole Christian community than all political institutions together—namely, the love of God, and that of our neighbor.—*Paschal.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

IS CHRIST A PERSON OR A PRINCIPLE?

Not in the spirit of controversy, but with desire to allay strife, by illustrating the truth so that brethren standing on different sections of its broad and eternal foundation may acknowledge each other and worship their common Father and Lord without mutual distrust and misapprehension, I desire to offer a few remarks on the above question and answer, contained in last week's INTELLIGENCER.

The question springs from the deep and inextinguishable yearning of the human soul for objects of love and worship, which yearning is not and cannot be satisfied with abstract principles, such as light, wisdom, goodness, power, intelligence, &c., but must find these embodied as elements of a living personality, akin to itself, and answering face to face and heart to heart all its manifold features and requirements.

Such a Being, though spiritual and invisible to our physical senses, Christians believe the Author of Life and Nature to be; and thus far there is no dispute among them, but they cordially unite to oppose the atheist who would dissipate the object of their faith and love into a vapor of impersonal principles. Christians go further, and say that this Divine Being is not solitary, but social; not merely a Creator, but a Father; not only a source from which emanate virtuous powers and principles, but that these powers and principles come forth organized in conscious personalities, images of the Source from whence they spring, which, while dependent on the primary Fountain for the means of life, are capable of voluntary communion with that parent Life and of exercising all its functions.

The primary issue or forth-putting of the Divine Life is called, by eminence, the Word or Son of God, distinguished before all other issues by immediate contact and inter-dwelling with the parent fountain, and by embodying all its fulness while angels and men embrace but a share. This may be represented by the body of a tree or vine, which connects with root so closely, that although there is a diversity of office and operation, there is an essential unity of nature and substance; and this body, or only begotten of the root, is the mediate source and support of the branches,

which receive only a share of the life flowing from the root. The indwelling and outflowing life or spirit of the tree or vine, which is not inorganic, but is the fluid form of the same life, represents the Holy Spirit or Mind of God.

This doctrine Christians hold by faith as relating to the superior or spiritual department of being, and that within the temple of our bodies we have a better life or spiritual man, slain by sin, but regenerated through faith in Christ. They believe that man, consisting of the heavenly and earthly natures mystically combined, having, by transgression of the law of faith, lost the divine image, the Word or Son of God, brought again the perfect manhood by uniting immediately with the offspring of the natural or physical man, thus becoming a second time the Father of the race in spirit, and a Redeemer of the degenerate nature of man by pouring his blood or life as an anointing or christening upon that nature, which, when vitally embraced and fed upon by faith, transforms the earthly mind again under the dominion of God.

The question now is, was that which united with the seed of Eve and Mary only certain abstract principles flowing from God, and by contact with that seed forming a person? or was that which came from God a spiritual personality, or living embodiment of all spiritual principles and substances.

The doubt arises from our profound ignorance of what constitutes being and person and principle. As the eye cannot see itself, so the Fountain of Life is too fundamental for observation and analysis. Hence the necessity for mirrors and images; and words are only images which the mind throws out in order to catch and reflect its ideas; and it may easily happen that while one mind uses a certain word to reflect its thought, another chooses another to mate with the same idea. This is a fertile source of misunderstanding, and when connected with the indistinctness of our conceptions will account for most theological controversies. In the present case, no doubt many use the word principle to represent what others mean by person—namely, the very essence of being. These attach to the word person too much grossness to answer their conceptions of spirit, while the word of their choice is regarded by the other class as too abstract—so void of combination as to dissipate thought and reflection by the want of tangible object.

Now if we were to shift our position and look at the subject from a different point of view, perhaps we should be astonished to find that no one differed with us.

What then does the nature of man call for? All will agree that our paramount need is of beings like ourselves, with certain diversities answering to our manifold wants; and among these wants undoubtedly is a Being all-wise, good and powerful, to adore and trust, and unto whom we can forever aspire and fly for succor and defence, and for sustenance. Our social, spiritual being recognizes this want which nothing in physical nature satisfies. Hence, when sorely pressed, men instinctively cry out for a God to help them. They do not call upon earth, air, water or fire, nor upon wisdom, goodness, love or knowledge, but upon a God, who is supposed to embrace and command all these at will. Thus nature, the primary revelation, teaches that the object of our dependence and worship must be personal like ourselves; but beyond this it does not discriminate to show whether that object be a simple or compound personality, unless the analogy of our own life with its source be taken as a guide; in which case a combinated Being must be inferred from the complex fountain of human life. It is clear, however, that the offspring can have nothing better than is contained in its parent fountain. All the personality, therefore, which we possess must exist in Him who created and supports us. "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" Whether a spiritnal being may embrace abstract principle void of personality and capable of transmission to support another personality, and whether, being such, these could properly be represented by and take the names of a person seem questionable. We may call a person by a name given to some distinguishing quality, and in this sense Jesus Christ is designated as the Light, the Power, the Wisdom or the Grace of God; but the variety of appellations indicates that He is not only one or a part, but all of the outflowing powers and principles of Divine Life which, taken together, can form no less than a perfect type, image or Son of God. By too constant use of these partial titles, there is danger of encouraging an imperfect conception, both in our own minds and in others, and this mistake has undoubtedly often led to charges of infidelity and perhaps to infidelity itself of a certain class. Unguarded opposition to errors of one kind is apt to result in errors of another kind, and there is perhaps reason to fear that the Society of Friends, while laboring to draw the church from gross errors and carnal conceptions of Truth, may have sometimes made its expression too abstract. Our inability to comprehend the whole truth, and our unwillingness to acknowledge that inability and profit by the thoughts of others, are fruitful sources of discord and weakness in the Church.

EDWARD RYDER.

Brewster's Station August 2d, 1868.

"TAKE HEED LEST THOU FALL."

We often hear of the unsteadiness of youth. But we seldom hear of unsteadiness and vacillation in connection with maturer years; we generally suppose that on the turn of manhood or womanhood, character is stereotyped, principles rooted, and that once the ship has cleared the bar, there is no more fear of foundering. Generally it is so; but not always. And in the case of Solomon, we have a beacon lighted on a rock in that open sea, and monitory words wafted to us on the wings of the storm,—"When thou thinkest thou standest, take heed lest thou fall." Here was no young, easily-broken sapling,—no reed shaken by the wind,—but an old, gnarled cedar of Lebanon, a sturdy oak of Bashan, bent before the blast of temptation. It was not in early blossom, or in tender bud, but in full flower, that the frost nipped him; in full blown glory, leaf by leaf withered and fell! What a lesson of watchfulness! What a testimony as to the need of grace to the very last, in the battle with inward corruption and outward temptation! Truly, "there is no discharge in that war."—*McDuff.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A SUGGESTION IN REGARD TO THE INDIANS.

While the destiny of a people is trembling in the balance,—poised on a point that is to decide whether they are to be given to the spoiler, or taken into the peaceful protection of those "who love their fellow-men,—may not the Friends in America ask of their hearts these questions, "Are not the scattered tribes of the far West our wards? Have we not the power in the love of God to lead them into a land of promise? Has not our treatment of the Indians, from the time of William Penn to the present, entitled us to a claim in the confidence of the Government, that we can by peaceful means settle the whole difficulty? Can we, in such a crisis, have the power to help, and refuse the obligation or deny the duty?

All who are well-informed upon this subject know that our Government never has, and, we assume, never will do justice to the aborigines. The President and some of his near subordinates may intend to, but the execution of their commands passes into the hands of men whose greed involves robbery and extermination. A proposition to provide a home for the Indians in a part of their territory, and at the expense of the Government, by Friends' Representative Committee, made to the President and Cabinet, would bring no discredit or dishonor upon the Society, if not granted; if granted, there is a promise that we shall not fail. We are disposed to help, but it is feared the golden opportunity will be lost in deliberation. Let us remember that the vulture hastens to its prey. Mercy ought to be as prompt to save as vengeance is to destroy.

Prophetstown, Ill. SIDNEY AVERILL.

EARLY ANTI-SLAVERY ACTION.

[COMMUNICATED BY N. BARNEY.]

In a late *Christian Register*, under the head of "Early Testimonials against Slavery," is the following:

"A correspondent of the *Advertiser* claims that the honor of preaching the first anti-slavery sermon in this country belongs to the Rev. Dr. Hopkins, of Newport, R. I., &c."

While I acknowledge that the Doctor was among the early and efficient anti-slavery agitators, and while I also remember the interest with which Harriet Beecher Stowe invests him, as the hero of her "Minister's Wooing," I think the date of his birth, 1721, and his settlement in Newport, 1770, are *conclusive* evidences that he was nearly a century behind much associative and individual action, among which is the following:

1688. German Friends, or Quakers, presented the subject of slavery, in an appeal to the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

1702. A practical Testimony by William Penn, in a Manumission Deed.

1716. 26th day of ye 9th month—Record of the Friends' Monthly Meeting of Nantucket, that "It is not agreeable to the Truth for Friends to purchase slaves, and keep them term of liffe."

Mary Starbuck, wife of Nathaniel Starbuck, Sen., and daughter of Tristram Coffin, Sen., was a distinguished and gifted minister in the above Society, and her influence gave such inspiration to that Body, as resulted in the foregoing Minute; which probably had no counterpart in the religious world.

Her labors in this sacred cause were closed by her death in 1717; but her mantle has rested upon many of her descendants, one of whom was Elihu Coleman, spoken of hereafter, and another is Lucretia Mott, whose effective and continuous interest and action, through a long life, in the cause of human elevation and enlightened Christian progress, have given her an influence and prominence in the reformatory movements of the age, peculiarly her own.

Such an anti-slavery sentiment went out from that "Nantucket Christian community" (in recognition of the mission of Jesus, that "*it* was to break every yoke,") that it secured from the pen of Wm. Logan Fisher, of Philadelphia, the following testimonial, in the New Bedford *Mercury*, years ago—viz:

"It has been computed that at the begin-

n'ng of the 19th century, one-third of the people of Nantucket abstained, for conscience' sake, from the use of slave productions!"

Mary Peasley, a minister from England, travelled extensively, in early time, through several of the Southern States, preaching in public, and laboring most devotedly, in the families of Friends against slavery.

1718. Wm. Burling, of Long Island, published an anti-slavery Tract.

1729. Ralph Sandiford, a merchant of Philadelphia, published a similar Tract entitled—"The Mystery of Iniquity, in a Brief examination of the Practice of the Times."

1729—'30—Elihu Coleman, a grandson of Nathaniel and Mary Starbuck, wrote a powerful anti-slavery Tract, the original of which now lies before me, entitled—"A Testimony against that Anti-Christian practice of making slaves of Men." This was first published in 1733, and again (and perhaps again) at a later period. He was an esteemed minister of the Society of Friends. He died in 1789, in his 90th year, rejoicing that that religious body was clear of slavery; Virginia Yearly Meeting being the last in 1784, and his own Yearly Meeting (Rhode Island) being the first, in 1770, to make it a disownable offence!

After saying in his preface that "he had found it hard to write against slavery"—he continues—"I am not unthoughtful of the ferment or stir that such discourse as this may make among some who like Demetrius may say—"By this craft we have our wealth &c.;'" and concluding as with Prophetic inspiration—"The Lord will again search Jerusalem with candles, and bring to light the hidden things of dishonesty." Elihu Coleman.

Nantucket, 20th of ye 11 mo. 1729–30.

1729. The following pertinent appeal was made to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, by Chester, Pa. Quarterly Meeting, viz: "Inasmuch as we are restricted by a rule of discipline from being concerned in fetching or importing negro slaves from their own country, whether it is not as reasonable that we should be restricted from buying them when imported?"

The foregoing dates bring us down to a period 40 years prior to the settlement of Dr. Hopkins in Newport; and what an amount of anti-slavery preaching, remonstrance and entreaty must have preceded such an advanced position as the foregoing facts establish!

Anti-slavery advocates (whom my limits do not allow me even to name) were now greatly increased, showing that this early initiatory action had been blessed with great results. Among these advocates, *and very prominent too*, was John Woolman, born in Northampton, Burlington County, N. J., in 1720; who became a minister in early life: after which he travelled very extensively, in the different Yearly Meetings in America, and thereafter to England, on his mission of love and humanity, where he died in 1773.

In 1758 he attended his own, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. On that occasion he said: "Tears were my meat day and night. The case of slavekeeping lay heavy upon me, nor did I find any engagement to speak directly to any other matter before the meeting." He entreated "firmness and constancy to duty," assuming if this were neglected that "it may be by terrible things in righteousness, God will answer us in this matter."

In 1760 he visited New England, and when in and around Newport, R. I., "on account of the great number of slaves there, he was deeply affected." He said: "In families where I lodged, I felt an engagement to have a conference with them, in private, concerning their slaves," &c.

He continued—"I went to the Yearly Meeting at Newport, where I understood a large number of slaves were imported from Africa, and there on sale by a member of our Society."

Failing of an opportunity to address the House of Assembly, then in session, "he prepared a short Essay of a Petition to be presented to the Legislature, that the importation of slaves might be discouraged," &c. At the end of the Yearly Meeting, he sought, and obtained a conference "with the ministers, elders, and overseers;" and at the end of his devoted labors, he said: "I am humbly thankful to God, who supported my mind, and preserved me in a good degree of resignation through these trials;" adding, "To speak close and home to them who entertain us, on points that relate to their outward interest, is hard labor."

Previously, in speaking of slavery and the slave trade, as if with the intuition of a Seer, he said—"In future, the consequences will be grievous to posterity. I express it as it hath appeared to me, not at once or twice, but as a matter fixed in my mind."

While I have not hesitated in the foregoing, to give the co-operative instrumentality of women, I am not unmindful that many consider *their* offerings as Apocryphal; but anti-slavery people will remember that the pamphlet by Elizabeth Heyrick, entitled "Immediate, not Gradual Emancipation," led Clarkson, Wilberforce and Buxton, to a course of action, which resulted in West India Emancipation; and it was through the energy and co-operation of women, that the Friends, at an earlier date, presented the *first* petition to Parliament for the abolition of the

slave-trade in the British Dominions. And who that ever listened to the deep impressive tones of expostulation and entreaty for justice and right to the bondman, from Elizabeth Coggeshall and Lucretia Mott, could, for a moment, believe that such appeals in the assemblies of the people had been uttered in vain?

Neither can we ever forget "the honorable women, not a few," who by their presence and self-sacrifices, "through good report, and through evil report," sustained our beloved Garrison in the deepest tide of his more practical and eventful anti-slavery struggle. Their martyr-spirit heeded not the combined opposition of the Church—the State and the mob; in view of which H. W. Beecher might well say: "These women will hereafter shine as constellations, while the men," (including himself,) "will be as lights scarcely discernible in the firmament of Heaven!"

And now while I cordially admit with Channing that Dr. H. had many qualities fitting him for a reformer, I cannot however accord to him, in the language of the *Advertiser*, "the honor of preaching the first anti-slavery sermon in this country," inasmuch as the record of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in 1688, preceded the settlement of the Doctor 82 years; being a long period of time, in which there was "line upon line and precept upon precept," embracing a work for humanity which can scarcely be estimated, and in advocacy of which John Woolman, especially, had devoted his best years, made memorable by labor and suffering and sacrifices, long before *the settlement* of Dr. H. in Newport.

And while the churches were thus agitated, a most powerful instrumentality was exerted to test the rights of the slave judicially.

His advocate was William Rotch, Sen., whose connection with the Starbuck family, by marriage, had strengthered his own ever-active, philanthropic, and noble impulses. On the arrival of one of his whaling vessels, having a slave who had performed the voyage, and whose pretended owner demanded his share of the oil, a prompt and unmistakable refusal to deliver it, induced the claimant to appeal to the law, with a result which invested the slave with the proceeds of his service and toil! This decision, so gratifying to his defender and friend, was a practical evidence that, at that time, Massachusetts had no affiliation with slavery!

The example of this good man was most potential, too, with reference to prejudice against color. On the occasion of a religious visit, as companion of Nathan Hunt, to the meetings around New Bedford, they were hospitably entertained by Paul Cuffee, a descendant of an African slave. The dinner hour came, and with it the refusal of those distinguished guests to a place at the table, till the host and his family were seated beside them. I well remember, at the distance of more than sixty years, with what interest William Rotch, on his return home, recited the incidents of that visit.

Paul Cuffee, then captain and owner of the vessel, laden I believe with sperm oil, went to Liverpool, England; and while in that city, William Rathbone, (afterwards Mayor,) gave a party to that "philanthropic negro." Referring to the event in 1845, the ex-Mayor told me, that in answer to his servant, he instructed him, "first to wait on Capt. Cuffee, and thereafter on the other guests," among whom were some of the distinguished English nobility.

And now in conclusion of the article, and with reference to the individuals named therein, the declaration of the Psalmist presents itself with especial significance—"The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

Poughkeepsie, 6 mo., 1868.

P. S.—A *memorable* fact I gather from the "Canton, Ohio, Repository"—viz: "Among all the descendants of Mayhew and Mary Folger, formerly of Nantucket, not one can be found that has not always borne faithful testimony against human slavery."

Their forefather, Peter Folger, the grandfather of Doctor Franklin, accompanied Tristram Coffin as a pioneer adventurer to Nantucket.

Truth is a gem which need not be enchased—which, faultless and cloudless, may be held up to the pure bright light on any side, in any direction, and will everywhere display the same purity and soundness and beauty.

EXCERPTS.

If Friends in England or America are to prosper, or continue their special usefulness as a religious organization, for which there was never more need in my opinion than at present, there must be a greater return to the simplicity and spirituality which attended the lives and teachings of those with whom the Society first originated, and which are characteristic of the Gospel. The comprehensive injunction of George Fox, "Mind the Light," or the still more concise one of the blessed Jesus, "Watch," in its full significance, embraces all. It enjoins an humble, daily living up to our highest convictions of right and duty, as graciously impressed upon our consciousness by the Spirit of God, with a full reliance upon Him to furnish ability, which He never fails to do, to fulfil all His requirements. This was originally the whole of Friends' great fundamental doctrine. The

evidence which the experience of every one who truly and practically embraces this doctrine in heart, gives of its truth, power and saving value, becomes a ground of faith to that one.

True religion must be simple; it must be plain; it must be reasonable; and it must admit of being tested by consciousness, as a basis of requisite faith. We cannot have faith at will, or "of ourselves:" "it is the gift of God;" and He always bestows it, in harmony with His revealed nature, and with existing realities.

In all other departments in which belief is required, experimental evidence to attest its truth is attainable, where any doubt may exist. And this certainly cannot be, nor is it, less the case, in what concerns the welfare and interests of the soul. Spiritual influences and instincts are no less realities than any that come under the cognizance of our external senses.

Nothing is known to us by its abstract or inherent nature. Matter is known to us by its properties alone: its inherent or abstract nature is wholly concealed. So of attraction, —so of heat, light, electricity, magnetism,— every thing: they are known only by their qualities, properties, capacities of influencing and being influenced. They all may be, and probably they all are, different manifestations of our varied existence.

Speaking with heartfelt reverence, the corresponding truth exists in relation to Deity. He is known to us only by His attributes, through which He reveals Himself by inspiring them upon souls, and imparting to our souls the nature or essence of these attributes. As an illustration of my reasoning: He imparts the impress of Truth to the soul, which brings it so far acquainted with God, and with this *knowledge* of Truth, He imparts an intelligent admonition to *obey* all its requirements. This obedience to Truth, through the power of God which accompanies its impress, and is thus made known to the soul, saves it from all the consequences which flow from every form of a departure from it, and hence such soul has experienced true salvation, and comes to know and love the Power by which it is saved. The same is true of every other Divine attribute; and a person whose soul is thus brought under the influence of all these, living up day by day to his highest conceptions of the requirements of these Divine attributes, is governed by the attributes of Deity; he is "led by the Spirit of God;" he is a son of God. This is what I understand to be Friends' doctrine. But this is all to be learned and practiced within, by careful and constant attention to individual consciousness, which possesses its laws, disturbances, influences, and capacities for discipline, regulation, advancement, and purification, but too generally disregarded, or looked away from, by turning to men and books, seeking, as it respects the soul, the living among the dead. And to this as a Society we must come back, if we are to prosper and be useful.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 15, 1868.

The Old Meeting-House.—The old meeting-house in Reading, so well known to many of the members of Phila. Quarterly Meeting has been removed, and the new and commodious meeting-house in another and more eligible location is expected to be opened for public worship early in the Ninth month, probably in time for the Circular Meeting which is held under the care of Phila. Quarterly Meeting. The traditions connected with the old house are well worthy of preservation. In the time of the Revolutionary War, the American Army took possession of it for a hospital, and on some of the wood work one of the patients beguiled his hours of sickness by carving the figure of a ship of war, which is still preserved. In Michener's Retrospect of Early Quakerism is an account of the establishment of Oley, (afterwards Exeter) Monthly Meeting, in which it is stated that

"The first house of worship in Reading was built by Friends on their burying-ground, in 1751. In 1766 it was pulled down, and in its place, the present one-story log house was built." A wood-cut of the house will be found in the same book, and a Friend of Reading has had a photograph of the building executed, which is said to be remarkably accurate.

It is to be hoped that the facts connected with the history of this ancient edifice will be preserved from oblivion. The new meeting-house is erected on the burial ground lot, and until it is ready for occupancy the meeting will be held at the residence of a Friend in Reading. The Daily Eagle of the 30th ultimo, published in Reading, thus mentions the demolition of the old building:

"Demolished.—The Friends' old Meeting-House in Washington street, between Fourth

and Fifth, is now being taken down. The workmen commenced removing the floor yesterday afternoon. A century has passed since it was built, and the history of it would fill a volume. It was originally erected for a meeting-house, but during the Revolutionary war it was used as a hospital. Razing the building to the ground appears to our mind almost like sacrilege. Upon entering it yesterday we experienced a sentiment of veneration, and could the old walls speak what tales could they unfold, and what histories of men and women of the past could they relate! In our boyhood, we caught with the sweep of our straw hat many a white-headed 'bumble bee' buzzing in the sun, under the eaves of the 'Friends' old Meeting-House.' That old house is now sharing the fate of all things earthly—it is passing away. No more words of wisdom, of exhortation, of consolation, will be heard within its walls; no more tears of sorrow, of regret, or of joy will drop to its floor; no more prayers of the pious will ascend from it forever. The Meeting-House and its glory have departed, and there remain but a few mementoes—a broken bayonet, and two copper coins! one bearing date 1801, the other 1792; the first an American penny, and the latter a French one. The coins were found beneath the board on which the preachers kneeled to pray."

EARLY ANTI-SLAVERY ACTION.—Our friend Nathaniel Barney has forwarded to us some valuable information respecting early Anti-Slavery action in the United States. The article was written for the "New Bedford Mercury," in which paper it was first published.

It will be difficult for coming generations to estimate the self-denying labors and sacrifices of some of the more prominent advocates of immediate emancipation. In our own day, as well as at an earlier period, the combined influence of Church and State was directed against those who patiently and persistently labored in the cause, and while many of these suffered in their persons and estates, the ban of church censure was pronounced against them by most of the popular church organizations. Now that our country is purged from the disgrace of human slavery, all information connected with the labors of those who through "good report and evil report" maintained their testimony, is valuable, and should be carefully collected and preserved, as part of a history which is yet to be written.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS AND ITS LITERATURE. *Just published, in two vols. (2011 pp.) demy 8vo., price £3, A Descriptive Catalogue of Friends' Books; or, Books written by Members of the Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers, from their first rise to the present time: interspersed with Critical Remarks and occasional Biographical Notices, and including all Writings by Authors before joining, and by those after having left the Society, whether adverse or not, as far as known.* By JOSEPH SMITH.

In a cursory examination of these volumes, we are impressed not only with the amount of labor which it cost the compiler, but with the value of such a work to book collectors, and all who are interested in the literature of Friends. There are many private persons who will doubtless possess themselves of the work, and we think no public library, whether belonging to Friends, or otherwise, would be complete without it. Samuel M. Janney, in his History of Friends, informs us that "in the year 1708, a Catalogue of Friends' books was published by John Whiting, which contains the names of 528 writers, and gives the titles and dates of about 2800 books and tracts." Since that day many hundred more have been added to the list, and from the testimony of those who have given it a critical examination, we believe that these volumes have been carefully and accurately collated, and contain a large amount of information not elsewhere to be obtained. The London edition can be obtained of John Penington & Son, No. 127 S. Seventh St., from whom we have received a circular.

DIED, on the 2d of Eighth month, 1868, at his residence, near Easton, Talbot Co., Md., of consumption, JOSEPH BARTLETT, in the 59th year of his age; a member of Third Haven Monthly Meeting, Md.

——, drowned, by the sinking of the steamer Morning Star, near Cleveland, Ohio, on the 21st of Sixth month, 1868, DAVIS BYERLY, formerly of Philadelphia, aged 52 years; a member of New York Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 3d of Seventh month, 1868, FRANCES M., wife of Israel Peterson, and daughter of the late Nathan Shoemaker, M.D.; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

——, on the 22d of Seventh month, 1868, in Philadelphia, CRESSON, youngest son of Joshua L. and Sarah C. Hallowell, in his 8th year.

——, at Mt. Washington, Md., on the 3d of 8th month, 1868, JANE S., wife of Samuel Townsend; a member of Baltimore Monthly Meeting.

DIED, at her father's residence, Chester Co., Pa., on the 6th of Seventh month, 1868, ANN L., only child of Joseph and the late Rebecca M. Lindsey; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Green Street, Philadelphia.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day, Eighth month 21st, at 3 o'clock, at Race St. Monthly Meeting Room.

THOMAS GARRIGUES, *Clerk.*

CONVERSATIONS ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.
BY SAMUEL M. JANNEY.

Friends' Publication Association have just issued a new edition of this valuable work, which should be in every Friend's family, and extensively circulated among those not in profession with us. It may be had (with other books of the Association) of T. E. Chapman, No. 3 S. Fifth St., up stairs. Also of T. E. Zell, 17 S. Sixth St., up stairs. It is hoped that Friends throughout the country will show their interest in our principles by forwarding their orders and promoting its circulation.

FRIENDS' ALMANAC FOR 1869.

Owing to the delay in getting correct information in regard to meetings, &c., this work cannot be issued in time for Ohio, and very probably not till after Indiana Yearly Meeting.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 19.

(Continued from page 354.)

I arrived at Hotel del Parc at dark, and only had time to see that Lake Lugano looked much smaller, and that the abrupt mountains which enclose it were more impressive than those of Lake Maggiore. I saw what I could by a walk in front of the hotel, under the trees, and was out in the morning at six. I ascended a hill which makes the garden of the hotel, and walked all through the winding paths, getting every moment a new view of the mountain-locked lake, and resting on seats made on purpose to command the most lovely prospects. I visited a church which is near the hotel on the left, and saw the last pictures Luini painted,—the life and death of Christ, and (in a little chapel on the right) a Madonna. I like his form and color, though he does not seem to have finished so elaborately as some painters. At half-past eleven, I took the steamboat again, and traversed the whole length of the lake, which I found to be longer than I had expected, and landed at Porlerra. The narrowness of the lake brought the enclosing mountains into an impressive proximity, though beauty certainly predominated rather than grandeur. The ride from Porlezza to Menaggio was even more beautiful than that from Luino to Lugano, for there came into view ever and anon snow mountains, and the country in the rich fulness of moonlight was gorgeous, while we had an air and cover that kept us from being burnt up. Menaggio is on Lake Como, and as soon as we wound down the hill I saw Bellagio stretching itself into the lake, looking exactly like the picture of it which I have seen for so many years adorning Hawthorne's study. Yes, here was the reality; well is it named Bellagio, which means beautiful place. It looks as if it were meant to be an island in the lake, but the motherland could not let it go, and so held it at arm's length. I took a little boat, and was rowed over by a man and a boy, a distance of four miles. It was late in the afternoon, and nothing could have been lovelier. I was not surprised to find so large a hotel as the Hotel de l'Angleterre, as it was full of people, but I obtained a night's lodging at a dependency of another hotel, which was also full; and sat in its gardens looking down the lake to Lecco, for Bellagio is at a point whence one can see both Lecco and Como. I did not ascend the hills, but contented myself with the views from the garden and my chamber-window. I could look from this over to Carlotta's villa, and half-way between it and the Hotel de l'Angleterre there was stationed in the evening an illuminated boat, from which rockets were thrown up, and on which a band of music played from nine until eleven o'clock. The soft music and a beautiful quarter of the moon, infinitely outshining the transient rockets, made the scene memorable, and I wished for some one to whom I might say, how beautiful! This wish was gratified on the next morning, when I met a young English clergyman, on the boat which I took for Como. He was on his way to Rome and Naples. At Como, I went to the Golden Lion, according to directions, to meet the diligence. The ride from Como to Levano was not so beautiful as the two others had been, but grew more attractive towards the end. I found myself at Levano four hours after the steamboat had left, and could only take a row-boat to my hotel, six miles across the lake. But when I arrived, I could but acknowledge that my gyro was richly worth the two napoleons it cost, (taking in the hotel). It is an exquisite tour for any lover of the picturesque, and shows no signs of any lazy Italians, for the soil is beautifully cultivated and often to the tops of the hills; where there is no cultivation, it seems as if man but gave way to God, who supplied mere beauty with his rocks and mantling air of every beauteous tint.

The afternoon and sunset lasted an hour or two after my arrival, and Lake Maggiore looked more beautiful than ever.

BASLE, June 1st.

I did not give you a very brilliant account

of my ride over the Simplon, but language rather fails one in these mountain scenes, where God seems to talk to us by grander symbols than man's echoes. This route is not considered the most impressive road over the Alps; but it is grand enough for me who am so inexperienced, and then one is greatly impressed with the grandeur of human genius in making this wonderful passage; which is perfectly safe all the way through. The drive down into the valley of the Rhone was to me the finest part of the journey. We accompanied the Rhone, the next day, by railroad over to the beautiful Lake Geneva, where I stopped, as I said, to see Castle Chillon, a most picturesque pile indeed; but I could not get up the adequate horror at the dungeons, because they are not quite dark, like those I saw at Ratisbon and Venice, and now all traces of tyranny are gone. I wished for some one to aggravate my feelings and touch my imagination with that terrible reality which Lord Byron has made immortal. One reason was that I was hurried through by the guides, and was perhaps wearied by my journey over the Alps. From Lausanne I went to Fribourg, which is one of the most picturesque places I ever saw, being situated on several hills, with the river S—— winding through it most beautifully; giving occasion to bridges, two of which are of wire; one connecting opposite hills with a span of nine hundred feet. Below one sees not only the river, but houses and villas along its banks. I walked over this bridge, for it was close by the hotel where I stopped, which is itself a most enchanting place to stay, and is in the vicinity of the grand old cathedral, where I went next day to hear the wonderful organ. I was very glad not to have missed Fribourg, and I had a pleasant afternoon ride from thence to Basle, by contenting myself with beautiful green hills and pretty towns in lieu of the awful Alps, and resting in gentler emotions of pleasure.

Basle is a pretty town on the banks of the Rhine, and there is a splendid view of both the river and the new town from the balconies of the hotel Three Kings, where I am, and than which there is no pleasanter place in Basle. This morning I went to the Cathedral, now a Protestant church, and saw its painted windows, which I think are modern, and many strange pictures, models, &c., which are kept in the room where the famous Council of Basle was held; I made my reverence at the tomb of Erasmus, with whom I have been well acquainted from early youth, when I read his life. I always liked the dear old man, though he had not in him to do what Luther did, but he prepared for it by his writings—Suum cuique. I then went to see a new Gothic Church called the Elizabeth, just built at the cost of a million of dollars, and left to the city by a Mr. M. It is a perfectly correct specimen of Gothic architecture, but I think it is out of date, and the million of dollars might have been made to serve God better. I spent the rest of the forenoon at the museum, which would be very much more instructive to a student of mineralogy, zoology and other natural sciences. I looked at the picture gallery which is rich in pencil drawings of old German masters, Holbein, Albrecht Durer and others; also in copies of these,—and the beauty of pencil drawing can go no farther; but many of the old German masters are more curious than beautiful. I leave Basle for Paris this afternoon. E. P. P.

Good, kind, true, holy words dropt in conversation, may be little thought of, but they are like seeds of flower, or fruitful tree, falling by the wayside, borne by some bird afar, haply thereafter to fringe with beauty some heretofore barren mountainside, or make some nook of the wilderness to rejoice.

QUOTATION FROM AN ESSAY ENTITLED "INTERIOR CONSCIOUSNESS.—INSIGHT."

By Isabel E. Crosby.

When the "birth of the spirit," or the recognition of an inward union with a dependence upon God has taken place, it becomes a living, germinating, growing fact in the soul; deriving nourishment directly from the first source of life, putting down roots into the inmost and unfolding virtues and graces of thought and action. To this babe of eternity all things become tributary; all experiences, whether apparently favorable or adverse, work together for its good, and help to educate it.

The expanse of space is not broader than the soul is deep. The outmost is not more illimitable than the inmost is unfathomable; but our self-knowledge is shallow.

We have scarcely begun to sound our own depths, and we can never sound them fully, because the inmost is God, who is "past finding out." If we expand or flow out more than we deepen, we exhaust ourselves and become empty. We have no call individually to expand to the edge of the universe. Our business is to search our own depths, and get nearer to God, in doing so, pushing our ideal to its utmost possible, and following with the practical as fast as flesh and blood will let us. Difficulties, disappointments, suffering of all kinds, help to bore down into this artesian well of consciousness, if accepted in a teachable spirit; and the deeper they

mine the more freely the divine or inmost life flows up. When the well is full, let it overflow if it will, and run off naturally, watering whatever dry and barren ground it gets access to. Such natural outflow is the only legitimate influence any soul can have. We may give according to our means, and teach what we have learned, but not leave ourselves in the rough, to run about and exert a good influence, nor hurry to the uttermost parts of the earth to teach the heathen what we do not know ourselves.

Look not up for God; look not out for him, he is inmost; inmost to the universe, inmost to the individual soul. That child was divinely taught, who answered to the question, "How great is God?" "He is so great he is everywhere, and so small he is in this little heart." No doubt the Divine fills the universe; but that little incarnation of divine life within ourselves concerns us most intimately. If we keep open house to that, the universe may come in with it, as much at least as our pitcher will hold. The only way to find God present everywhere, is first to find him within; and when the spark of divine love, the hidden impulse to good, is found, to give it air, fan it to a flame, and deliver ourselves to its authority, placing all that we have and are at its disposal. Let us make this gracious guest the master of the house; so may it abide with us. Let selfish will become so absorbed in love divine, that we cannot distinguish between our own desire and the promptings of the Heavenly Spirit. So shall the Spirit bear witness with our spirits; so shall we become at one with God; so shall we be daily nourished with hidden manna, watered from the fountain head, and vitalized by the sacred flame of life and love that is inmost in all things.

To some persons this is all incomprehensible. That they have the power of conscious union with God, it is not possible to doubt, or they would not be human. But the power has been too weak to exert itself, and the external life has overlaid it,—smothered it, buried it more or less deeply, according to the strength it had to struggle againt the force of outside pressure.

HOME.

Two birds within one nest;
Two hearts within one breast;
Two souls within one fair,
Firm league of love and prayer,
Together bound for aye, together blest.

An ear that waits to catch
A hand upon the latch;
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win.
A world of cares without;
A world of strife shut out;
A world of love shut in.

From Phila. Ledger of Eighth mo. 4th.

DESCRIPTION OF THE STORM ON THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

A letter from Washington to the Cincinnati Gazette gives the following interesting description of the recent storm on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad:

It was Friday morning—five o'clock and forty-five minutes—when the storm overtook our train, which was the fast train, due at Baltimore about 8 o'clock. We had reached Mount Airy, Md., and were about fifty miles west from Baltimore. Two black clouds, one from the east, the other from the west, met just over our heads, and in an instant, quick as thought, a deluge fell upon us. It did not rain, but poured in solid volume, as if a lake had fallen, in mass, upon us. In three minutes the train ran into the mud which had washed upon the track, and we were completely anchored. This proved our salvation, for the flood could not sweep us off.

The Patapsco was on our right—a small stream then, which a man could easily leap across. A high range of hills or mountains rose up at our left. The river lay perhaps twenty feet below us. Soon the track was completely submerged in water. The floods poured in torrents from the mountain, rushing wildly beneath us, and threatening in its frenzy to leap through the windows and carry us down into the swollen stream. Such terrific thunder I never before heard—one peal after another, at intervals of only a few seconds. The whole mountain side, and all the face of the waste of waters were ablaze with lightning. Trees and telegraph poles were shattered to pieces near us by the electric current. The river had now expanded into a stream a mile or more in width; houses, barns, hay stacks, logs and cattle were seen floating down the river. The river had now risen to the edge of the track upon which our train stood. Each moment we expected to be swept down by the fierce deluge that rushed down upon the track from the steep side of the mountain. Escape seemed impossible. No living thing could stem the flood that came down the mountain. To leave the car was but to rush to a watery grave. This all happened in less time than it takes me to write it. But as if each wild, unharnessed element of nature had vied with each other in their fierce war upon us, the hail was added to the lightning, thunder and the rain. Hail showered down upon the car as thickly as it could fall, and in blocks of from two to three inches in diameter.

As the nuggets of ice fell upon the roof of the car, they made a sharp, startling noise like the sound of musketry near at hand. One could not liken the terrific roar of the

elements now to anything but the noise of battle, with deafening thunders of artillery, and the rapid reports of the falling ice for the rattle of musketry. It was now six o'clock. The passengers in the sleeping car had been aroused by the storm, and the conductor rushed in and shouted, "For God's sake, ladies and gentlemen, leave the car and go forward, or you will be swept into the river." In a moment all rushed pell-mell to the forward car, which had run off the track into deep mud, and was anchored fast. Some of the ladies were *en dishabille*, for the night had been very hot, and many of the gentlemen were only half dressed. But now was no time for ceremony. In the face of death few cared to make a toilet. Soon all the passengers, about sixty, were in one car together.

The hail was shattering the window glass to pieces. Almost all the glass on both sides of the cars and in the doors of each end were broken, for we were in a whirlwind, and the rain dashed in upon us. Men turned pale, ladies and children cried with terror. It was a pitiful scene, but we were helpless, we were powerless, and the elements had us in their strong arms. But, thank God, he who rules the armies of Heaven had each raging element in His mighty and merciful hand.

The scene was now one of unsurpassed sublimity. The torrents leaping over the tops of trees, and the red and blue streaks of lightning robing them in garments of resplendent fire; the rush of the waters beneath us madly plunging to the river, the roar of the thunder and rattle of the hail forming altogether a scene of terror and sublimity beyond all the powers of the wildest imagination.

For an hour and ten minutes the great lumps of ice continued to drop. Water still descended in a flood. Now other trains were due, going east on the same track we were on. Who would go out and put up the red signal? No man was strong enough to successfully wade back across the mountain torrents, and even if he could do that, the hail would have killed him. But the trains had all been stopped.

In trying to describe this terrible tornado I feel that it is impossible to convey a full and correct idea of it. Eight hours did it thus storm upon us. No element relaxed its fearful warfare except the hail, which quit at ten minutes past seven. At about two o'clock, this storm of such unprecedented duration and fury ceased. We were still all safe in the car. The water was three or four feet deep upon the track, and the edge of the river was really flowing under the car. Soon the waters subsided, and once more we stood upon the earth. Now we could see the effects of the deluge around us. A cow and a calf lay dead near the train shattered to pieces with hail. Small animals lay thickly around dead upon the ground. Fields of corn and oats were swept off clean, and not a blade left upon them. Soon we were dug out of the mud, two engines hitched to the train, and we drawn two miles back to Mount Airy.

Do but the half of what you can, and you will be surprised at the result of your diligence.

LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand—
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of life's myterious land;

Dimpled and soft, and pink as peach-tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days—
How can they walk around the briery tangles,
Edging the world's rough ways!

These white-rose feet along the doubtful future
Must bear a woman's load;
Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden,
And walks the hardest road.

Love, for a while, will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth and fair—
Will cull away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?

How they will be allured, betrayed, deluded,
Poor little untaught feet—
Into what dreary mazes will they wander,
What danger will they meet?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of Sorrow's tearful shades?
Or find the upland slopes of Peace and Beauty
Whose sunlight never fades?

Will they go toiling up Ambition's summit,
The common world above?
Or in some nameless vale securely sheltered,
Walk side by side with Love?

Some feet there be which walk Life's track unwounded,
Which finds but pleasant ways;
Some hearts there be to which this life is only
A round of happy days.

But they are few. Far more there are who wander
Without a hope or friend—
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway
Stretches so strange and wide?

Ah! who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet—
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the babe's feet.

—*The Lady's Friend.* FLORENCE PERCY.

It lightens the stroke to draw near to Him who handles the rod.

MABEL'S CURE.

BY C. A. MASON.

"*The world is even as we take it,*
And life, dear child, is what we make it."

Thus spoke a grandame, bent with care,
To little Mabel, flushed and fair.

But Mabel took no heed that day
Of what she heard her grandame say.

Years after, when no more a child,
Her path in life seemed dark and wild.

Back to her heart the memory came
Of that quaint utterance of the dame:

"*The world, dear child, is as we take it,*
And life, be sure, is what we make it."

She cleared her brow; and smiling, thought,
"'Tis even as the good soul taught!"

"And half my woes thus quickly cured,
The other half may be endured."

No more her heart its shadow wore;
She grew a little child once more.

A little child in love and trust,
She took the world—as we, too, must—

In happy mood; and, lo! it grew
Brighter and brighter to her view!

She made of life—as we, too, should—
A joy; and, lo! all things were good.

And fair to her, as in God's sight,
When first He said "Let there be light!"

THE BLACK COUNTRY.

Elihu Burritt, the "Learned Blacksmith," has recently published a book entitled, *The Black Country and its Green Border Land*, which title refers to that portion of England, with Birmingham as its centre, which is wholly given up to the workers in metals. The plan of the volume, we believe, was conceived while preparing an official report of the trade, within the Birmingham Consulate, with the United States. While adding to this report, according to the requirements of our Government, whatever other facts might have a bearing upon the productive capacity, industrial character, and natural resources of the Black Country, he found the material growing in his hands, and, in consequence, we have, instead of a mass of dry statistics, a most readable and entertaining work. It is not, however, our purpose to review *The Black Country*, which, like everything written by Elihu Burritt, is complete in its way; but simply to make a few transcripts for the benefit of our readers.

In the latter part of the last century, buckles for the hat, knee, and shoes became the ruling fashion, and Birmingham monopolized the trade. Suddenly, however, there came a change, and the "effeminate shoe-string became the fashion.

"The Prince of Wales, the most unlikely man on earth to interfere with the royal prerogative of fashion, was appealed to in an almost piteous petition to interpose his influence and save the craft from ruin. This petition is a remarkable document. It contains the stoutest remonstrance ever addressed to an intangible despotism stronger than the power of throned kings. In the first place, it shows how many have earned their bread by the fallen trade. It beseeches the Prince to assist in giving employment to 'more than twenty thousand persons who, in consequence of the prevalence of shoe-strings and slippers," were in great distress. 'The first gentleman in Europe,' as the Prince aspired and claimed to be, yielded just enough to show the petitioners how little he could arrest the rule of fashion. He ordered his gentlemen and servants to discard shoe-strings, but it was like opposing a rye-straw to a mountain-torrent. The petitioners put a plaintive sentiment in an apothegm of great wisdom and truth. They say: 'Fashion is void of feeling and deaf to argument.'

"But if buckles were obliged to succumb to the dictation of Fashion, a stout resistance was opposed to her rule in the matter of gilt or metal buttons. The protectionists of those times ruled their trades with a rod of iron. The button-makers would not tolerate either competition or rivalry. No shoe-string innovators should be allowed to poach on their preserves, as they did in the buckle business. They would push the iron ægis of the law against all the inventors and improvers that sought to insinuate themselves into the pale of their profits. A statute enacted in the reign of the first George existed, and this they determined to see enforced. Whoever undertakes to write history of Protection, should cite in full this act. How strangely it reads in the ears that listen to the new doctrines of the present day! It imposed a penalty of £5 'on any tailor or other person convicted of making, covering, selling, or using, or setting on to a garment any buttons covered with cloth or of any stuff of which garments are made.' But if 'Love laughs at locksmiths,' Fashion laughed at all the bolts and bars which the Black Country iron and coal could make to bar her out of the kingdom. The button-makers, like other tradesmen and manufacturers who seek to make their government a kind of special providence for the protection of their pretended interests, appealed to all the influential powers of State to interpose in their behalf. Even as late as 1850, deputations were sent up to London, not to ask for Parliamentary legislation, but to solicit the royal court to patronize metal buttons. But like the shoe-buckle men, they found a power behind the throne that wielded the sceptre over the realm of taste, and like them they had to say and believe that 'Fashion is void of feeling and deaf to argument."—*The Methodist.*

LITTLE THINGS.

Very wise and needful is that common maxim which bids us take care of our *pence*, because our *pounds* will take care of themselves. No less prudent is it in us to attend to little duties and little sins, as we esteem them; for our life, the most of it, is made up of such. A grand occasion seldom occurs; the important action of our life and its severe trials are few and far between. But small affairs, like the smaller coin, are perpetually passing through our hands. It therefore much concerns us to mark how the little duties are done, how the petty annoyances are borne by us. Is it our duty to perform, and even to bear these trifles to the glory of God? to make even these insensible steps so many ascents on the great ladder which reaches from earth to heaven? Though singly they appear almost nothing, yet their number makes up for their minuteness: multiplied, they yield the grand total of life.—*The Moravian.*

WALKING AND ITS USES.

The special advantages of walking, as an exercise, are many. Perhaps the most important is, that it takes us out of doors, and keeps us there in the pure air and the bright sunshine. The exercise, which is gentle and prolonged, increases not only the frequency, but the fulness of respiration, thus bringing a much larger quantity of oxygen into the lungs, and through them to the blood, thereby giving the finishing touch to the process of digestion, and vitalizing "the red current of life." Another advantage to respiration is this. When a person is sitting or standing still, the exhaled air from the lungs, which is unfit to be breathed again, fills the space about the face, and a portion of it is taken into the lungs at the next breath; especially is this the case if the head is bent forward; but when a person is walking, and expels the air from his lungs, his head is carried past the expired air before he draws in another breath, and thus he gets a supply of pure air, with its full proportion of oxygen, at every inspiration, and thus is the vigor and vivacity which results from exercise in the open air partially accounted for. Walking is very beneficial to the digestive organs, by the gentle yet constant motion which it imparts to them, and which is essential to their long-continued, healthful action. It brings into action, and properly developes more muscles than any other one mode of exercise. It tends to equalize the circulation of the blood. Pedestrians, rope-dancers, and those who exercise their legs a great deal, are not troubled with that almost universal complaint—cold feet. The simple reason is, that exercise calls the blood to the parts exercised, and the blood feeds and warms.

One great objection to walking is, that it takes so much time. True, it takes some time—more, as a general thing, than it does to ride—but so does the accomplishment of anything desirable; and is not good health desirable? In the end, however, it results in the saving of time, by preserving the health, and increasing the vigor of all the physical and mental functions. In no way is there so much time wasted, to say nothing of vitality, as in being sick, and yet people are unwilling to give a little time to keeping well.

To obtain the greatest amount of good from walking, it must, like every thing else, be done right. In the first place, it is always best to have some definite object in view when going out to walk—some particular place or object of interest to see, some purpose to accomplish, or some friend to visit, and not walk merely for the purpose of walking, if any other object can be attained at the same time. But better walk without any other object, than not walk at all. The position of the body while walking is of great importance. The body should incline slightly forward from the hips, if walking slowly, and the inclination should increase according to the rapidity of the walk. The head should be kept on a line with the body, the shoulders and hips held back, and the chest unimpeded in its action by tight clothing or otherwise. The arms should be allowed to swing freely at the side. The respiration should be carried on entirely through the nostrils, and not through the mouth. In commencing a long walk, walk slowly at first, and gradually increase the speed. Invalids, and persons who are unaccustomed to walking, should begin with short walks, being careful not to overdo, and increase the distance as their strength and endurance increases. Any one who will practice this precept—never ride when you can just as well walk—will not only be more vigorous and healthy, but will accomplish far more than he or she otherwise would.—*Journal of Health.*

THE RAINING TREE.

The island of Fierro is one of the largest in the Canary group, and it has received its name on account of its iron-bound soil, through which no river or stream flows. It has also but very few wells, and these not very good. But the great Preserver and Sustainer of all, remedies this inconvenience in a way so extraordinary that man will be forced to acknowledge that he gives in this an undeniable demonstration of his wonderful goodness. In the midst of the island there grows a tree, the leaves of which are

long and narrow, and continue in constant verdure winter and summer, and the branches are covered with a cloud which is never dispelled, but, resolving itself into a moisture, causes to fall from its leaves a very clear water in such abundance that cisterns placed at its foot to receive it are never empty.—*Exchange.*

MARTIN LUTHER'S WILL.—In the last will and testament of this eminent reformer occurs the following remarkable passage: "Lord God, I thank thee that thou hast been pleased to make me a poor and indigent man upon earth. I have neither house, nor land, nor money to leave behind me. Thou hast given me wife and children, whom I now restore to thee. Lord, nourish, teach, and preserve them as thou hast me."

KEEP IN GOOD HUMOR.—It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations and small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a waste of vitality; it is always foolish, and always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases, when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another, and even that noble rage seldom mends the matter.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The undersigned has received the following since last report:

Friends of Goshen Monthly Meeting, Pa.....	$22 00
" Richmond, Ind.....	5 00
" Friends of West Chester, Pa.....	6 00
" Clarksboro, N. J.....	8 00
A. M. J., Goose Creek, Va.....	2 00
B. B., Moorestown, N. J.....	2 00
Friends in Philadelphia.....	12 00

As the operations of the Association are retarded for want of funds, it is hoped all who feel an interest in our religious Society will aid it by their contributions. JOSEPH M. TRUMAN, JR., *Treasurer*,
717 Willow St.

ITEMS.

HISTORY records that the Jews complained about the hardship of having to make brick without straw. Yankee genius dispenses with brick and clay both. Concrete bricks are now common in New Jersey, the West and other sandy wastes. Machines for making them are being vastly improved. We heard of one recently which would turn out 2000 a day. Lime, sand, and pressure make concrete bricks. But this is nothing to artificial marble, which is made ready carved, so to speak, in moulds to suit.

AN IMPERIAL French decree suspends the tonnage dues on vessels entering the ports of the empire with breadstuffs for three months from the 1st of October next. This action seems to imply that a short harvest is feared in France.

THE DESTRUCTION OF WOODLANDS is said to remove the barriers against extensive inundations arising from heavy rain falls. It is asserted that the clearing of the Adirondack forests might ultimately inflict npon Northern and Central New York the same evils which the ravages of the woodman's axe have brought upon many portions of France and other European countries. The French Government, appreciating the importance of wooded tracts, has provided for the replanting of thousands of acres of forests, as a protection for the lands skirting the Alps against the tremendous floods which rendered certain districts unfit for agriculture.

NORWEGIAN EMIGRANTS, to the number of four thousand, are about to settle in Wisconsin. The lands, in different sections of the State, have been selected for them, and an agent has gone to Norway to gather the families and make the necessary arrangements for sending them to this country. The parties come from the northern part of Norway, are hardy, industrious people, who will soon make for themselves homes, and will be a most valuable acquisition to the population. According to the census of 1860, Wisconsin had residing within its limits 21,442 out of the 43,995 Norwegians residing in the United States. There are one or more papers published in that language in Wisconsin, and there are also many churches, of the Lutheran denomination, where the services are conducted in Norwegian,

AN IRON MOUNTAIN IN WEST VIRGINIA.—The Pittsburg Gazette says: "We are informed by the Hon. R. D. T. Farrensworth, State Senator from Upshur county, West Virginia, that an Iron mountain exists in the upper portion of that county, of greater extent and purity than any other known body of iron in the world, not excepting the famous iron mountain of Missouri, and that under this vast body of iron there is a vein of bituminous coal, measuring on the face, where the Buchanan river cuts through, 25 feet in thickness. He declares this ore to be so pure that a blacksmith took a piece and forged a horse shoe from it. This deposit is up the west branch of the Monongahela river, and can be reached from this city by a railway not exceeding 150 miles long. The Monongahela Valley Railroad, provided for by act of the last Legislature of Pennsylvania, is in the direct range. This line is estimated at 99 miles to Morgantown. A bill was passed at the same time by the West Virginia Legislature to extend this projected line on to this mineral district, a further distance of 60 miles.

EXPLOSIVE POWER OF SODIUM.—The explosive power of 1 ounce of sodium, the metalloid of soda, is equal to that of about 25 lbs. of gunpowder, or 2½ lbs. of nitro-glycerine. A spoonful of water coming in contact with 200 ounces of sodium would occasion an explosion equal to that which would be occasioned by the ignition of 5000 lbs. of powder, or the concussion of 500 lbs. of nitro-glycerine.

A RAILWAY on a novel plan is building in the neighborhood of Paris. There is but one rail; on this the driving-wheel of the locomotive rests; the two other wheels rest on the common road.

FINLAND is suffering severely from famine, caused by the failure of the crops for the last ten years. In addition, the malignant typhus fever has broken out, and during the past winter it is estimated that one-tenth of the population has died. Assistance in the shape of money has been sent from England, Russia and from the wealthier Finlanders. The bread given to support life is composed of pea straw, combined with Iceland moss and a small proportion of flour. Some is also made from the root of the "butomus umbellalus," or flowering rush, without any mixture of floor, which has been tried with great success. As a last resource, they are actually baking and distributing bread consisting of two parts clay and one part flour.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 22, 1868. No. 25.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for entire Club. Single Nos. 6 cts

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

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Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
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JOHN BUNYAN.

"Wouldst see
A man i' the clouds, and hear him speak to thee?"

Who has not read PILGRIM'S PROGRESS? Who has not, in childhood, followed the wandering Christian on his way to the Celestial City? Who has not laid at night his young head on the pillow, to paint on the walls of darkness pictures of the Wicket Gate and the Archers, the Hill of Difficulty, the Lions and Giants, Doubting Castle and Vanity Fair, the sunny Delectable Mountains and the Shepherds, the Black River and the wonderful glory beyond it; and at last fallen asleep, to dream over the strange story, to hear the sweet welcomings of the sisters at the House Beautiful, and the song of birds from the window of that "upper chamber which opened towards the sunrising?" And who, looking back to the green spots in his childish experiences, does not bless the good Tinker of Elstow?

And who, that has reperused the story of the Pilgrim at a maturer age, and felt the plummet of its truth sounding in the deep places of the soul, has not reason to bless the author for some timely warning or grateful encouragement? Where is the scholar, the poet, the man of taste and feeling, who does not, with Cowper,

"Even in transitory life's late day,
Revere the man whose PILGRIM marks the road,
And guides the PROGRESS of the soul to God!"

We have just been reading, with no slight degree of interest, that simple, but wonderful piece of autobiography, entitled "Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners," from the pen of the author of Pilgrim's Progress. It is the record of a journey more terrible than that of the ideal Pilgrim; "truth stranger than fiction;" the painful upward struggling of a spirit from the blackness of despair and blasphemy, into the high, pure air of Hope and Faith. More earnest words were never written. It is the entire unveiling of a human heart; the tearing off of the fig-leaf covering of its sin. The voice which speaks to us from these old pages seems not so much that of a denizen of the world in which we live, as of a soul at the last solemn confessional. Shorn of all ornament, simple and direct as the contrition and prayer of childhood, when for the first time the Spectre of Sin stands by its bedside, the style is that of a man dead to self-gratification, careless of the world's opinion, and only desirous to convey to others, in all truthfulnes and sincerity, the lesson of his inward, trials, temptations, sins, weaknesses, and dangers; and to give glory to Him who had mercifully led him through all, and enabled him, like his own Pilgrim, to leave behind the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the snares of the Enchanted Ground, and the terrors of Doubting Castle, and to reach the land of Beulah, where the air was sweet and pleasant, and the

birds sang and the flowers sprang up around him, and the Shining Ones walked in the brightness of the not distant Heaven. In the introductory pages he says: "I could have dipped into a style higher than this in which I have discoursed, and could have adorned all things more than here I have seemed to do; but I dared not. God did not play in tempting me; neither did I play when I sunk, as it were, into a bottomless pit, when the pangs of hell took hold on me; wherefore, I may not play in relating of them, but be plain and simple, and lay down the thing as it was."

This book, as well as "Pilgrim's Progress," was written in Bedford prison, and was designed especially for the comfort and edification of his "children, whom God had counted him worthy to beget in faith by his ministry." In his introduction he tells them, that, although taken from them, and tied up, "sticking, as it were, between the teeth of the lions of the wilderness," he once again, as before, from the top of Shemer and Hermon, so now, from the lion's den and the mountain of leopards, would look after them with fatherly care and desires for their everlasting welfare. "If," said he, "you have sinned against light; if you are tempted to blaspheme; if you are drowned in despair; if you think God fights against you; or if Heaven is hidden from your eyes, remember it was so with your father. But out of all the Lord delivered me."

He gives no dates; he affords scarcely a clew to his localities; of the man, as he worked, and ate, and drank, and lodged, of his neighbors and contemporaries, of all he saw and heard of the world about him, we have only an occasional glimpse, here and there, in his narrative. It is the story of his inward life only that he relates. What had time and place to do with one who trembled always with the awful consciousness of an immortal nature, and about whom fell alternately the shadows of hell and the splendors of heaven? We gather, indeed, from his record, that he was not an idle on-looker in the time of Enland's great struggle for freedom, but a soldier of the Parliament, in his young years, among the praying sworders and psalm-singing pikemen, the Greathearts and Holdfasts whom he has immortalized in his allegory; but the only allusion which he makes to this portion of his experience is by way of illustration of the goodness of God in preserving him on occasions of peril.

He was born at Elstow, in Bedfordshire, in 1628; and, to use his own words, his "father's house was of that rank which is the meanest and most despised of all the families of the iand." His father was a tinker, and the son followed the same calling, which necessarily brought him into association with the lowest and most depraved classes of English society. The estimation in which the tinker and his occupation were held, in the seventeenth century, may be learned from the quaint and humorous description of Sir Thomas Overbury. "The tinker," saith he, "is a movable, for he hath no abiding in one place; he seems to be devout, for his life is a continual pilgrimage, and sometimes, in humility, goes barefoot, therein making necessity a virtue; he is a gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back; or a philosopher, for he bears all his substance with him. He is always furnished with a song, to which his hammer, keeping tune, proves that he was the first founder of the kettle-drum; where the best ale is, there stands his music most upon crotchets. The companion of his travel is some foul, sun-burnt queen, that, since the terrible statute, has recanted gypsyism, and is turned pedleress. So marches he all over England, with his bag and baggage; his conversation is irreprovable, for he is always mending. He obseves truly the statutes, and therefore had rather steal than beg. He is so strong an enemy of idleness, that in mending one hole he would rather make three than want work; and when he hath done, he throws the wallet of his faults behind him. His tongue is very voluble, which, with canting, proves him a linguist. He is entertained in every place, yet enters no farther than the door, to avoid suspicion. To conclude, if he escape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a beggar."

Truly, but a poor beginning for a pious life was the youth of John Bunyan. As might have been expected, he was a wild, reckless, swearing boy, as his father doubtless before him. "It was my delight," says he, "to be taken captive by the Devil. I had few equals, both for cursing and swearing, lying and blaspheming." Yet, in his ignorance and darkness, his powerful imagination early lent terror to the reproaches of conscience. He was scared, even in childhood, with dreams of hell and apparations of devils. Troubled with fears of eternal fire, and the malignant demons who fed it in the regions of despair, he says that he often wished either that there was no hell, or that he had been born a devil himself, that he might be a tormenter rather than one of the tormented.

At an early age he appears to have married. His wife was as poor as himself, for he tells us that they had not so much as a dish or spoon between them; but she brought with her two books on religious subjects, the reading of which seems to have had no slight degree of influence on his mind. He went to

church regularly, adored the priest and all things pertaining to his office, being, as he says, "overrun with superstition." On one occasion, a sermon wrs preached against the breach of the Sabbath by sports or labor, which struck him at the moment as especially designed for himself; but by the time he had finished his dinner, he was prepared to "shake it out of his mind, and return to his sports and gaming."

"But the same day," he continues, "as I was in the midst of a game of cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it a second time, a voice did suddenly dart from Heaven into my soul, which said, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?' At this, I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to Heaven, and it was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus look down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for those and other ungodly practices.

"I had no sooner thus conceived in my mind, but suddenly this conclusion fastened on my spirit, (for the former hint did set my sins again before my face,) that I had been a great and grievous sinner, and that it was now too late for me to look after Heaven; for Christ would not forgive me nor pardon my transgressions. Then, while I was thinking of it, and fearing lest it should be so, I felt my heart sink in despair, concluding it was too late; and therefore I resolved in my mind to go on in sin; for thought I, if the case be thus, my state is surely miserable; miserable if I leave my sins, and but miserable if I follow them; I can but be damned; and if I must be so, I had as good be damned for many sins as be damned for few."

The reader of Pilgrim's Progress cannot fail here to call to mind the wicked suggestions of the Giant to Christian, in the dungeon of Doubting Castle.

"I returned," he says, "desperately to my sport again; and I well remember, that presently this kind of despair did so possess my soul, that I was persuaded I could never attain to other comfort than what I should get in sin; for Heaven was gone already, so that on that I must not think; wherefore, I found within me great desire to take my fill of sin, that I might taste the sweetness of it; and I made as much haste as I could to fill my belly with its delicates, lest I should die before I had my desires; for that I feared greatly. In these things, I protest before God, I lie not, neither do I frame this sort of speech; these were really, strongly, and with all my heart, my desires; the good Lord, whose mercy is unsearchable, forgive my transgressions."

One day while standing in the street, cursing and blaspheming, he met with a reproof which startled him. The woman of the house in front of which the wicked young tinker was standing, herself, as he remarks, "a very loose, ungodly wretch," protested that his horrible profanity made her tremble; that he was the ungodliest fellow for swearing she had ever heard, and able to spoil all the youth of the town who came in his company. Struck by this wholly unexpected rebuke, he at once abandoned the practice of swearing; although previously he tells us that "he had never known how to speak, unless he put an oath before and another behind."

The good name which he gained by this change was now a temptation to him. "My neighbors," he says, "were amazed at my great conversion from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life and sober man. Now, therefore, they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of me, both to my face and behind my back. Now I was, as they said, become godly; now I was become a right honest man. But O! when I understood those were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well; for though as yet I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, yet I loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly. I was proud of my godliness, and, indeed, I did all I did either to be seen of or well spoken of by men; and thus I continued for about a twelvemonth or more."

The tyranny of his imagination at this period is seen in the following relation of his abandonment of one of his favorite sports.

"Now, you must know, that before this I had taken much delight in ringing, but my conscience beginning to be tender, I thought such practice was but vain, and therefore forced myself to leave it; yet my mind hankered; wherefore, I would go to the steeple-house and look on, though I durst not ring; but I thought this did not become religion neither; yet I forced myself, and would look on still. But quickly after, I began to think, 'How if one of the bells should fall?' Then I chose to stand under a main beam, that lay over-thwart the steeple, from side to side, thinking here I might stand sure; but then I thought again, should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then rebounding upon me, might kill me for all this beam. This made me stand in the steeple door; and now, thought I, I am safe enough; for if a bell should then fall, I can slip out behind these thick walls, and so be preserved notwithstanding.

"So after this I wou'd yet go to see them

ring, but would not go any farther than the steeple-door. But then it came in my head, 'How if the steeple itself should fall?' And this thought (it may, for ought I know, when I stood and looked on) did continually so shake my mind, that I durst not stand at the steeple-door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head."

(To be continued.)

From the British Friend.

JOHN CHURCHMAN ON MEETINGS FOR DISCIPLINE.

To the Editor of the British Friend:

Dear Friend,—The present may not be an unsuitable time to call the attention of thy readers to the following extract from the journal of John Churchman. It was written about the year 1724, soon after he had been induced to yield up his heart to a remarkable visitation of divine grace, and when religious things became increasingly precious to him. He says: "I loved to attend religious meetings, especially those for discipline, and it was clearly shown me, that all who attend those meetings should inwardly wait, in great awfulness, to know the immediate presence of Christ, the head of the Church, to give them an understanding what their several services are, and for ability to answer the requirings of truth; for it is by the light and spirit thereof that the Lord's work is done with acceptance, and none should presume to speak or act without its motion or direction, for they who act or speak without it do often darken counsel, mislead the weak, and expose their own folly, to the burden and grief of sensible Friends.

"It was in great fear that I attempted to speak in these meetings, and as I kept low, with an eye single to the honor of truth, I felt peace and inward strength to increase from time to time: and it is good for all who are concerned to speak to matters in meetings for discipline, in the first place to take heed that their own spirits do not prompt thereto, and to mind the time when to speak fitly; for a word in season from a pure heart is precious, and frequently prevents debates, instead of ministering contention; and when they have spoken to business, they should turn inward to feel whether the pure truth owns them, and in that rest, without an over-anxious care whether it succeeds at that time or not: so Friends will be preserved from being lifted up, because their service is immediately owned; or if it should be rejected or slighted in this humble state, the labor is felt and seen to be the Lord's."

I believe we may in this day derive instruction from well considering the above remarks, for we cannot but acknowledge that it is too frequently the case in our meetings, the words are not seasoned with grace, but are uttered in the haste of an unsanctified will. Thy friend, A. Y.

STRONG CHARACTERS.

Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now it is here we make a great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong charaeter. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake—because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is that he is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he is mastered by them, is weak, You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who keenly sensitive, with many powers of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.—*F. W. Robertson.*

From an Essay entitled "The Secret of Power."
By D. A. Wasson.

Prohibit waste. In the forest you have perhaps noticed trees from which the vital sap was oozing and forming excrescences here and there; and in the stunted, half-dead aspect of the tree, have seen the consequence of this dissipation. Now I have never seen a man whose life was evidently coming to nothing, but I have found him miserably aleak,—running away in compliances, insincerities, timidities or some form of unthrift. Such sieves for carrying the priceless ichors of life! No wonder they are always empty. And this waste at the surface limits the supply at the centre. Like a leaky kettle set to boil, such a one is always putting out the native fires of his own heart. The tree that does not contain the vital sap, weakens its roots and derives less sustenance from the soil. The root makes the leaf, the leaf re-

freshes the root; and in every man who is living simply and nobly, open to influence, closed to fear, vanity and all waste, keeping up like the tree, through root and leaf, his conversation with nature and truth; in every such man, life runs in a similar increasing circle, making of every deed a new affluent, of every day past a richer day in the future. John Jacob Astor said it cost him more pains to acquire his first thousand dollars than all his subsequent fortune. But he laid it down at the outset as an inexorable rule to turn his gains into capital, cost him what pinching it might. He could have lived much more easily by expending all he gained, and would so have been a poor man all his life. But he determined that to-day should aid to-morrow; and in that alone found the secret of fortune. Establish a like economy in your inward life; turn your gains into capital; make life simple and self-helpful; and power, and wealth of spirit is yours. You get an inkling of a new truth; but to follow it up will lessen your social acceptance, injure you with your party or the like; you take the easy course, comply, and have your reward in the smiles of fashion, in votes at the ballot box, and in whatever else popular approval may give. Well you are a weaker and poorer man from that moment. You have gained a decoration and diminished your capital. True, simple action would have planted a new leaf on your boughs; this have quickened the root; both together have reared higher your growing stature. Learn of the oaks and pines what is waste, what increase, to avoid the one and seek the other.

TESTIMONY TO THE UNIVERSALITY OF THE DIVINE LIGHT.

BY THOMAS CHALMERS.

"We know not a more deeply interesting walk of observation than that which is prosecuted by modern missionaries, when they come into contact and communication with the men of a still unbroken country—when they make their lodgment on one of the remote and yet untravelled wilds of paganism—when after the interval of four thousand years from the dispersion of the great family of mankind, they go to one of its most widely diverging branches, and ascertain what of conscience or what of religious light has among them survived the lapse of so many generations—when they thus, as it were, knock at the door of nature left for ages to itself, and try if there yet be slumbering any sense or intelligence which can at all respond to the message they have brought along with them. Nor do we know an evolution of the human heart which carries in it more of a big and affecting interest than that to which philosophy has never cast an inquiring regard—*even that among its dark and long unentered recesses, there still subsists an undying voice, which owns the comfort and echoes back the truth of Christianity.* Insomuch that, let missionaries go to the very extremity of our species, and speak of sin, and judgment, and condemnation, they do not speak in vocables unknown; and sweet to many a soul is the preacher's voice, when he tells that unto them a Saviour is born; and out of the relics of even this deep and settled degeneracy can be gotten the materials of a satisfying demonstration; and thus in the very darkest places have converts multiplied, and Christian villages arisen, and the gospel been the saviour of life unto life to the some who have embraced it, and been the saviour of death unto death to the many who have declined it—*all proving that a principle still existed in their bosoms, which, if they followed, would guide them to salvation, and which, if they fled from, would try them and find them guilty.* Nor let us wonder therefore that the apostle, even when speaking of those who are given over to every abomination, should still affirm of them that they know the judgments of God. Even a remainder of that knowledge which they liked not to retain still kept its hold upon their conscience, and gave them a responsibility which belongs not to the beasts that perish. Man, in short, throughout the whole of this world's peopled territory, has a law by which he may righteously be judged; and still enough of it is known and felt by his own conscience to make it out, that for its violation he should be righteously condemned. So that dark as our conceptions may be of the present character and future state of those who live under the shadow of heathenism, we may be sure that a clear and righteous principle of retribution will be applied to them all; and that they who shall be judged worthy of death on that day will be found to have committed such things as they themselves either knew or might have known to be worthy of it."

THE DISCIPLINE OF SORROW.

If the block of marble that lies before the sculptor was capable of feeling, how much would it deplore and bemoan every stroke of the hammer, chipping off piece after piece of substance! It would deem its lot a pitiable one indeed. And yet that hammer and chisel are transforming that rough and shapeless stone into a form of life, grace, and beauty fit to adorn the palace of a king.

So it is with us. Our characters are like unhewn blocks of marble, rude, misshapen, comparatively worthless. And God is sculpturing them into forms of Divine symmetry

and beauty, that may forever illustrate to the universe the power of His grace. The heavy block of adversity and the rasping cares and petty annoyances of our daily life, are but different parts of the same Divine and loving process.

And shall we look simply at the hammer and chisel, and forget or doubt the glorifying work for which God is using them? Shall we think only of the chips which the blows of His presence strike from us, and overlook the immortal characters which the Great Sculptor is seeking thus to perfect for His celestial temple?

CHURCH STANDARDS.

Considered as the constitution or fundamental law of a Christian society, and hence as the bond of union between its several parts, these standards serve an important purpose. A church, whether as a local congregation or as a sect, is a kind of plural unit or composite entity. As such, it has an organic life; and, like the individual, it must believe something. It has a faith, which is the collected and coincident sense of its component membership; and to express this faith so that it shall be definitely known is the proper function of church standards. That complete individualism of opinion which ignores and discards *all* such bonds of union is hardly compatible with the demands of our social nature.

These standards, in even their most perfect forms, are but approximations to absolute truth. They are not inspired productions, and hence have no claim to be regarded as ultimate and infallible. The truth they assert is not made such, or authoritatively determined to be such, because thus asserted. It is undoubtedly inconsistent for one to profess their adoption while practically repudiating the obligation which they impose; yet their dicta of doctrine and rules of order, like everything else that is merely *human*, are amenable to review, and may be often greatly improved. Of necessity generic in their contents, and by an obvious propriety limited to things deemed *essential*, they admit, as they should admit, a very large margin for those minor diversities of opinion which nothing short of a miracle can prevent. All efforts to put the human mind into a straitjacket by the mere force or authority of creeds, are simply absurd. Men will think, and they have an inalienable right to think; and, if a creed, however venerable, contravenes the results of their individual thinking, they will and must reject it. The creed itself is but the product of human thought; and, if so, we see no sin in reviewing it, and, if need be, in correcting it and making it better. . . . . .

Sometimes church standards are so glorified, and almost worshipped, in their distinctive and peculiar shibboleths, as to generate an illiberal, partisan, bigoted, and dogmatic antagonism to the catholic principles of Christianity. This perversion—such we regard it—overlooks the fact that in some things all Christians are agreed, and the further fact that the points of their agreement are infinitely more important than those of their disagreement. It sets up terms and tests of communion, and criteria of Christian character, which the Bible does not authorize. It divides men, sometimes, into hostile and conflicting parties, who ought to be united together, as, we doubt not, it frequently unchurches those whom God accepts. It leads to the *war of sects*, and often arouses passions neither creditable to religion nor useful to the subject. Many of the controversies in the Christian Church are due to this single cause. It is a duty enjoined in the Scriptures to contend earnestly for the *faith;* yet the faith here referred to is quite often not the thing involved in at least many of the ecclesiastical and theological lawsuits which men have waged against each other. As we think, full one-half, and perhaps three-quarters of the doctrinal strifes among Christians relate to things which, though they may be of some importance, are not of sufficient importance to pay the expenses of the strife, or compensate for its incidental evils. Why should the Calvinist and the Arminian severely litigate their differences, when both, as each admits, hold the essential truths of the Gospel. What occasion is there for a war of words, and especially of partisan bigotry, among those who are so much alike in fundamental respects? Let them walk together in the unity of the Spirit and the bond of peace. This is Christian, as it is good common sense.

It should be remembered also that church standards, however correct in their dicta, or firmly held, are no *substitute* for those graces of the heart evinced by a corresponding practice, without which no one can justly claim the attributes of the Christian character. Religion—*the* religion taught by Jesus and his apostles—is a *life* as well as a faith. It teaches us to do justly, to love mercy, and walk humbly with God. A doctrine in the *head* that produces no legitimate effect in the heart and the life is really a *dead* doctrine. It is faith without works; and we have the authority of inspiration for regarding such faith as of no value. "If ye know that he is righteous, ye know that every one that *doeth* righteousness is born of him." We do not

undervalue the importance of right *thinking* in matters of religious doctrine; yet thinking is one thing, and *obedience* to the will of God is another. Orthodox *heads*, with heretical hearts and lives, are no just expression of the pure and holy religion of Jesus Christ. A man may swear by all the creeds that were ever written, and even fight for them with the heroism of a soldier; and yet it will always be true that, if he has not the *spirit* of Christ, he is none of his.

Let us, then, make neither too much nor too little of church standards. Let us use them for their proper purposes, and not abuse them. They have their place in the organic life of the church; and in their place they are good things. We accept them for what they are, and for the good that is in them; wishing to keep clear of those evils and misapplications which human weakness may attach to them. The age is evidently drifting toward a generous spirit of catholicity; and this we regard as a progress in the right direction.—*The Independent.*

THE UNCHANGEABLE LAND.

Things do not change in the East. As Abraham pitched his tent in Bethel, so does an Arab sheik now set up his camp; as David built his palace on Mount Zion, so would a Turkish pasha now arrange his house; in every street may be seen the hairy children of Esau, squatting on the ground, devouring a mess of lentils like that for which the rough hunter sold his birthright; along every road plod the sons of Rechab, whose fathers, one thousand years ago, bound themselves and theirs to drink no wine; plant no tree, enter within no door, and their children have kept the oath; at every khan young men around the pan of parched corn dip their morsel into the dish; Job's plow is still used, and the seed is still trodden into the ground by asses and kine; olives are shaken from the boughs, as directed by Isaiah; and the grafting of trees is unchanged since the days of Saul. The Syrian house is still, as formerly, only a stone tent, as a temple was but a marble tent. What is seen now in Bethany may be taken as the exact house of Lazarus, where Mary listened and Martha toiled, or as the house of Simon, the leper, where the precious box of ointment was broken, and whence Judas set out to betray his Master.—*Dickens' All the Year Round.*

Nothing teaches patience like the garden. We may go round and watch the open bud from day to day; but it takes its own time and you cannot urge it on faster than it will. All the best results of a garden, like those of life, are slowly, regularly progressive.

EXCERPTS.

How often has the Christian traveler to adopt the language, "I sought Him whom my soul loveth, but found him not." In this state there is a want, a strippedness, a hungering and thirsting, a poverty of spirit, yea, a mourning after Him. But, my friend, remember that to all these states *a blessing is promised* and in the due and appointed time our Beloved will arise with healing in his wings to the great joy and consolation of the passive, humble, breathing soul. I am not sure whether our heavenly Father is to be most praised for his bounteous goodness in affording us a sense of His immediate presence and love, or for those seasons of his seeming absence, when the soul is dipped into a state of want and barrenness—but sure I am *both* are essential to the growth and well-being of the Christian. I have been instructed in the remembrance and view of the outward and visible works of the Creator. What would be our situation had we a continued vertical sun, without clouds or night season? Could we enjoy this? Would not the whole earth and its inhabitants become parched and dried and barren? Then do we not behold the wisdom of a bountiful Creator in the various seasons by which seed-time and harvest are continued, and is not this as essentially necessary for the Christian traveller, and equally needful to the Christian's growth and establishment in the truth, and these various changes through which he passes? Thinkest thou their could be a deepening in the root and bringing forth fruit, was there a continued sunshine? If necessary for the productions of nature, that clouds should appear and rains descend to moisten and prepare the earth with its varied trees and plants that they produce their fruit in due season, is it not equally important for the Christian in a spiritual sense? And, my beloved friend, have we not known seasons when the descending of the heavenly dew or rain has indeed moistened our hearts, and thus we have deepened in the root and been prepared for bringing forth fruit in its season. Then, my precious friends, "stir not up nor awake thy beloved until he please." "When the day shall break and shadows flee away, thy beloved may be like a roe or young hart upon the mountains." Seed-time and harvest shall come; and in the sweet of the soul, adoration and praise shall ascend as incense from the altar.

I have been reading an admirable little pamphlet on "Reason and Revelation," by W. J. Potter, of New Bedford, Mass., which I intend to beg of its owner and bring home with me. Why is it that we have to go to

other societies for an appreciation of our fundamental principles? Simply because they can give it in clear philosophical language suited to the culture of the present age. It seems to me that which our fathers taught empirically and practically, they teach philosophically, making no separation between natural and revealed religion, but showing—at least this writer does,—that they are the same thing. I cannot but look forward to the time when we shall have such writers among ourselves; when the bright and cultivated minds among the young will be called not only to exemplify, but to explain and illustrate those sublime principles we have as yet but stammered forth.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 22, 1868.

DIED, on the 24th of Ninth month, 1866, WILLIAM P. BEDFORD. When the head of the silvery hair meets the Eternal mandate, we feel a tender regret, often blended with a deep sympathy for the survivors. But when those in youth's bright glow, or the vigor of manhood's prime, obey the inevitable call, a *different* feeling pervades the heart. Memory reminds us of all they *have been* to us, and fancy pictures the happy future that might have been theirs; paths dotted with pleasant cares, duties faithfully performed, and a home gladdened by their presence. But it is consoling, as well as wise, to remember this true saying: "That life is long, which answers life's great end;" and protracted days do not always lead to this desirable result. He whose early departure has induced these reflections was known to the writer of this notice from his childhood, and without a single circumstance to throw a cloud over our pleasant recollections. We remember him as the ever dutiful and affectionate son, the kind and careful elder brother, and subsequently the devoted husband and fond father to the child yet too young to appreciate the loss of a parent so amiable and exemplary. The near approach of death had for him no terrors; his mind was calm and collected to the last. For a year he had believed that event not far in the distance, and met it in perfect tranquility and peace. Though lost to us here, we have his memory and his example.

"And the virtues are immortal,
Blooming on the heavenly shore;
Faith lifts the everlasting portal,
Bids the mourners mourn no more."

N. J. P.

——, on the 14th of Sixth month, 1868, of consumption, at his residence in Canajoharie, Montgomery Co., N. Y., WM. HILL, aged nearly 85 years. The high esteem in which our aged friend was held by all who knew him, requires more than a passing notice. He was an affectionate husband and father; his edifying conversation rendered him a desirable companion, and his correct judgment, humility, and Christian example made him a valuable member of society. He became convinced of Friends' principles when about thirty-five years of age, and soon united in membership with them. While the meeting to which he was attached continued, he was a regular attender, though ten miles distant. After its discontinuance, many years since, he still made great exertions to attend meeting, though obliged to travel 25 miles, so precious to him was the privilege of mingling with his friends in solemn worship. He suffered much at times, during his last illness; frequently remarking, if it was the will of his Heavenly Father, he was more than willing to go, yet desiring patience to await his time; and when it came he passed peacefully away. He was a member of Duanesburgh Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 31st of Seventh month, 1868, after a short illness, at Massilon, O., ELIZABETH J., wife of Jonathan T. Burton, in her 44th year.

——, on the 7th of Eighth month, JOHN, son of the late Gibbons and Mary Hunt, of Darby.

——, on the 9th of Eighth month, at Upper Darby, Pa., WILLIAM MOORE, in his 80th year.

——, on the 10th of Eighth month, ELEANOR, widow of John Forman, in her 78th year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Green Street, Philada.

——, on the 10th of Eighth month, MARY ANN, widow of Charles C. Edwards, a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

——, on the 7th of Seventh month, at her residence in West Chester, Chester Co., Pa., SIDNEY DARLINGTON, aged 69 years; a member of Birmingham Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 16th of Seventh month, 1868, after years of feebleness, JAMES COALE, in the 84th year of his age; an elder and member of Deer Creek Monthly Meeting, Maryland. He was beloved by Friends and by his neighbors generally, and conformed to the recommendation of the Apostle:—"Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

——, on the 3d of Eighth month, at her residence in Mount Washington, Md., JANE S., wife of Samuel Townsend, in the 61st year of her age; a member of Baltimore Monthly Meeting. Seldom are we called upon to record the death of one whose loss will make so many hearts mourn, as will that of the loving, cheerful, christian woman, whose departure from our midst has not been like one whose sun had reached its western slope, but as of one whose spirit had been kept bright by the essential beauty and poetry of her character. Combining, in an unusual degree, judgment, force and gentleness, of her it can truly be said, "None knew her but to love her, nor named her but to praise." Her fervent love of truth and justice rendered her a friend to the unfortunate everywhere. "Sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust," she bore her protracted sufferings without a murmur, and welcomed death as the messenger of peace and joy. J. S. W.

——, at her late residence near Fallston, Harford Co., Md., ELLEN N. WATSON, wife of James T. Watson, in the 63d year of her age.

TEACHERS FOR THE FREEDMEN.

One or two female teachers will probably be wanted by the Association of Friends of this city. *Best of references* as to capability in every particular will be required. Apply to

HARRIET E. STOCKLEY, 1545 Vine St.,
HENRY M. LAING, 30 N. Third St.,
LOUISA J. ROBERTS, 421 N. Sixth St.,
LYDIA GILLINGHAM, 1516 Vine St.,
Or, JACOB M. ELLIS, Corres. Sec'y.,
3t. 325 Walnut St.

A friend has kindly furnished us with a series of letters recently received from Italy.

No. I.

Rome, 6th mo. 4th, 1868.

Our friend J——, whom we met here, spoke so enthusiastically of his interesting trip on foot and by diligence, that my young friend and myself, who had before thought of making some such tour, were confirmed in our resolution to do so, and, leaving the rest of our party comfortable located in our pleasant room on the Piazza de Spagna, we set out for a week's tour among the Alban and Sabine mountains. We should have been glad to include in our route a portion of the Volscian range, visiting the ancient cities of Cora and Norba; but these localities have been infested with banditti, and we did not think it best to incur the danger. We took the cars for Frascati, as we did not desire to prolong unnecessarily our passage over the level and comparatively uninteresting Campagna, especially at this season, when danger of the malaria is daily increasing. Almost always when travelling in France we have taken passage in third-class cars, and have found them very comfortable, but in Italy we had not ventured below the second class. Being alone this time we thought we would try the third; and it was well that we were alone, for we found them totally unprovided with seats, and we had our choice between standing and sitting on the floor. We chose the former; and as the distance was only about half an hour, suffered no inconvenience, and the cars being open half way down all around, we had an unobstructed view of the country. All along on our right for several miles rose the massive arches of the Claudian aqueduct, one of the most imposing ruins in the vicinity of Rome, now again repaired and answering well its original purpose, supplying abundantly more than twenty fountains. I have frequently heard the question asked as to whether the ancients could have known the tendency of water to seek its level, and if they did, why they carried water across the valleys on these lofty and expensive arches. The answer is very simple. Rome was to be eternal, and everything pertaining to ancient Rome is constructed first of all with the idea of strength and durability. I have seen the water flowing from the Forum to the Tiber under the triple arch of the great cloaca, laid by the first Tarquin, and apparently as perfect to-day as it was twenty-five hundred years ago. Aqueducts, once constructed for bringing in the water upon a regular grade, although often of great expense at first, stand the test of time, while those of more modern construction, rising over hills, and descending through valleys, have not stood, and certainly will not stand the test of two thousand years; nor do the modern Romans merely take advantage of the ancient arches already built, but they are to-day bringing a new supply of water from far up the Teverone, and as we passed down that stream we had abundant opportunity to see the great work now in progress, and the regular grade is made as in the ancient aqueducts, levelling valleys on them with immense arches and tunnelling the mountains. On reaching the supposed site of the ancient temple of Fortuna Muliebris, about four miles from Rome, we looked eagerly to see some remnant of ancient days which might point out the spot where Coriolanus yielded to the intercessions of his wife and mother, and spared his native city, but no such mark met our eyes, and we were obliged to be satisfied with the reflection that according to the opinion of antiquaries we had passed very near to the spot. On arriving at the station below the little town of Frascati, we began our experience as pedestrians by climbing the steep hill-side, up more than four hundred steps, to reach the level of the town. In the afternoon, we visited the villa Aldobrandini, on the hills above which we obtained a fine view of the level Campagna, Rome and the sea upon the western horizon; from the palace we climbed up steep paths, delightfully shaded and adorned with fountains, in the direction of ancient Tusculum. After what seemed a very long walk, (for we lost our way,) we reached the amphitheatre on the outskirts of the town. It resembles those which we have seen at Nismes, Arles and Pompeii, and the Coliseum at Rome, but it was even more effectually buried by the earth which has washed down from the hills above, than Pompeii was by the eruption of Vesuvius. We went down into the subterranean chambers where the wild beasts and their victims were kept, and clambered from room to room through the dark passages at some risk of life and limb. Excavations have been made, and are being made, apparently for the purpose of obtaining the stone seats and other valuable portions for building purposes. This has been the fate of all these ancient amphitheatres. Almost a whole village was constructed out of stones quarried from that at Pompeii; those at Nismes and Arles have shared the same fate, and several palaces at Rome are built of stones taken from the Coliseum. This vandalism is now stopped elsewhere, but seems to be still in progress among the ruins of Tusculum. Passing out of the amphitheatre, we entered upon the ancient street leading up to the gate; paved

like Pompeii and all the ancient Roman roads, with great polygonal blocks of stone. Within the walls all was one indistinguishable mass of ruins. Now we seemed to be walking on great masses of native rock, but a close examination showed them to be enormous fallen and broken arches; now a small aperture in the hill-side led into vast vaulted chambers with their arches still entire; now we descended into long corridors, half-filled with fallen roofs and walls, and crept into chambers whose doors were almost filled with rubbish, and whose walls were lined with ivy, or adorned with various clinging flowers. At length we reached a lovely spot at the foot of the citadel, where a green lane shaded with ilex trees led up to the little theatre. We walked up this lane upon the soft green grass, except where the thin covering of soil had been removed, and there the broad square blocks of the ancient pavement were disclosed. The semicircular seats and the stage of the theatre were almost perfectly preserved; and beyond this we seemed to be walking over a level plain, with large regular openings in it of considerable depth; on looking more carefully, we saw that we were on a level with the tops of a series of great pillars united by arches, and that the central portions having fallen, produced the appearance of the regular openings in the ground which we had observed. I counted seven rows of great pillars, six in a row, and it was evident that the remains of some great edifice were beneath our feet. A soldier who was with us assured us that it was the famous villa of Cicero, which it might possibly have been; at any rate we were amid the ruins of the city, famous as being the favorite residence of the great Roman orator. Ascending the citadel, we obtained a very fine view of the surrounding country. Toward the west, far beneath our feet, lay the wooded slopes through which we had to ascend from Frascati; to the north, Rome, the Campagna and the Sabine hills, several of their peaks crowned with the peculiar, quaint, little, crowded Italian towns; to the east opened the pretty green valley separating the Alban range on the south from the Sabine hills on the north, with the rugged peaks of the Volscians rising at the farther end; to the south, the Alban range, highest among which rose the Monte Cavi, with the little village of Rocca di Papa, where we are to spend the night; close below its peak, and in the far south-west, the blue waters of the Mediterranean sparkled in the last rays of the setting sun. We returned to Frascati by one of the many Borghese palaces, which is occupied at present as a Jesuit college, and stopped a few moments to see the pupils exercising in the riding school. One of the sons of Prince Borghese, and the nephew of the Queen of Spain, were pointed out to us among the number. In the evening, we rode up the steep slopes of Rocca di Papa on two sure-footed donkeys; and early the next morning we were ready to ascend Monte Cavi, the highest peak of the Alban mountains, passing up through the lofty plain called the Camp of Hannibal, where the Pope is constructing a stronghold, to resist the constantly increasing opposition to his temporal power, (the crater of an extinct or slumbering volcano, and none the less appropriate on that account.) We commenced the ascent of Monte Cavi, the ancient Mons Albanus. About half way up the ascent we came to the ancient Roman way leading to the temple of Jupiter Ferialis, where the Generals of Rome went up to celebrate the ovation, and where the solemn assemblies of the Thirty Latin Tribes were held; this pavement was very perfect, even the curb-stones along the side retaining their places. Here, at least, we looked upon a relic of antiquity, upon which no doubt or cavil can be raised, and here we certainly trod in the footsteps of Cæsar and Marcellus. Upon the ruins of the temple of Jupiter, on the top of the mountain, a Passionist Convent now stands, and one of the brothers received us very kindly, and from that commanding height traced for us the route which we intended to take in the evening in the direction of Palestine.

E. H. M.

From Littell's Living Age.

DR. LIVINGSTONE TO THE EDITOR OF "GOOD WORDS."

Lake Nyassa, *August* 28, 1866.

My dear Dr. Macleod.—The hint you threw out in our last interview about the Hermansburg missionaries has been turned over in my mind again and again in the weary treadmill trudge of some 300 miles from the coast to this. Let me try and give you some idea of the country passed over, and then, if I succeed, you will be able to form a judgment in the matter.

From the coast, at a nice little land-locked harbor called Pempa, at the bottom of Mikindany bay, which you may look for twenty-five miles north of the river Rovuma, the country is a gradual slope, up to within forty or fifty miles of this. The land around the harbor rises at once to 150 or 200 feet, and is prettily wooded. There are six villages of half-caste Arabs dotted round the harbor, the circumference of which is over three miles. The entrance is narrow but deep, and the southern part affords anchorage for ships of any size. When we leave this, and proceed away southwards towards the Rovuma, we

travel in a *wady*—not very like your *Wady Toora* or *Mousa*, the remembrance of which makes the eyes blink, but still a genuine orthodox wady, having the appearance of a dry river's bed. This has thickly wooded banks and braes, sloping up 100 or 150 feet on each side, and the path, somewhat like a sheep-walk, winds along the bottom among grass which often towers over one's head, and has stalks as thick as quills. We are not blinded, it is true, by the glare from sand and stones, but have often to keep the eyes half shut for fear of the spikelets of grass. The only water is to be found in wells. The barometer showed a gradual ascent, and in time we got on a plateau cut up in various directions by these smothering wadys. On the heights and their slopes we have generally dense forests—the trees not so large as they are thickly planted, and horribly intertwined with climbing plants. I call them plants, but they are in fact trees run mad in the struggle for existence; some are as thick as a man-of-war's hawsers and as round; others are flat like sword scabbards; and along the centre of the flat on each side are set groups of straight strong thorns; others have hooked thorns like our sweet briar, but magnified, and meaning mischief. These and other entanglers give one the idea that Africa has got a pretty fair share of the curse—"Thorns and briars," &c. Paths had been made by the people, who are named Makonde, but they were much too low for camels and too narrow for buffaloes. We got them cleared for very reasonable wages; and when we were eighty or ninety miles from the coast, or away from the damp of the Indian Ocean, the forest became much more open. It was still, however, dense enough to prevent our getting more than a mere glimpse to any distance. The Rovuma has the plateau mentioned, a mile or two distant from each bank, for the first eighty miles or so. We could of course see it—a great green mass of foliage, with an occasional red rock jutting out. The confluence of the Loendi and Rovuma is about 150 miles from the sea. The sources of both lie near each other, and both have the same character—sandy bottoms, rapid currents, and many rocky islands. We went along the Rovuma for some distance above the confluence, and then, always ascending, came first to an undulating and then to a mountainous country. Although the country was still covered with open forest, we could get a view of the distant mountains from the crests of the waves into which the region has been worn or upheaved. About 130 miles from this we entered a well-watered, fruitful, but depopulated district. A dearth of food from the confluence to that point gave us rather hard lines, and we had to push on as fast as we could to reach the land of plenty before us. With four of my companions, I succeeded in reaching the inhabited part on the morning of the eighth day. In the course of the sixth day's march I counted fifteen running burns, some ten yards wide and thigh deep, though it was the dry season. We were then between 2,000 and 3,009 feet above the level of the sea, and found it cold enough for flannels. The most of this depopulated tract shows evidence of a former prosperity. The ridges, like our potatoe drills, on which the people plant dourra, maize, beans, and cassava, to allow the superflous rains to run off, were everywhere visible. Calcined clay pipes, used in smelting furnaces, are so abundant that it is clear the people worked extensively in iron. The watershed between the coast and lake is about forty miles from the latter, and is about 3,400 or 4,000 feet of altitude. Where I write is 1,200 feet, and not so cold as on the heights.

On the seaboard we have low Arab half-castes; but seven miles inland, we come to the Makonde, who make clearances in the forest and cultivate grain pretty largely. Food is very cheap, and a village may be found every two or three miles. At certain seasons they dig gum-copal for sale. We found them very civil, but they are said not to be always so; and on a former occasion they began to shoot at us, with arrows and balls, without the smallest provocation. Four of the balls went through the boat's sail above our heads. Beyond the Makonde we come to the Matambwe, who differ little but in dialect and the markings on their faces and bodies. Still further inland, we meet the Makoa, easily known by marks like a half-moon on the forehead. And then we have Waiau or Waiyau—elsewhere called Ajawa—and the people of the Lake Wanyassa or Manganja. With the exception of the last, all may be described as of various shades of brown: some are very light indeed. Their heads, especially those of the Waiyau, are round and compact; foreheads good, but small; in the nose, the *alæ nasi* are always full; lips moderately thick, but the profile is not at all prognathous, like the West Coast negro; height, middle size; bodies and limbs well-shaped and strong. The women wear the hideous lipring, and either file their teeth to points or into notches. Each tribe has its own dialect; but this causes no difficulty—there are so many who understand several.

Our great difficulty was the dearth of food that prevailed over a wide district. We had, of course, a share of those petty annoyances which are best forgotten, but which some-

times creep into books of travels, till they make one *scunner*. The most formidable obstacle is the slave trade. Every year, swarms of Zanzibar and coast Arabs come up laden with ammunition and calico. The usual practice is to go to a Waiyau village, exhibit their goods, and say, "These want slaves." They are invited to remain where they are; and marauding parties, with gunpowder on tick (I have forgotten the proper word), sally forth to the Manganja villages, and there the bowman never make any stand against firearms. Most of the women and children of the villages attacked are brought back. The men who escape often perish of starvation, for their stores are all consumed by fire, in the mere wantonness of wickedness, by the marauders. This is the process which depopulated the rich, fertile country, we travelled over; and it is that of which we saw so much at the hands of the Portuguese in the Shire valley. Each caravan is called a *safari*, and consists of a dozen or more underlings, with a captain, after whom the *safari* is named. They divide when they reach the Waiyau country; and parties go to separate villages, with instructions to return to some point agreed on, when they have each secured a complement of slaves. We nearly met seven of these *safaris;* but no sooner did they hear that the English were coming, than off they scampered across the country, through pathless forests. One was, however, just entering on the uninhabited part referred to, as no news had reached the leader till we had lighted upon him. On hearing that I had been making forced marches to procure food for my party behind, and that we were all nearly famished, he generously presented an ox and bag of flour. I felt no inclination to look a gift horse in the teeth. The guilt in all this slaving is so subdivided, that no one, unless he sees the whole process, can appreciate its enormity; and then in describing what one has actually seen, and carefully keeping a long way within the truth, there is always a natural apprehension of being considered guilty of exaggeration by the would-be long-headed and worldly-wise. The goods are usually advanced on credit by merchants at 'Kilwa (Quilloa) and elsewhere. The riff-raff half-castes who accompany the leader of the *safari*, and sometimes go with the Waiyau marauders, look on slaves as so many cattle. It is probable that those whom we saw tied to trees, and left to perish because the owner was vexed at losing his money by their being unable to travel farther, were the victims of this class. These half-castes see the clue to part of the mortality that takes place on the way to the coast. But the Waiyau and the principal slave-merchants at 'Kilwa see very little of it, and care less. I refer more largely to this half-caste class because, though they have scarcely any religion, they have abundance of bigotry, and they form the main obstacle to efforts by Christian missionaries. The Sultan has no power over them. They obey him when it suits them, and pay no attention to his orders when they are unpalatable. No attempts have ever been made, so far as I can learn, by any Arab of any sort, on the East coast or inland, to propagate Mahometanism. This indifference is ascribed by some to the probable fact, that many Arabian emigrants mixed with the native population before Mahomet appeared, and that the present mixed race had too much of the African in them to imbibe the fanaticism of the prophet's immediate successors. However it may have been, the coast tribes are a most unpromising people for a missionary to have anything to do with. From all I can gather, Africa must be Christianized from within. The Waiyau even are a more likely people to receive the Gospel than any of the littoral tribes, who are steeped in prejudice and religious pride.

My estimate of Mataka, the principal chief of the watershed country, may have been too favorable. You may judge of the effects of huge baskets of porridge on a famished Scotchman,—none of your thin brose, but such as a spade would stand at upright in as Cleopatra's needle does in the mud of the Nile. But some of his people had gone without his knowledge, and he had given orders before our arrival to send them and their cattle back. I accidentally saw them: they were fifty-four women and children, about a dozen boys, and some thirty head of cattle and calves. He fed us most bountifully all the time we were at his town, which consists of at least a thousand houses, and took care that we should travel easily through his country, which extends to the Lake.

My opinion is, if these Hermannsburg men are made of really good stuff, they could make their way up, and keep the way open. They could raise wheat in winter, and all European vegetables at the same time; and the native grain when the people do. If they sowed at other times they would not reap. They would require calico sufficient to keep them a year, and after that, only for the purchase of small articles and work. If, however, they are men who would sit down in despair when they had no sugar to their tea, and call out *sacrifice, sacrifice*, they had better far eat sour krout at home, and never quote me as advising them to attempt what only good men and true can do.

February 1, 1867.—I am away far beyond

the Ayars, and, I believe, on the watershed we have been in search of. It has taken a long time to work our way up, and I have suffered a good deal of gnawing hunger; but I have made many friends, spoken a few words to some in whose memory they may stick, and everywhere protested against men buying and selling each other. I send this by some black slave traders, but have some doubts as to its reaching its destination. They refuse to give me more than half a day to write, which induces me to beg you to remember me to the Buchanans and say salaam to your wife. Affectionately yours,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

For the Children.

THE FAMILY.

The family is like a book—
The children are the leaves,
The parents are the cover, that
Protection kindly gives.

At first, the pages of the book
Are blank, and purely fair,
But time soon writeth memories,
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust;
Oh, break it not; lest all the leaves
Shall scatter and be lost.

"THE GIFT OF GOD."

"*The Kingdom of God is within you.*"

O thou not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem!

Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God! thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down;
Where self itself yields up;
Where martyrs win their crown;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go;
Where in His steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe;
Where He is in the heart,
City of God! thou art.

Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden walled afar,
But when Christ's two or three
In His name gathered are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem!

—*Francis Turner Palgrave*, 1857.

A FIRM faith is the best theology; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

THE PET LAMB.

BY J. H. M'NAUGHTON.

I.

Speak kindly to the little boy,
Nor dash to earth his cup of joy;
Give him a smile whene'er you can—
A happy child makes happy man!
What if the Shepherd now would come
And take the little darling home!
Ah me! when HE the flock doth call,
He takes the pet lamb first of all!—
To greener pastures, from the rock
He takes the pet lamb of the flock!

II.

Speak softly to each little child;
Let every word be sweet and mild;
Kind words, like goodly seed, will start
And fill the garden of his heart.
Then smile, and smooth his cares away,
The Shepherd soon may come your way!
And ah! when HE the flock doth call,
He takes the pet lamb first of all!—
To greener pastures, from the rock
He takes the pet lamb of the flock!

THE ART OF HOSPITALITY.

Welcome the coming guest; welcome him with a few, simple, pleasant, easy words; without ostentatious cordiality; without gushing declarations of friendship; without paralyzing his arm by an interminable shaking of hands; without hurry or flourish, or due anxiety to have his trunk carried up to his room, or sandwitching between every sentence an anxious appeal to make himself *entirely* at home—an appeal which usually operates to make one feel as much away from home as possible. Constantly taking it for granted on the part of the host and his family that one is not comfortable, and that they must hurry about and take all responsibility (and all self-helpfulness) from the guest, thus depriving him of the credit of common sense, is something worthy of indignation; all the more so because politeness forbids the least sign of impatience. It is ill-bred—it is not decent. It is insulting to the guest, and he would serve the author of such treatment right if he cut him thereafter without ceremony. And yet how many of our well-meaning, and in most things, well-bred people, fall into the error that unless they are constantly on the alert, unless they establish a kind of espionage over their guest, and watch his every movement, lest he should brush his coat or take a seat for himself, they will be wanting in courtesy. The art of hospitality consists in putting the guest at his ease; and this does not mean telling him to be at his ease. It consists in making him forget that he is a guest, and not in constantly pushing the fact before his eyes. And it also consists in leaving to him the exercise of his senses and of resposibility, at least so far that, finding what he needs at his hand, he may help himself.—*The Cultivator.*

AUDUBON, THE AMERICAN NATURALIST.

BY JAMES PARTON.

One of the happiest of men, and one of the most interesting of characters, we have had in America, was John James Audubon, the celebrated painter and biographer of American birds. He was one of the few men whose pursuits were in accordance with his tastes and his talents; and, besides this, he enjoyed almost every other facility which falls to the lot of a mortal.

His father was a French admiral, who, about the middle of the last century, emigrated to Louisiana, where he prospered and reared a family. His distinguished son was born in 1780. While he was still a little boy, he showed a remarkable interest in the beautiful birds that flew about his father's sugar plantation, particularly the mocking bird, which attains its greatest perfection in that part of Louisiana. He soon had a considerable collection of living birds; and he tells us that his first attempts to draw and paint were inspired by his desire to preserve a memento of the beautiful plumage of some of his birds that died. In delineating his feathered friends he displayed so much talent that, at the age of fourteen, his father took him to Paris, and placed him in the studio of the famous painter, David, where he neglected every other branch of art except the one in which he was destined to excel. David's forte was in painting battle-pieces; but his pupil was never attracted to pictures of that kind, and he occupied himself almost exclusively in painting birds. At seventeen, he returned to Louisiana, and resumed, with all his former ardor, his favorite study.

"My father," he says, in one of his prefaces, "then made me a present of a magnificent farm in Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Schuylkill, where I married. The cares of a household, the love which I bore my wife, and the birth of two children, did not diminish my passion for Ornithology. An invincible attraction drew me towards the ancient forests of the American continent, and many years rolled away while I was far from my family."

To facilitate his design of studying birds in their native woods, he removed his family to the village of Henderson, upon the banks of the Ohio, whence, for fifteen years, he made excursions into the forest with his portfolio, rifle and gaming bag.

From the great lakes to the extremest points of Florida—from the Alleghanies to the prairies beyond the Mississippi—through impenetrable forests, in canebrakes almost impassable, and on the boundless prairies, he sought for new varieties of birds, copying them of the size of life, and measuring every part with the utmost nicety of mathematics. Up with the dawn, and rambling about all day, he was the happiest of men if he returned to his camp in the evening, in his game bag a new specimen with which to enrich his collection. He had no thought whatever of publishing his pictures.

"It was no desire of glory," he assures us, "which led me into this exile—I wished only to enjoy nature."

After fifteen years of such life as this, he paid a visit to his relations in Philadelphia, carrying with him two hundred of his designs, the result of his laborious and perilous wanderings. Being obliged to leave Philadelphia for some weeks, he left these in a box at the house of one of his relations. On his return what was his horror and despair to discover that they were totally destroyed by fire. "A poignant flame," he remarks, "pierced my brain like an arrow of fire, and for several weeks I was prostrate with fever. At length, physical and moral strength awoke within me. Again I took my gun, my game bag and portfolio, and my pencils, and plunged once more into the depths of the forests. Three years passed before I had repaired the damage, and they were three years of happiness. To complete my work, I went every day farther from the abodes of men. Eighteen months rolled away, and my object was accomplished."

During his stay in Philadelphia, in 1824, Audubon became acquainted with Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who strongly urged the naturalist to publish his designs. This, however, was a work far too expensive to be undertaken in America alone. He proposed to issue several volumes of engravings, colored and of life-size, with other volumes of printed descriptions. The price of the work was fixed at a thousand dollars. Before he had obtained a single subscriber, he set his engravers to work and proceeded to enlist the cooperation of wealthy men of England and France.

He was received in Europe with great distinction, and obtained in all, one hundred and seventy subscribers, of whom about eighty were Europeans. While the first volume was in course of preparation, he returned to America, and spent another year in ranging the forests to add to his store. In 1830, the first of his wonderful works appeared, consisting of a hundred colored plates, and representing ninety-nine varieties of birds. The volume excited enthusiasm wherever it was received. The king of France and king of England inscribed their names at the head of his list of subscribers. The principal learned societies of London and Paris added Audubon to the number of their members, and the

great naturalists Cuvier, Humboldt, Wilson and others, joined in a chorus of praise.

The work, which consisted of four volumes of engravings and five of letter-press, was completed in 1839. For the latter volumes, he again passed three years in exploration, and one time, was enabled to study the birds on the coast of Florida in a vessel which the government of the United States had placed at his disposal. Returning to New York, he purchased a beautiful residence on the shores of the Hudson, near the city, where he prepared for the press an edition of his great work upon smaller paper, in seven volumes, which was completed in 1844.

Many New Yorkers remembered that about that time he exhibited in that city a wonderful collection of his original drawings, which contained several thousands of animals and birds, all of which he had studied in their native homes, all drawn of the size of life by his own hand, and all represented with their natural foliage around them.

He was now sixty-five years of age, but his natural vigor appeared in no degree abated. Park Godwin, who knew him well at that time, describes him as possessing all the sprightliness and vigor of a young man. He was tall and remarkably well formed, and there was in his countenance a singular blending of innocence and ambition. His head was exceedingly remarkable. "The forehead high," says Mr. Godwin, "arched and unclouded; the hairs of the brow prominent, particularly at the root of the nose, which was long and aquiline; chin prominent, and mouth characterized by energy and determination. The eyes were dark gray, set deeply in the head, and as restless as the glance of an eagle." His manners were exceedingly gentle, and his conversation full of point and spirit. Still unsatisfied, he undertook in his old age a new work on the quadrupeds of America, for which he had gathered much material in his various journeys. Again he took to the woods,—accompanied, however, now by his two sons Victor and John, who had inherited much of his talent and zeal.

Returning to his home on the banks of the Hudson, he proceeded leisurely to prepare his gatherings for the press, assisted always by his sons and other friends. "Surrounded" he wrote, "by all the members of my dear family, enjoying the affection of numerous friends who have never abandoned me, and possessing a sufficient share of all that contributes to make life agreeable, I lift my grateful eyes towards the Supreme Being, and feel that I am happy."

He did not live to complete his work upon the quadrupeds. Attacked by disease in his seventy-first year, which was the year 1851, he died so peacefully that it was more like going to sleep than death. His remains were buried in Trinity Cemetery, which adjoins his residence.

His sons, it is said, have continued the labors of their father, and design one day to publish the work on the quadrupeds of America. Mr. Audubon also left an autobiography, which, perhaps, may see the light. Besides his eminence as an artist, Audubon was a vigorous and picturesque writer. Some passages of his descriptions of the habits of the birds are among the finest pieces of writing yet produced in America, and have been made familiar to the public through the medium of the school reading-books.

We learn from the career of this estimable man that he who would accomplish much in the short life-time of a human being, must concentrate his powers upon one subject, and that object congenial with his tastes and talents. Audubon did in his life one thing, he made known to mankind the birds of his native land; and he did this so well that his name will be held in honor as long as the materials last of which his volumes are composed. —*The American Presbyterian.*

THEY WON'T TROUBLE YOU LONG.

Children grow up—nothing on earth grows so fast as children. It was but yesterday, and that lad was playing with tops, a buoyant boy. He is a man, and gone now! There is no more childhood for him or for us. Life has claimed him. When a beginning is made it is like ravelling a stocking; stitch by stitch gives way till all is gone. The house has not a child in it—there is no more noise in the hall—boys rushing pell-mell; it is orderly now. There are no more skates or sleds, bats, balls or strings left scattered about. Things are neat enough now. There is no delay for sleepy folks; there is no longer any task, before you lie down, of looking after anybody and tucking up the bed clothes. There are no disputes to settle, nobody to get off to school, no complaint, no importunities for impossible things, no rips to mend, no fingers to tie up, no faces to be washed, or collars to be arranged. There was never such peace in the house! It would sound like music to have some feet to clatter down the front stairs! Oh, for some children's noise! What used to ail us, that we were hushing the loud laugh, checking their noisy frolic, and reproving their slamming and banging the doors!

We wish our neighbors would only lend us an urchin or two to make a little noise in these premises. A home without children! It is like a lantern and no candle; a garden

and no flowers; a brook and no water gurgling and gushing through its channel.

We want to be tried, to be vexed, to be run over; to hear children at work with all its varieties. During the secular days this is enough marked. But it is the Sabbath that puts our homes to the proof. That is the Christian family day. The intervals of public worship are spaces of peace. The family seems made up that day. The children are at home. You can lay your hands upon their heads. They seem to recognize the greater and lesser love—to God and to friends. The house is peaceful but not still. There is a low and melodious thrill of children in it. But the Sabbath comes too still now. There is a silence that aches in the ear. There is too much room at the table, too much at the hearth. The bedrooms are a world too orderly. There is too much leisure, and too little care. Alas! what mean these things? Is somebody growing old? Are these signs and tokens? Is life waning?—*H. W. Beecher.*

Jean Paul beautifully says that the infinite has sowed his name in the heavens in burning stars, but on the earth he has sowed his name in tender flowers.

ITEMS.

The Freedman's Bureau.—There has been great doubt in the public mind as to the exact condition of the Freedman's Bureau. The official publication of the law in reference to this branch of the government shows that the Bureau still remains in existence, notwithstanding the title of the law would seem to provide for its discontinuance. The present Commissioner is retained in office, and in case of a vacancy in the office, caused by death or resignation, the same is to be filled by appointment of the President on nomination of the Secretary of War, by and with the consent of the Senate, and no officer of the army can be detailed for service as Commissioner, or can enter upon the duties of Commissioner unless appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate; and all assistant commissioners, agents, clerks and assistants must be appointed by the Secretary of War on the nomination of the Commissioner of the Bureau. In case of vacancy in the office of Commissioner happening during the recess of the Senate, the duties of Commissioner are to be discharged by the acting Assistant Adjutant General of the Bureau until such vacancy can be filled.

On First month 1st, 1869, the Commissioner is to cause the bureau to be withdrawn from the several States within which it has acted, and its operations are to be discontinued. But the educational department of the bureau and the collection and payment of moneys due the soldiers, sailors and marines, or their heirs, are to be continued as now provided by law until otherwise ordered by act of Congress. This law was passed by Congress over the veto of the President.

The Atlantic Ferry.—"The Hon. Chas. Tupper, late Prime Minister of Nova Scotia, and Mr. Sandford Fleming, engineer of the Intercolonial Railway, have been staying for some days at Valentia, with the Knight of Kerry. The object of the visit is to establish the most direct and rapid communication possible between this country and America. They propose to extend the railway from Killarney to Valentia, and to establish a line of steamers between that port and St. John's, Newfoundland, for the conveyance of passengers and mails, the steamers to be built specially to go sixteen knots an hour, and thus reduce the voyage across the Atlantic to one of one hundred hours."

There can be no doubt whatever that what in his report on the intercolonial survey Mr. Fleming calls the *short ocean passage route*, forms the most direct channel of communication between Europe and all the leading centres of the northern part of this continent. Mr. Fleming's scheme would make St. John's, N. F., the great *entrepot*. That city he would connect with St. George's on the western side of Newfoundland by rail. Directly opposite on the New Brunswick coast is Shippegan. Between Shippegan and St. George's would run a fast line of boats. Shippegan is but a few miles from the contemplated route of the Intercolonial railway. The Intercolonial built, a great link in the chain would be provided. There would remain to be built a railway across Newfoundland, some 250 miles long, and another from Killarney to Valentia, a distance of 40 miles.—*Toronto Leader, August* 10.

The New Northwest Boundary Line of the United States.—The territory acquired by the recent treaty with the Emperor of Russia, includes the immense cluster and range of the Aleutian Islands, extending from the peninsula of Alaska into the North Pacific Ocean, in a southerly direction, for more than seventeen degrees of longitude, or over 700 miles in that latitude. The new northwestern boundary of the United States, established by that treaty, commences at the Diomede Islands, lying nearly in the middle of Behring's Straits, about one degree south of the Arctic Circle, in latitude 66 degrees North, and longitude 168 degrees 55 minutes West from Greenwich. Along the shores of the Arctic Ocean, it extends to about longitude 143 degrees West, and latitude 69 degrees 30 minutes, including Kotzebue Sound, Cape Lisburne, Icy Cape, Point Franklin, Point Barrow, Smith's Bay, and other points which are regarded as historical in Arctic explorations, and are now within the territory of the United States. From the Diomede Islands in a southwesterly direction, the boundary line extends to the western point of the Aleutian Islands, which are situated between the 52d and 53d degrees of North latitude and between the 172d degree of West longitude and the 171st of East longitude, the western point being about 30 degrees of longitude farther to the west than the Sandwich Islands.

At the present time, therefore, the territory of the United States extends in east and west direction from longitude 67 degrees west (at Eastport, Me.,) to 168 degrees east longitude in the North Pacific Ocean (beyond the most western island of the Aleutian group), a distance equal to 125 degrees of longitude, which on the parallel of 45 degrees north would be equal to about 6187 statute miles. The position at the mouth of Columbia river is nearly in the middle of this line, and is the central point east and west of the United States, it being about the same distance from Eastport, Me., to the mouth of the Columbia river, that it is from the latter to the western extremity of the Aleutian islands.—*Phila. Ledger.*

A colored man named Green has recently received the first prize for declamation at Harvard College.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 29, 1868. No. 26.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for entire Club. Single Nos. 6 cts
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Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
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JOHN BUNYAN.

(Continued from page 388.)

Abut this time, while wandering through Bedford in search of employment, he chanced to see three or four old women sitting at a door, in the evening sun, and, drawing near them, heard them converse upon the things of God; of His work in their hearts; of their natural depravity; of the temptations of the Adversary; and of the joy of believing, and of the peace of reconciliation. The words of the aged women found a response in the soul of the listener. "He felt his heart shake," to use his own words; he saw that he lacked the true tokens of a Christian. He now forsook the company of the profane and licentious, and sought that of a poor man who had the reputation of piety, but, to his grief, he found him "a devilish ranter, given up to all manner of uncleanness; he would laugh at all exhortations to sobriety, and deny that there was a God, an angel, or a spirit."

"Neither," he continues, "was this man only a temptation to me, but, my calling lying in the country, I happened to come into several people's company, who, though strict in religion formerly, yet were also drawn away by these ranters. These would also talk with me of their ways, and condemn me as illegal and dark; pretending that they only had attained to perfection, that could do what they would and not sin. O! these temptations were suitable to my flesh, I being but a young man, and my nature in its prime; but God, who had, as I hope, designed me for better things, kept me in the fear of his name, and did not suffer me to accept such cursed principles."

At this time he was sadly troubled to ascertain whether or not he had that faith which the Scriptures spake of. Traveling one day from Elstow to Bedford, after a recent rain, which had left pools of water in the path, he felt a strong desire to settle the question, by commanding the pools to become dry, and the dry places to become pools. Going under the hedge, to pray for ability to work the miracle, he was struck with the thought, that if he failed he should know, indeed, that he was a castaway, and give himself up to despair. He dared not attempt the experiment, and went on his way, to use his own forcible language, "tossed up and down between the Devil and his own ignorance."

Soon after, he had one of those visions which foreshadowed the wonderful dream of his Pilgrim's Progress. He saw some holy people of Bedford on the sunny side of an high mountain, refreshing themselves in the pleasant air and sunlight, while he was shivering in cold and darkness, amidst snows and never-melting ices, like the victims of the Scandinavian hell. A wall compassed the mountain, separating him from the blessed, with one small gap or doorway, through

which, with great pain and effort, he was at last enabled to work his way into the sunshine, and sit down with the saints, in the light and warmth thereof.

But now a new trouble assailed him. Like Milton's metaphysical spirits, who sat apart,

"And reasoned of foreknowledge, will, and fate,"

he grappled with one of those great questions which have always perplexed and baffled human inquiry, and upon which much has been written to little purpose. He was tortured with anxiety to know whether, according to the Westminster formula, he was elected to salvation or damnation. His old adversary vexed his soul with evil suggestions, and even quoted Scripture to enfore them. "It may be you are not elected," said the Tempter; and the poor tinker thought the supposition altogether too probable. "Why, then," said Satan, "you had as good leave off, and strive no farther; for if, indeed, you should not be elected and chosen of God, there is no hope of your being saved; for it is neither in him that willeth nor in him that runneth, but in God who showeth mercy." At length when, as he says, he was about giving up the ghost of all his hopes, this passage fell with weight upon his spirit: "Look at the generations of old, and see; did ever any trust in God, and were confounded?" Comforted by these words, he opened his Bible to note them, but the most diligent search and inquiry of his neighbors failed to discover them. At length his eye fell upon them in the Apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus. This, he says, somewhat doubted him at first, as the book was not canonical; but in the end he took courage and comfort from the passage. "I bless God," he says, "for that word; it was good for me. That word doth still oftentimes shine before my face."

A long and weary struggle was now before him. "I cannot," he says, "express with what longings and breathings of my soul I cried unto Christ to call me. Gold! could it have been gotten by gold, what would I have given for it. Had I a whole world, it had all gone ten thousand times over for this, that my soul might have been in a converted state. How lovely now was every one in my eyes, that I thought to be converted men and women. They shone, they walked like a people who carried the broad seal of Heaven with them."

With what force and intensity of language does he portray in the following passage the reality and earnestness of his agonizing experience:

"While I was thus afflicted with the fears of my own damnation, there were two things would make me wonder: the one was, when I saw old people hunting after the things of this life, as if they should live here always; the other was, when I found professors much distressed and cast down, when they met with outward losses; as of husband, wife, or child. Lord, thought I, what seeking after carnal things by some, and what grief in others for the loss of them! If they so much labor after and shed so many tears for the things of this present life, how am I to be bemoaned, pitied, and prayed for! My soul is dying, my soul is damning. Were my soul but in a good condition, and were I but sure of it, ah! how rich should I esteem myself, though blessed but with bread and water! I should count these but small afflictions, and should bear them as little burdens. 'A wounded spirit who can bear!'"

He looked with envy, as he wandered through the country, upon the birds in the trees, the hares in the preserves and the fishes in the streams. They were happy in their brief existence, and their death was but a sleep. He felt himself alienated from God, a discord in the harmonies of the universe. The very rooks which fluttered around the old church spire seemed more worthy of the Creator's love and care than himself. A vision of the infernal fire, like that glimpse of hell which was afforded to Christian by the Shepherds, was continually before him, with its "rumbling noise, and the cry of some tormented, and the scent of brimstone." Withersoever he went, the glare of it scorched him, and its dreadful sound was in his ears. His vivid but disturbed imagination lent new terrors to the awful figures by which the sacred writers conveyed the idea of future retribution to the Oriental mind. Bunyan's World of Woe, if it lacked the colossal architecture and solemn vastness of Milton's Pandemonium, was more clearly defined; its agonies were within the pale of human comprehension; its victims were men and women, with the same keen sense of corporeal suffering which they possessed in life; and who, to use his own terrible description, had "all the loathed variety of hell to grapple with; fire unquenchable, a lake of choking brimstone, eternal chains, darkness more black than night, the everlasting gnawing of the worm, the sight of devils, and the yells and outcries of the damned."

His mind at this period was evidently shaken in some degree from its balance. He was troubled with strange, wicked thoughts, confused by doubts and blasphemous suggestions, for which he could only account by supposing himself possessed of the Devil. He wanted to curse and swear, and had to clap his hand on his mouth to prevent it. In prayer, he felt, as he supposed, Satan behind

him, pulling his clothes, and telling him to have done, and break off; suggesting that he had better pray to him, and calling up before his mind's eye the figures of a bull, a tree, or some other object, instead of the awful idea of God.

He notes here, as cause of thankfulness, that, even in this dark and clouded state, he was enabled to see the "vile and abominable things fomented by the Quakers," to be errors. Gradaully, the shadow wherein he had so long

> "Walked beneath the day's broad glare,
> A darkened man,"

passsd from him, and for a season he was afforded an "evidence of his salvation from Heaven, with many golden seals thereon hanging in his sight." But, ere long, other temptations assailed him. A strange suggestion haunted him, to sell or part with his Saviour. His own account of this hallucination is too painfully vivid to awaken any other feeling than that of sympathy and sadness.

"I could neither eat my food, stoop for a pin, chop a stick, or cast mine eye to look on this or that, but still the temptation would come, sell Christ for this, or sell Christ for that; sell him, sell him.

"Sometimes it would run in my thoughts, not so little as a hundred times together, sell him, sell him; against which, I may say, for whole hours together, I have been forced to stand as continually leaning and forcing my spirit against it, lest haply, before I were aware, some wicked thought might arise in my heart, that might consent thereto; and sometimes the tempter would make me believe I had consented to it; but then I should be as tortured upon a rack, for whole days together.

"This temptation did put me to such scares, lest I should at sometimes, I say, consent thereto, and be overcome therewith, that, by the very force of my mind, my very body would be put into action or motion, by way of pushing or thrusting with my hands or elbows; still answering, as fast as the destroyer said, sell him, I will not, I will not, I will not; no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands of worlds; thus reckoning, lest I should set too low a value on him, even until I scarce well knew where I was, or how to be composed again.

"But to be brief: one morning, as I did lie in my bed, I was, as at other times, most fiercely assaulted with this temptation, to sell and part with Christ; the wicked suggestion still running in my mind, sell him, sell him, sell him, sell him, sell him, as fast as a man could speak; against which, also, in my mind, as at other times, I answered, no, no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands, at least twenty times together; but at last, after much striving, I felt this thought pass through my heart, *Let him go if he will;* and I thought also, that I felt my heart freely consent thereto. O the diligence of Satan! O the desperateness of man's heart!

"Now was the battle won, and down fell I, as a bird that is shot from the top of a tree, into great guilt and fearful despair. Thus getting out of my bed, I went moping into the field; but God knows with as heavy a heart as mortal man I think could bear; where, for the space of two hours, I was like a man bereft of life; and, as now, past all recovery, and bound over to eternal punishment.

"And withal, that Scripture did seize upon my soul: 'Or profane person, as Esau, who, for one morsel of meat, sold his birthright; for ye know, how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.'"

For two years and a half, as he informs us, that awful Scripture sounded in his ears like the knell of a lost soul. He believed that he had committed the unpardonable sin. His mental anguish was united with bodily illness and suffering. His nervous system became fearfully deranged; his limbs trembled; and he supposed this visible tremulousness and agitation to be the mark of Cain. Troubled with pain and distressing sensations in his chest, he began to fear that his breast-bone would split open, and that he should perish like Judas Iscariot. He feared that the tiles of the houses would fall upon him as he walked in the streets. He was like his own Man in the Cage at the House of the Interpreter, shut out from the promises, and looking forward to certain judgment. "Methought," he says, "the very sun that shineth in heaven did grudge to give me light." And still the dreadful words, "He found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears," sounded in the depths of his soul.

They were, he says, like fetters of brass to his legs, and their continual clanking followed him for months. Regarding himself elected and predestined for damnation, he thought that all things worked for his damage and eternal overthrow, while all things wrought for the best, and to do good to the elect, and called of God unto salvation. God and all His universe had, he thought, conspired against him; the green earth, the bright waters, the sky itself, were written over with His irrevocable curse.

Well was it said by Bunyan's contemporary, the excellent Cudworth, in his eloquent sermon before the Long Parliament, that "We are nowhere commanded to pry into the secrets of God, but the wholesome advice given us is this: 'To *make* our calling and

election sure.' We have no warrant from Scripture to peep into the hidden rolls of eternity, to spell out our names among the stars." "Must we say that God sometimes, to exercise His uncontrollable dominion, delights rather in plunging wretched souls down into infernal night and everlasting darkness? What, then, shall we make the God of the whole world? Nothing but a cruel and dreadful *Erinnys*, with curled fiery snakes about His head, and firebrands in His hand; thus governing the world! Surely, this will make us either secretly think there is no God in the world, if He must needs be such, or else to wish heartily there were none." It was thus at times with Bunyan. He was tempted, in this season of despair, to believe that there was no resurrection and no judgment.

One day he tells us a sudden rushing sound, as of wind or the wings of angels, came to him through the window, wonderfully sweet and pleasant; and it was as if a voice spoke to him from heaven words of encouragement and hope, which, to use his language, commanded for the time, "a silence in his heart to all those tumultuous thoughts that did use, like masterless hell-hounds, to roar and bellow and make a hideous noise within him." About this time, also, some comforting passages of Scripture were called to mind; but he remarks, that whenever he strove to apply them to his case, Satan would thrust the curse of Esau in his face, and wrest the good word from him. The blessed promise, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out," was the chief instrumentality in restoring his lost peace. He says of it: "If ever Satan and I did strive for any word of God in all my life, it was for this good word of Christ; he at one end, and I at the other; O! what work we made! It was for this in John, I say, that we did so tug and strive; he pulled, and I pulled, but, God be praised! I overcame him; I got sweetness from it. O! many a pull hath my heart had with Satan for this blessed sixth chapter of John!"

(To be continued.)

SIMPLICITY.

A lady in one of the papers relates a sweet little instance of a child's delicate thoughtfulness. She says, I asked a little boy last evening, "Have you called your grandmamma to tea?" "Yes," he replied, "when I went to call her she was asleep, and I didn't know how to wake her. I didn't want to *hollo* at grandma, nor to *shake* her: so I kissed her cheek, and that woke her very softly. Then I ran into the hall and said, pretty loud, 'Grandma, tea is ready.' And she never knew what woke her."

A testimony from Duanesburgh Quarterly Meeting, concerning our beloved friend, JAMES THORN, *deceased.*

James Thorn, the subject of the following memoir, was born in the town of New Baltimore, Green Co., State of New York, on the first day of Ninth month, 1799.

His parents were Samuel and Elizabeth Thorn, members of the Society of Friends; the former acceptably filling the appointment of Elder for many years. Little is now known of the early years of their son James, but it is believed they were circumspect and exemplary.

He was married about the twenty-first year of his age to Sylvia Allen, a member of Galway Monthly Meeting, Saratoga Co., N. Y., soon after which they settled in Jefferson Co., within the limits of Leray Monthly Meeting, when that section was comparatively new. Here they spent some ten years in much obscurity, when he removed with his family within the limits of Middleburg Meeting, a remote, out-of-the-way branch of Rensslaerville Monthly Meeting.

Here his Ministerial labors commenced, and for a number of years were almost wholly confined to that little meeting. In the Seventh month of the year 1843, he came out in the Monthly Meeting with a powerful, living testimony of considerable length, to the satisfaction and admiration of those who heard him. His friends soon perceived that he possessed a rare gift as a Minister, and in less than a year he was acknowledged as such by the Society. With the enlargement of his gift, his close provings and deep baptisms increased. He saw, as he believed, an extended field of labor before him, into which he felt he was called upon to enter.

He was in straitened circumstances, with a growing family needing the avails of his energies to supply their daily wants. And about this time he was attacked with a cancerous affection, which soon gave evidence of baffling all medical skill. Under all these painful circumstances, any one of which seemed sufficient to weigh down his sensitive spirit, it is no wonder he despaired of finishing the work appointed him to do. Yet after many anxious days and wearisome nights, and years of physical suffering, "way was made where there seemed to be no way," for his going forth to the accomplishing of his mission.

In the spring of 1852, he removed within the limits of Coeymans Monthly Meeting, where he resided until his death. During the seventeen years of intense suffering from cancer on the head, he performed nineteen religious visits with minutes of concurrence from his Monthly Meeting; and we believe to the

entire satisfaction of the visited. Most of these visits were within the limits of his own Yearly Meeting. One extended to Philadelphia, and two to Genessee Yearly Meeting.

His literary attainments were very limited; his knowledge of books small; and up to his fortieth year he had lived a very retired life; yet his language was clear, pertinent and forcible, calculated to enchain a mixed audience, however large. His extended feeling of tolerance opened a door of admittance to most orders of religious professors, often saying in his public discourses, "I claim sincerity for myself, I cheerfully accord it to others." His uniform kindness and courtesy of manner, his large sympathy with the sorrowing and the suffering, made his presence much coveted and widely solicited in cases of bereavement; hence his very frequent attendance of funerals, during the latter years of his life, not only among his own people, but extensively among others; often travelling long distances for their accomplishment.

He was mostly able to get to meetings till about a year before his death, when his intense suffering, which he bore with Christian fortitude and patience, confined him to his house. Here, in the bosom of his beloved family, (whose devotion and assiduous attention to the loved sufferer have not often been paralleled) he quietly awaited the progress of that fatal malady that all saw must ere long close his useful life. Many sympathizing friends visited him during this trying season, to whom he evinced the faith and patience of the saint, giving utterance to weighty and edifying expressions; which, though treasured in the memory of those who heard them, cannot now be collected so as to make a connected relation in this memoir.

His last and dying legacy to all Friends everywhere, was love. "Give my love to all Friends." Thus after giving directions about his funeral, desiring that everything should be very plain and simple, and taking a last and most affectionate leave of his family, he quietly passed away, on the twenty-sixth of Third month, 1862.

Signed by direction and on behalf of Duanesburg Quarterly Meeting, held at Coeymans the twenty-first of Fifth month, 1868, by

ISRAEL DRAKE, }
PATIENCE SMITH, } *Clerks.*

At a Meeting for Sufferings held on the twenty-fifth of Fifth month, 1868, the foregoing testimony of Duanesburg Quarterly Meeting concerning our friend James Thorn, deceased, was read. Its interesting contents being satisfactory to the Meeting, it is referred to the Yearly Meeting.

SAMUEL WILLETS, *Clerk.*

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

Dickens wrote: "There is nothing beautiful and good, that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, play its part though its body be burned to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here.

Dead! oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear; for how much charity, mercy, purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!"

ON SELF-RELIANCE.

BY F. W. ROBERTSON.

This is self-reliance—to repose calmly on the thought which is deepest in our bosoms, and be unmoved if the world will not accept it yet. To live on your own convictions against the world, is to overcome the world—to believe that what is truest in you is true for all; to abide by that, and not be overanxious to be heard or understood or sympathized with, certain that at last all must acknowledge the same, and that, while you stand firm, the world will come round to you—that is independence. It is not difficult to get away into retirement, and there live upon your own convictions; nor is it difficult to live with men and follow their convictions; but to enter into the world, and there live out firmly and fearlessly according to your own conscience—that is Christian greatness.

There is a cowardice in this age which is not Christian. We shrink from the consequences of Truth. We look round and cling dependantly. We ask what men will think; what others will say; whether they will not stare in astonishment. Perhaps they will; but he who calculates that, will accomplish nothing in this life. The Father—the Father is with us and in us—what does He think? God's work cannot be done without a spirit of independence. A man has got some way in the Christian life when he has learned to say humbly and yet majestically, "I dare to be alone."

Remark the humility of this loneliness. Had the Son of man simply said I can be alone, He would have said no more than any proud self-relying man can say; but when He added, "because the Father is with me," that independence assumed another character, and self-reliance became only another form of reliance upon God.

Distinguish between genuine and spurious humility. There is a false humility which says, "It is my own poor thought, and I must not trust it. I must distrust my own

reason and judgment because they are my own. I must not accept the dictates of my own conscience; for is it not my own, and is not trust in self the great fault of our fallen nature?" Very well. Now, remember something else. There is a Spirit which beareth witness with our spirits; there is a God who "is not far from any one of us;" "there is a Light which lighteth every man which cometh into the world." Do not be unnaturally humble. The thought of your own mind perchance is the Thought of God. To refuse to follow that may be to disown God. To take the judgment and conscience of other men to live by, where is the humility of that? From whence did their conscience and judgment come? Was the fountain from which they drew exhausted for you? If they refused like you to rely on their own conscience and you rely upon it, how are you sure that it is more the mind of God than your own which you have refused to hear. Look at it in another way. The charm of the words of great men—those grand sayings which are recognized as true as soon as heard—is this, that you recognize them as wisdom which passed across your own mind. You feel that they are your own thoughts come back to you, else you would not at once admit them: "All that floated across me before, only I could not say it, and did not feel confident enough to assert it, or had not conviction enough to put it into words." Yes, God spoke to you what He did to them: only they believed it, said it, trusted the word within them, and you did not. Be sure that often when you say, "It is only my own poor thought, and I am alone," the real correcting thought is this: "Alone, but the Father is with me," therefore I can live by that lonely conviction.

There is no danger in this, whatever timid minds may think—no danger of mistake, if the character be a true one. For we are not in uncertainty in this matter. It has been given us to know our base from our noble hours; to distinguish between the voice which is from above and that which speaks from below, out of the abyss of our animal and selfish nature. Samuel could distinguish between the impulse—quite a human one—which would have made him select Eliab out of Jesse's sons, and the deeper judgment by which "the *Lord* said, Look not on his countenance, nor on the height of his stature, for I have refused him." Doubtless deep truth of character is required for this; for the whispering voices get mixed together, and we dare not abide by our own thought because we think them our own, and not God's; and this because we only now and then endeavor to know in earnest. It is only given to the habitually true to know the difference. *He* knew it, because all His life long He could say, "My judgment is just, *because* I seek not mine own will, but the will of Him which sent me."

The practical result and inference of all this is a very simple but a very deep one: the deepest of existence. Let life be a life of faith. Do not go timorously about inquiring what others think, and what others believe, and what others say. It seems the easiest, it is the most difficult in life to do this—believe in God. God is near you. Throw yourself fearlessly upon Him. Trembling mortal, there is an unknown might within your soul, which will wake when you command it. The day may come when all that is human—man and woman—will fall off from you as they did from Him. Let His strength be yours. Be independent of them all now. The Father is with you. Look to Him and He will save you.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

BY J. F. W. WARE.

There is none. What is sin? The best definition, perhaps, is that of the Apostle,—"Sin is the transgression of the law." The man is a sinner by transgressing the law. He does not sin except by transgression. He cannot inherit sin; because sin is transgression,—a positive, definite, individual, wilful act. There is, there can be, no other sin. Theology says so, not the Bible. Adam's sin was his sin, nobody's else; Eve's sin was her sin, nobody's else; my sin is mine, your sin is yours. Consequences may be transmitted, inherited; not sins.

You have no sin but your own to think about, to shun, to repent of. Can you so sin that God will not forgive you? No; unless you refuse to repent,—the one only condition on which God will grant pardon; so that, whether there is for you an unpardonable sin or not, depends on you alone. Keep the condition, fulfil the terms, and though your sins be deepest, most desperate, "God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." Repent after the godly sort, with the sorrow that needs no repentance; reform; quit the old, live the new life; and God must forgive. Even He cannot afford to break his word; and such is his word by the mouth of prophet, apostle and Son.

That Son was one day beset by the Pharisees, and with more than their usual obstinacy and hate. They turned everything against him. They had surpassed themselves in unreasonable spite, wilful prejudice and blindness. He had argued with them before; he had expostulated, he had done everything to enlighten and instruct them. The hardness

of their hearts was deliberate and dogged. Utterly in despair, he spoke at last in that strong, sweeping way he sometimes spoke, and which it is so difficult for us to understand and explain, to limit to the occasion or expand into a general truth,—"All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men, but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven." That was their then sin; and they would not repent it, so bad, so mad, were they. Out of this declaration has grown a wide-spread horror of some nameless sin which a man may commit, which cannot be pardoned, a belief that has haunted and made wretched the lives of many good people, and driven some men mad.

But over against this single statement utterred under peculiar circumstances, to rebuke the desperate wickedness of the Pharisees, are his calm, deliberate utterances at so many times, about the disposition and ability of God to forgive man, with the single antecedent condition of repentance and reformation. He makes no exception. The portrayal of the Divine character, as well as all that is said directly upon this subject, is such that it is impossible that there should be any sin, or any sinful life, that will not be forgiven when the man has turned from his sin.

But must you not rely upon "the merits of Christ?" Not at all. They will not help you. It is your own *de*-merit that sinks you in sin, and by your own merit—the degree of your fidelity—will you be lifted out of your sin. When Zaccheus was convinced that he had been a sinner, he did not say, "Lord, I rely upon your merits;" but he said, "Lord if I have taken any thing from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." That is a necessary part of the repentance not to be repented of,—*not expiation on the part of Christ, but restitution on the part of the man;* a making up, by the works of repentance, for the wrong done by the sin. To repent, is not to feel sorry, to do so no more; but to repent is to make good, so far as in you lies, the loss and damage of your sin to yourself and others and God.

You need have no question about the Divine pardon, if, only with the humility and the persistence of the prodigal son, you show the sincerity of your contrition by the after godliness of your life. Make that your aim; your pardon is secure.—*Christian Register.*

I would not give much for religion unless it can be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A lighthouse sounds no drum, it beats no gong, and yet far over the waters its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So let your actions shine out your religion. Let the main sermon of your life be illustrated by all your conduct, and it shall not fail to be illustrious.—*Spurgoon.*

EXCERPTS.

"There are methinks some among you who should have been long since earnestly laboring in the field, whose lingerings and loiterings seem to utter the language, 'four months and then cometh harvest,' instead of beholding the time already at hand."

"Days of proving, though not desirable to nature, are oft profitable seasons, and aid perhaps in working out our measure of that exceeding and eternal weight of glory, to which the Apostle so trustingly alludes. Even my short tarriance in your metropolis has produced great care and many fears, lest I be found concerned about serving, rather than remaining quietly at the feet of the Master, listening to the gracious words that proceed from his mouth; thus endeavoring to avoid right-hand, I have perceived a danger of left-hand errors; and though these are, I trust, more excusable, yet they are really deviations from the straightforward path of known duty. Truly 'tis not in man that walketh to direct his steps. May we more freely resign ourselves to the pointings of the finger of truth, that so there may be witnessed an increase of inward strength, and at least a partial realizing of the declaration, that as the Father giveth the Son to have life in himself, so giveth he the disciple a portion of the same sustaining, supporting efficacy and power."

"We are commanded to work while it is day; and although labor is performed with more cheerfulness and alacrity in a bright and sunny day than in a dark and cloudy one, yet Divine Goodness always dispenses light enough to distinguish it from the night. And to pursue the analogy furnished by the outward creation: although there may be so long a season of clouds and gloom, that were it not for a full trust in his Providence, we should almost despair of seeing the sun again, yet is not this ever the forerunner of verdure and fruitfulness?

I believe the more our minds are led to meditate on "the Law of the Lord," the more we shall see of the perfect wisdom of His government, and that He has instituted laws, the rewards and penalties attached to which accord with the nature of those laws; and that these are immutable. The reward annexed to the right exercise of our spiritual and intellectual faculties is their strength and enlargement. Did we accustom ourselves to expect nothing more than this, we should never be disappointed. But in a recollection of the *peace and joy* experienced after the first

few steps in the right path, and which we must be well aware were greatly disproportioned to the act of obedience, taken principally to escape from suffering, we fall into the error of supposing that this *sensible feeling of Divine approbation* is the reward annexed to *every* act of obedience. Whereas did we take a more rational view, we should see in it only an evidence of Divine bounty and liberality, thus alluring a weak and doubting soul to embrace the means of its own restoration to happiness. I would therefore encourage thee to an *active co-operation* with the smallest manifestations of that gift which points out the right occasions for the exercise of every mental faculty, seeking no reward but that which is inseparably connected with this exercise. Were this our daily and hourly concern, we should be prepared to receive with humble gratitude, as *gifts*, not *wages*, that foretaste of joy and rejoicing which is sometimes dispensed no doubt to cheer us on our way."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 29, 1868.

We have received a copy of the Extracts of New York Yearly Meeting, the substance of which was forwarded by a friend in attendance and published in the 14th No. of the Intelligencer.

Appended to the Extracts is a Memorial of James Thorn, which was approved by the Yearly Meeting, and is inserted in the present number.

MARRIED, on the 13th inst., with the approbation of Goose Creek Monthly Meeting, at the residence of Wm. J. Smith, near Lincoln, Loudoun Co., Va., HENRY R. RUSSELL, of Woodbury, N. J., to ELIZABETH SMITH.

DIED, on the 23d of Seventh month, 1868, at his residence in Loudoun Co., Va., BENJAMIN BIRDSALL, Jr., a member of Goose Creek Monthly Meeting, in the 47th year of his age. He was a devout and exemplary Christian, deeply interested in promoting the cause of Truth.

——, in Philadelphia, on the 21st of Eighth mo., 1868, WILLIAM K. AUSTIN, in his 88th year.

——, at her residence in Washington City, on the 25th of Seventh month, 1868, JULIA A., wife of Joseph Garretson, aged 58 years. There seems to be more than a brief notice of her death due her. Though not a member amongst Friends, she attended meeting with her husband when opportunity offered. She was a true philanthropist and pure Christian woman, always unostentatious, going about doing good wherever she saw the way open, equally regardless of praise or censure. Almost her entire time was devoted to the wounded and sick soldiers during the late war, and the poor, both white and colored, have lost in her a *true friend*. Her whole happiness seemed to consist in doing good and making others happy; and though no words of ours can sufficiently praise her, the actions of her life will rise as a monument of praise to her memory.

I. G. T.

——, on the 3d of Eighth month, 1868, at Springdale, Loudoun Co., Va., ELIZA BROWN, in the 64th year of her age; an elder of Goose Creek Monthly Meeting. It may truly be said of her, that, "Being dead she yet speaketh." Her pure and self-denying life bore witness to the excellency of that Divine power, which sustained her in seasons of deep trial, and gave her an assurance that there was laid up for her a crown of righteousness.

——, on the 22d of Seventh month, SARAH JANE, daughter of William and Elizabeth Wilson, of Loudoun Co., Va., in the 46th year of her age; a member of Goose Creek Meeting. We are again called to mourn the loss of one whose pure love flowed like oil upon the troubled waters of life, levelling the breakers in the pathway of each. During her years of suffering no murmur escaped her lips, but all things were viewed by her through a heavenly medium. To her all nature told of the loveliness of the Designer, and she felt no fears relative to an admission into the realms of eternity. Shortly before her spirit was freed from its tabernacle of clay, she told us of the home prepared for her. She summoned all her strength, and spoke forcibly in conclusion; said, "I see my home; it is beautiful! beautiful! Words can give you no conception of its loveliness; for fifteen years I have known of it. Prepare; yea, let it be the greatest effort for the remainder of you to prepare to join me there.

——, in Upper Merion, on the 10th inst., of typhoid fever, LEWIS, only son of Moses and Sarah S. Walker, aged nearly thirteen years. There are lives, however transient, that impart to us more spiritual instruction than the most profound and eloquent sermons. There are examples amid the private walks of life more worthy of imitation than those whose names have been enrolled among the records of the good and great. Such a life and such an example have been furnished by the brief career of the subject of this notice. An uncomplaining sufferer from his earliest childhood, possessed of an amiable and affectionate disposition, and much intellectual capacity, he had become an object of interest and regard wherever known; and his death has left a void in his social circle that never can be filled. With hearts chastened by this Providence, saddened by the shadow which this removal from earthly scenes will cast upon our future life-course, and, we trust, made better by this pure and beautiful yet brief existence, we resign him to His care who "doeth all things well," with the consoling assurance that "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

L. W. S.

TEACHERS FOR THE FREEDMEN.

One or two female teachers will probably be wanted by the Association of Friends of this city. *Best of references* as to capability in every particular will be required. Apply to

HARRIET E. STOCKLEY, 1545 Vine St.,
HENRY M. LAING, 30 N. Third St.,
LOUISA J. ROBERTS, 421 N. Sixth St.,
LYDIA GILLINGHAM, 1539 Vine St.,
Or, JACOB M. ELLIS, Corres. Sec'y.,
3t. 325 Walnut St.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

A Stated Meeting of the Board of Managers will be held at the College building on Third-day, the 1st of Ninth month, at 3 P.M. The train leaves the city at 2.30. EDWARD PARRISH, *Clerk.*

From the Independent.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND WORKS OF FREDRIKA BREMER.*

Memoirs are proverbially stupid. They are ordinarily ill-digested, ill-arranged masses of material, assorted after the manner of an editor's waste-paper basket. Nothing can be more interesting than a true biography. Nothing can be more insipid than most biographies, because they are not true. They are generally written by eulogists. There are no shades, no middle tints even. There is no selection and appropriation. The author generally conceives that all things which interest him in his friend will interest the public. We want a portrait. To get it, we have to wade through elaborate descriptions of every freckle and wart.

Fredrika Bremer is fortunate in having a sister worthy to wear her mantle. Charlotte Bremer, without possessing Fredrika's vivid imagination and almost weird fancy, possesses her strong Northern sense; and her simplicity of heart and character. She has arranged her biography, as all biographies should be arranged—grouping the letters and unpublished sketches by themselves, instead of interjecting them into the narrative to destroy its continuity. And she has, though always in a loving and sisterly way, recognized the faults as well as the virtues of the subject of her sketch; and caught herself, and given apt expression to, the influences which aided in the formation of her character.

Fredrika Bremer was born in Finland, in the year 1801. He parents were good people, but stiff, cold, formal, prosaic. The family-circle was characterized by as much formality as might belong to a royal court. Fear predominated over love. "When we heard the voices of our parents on their return home, we hastened to hide ourselves in our governess's room, or in that of our Finland nurse, Lena." In the morning they were taken in to salute their mother with as much ceremony as if she had been a queen. If the salute was imperfect, they were drilled in it till it was satisfactorily performed. The salute to the father was yet more stately and imposing.

Even the insatiable appetites of childhood were not comprehended by these more than Puritans, who could hardly have remembered that they were ever children themselves. The children's breakfast consisted of "a small basin—I have never seen such small basins—of cold milk, and with it a small piece of 'knackebrod' (a kind of very thin, hard biscuit). If we were ever so hungry—which happened every day—we did not venture to ask for anything more to eat." To the inadequacy of this diet Charlotte attributes the shortness of her own and her sister's stature.

That children needed child-life never seems to have entered the heads of these stately ceremonialists. They loved their children, and provided for them. They put them through all the approved courses of education; history, geography, languages, needle-work of various sorts; prescribed as an amusement, dancing and music. The important art of housekeeping was not neglected; and the catechism was taught in due course by a good clergyman, "the sum total of whose teaching was this: that one ought blindly to believe what one could not understand, and try to live according to Christ's divine doctrine." But that children needed sympathy, an outlet for their enthusiasm, food for their youthful imaginations, and some apt recreations, was a heresy undreamed of. The children even begged leave for so much as permission to take a walk in the street twice a week. But "my mother answered that she did not like it, and that it would not look well for young girls to go out alone in the streets; that, if we were in want of exercise, we might stand behind a chair, hold on to the back, and jump. When I came to Fredrika with this answer, she was in despair; but what was to be done? I proposed that we should begin the jumping that same evening, after we had said 'good night' to our parents and come into our room. We did so, and that night I made two hundred jumps behind my chair, resting now and then for a moment; but Fredrika had not performed one hundred before she gave in, began to cry, went to bed and fell asleep, glad in sleep to forget everything. I continued jumping almost every evening, and persuaded Fredrika now and then to try the same, fancying that it did me a great deal of good, which it also might have done her, being deprived as she was of other exercise; but I could seldom induce her to do so."

This sort of life was intolerable to Fredrika. Possessed of a quick and subtle imagination, and an active and independent nature, warm, ardent, impulsive, affectional, morbidly sensitive to praise and blame, neither could she understand her parents nor was she understood by them. She dwelt under the perpetual condemnation of "being odd;" and to the conventionalist this is the unpardonable sin. She was not fourteen years old when she essayed to run away from home; not so much, indeed, to escape its bondage, as to join the army of her country engaged in the war with Napoleon, at that time in retreat from Russia. Reserved and self-contained by nature, she was perpetually driven more and more in up-

*Life, letters, and posthumous works of Fredrika Bremer. Edited by her sister, Charlotte Bremer. Translated from the Swedish by Fred. Milow. New York: Hurd & Hough.

on herself. Nothing but the tenderness and depth of her affections kept her from becoming misanthropic. She was at times wretchelly miserable. Her religious experience was shadowed by her domestic experiences; and it was not till a long life of consecration to God had fully mellowed her that "all doubts of God's goodness vanished, all rebellious feelings which had been awakened in her when contemplating the unequal lots on earth were silenced," and the sun of faith and hope shone out upon her from an entirely cloudless sky. Indeed, nothing but the peculiar depth and tenderness of her affections saved her from becoming misanthropic.

A nature less strong and abounding would have been dwarfed if not deadened by such a treatment as Fredrika suffered. But she was irrepressible. At eight she composed verses. At ten she planned a somewhat pretentious poem on "The Creation of the World." At thirteen she composed a theatrical piece in one act, to which Charlotte wrote the music, and which was performed in the family—of course with great *eclat.* These indications, however, were of little significance to her parents. For the most part, she seemed to these prim people a wild, romping, heedless girl, full of mischief; a sort of semi-civilized Topsy. "Occasionally, she threw into the fire whatever she could lay her hands upon—pocket-handkerchiefs, the younger children's night-caps, stockings, and the like." "If a knife or a pair of scissors happened to be lying about, they, and Fredrika too, disappeared immediately. She then walked about alone, meditating; and, if nobody happened to be present, she cut a piece out of a window-curtain, or a round or square hole in the front of her dress." "With the knife she experimented upon the arms and legs of her doll, to find what they contained; and one poor doll had to lose its head. She wanted to find out what was inside of it." To dress her in the morning was like harnessing an untamed colt. Her nurse was sometimes "so angry with her that she got quite red in the face; and then she burst out with what I believe was her only article of faith: 'Ah! *that* will be a nice one when she gets older; for, certain it is that the longer people live the worse they become!'"

In 1830 the father died, and soon after the younger sister was married. Fredrika also "had three offers of marriage; but she did not wish to marry." About this time she first began her career as an authoress. Her pen had already, through these years of suppressed life, been her confidant, and afforded the only outlet to her imprisioned and overburdened heart. In 1828 her first volume of sketches was published; the printer, in some natural fear of the result, limiting the edition to three hundred copies. A second volume followed in 1830, which secured to its authoress the second gold medal from the Swedish Academy, as a token of its esteem and approbation. The success thus achieved encouraged Fredrika to make known her authorship, hitherto kept a profund secret even from her parents; and, stimulating that desire for fame which had characterized even her childhood, while it opened the way to evident usefulness, seemed to her to indicate as her mission that work to which she thenceforth consecrated her energies. To trace the history of its prosecution during the remaining thirty-four years, to the peculiarly peaceful close of her life in 1865, does not come within our province. This we must leave our readers to do for themselves by procuring and perusing the book.

Not the least charming feature in this biography is its delightful picture of Swedish life. Nothing we have ever read has so carried us into the heart of the Northland. And certainly one might travel through the country, as tourists usually go, and know not one-half so much of the people as he would learn from reading this book. You live in the Swedish family. You make the acquaintance of the Swedish peasantry. You sit down at their feasts. You look on at their Christmas festivities. You see the methods of their education. You roam through one of their great dwellings—half-house, half-castle—with its rooms forty-eight feet square and nineteen feet high. You sit at their table and partake of their diet. You are an invited guest at a peasant's wedding. You weep with them at the bier. In short, the whole of their life passes before you, in pleasant panorama, from the cradle to the grave. On the whole, we have rarely read a more charming story than this biography. Let us add that we know nothing in Fredrika Bremer's writings better of its kind than the Fable of the Eagle and the Pigeon, in her letter to Bishop Tegner—p. 232; or "A vision"—p. 270; or the admirable allegory of "The Ugly and the Beautiful Hand"—p. 377.

True nobleness, in addition to high impulses and breadth of aim, must be unselfish; it must follow in the right cause even where a personal adversary leads; it must be able to smile from the very heart at the success of a rival; it must not feel itself the poorer for another's riches, nor the meaner for another's exaltation. Such generosity is serenity; it is heavenly sweetness; it is at once royal and lowly; it is divine charity, and, therefore, liberty—"the perfect law of liberty," "blessed in its deed."

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.
No. 11.
THE SEPARATION CONCLUDED.

The subject of a reconciliation between the two branches of the Society, arising from the schism of 1827, is one to which many Friends on both sides have doubtless given some thought. The general principle will readily be admitted that every *wrong* ought be *righted;* and it is obvious, considering the causes as a part of the thing itself, that the separation was a wrong, and a most palpable blunder; and the conclusion, therefore, it would seem, must inevitably follow that a reconciliation and reunion ought to take place; but how this could be brought about, if at all, and whether it is to be regarded as among probable, or even possible events, are questions affording much latitude for speculation.

Such a consummation is only to be desired as a righting of the wrong involved in the separation; and as the means of restoring to the Society as a united body the standing, position, and influence for good, which it lost by that deplorable event, and of promoting its future welfare and prosperity, and the well-being of its members. The Society is better as it is, than to be reunited, except it be understandingly, and upon a foundation that will insure peace, harmony and unity in the future. A proper elucidation of this branch of the subject, therefore, necessitates a recurrence to some of the principal facts connected with the general subject, and the conclusions to be drawn from them; or, in other words, it involves the question as to which party was right, or nearest right, and which wrong, in a practical point of view.

For a century and three-quarters, up to the commencement of the difficulties which culminated in the separation, Friends were in the main a united and harmonious body. Those difficulties had their origin in a disposition which arose with some Friends to attribute an undue importance to theological opinions, and to set up as essential doctrines, certain dogmas found in the creeds of the popular churches of the day. Charges of unsoundness were made against those who were unwilling to join in upholding this system of opinions;—a party spirit was engendered, and the breach became wider and wider, till it ended in the formation of two distinct bodies.

Orthodox Friends having become an independent organization, proceeded at once, as we have seen, to carry into effect their cherished desire of setting up a creed or standard of opinions, and to incorporate in it as fundamental doctrines the church dogmas for which they had previously shown so strong an attachment; and to effectuate this, made, as has before been stated, some seven or eight additions to the former discipline. Friends have retained the old discipline without alteration or addition on points of doctrine. The result has been that while we, embracing six Yearly Meetings in this country, have remained a united body, our Orthodox Friends, reaping, as we can only conclude, the inevitable fruits of their newly-formed system of doctrinal theology, have been led into renewed controversies, until their Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia, where the troubles of 1827 originated, and to which reference is chiefly had, itself convulsed by discordant factions, has become an isolated body not in unity or correspondence with any other religious organization; while an actual schism has taken place in every other Yearly Meeting of theirs in this country. And in London Yearly Meeting, where a similar standard of opinions has been set up, and sought to be enforced, controversies have also arisen, and are now pending, which it would seem must eventuate in a separation there, unless wiser counsels shall effect a speedy return to the pristine simplicity of true Quakerism.

Such being the relative position of the two branches, how can a reconciliation be effected that shall promise permanent peace and fraternal harmony to the re-united body? Would Friends act wisely to follow their Orthodox brethren into the hazy mists of speculative theology, which have proved so disastrous to them? It cannot be expected that the entire body would fare any better with such a system. Have any countervailing advantages resulted to our brethren from their digressions, or disadvantages to us, from our adherence to the ancient faith? If so, a trial of forty years has failed to make it apparent. It is, therefore, abundantly obvious, that the only road to reconciliation that can lead to satisfactory results, as regards doctrines, is for Orthodox Friends to erase from their discipline the additions they have made to it, abolish the creed they have adopted, return to the simple faith handed down by our common ancestors, and above all, learn to love and to practice those noble Christian virtues,—charity, forbearance and toleration.

There are considerations connected with the conduct of Orthodox Friends toward us since the separation, which have an important bearing upon this subject. Nothwithstanding we were the larger body, and embraced in all six Yearly Meetings which have retained in tact the established order as to worship and discipline, they—may we not say *arrogantly*—assumed that they were all that remained of the Society of Friends, and

were entitled to all the property, and would have it as to each meeting all or none,—that we had no rights whatever as Friends, but were offenders against the order and discipline of the Society, and only to be regarded as such; and, so far at least as relates to Philadelphia and the meetings under the influence of Orthodox Friends there, an uncompromising policy, based upon this high-handed assumption, has been pursued toward us from that day to this, a period of over forty years. Some of the principal manifestations of, and measures taken in pursuance of this unchristian spirit have been recounted in my former articles, and it is sufficient now to recall them as to their bearing upon the subject in hand.

Do not these things furnish a conclusive presumption against the mystical theology which Orthodox Friends have adopted as the ground-work of their religion? "By their fruits ye shall know them." Is it rational to suppose that our Society can be enduringly and happily re-united upon the basis of a religious system which consists in the maintenance of a censorship of dogmatical opinions upon matters which are beyond human comprehension, which has proved so disastrous to the harmony of our Orthodox brethren, and which tolerates treatment such as we have received at their hands.

But the chief object in again referring to the course pursued by our brethren toward us since the separation, is to show its more direct bearing upon the subject of reconciliation. It is but just to say that their course has been one not only of grievous wrong, so far as they were capable of it, but of standing insult to us. However ready Friends may be to grant for all this a due forgiveness—a virtue which will not be found wanting, should a time come for its exercise—yet the spirit of forgiveness in its nature lies dormant until called forth by a cessation of wrong, and due repentance. The responsibility of the continuance of present relations therefore rests with Orthodox Friends, and it is for them to take the first step toward the establishment of more fraternal relations, whether as fellow Christian professors of different organizations, or with a view to a re-union. That they do not as a religious body desire any closer relations with us, is highly probable, else they would remove the obstacles, which preclude any advances on our part; but that in this also they do violence to the principles they profess is equally clear.

These things are not said to wound our brethren, far from it; but the present generation need to know more than they do of the truths which lie at the bottom of these difficulties; not for the renewal of controversy, but that truth may be vindicated, and the principles maintained by our early Fathers preserved in their purity and handed down unimpaired to coming generations. Nor let it be supposed that the wrongs which our Orthodox brethren have practiced toward us are referred to in a complaining spirit. However we may have cause to feel aggrieved, we may well forget this in our thankfulness that we can feel that we have been the aggrieved rather than the aggressors. In addition to denying us any share in the religion of the Society, so to speak, they have in some instances retained valuable property, toward which we contributed our full and equal share, but of which they have never tendered us any proportion; neither have they allowed us any participation in its use. However loth we may be to stir up these things, and desirous to cultivate to the utmost every manifestation of good feeling, it is obvious that no healing can be effectual that leaves behind it the sense of wrongs unatoned, or that proceeds without a due regard to mutuality, and the maintenance on our part of proper dignity and self-respect.

It only remains, according to the programme with which we set out, to consider whether a reconciliation among Friends can be regarded as a probable or even possible event. The obstacles to be overcome are, as we have seen, of a two-fold nature. First, the wall of separation that has been set up by the uncharitable and intolerant course Orthodox Friends have pursued toward us. Secondly, the setting up by them of a standard of doctrinal opinions so diverse from the simplicity which we regard as the true ground of Friends, and upon which alone, as we believe, the Society of Friends as such can be sustained. As to the first of these obstacles, it may be regarded as a slight one if our brethren so will it.

The diversity as to doctrines is a much more serious difficulty. We have seen the direful results of doctrinal controversies, in the scattering of our own beloved Society, of which we have been treating; in the troubles of our Orthodox brethren since, and in the similar trials and heart-burnings which have occurred in so many of the religious sects into which Christendom is unhappily divided. We cannot disregard the lesson which these things teach. From the many human devised schemes of salvation with which the religious world is confounded, we cannot but turn with renewed confidence to the light of Divine truth in our own souls and the practical example and precepts of Christ.

The only ground, therefore, upon which we could safely undertake to affiliate with

our Orthodox brethren as one organization, would be the total abandonment by them of the new standard of theological opinions which they have set up. That they will do this, or that they will indeed have the moral courage to do any of the things which we have seen to be necessary to re-union, cannot be regarded as probable while the present generation lasts. What the future may bring forth we know not.

In the address issued by their last Yearly Meeting at Philadelphia, they have persisted in referring to us as "many who separated from our religious Society some years since, but who assume the name of Friends," . . . . "those who were formerly members in our religious Society," &c. And in it they have also reproduced their creed, embracing, as vital principles of faith, many things which even intelligent church professors no longer regard as essential. This, as the last emanation from our brethren, is discouraging to those who may be hoping for an increase of fraternal feeling; but let all "mind the light," and labor for the promotion of a renewed zeal for the preservation of the noble testimonies committed to our keeping, and we may hope that the time will yet come when all bearing the name of Friends, retiring from the conflict of opinions that has ever convulsed the religious world, may find peace and joy in a return as of the prodigal son to the father's house. T. H. S.

NELLY.

Only a little child,
Who sings all day in the street,
Such a tuneless song
To an idle throng,
Who pity her shoeless feet;
A poor, pale, pretty child!
With clothes so ragged and mean,
And a wild weird face,
On which ne'er a trace
Of childhood's joy can be seen.

Out in the damp, wet fog,
Out in the sleet and the rain,
Out when the cold wind
Sends its blast unkind
Through her again and again;
Out in the dreadful night,
By the hinge of the tavern door,
In hope as she sings
Of the pity that flings
Some pence on the beer-stained floor.

Mothers who pass her by
Shudder with terrible fear,
Praying her fate may
Never be some day
That of their little ones dear;
Children who hear her sing
Stare at her features so wild,
O'er her life ponder,
Thinking with wonder,
"What, can she too be a child?"

Out in the damp, wet fog,
Out in the sleet and the rain,
Out when the cold wind
Sends its blast unkind
Through her again and again.
Brought up in Satan's school,
Hell's abyss falling in;
Is there no pity
In this great city
To save her from shame and sin?

St. James's Magazine.

NIGHT MEDITATIONS.

By P. M. Thomas, Fall Creek, Ind.

Baby, in thy quiet nest,
Gently slumbering on my breast,
With thy soft breath's rise and fall,
Sweetly sounding over all;
In the watches of the night
When my heart is turned aright,
How its depths are stirred for thee,
Babe of Immortality!
That this precious loan of Heaven
May return as pure as given;
That this heart so sinless now,
Ne'er may unto evil bow,
Or this knee to any shrine
But before the All-Divine;
Or these soft feet ever stray
In the dark and dang'rous way.
Babe, a mother's hand of dust,
Soon may mingle with the dust;
It may not be thine to know
In thy path of joy and woe,
In this good and evil land,
Leadings of a mother's hand,
Pointing out unto thy sight,
This the *wrong*, and *that* the *right;*
To thy inexperienced eye,
Where the flower-crowned daisies lie,
Other lambs of love are here,
To this yearning heart *as dear.*
Shepherd of the f ld divine,
Take this little flock of mine,
Keep them near thy watchful eye,
Where thy sheep in safety lie,
Where the living pastures spread,
Where at noon thy lambs are fed;
Should their footsteps faltering prove,
Will it please thee in thy love,
Gently in thy arms to lock
My poor weary bleating flock?
Folded to thy soothing breast,
Wilt thou grant a moment's rest,
Till their limbs renew their power,—
Spirit-strengthened for their hour?
Oh, the insufficient skill,
Unavailing human will
Is the self-directed power
To protect in danger's hour,
That the flock become no less
Journeying through the wilderness!
When a voice in accents clear
Querieth—Are thy lambs all here?
May the joyful answer be,
Father, turn thine eye and see!
Lo! the wilderness is crossed,
Not one lamb of love is lost!
But O! awful hour and day,
If my faltering tongue must say,
Righteous Judge, I turned aside
But a little from my Guide
When the powerful dog and bear
Sprang upon me unaware,

And the wolf from covert nigh
My poor helpless ones did spy:
I am utterly bereft,
Not one lamb of trust is left!

From the Independent.

HARVEST-TIME IN THE WEST.

BY HORATIO N. POWERS.

Whatever the grain-bearing region of the Great West may ordinarily lack in the picturesque beauty and grandeur of secnery, there is one time in the year when it abounds in these impressive elements. This is the period just before and at the harvest of Summer, in whose mid-glories we are now rejoicing. I confess to sufficient partiality for the pastoral valleys, the craggy heights and deep gorges of mountain ranges, and the romantic shores, with which our artists are so familiar, and which the tired dwellers of cities are now beginning to find and enjoy in their Summer vacations. But there is nothing in the face of Nature that moves in me so great a range of sensibilities. and puts me in such intense communion with the life of the universe and the hearts of men, as sights of this vast realm, crowned and gleaming with its annual crop of various grains. To those who have never travelled at this season over the rich plains of Illinois, and the graceful swells of Iowa, adequate description of their fruitfulness and beauty would seem like exaggeration. But so vast are the spaces radiant and waving with grain, so rich and harmonious the coloring and features of the landscape, so prodigious the scope and capacity of the husbandry, and so magnificent the picture of all that appeals to the gazer's mind and heart, that no pen can convey to those unfamiliar with the scene an accurate impression of the *effect as a whole.* Mere statements of the number of acres under cultivation, the size of single farms, the yield of grain, and the methods and activity of the laborers, can convey little conception of these luxuriant gardens, these wildernesses of prodigal fruitfulness and loveliness.

I write now particularly of Iowa, all over whose billowy prairies—from the borders of the Mississippi to the distant counties of the interior, up the rich bottom and adjacent slopes of the Des Moines, along the lines of the Rock Island and the Pacific and the Northwestern railroads, and through the long, beautiful valley of the Cedar River—this wonderful expanse of harvest stretches, and spreads, and laughs with its manifold abundance. Fields of ripe barley, glistening with bearded silver, leagues on leagues of wheat, yellowing on ten thousand slopes, crowning the uplands and filling the levels between reaches of prairie that are still unbroken; the deep green of oats, sprinkled with the gray of ripening ears; the rank maize, standing lush and sturdy in its luxurious strength, its great leaves drinking the sun-glare and its young tassels gayly tossing in the breeze; the rye and potato patches (equal in size to small farms in New England) interspersing the view, with here and there strips of virgin soil of living verdure, gemmed with the blue and gold of flowers, and running up the moist hollows between the various grain—such is the picture that greets the visitor now as he journeys this 17th of July in almost any direction through Iowa. These wide spaces are not characterized by a tame monotony; but are sumptuous with the richest tints, diversified with pleasing forms, bathed with a crystalline atmosphere, freshened by winds that set the whole landscape in motion, and undulating with the most graceful lines away to the horizon, which toward evening is often enough to enrapture a poet and drive an artist to despair. Standing in the midst of such scenes, I confess to emotions deeper than I feel in the flash and thunder of cataracts, or the roseate splendor and dim abysses of mountain solitudes, or the restless tossing of the desolate sea.

For several days past the great interest of the people in Iowa has been concentrated on the farms. Some fields are studded thick with golden shocks, already gathered to be cured in the sun, preparatory to the stack; in some the gigantic reapers are tossing with tireless arms the grain as in sport to the sturdy harvesters, to be bound into sheaves; and some are yet waiting in happy contentment for a riper growth; but everywhere over the wide prairie the work of gathering the vast crop is hastening on. The horn of plenty almost bursts with fulness. As you gaze over miles and miles of the harvest glory, you are stirred as by cathedral music or the roll of majestic epic verse. For you feel more than the sense of beauty and sublimity in the richness and immensity of the scene. Out of these innumerable farms, from these resplendent slopes and golden vales, and boundless landscapes, singing and rejoicing with their treasures, you seem to see angels of life going forth to thronged cities, to seats of pleasure and pain, to abodes of want, and care, and toil, with a precious benediction. In distant factories, and mines, and workshops, in dreary alleys and attics, as well as in cosy cottages and sumptuous mansions, you see smiles of gratitude and hear voices of thanksgiving. How many hungry mouths will be filled, how many frames made strong to labor, how many fine brains supplied with fuel, how much suffering saved, and how much comfort enjoyed, by these plenteous harvests! All the touching aspects of humanity appear to

you as in a vision, and you participate in the gladness that toiling and suffering man enjoys in the possession of his daily bread. Could those who depend upon the West for so large a proportion of their food but behold these glorious harvest-scenes, they would find cause for more peculiar joy than they experience by the simple knowledge that the granaries of the land are full.

To state that the crop never promised so large a yield through the grain-bearing region would be scarcely news. It is true that the grasshopper has ravaged a strip of territory along the Missouri, and that the storms have beaten down the luxuriant grass in some localities near the Mississippi. Still these deficiencies, though a loss to individuals, will but slightly affect the enormous yield throughout the Northwest. The Indian corn is so remarkable in its beauty and promise that not to mention it would be a denial. A month of tropical heat has forced this magnificent tropical plant to prodigious growth; and at the present writing there are thousands of acres here, in the latitude of New York, whose tops no living man can reach by standing on his toes.

During a residence of eleven years in Iowa, I have never witnessed such a season of promise as the present. Of course, there is yet a possibility of the failure of the crop; for weeks and even months may elapse before the grain is threshed and stored in the garner. Still only great and incessant rains can bring such disaster. All signs are now hopeful. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

ENDURE AFFLICTION.

If God hath sent thee a cross, take it up and follow Him. Use it wisely, lest it be unprofitable; bear it patiently, lest it be intolerable. Behold it is God's anger against sin and His love towards thee, in punishing the one and chastening the other. If it be light, slight it not; if heavy, murmur not. Not to be sensible of a judgment is the symptom of a hardened heart; and to be displeased at His pleasure is a sign of a rebellious will.—*Quarles.*

Even admitting, that some sins are not so great as others, let it still be remembered that they lead to the same fearful result, and that our greatest danger is not in the commission of enormous wickednesses, but in the permission of what we are accustomed to consider *little sins.*

A load made up of grains of sand will sink a vessel as effectually as a cargo of millstones; and our doubtful indulgences may be more harmful to the soul than the commission of a great crime.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

INEBRIATE ASYLUMS.

Among the many institutions to which the enlightened philanthropy of the present day is giving shape and activity, few are more deserving of general countenance and support than asylums for the reception and curative treatment of drunkards, and their restoration to society. It is, indeed, time that this unhappily large class of persons in nearly every community should have designated and readily accessible places of retreat and quiet, in which they may be protected from the temptations that beset them in the evil example, if not direct incitement to intemperance of their ordinary associates. On what conditions should the inebriates be received in a suitably fitted up and well governed asylum, is a question to which different answers have been given. By some it is argued that the voluntary acquiescence of the patient in his stay and treatment in the asylum is indispensable. Others think that although, as a general thing, the consent of the inebriate to enter an asylum should be obtained, yet there are cases in which his mind has been so long weakened by excesses, and his brain poisoned by alcoholic drinks, that he is scarcely a free agent, and has no longer the judgment to guide himself in his conduct.

As regards occupations and amusements, the inclinations and tastes of the inmate ought, of course, to be consulted. But if permanent benefit is to be obtained, it can only be by a residence for a period long enough to insure the entire abolition of the depraved appetites and habits associated with and resulting from drunkenness, and the establishing, in their place, of habits of sobriety and the restoration of health and strength and a full consciousness, on the part of the inmate, of his enjoyment of the natural and ordinary sources of pleasure, and of his ability once more to take his share in the discharge of his domestic and social duties. Time is required to secure these results, and its duration ought not to depend on the caprice of the inmate.

The State of New York now boasts of two asylums for inebriates on a somewhat extensive scale, viz.: at Binghampton and on Ward's Island in the East River. The first, which had been closed for the purpose of making the extensive repairs rendered necessary by a destructive fire, was reopened on the first of May, 1867, and since that date eighty patients have been received and forty discharged. Dr. Day, the Superintendent and Physician, said at a late meeting of the trustees that the most gratifying success had

attended his labors, and that the asylum affords ample facilities for the physical, mental and moral recuperation of the inmates. In the Binghampton institution there are accommodations for one hundred and fifty patients.

The Asylum, situated on the southerly end of Ward's Island, is an imposing structure of brick, built on the pavilion plan, which affords an adequate supply of light and pure air to the inmates. The centre building is four stories high, surmounted by a Mansard (or gunboat) roof. It is 176 feet long and 65 feet wide. Each of the wings is 58 feet long and 44 feet wide, both terminating in a pavilion with a front of 39 feet and a depth of 121 feet. On the first floor of the centre building are two dining-rooms, 30 feet wide by 64 feet long. A wide corridor extends from the entrance to the dining-rooms, which are in the rear, and spacious hallways lead through the wings and pavilions. On this floor are the reception room, offices and library, and in each wing twenty-two apartments elegantly fitted up for pay patients. In the rear are wash-rooms, closets and baths. On the second floor is a large chapel in the centre building, 60 feet by 80 feet, and in the wings are twenty-two rooms for patients. On the upper floors are large dormitories fitted up with all the modern conveniences. Gas is manufactured on the premises, and in the rear is a reservoir of the capacity of 500,000 gallons, with a steam engine of 300 horse-power to supply the Asylum with hot and cold water. The total cost of the buildings and the internal fittings was $375,000. The Asylum can at present accommodate 400 patients, and by the erection of additional wings accommodations for 200 more can be provided. The patients are divided into two classes; those who can pay the actual cost of their sustenance, and those who may be selected as proper subjects for treatment out of the persons who have been committed to prison or the workhouse for drunkenness. At present there are fifty committed patients and two pay patients under treatment.

In our own community the fact ought to be universally known that Philadelphia has an Inebriate Asylum, incorporated as the Citizens' Association, which is under the immediate supervision and direction of Doctor Joseph Parrish, and situated a few miles from the city in a desirable location.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

LITTLE THINGS.

Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; a bridle-bit is a little thing, but see its use and powers; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the parts of a large building together; a word, a look, a smile, a frown, are all little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt; if it is a promise, redeem it; if it is a shilling, hand it over. You know not what important events hang upon it. Keep your word sacred—keep it to the children; they will mark it sooner than any one else, and the effect will probably be as lasting as life. Mind the little things.

ITEMS.

The Atlantic Cable.—From the reports of English electricians it appears that the tests applied to the inefficient Atlantic cable show that the fault lies at about eighty miles from Newfoundland, in water not exceeding, if it reaches, one hundred fathoms in depth, and that the interruption of communication is so complete as to put it almost beyond doubt that the injury has been caused by the grounding of an iceberg. Communication will, it is expected, be restored in less than a month, but it is asserted that the other cable is fully equal to the work required of it.

The Dominion of Canadia comprises the four provinces, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Its Government consists of a Governor-General, appointed by the Queen, a Senate of seventy-two members, appointed by the Queen through the Governor General, and apportioned as follows: Ontario, 24; Quebec, 24; Nova Scotia, 12; New Brunswick, 12; and a House of Commons, of which 82 members are elected for Ontario; 65 for Quebec; 19 for Nova Scotia; and 15 for New Brunswick.

Boucher de Perthes, the founder of the new science Archæogeology, died at Abbeville, France, on Eighth month 3d, at the age of 80. Boucher de Crevecœur de Perthes was the first to call the attention of the learned world to those remarkable relics of the earliest ages, the flint implements used by man before the discovery of metals. At first ridiculed as a visionary, then by slow degrees listened to with increasing interest, he at length succeeded in proving to archæologists that there had been in Europe an age of stone. He also discovered the first human jaw ever found in the undisturbed Alpine drift, proving thereby, as he contended, that man had been coeval with the extinct races of large carnivora, which peopled Europe before the commencement of the present geological period. His valuable collection of flint implements now forms an important part of the Gallo-Roman Museum at St. Germain, France.

Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, possesses, it is stated, the best museum of northern antiquities in Europe. In it are to be seen first the rude instruments of the earlier industry, when man contented himself with sharp instruments made from bone and flint, this period being classified as the age of stone; another age, that of bronze, next comes; then follows with approximative dates the age of iron, running through different periods, the first epoch beginning in about 250, to continue towards the year 1030; then comes the middle age, this mediæval period beginning about 1300 and running along till the Reformation, 1536, is reached. The museum finishes its wonderful treasures with the luxuries of modern times, or the Renaissance period, coming down to the year 1660.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 5, 1868. No. 27.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for entire Club. Single Nos. 6 cts

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*
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T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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From Prose Works of J. G. Whittier.

JOHN BUNYAN.

(Concluded from page 404.)

Who does not here call to mind the struggle between Christian and Apollyon in the valley! That was no fancy sketch; it was the narrative of the author's own grapple with the Spirit of Evil. Like his ideal Christian, he "conquered through Him that loved him." Love wrought the victory: the Scripture of Forgiveness overcame that of Hatred.

He never afterwards relapsed into that state of religious melancholy from which he so hardly escaped. He speaks of his deliverance, as the waking out of a troublesome dream. His painful experience was not lost upon him; for it gave him, ever after, a tender sympathy for the weak, the sinful, the ignorant, and desponding. In some measure, he had been "touched with the feeling of their infirmities." He could feel for those in the bonds of sin and despair, as bound with them. Hence his power as a preacher; hence the wonderful adaptation of his great allegory to all the variety of spiritual conditions. Like Fearing, he had lain a month in the Slough of Despond, and had played, like him, the long melancholy bass of spiritual heaviness. With Feeble-mind, he had fallen into the hands of Slay-good, of the nature of Man-eaters: and had limped along his difficult way upon the crutches of Ready-to-halt. Who better than himself could describe the condition of Despondency, and his daughter Much-afraid, in the dungeon of Doubting Castle? Had he not also fallen among thieves, like Little-faith?

His account of his entering upon the solemn duties as a preacher of the Gospel is at once curious and instructive. He deals honestly with himself, exposing all his various moods, weaknesses, doubts, and temptations. "I preached," he says, "what I felt; for the terrors of the law and the guilt of transgression lay heavy on my conscience. I have been as one sent to them from the dead. I went, myself in chains, to preach to them in chains; and carried that fire in my conscience which I persuaded them to beware of." At times, when he stood up to preach, blasphemies and evil doubts rushed into his mind, and he felt a strong desire to utter them aloud to his congregation; and at other seasons, when he was about to apply to the sinner some searching and fearful text of Scripture, he was tempted to withhold it, on the ground that it condemned him also; but, withstanding the suggestion of the Tempter, to use his own simile, he bowed himself like Samson to condemn sin wherever he found it, though he brought guilt and condemnation upon himself thereby, choosing rather to die with the Philistines than to deny the truth.

Foreseeing the consequences of exposing himself to the operation of the penal laws by holding conventicles and preaching, he was

deeply afflicted at the thought of the suffering and destitution to which his wife and children might be exposed by his death or imprisonment. Nothing can be more touching than his simple and earnest words on this point. They show how warm and deep were his human affections, and what a tender and loving heart he laid as a sacrifice on the altar of duty.

"I found myself a man compassed with infirmities; the parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me in this place, as the pulling the flesh from the bones; and also it brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants, that my poor family was like to meet with, should I be taken from them, especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all beside. O, the thoughts of the hardships I thought my poor blind one might go under, would break my heart to pieces.

"Poor child! thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee. But yet, thought I, I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the quick to leave you: Oh! I saw I was a man who was pulling down his house upon the heads of his wife and children; yet I thought on those 'two milch kine that were to carry the ark of God into another country, and to leave their calves behind them.'

"But that which helped me in this temptation was divers considerations: the first was, the consideration of those two Scriptures, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me': and again, 'The Lord said, verily it shall go well with thy remnant; verily I will cause the enemy to entreat them well in the time of evil.'"

He was arrested in 1660, charged with "devilishly and perniciously abstaining from church," and of being "a common upholder of conventicles." At the Quarter Sessions, where his trial seems to have been conducted somewhat like that of Faithful at Vanity Fair, he was sentenced to perpetual banishment. This sentence, however, was never executed, but he was remanded to Bedford jail, where he lay a prisoner for twelve years.

Here, shut out from the world, with no other books than the Bible and Fox's Martyrs, he penned that great work which has attained a wider and more stable popularity than any other book in the English tongue. It is alike the favorite of the nursery and the study. Many experienced Christians hold it only second to the Bible; the infidel himself would not willingly let it die. Men of all sects read it with delight, as in the main a truthful representation of the Christain pilgrimage, without indeed assenting to all the doctrines which the author puts in the mouth of his fighting sermonizer, Great-heart, or which may be deduced from some other portions of his allegory. A recollection of his fearful sufferings, from misapprehension of a single text in the Scriptures, relative to the question of election, we may suppose gave a milder tone to the theology of his Pilgrim than was altogether consistent with the Calvinism of the seventeenth century. "Religion," says Macaulay, "has scarcely ever worn a form so calm and soothing as in Bunyan's allegory." In composing it, he seems never to have altogether lost sight of the fact, that, in his life-and-death struggle with Satan for the blessed promise recorded by the Apostle of Love, the adversary was generally found on the Genevan side of the argument.

Little did the short-sighted persecutors of Bunyan dream, when they closed upon him the door of Bedford jail, that God would overrule their poor spite and envy, to His own glory and the world-wide renown of their victim. In the solitude of his prison, the ideal forms of beauty and sublimity, which had long flitted before him vaguely, like the vision of the Temanite, took shape and coloring; and he was endowed with power to reduce them to order, and arrange them in harmonious groupings. His powerful imagination, no longer self-tormenting, but under the direction of reason and grace, expanded his narrow cell into a vast theatre, lighted up for the display of its wonders. To this creative faculty of his mind might have been aptly applied the language which George Wither, a contemporary prisoner, addressed to his Muse:—

"The dull loneness, the black shade
Which these hanging vaults have made,
The rude portals that give light
More to terror than delight;
This my chamber of neglect,
Walled about with disrespect,—
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object of despair,
She hath taught me by her might,
To draw comfort and delight."

That stony cell of his was to him like the rock of Paden-aram to the wandering Patriarch. He saw angels ascending and descending. The House Beautiful rose up before him, and its holy sisterhood welcomed him. He looked, with his Pilgrim, from the Chamber of Peace. The Valley of Humiliation lay stretched out beneath his eye, and he heard "the curious, melodious note of the country birds, who sing all the day long in the spring time, when the flowers appear, and

the sun shines warm, and make the woods and groves and solitary places glad." Side by side with the good Christian and the loving Mercy, he walked through the green and lowly valley, "fruitful as any the crow flies over," through "meadows beautiful with lilies;" the song of the poor but fresh-faced shepherd-boy, who lived a merry life, and wore the herb *heart's-ease* in his bosom, sounded through his cell:—

"He that is down need fear no fall;
He that is low no pride."

The broad and pleasant "river of the Water of Life" glided peacefully before him, fringed "on either side with green trees, with all manner of fruit," and leaves of healing, with "meadows beautified with lilies, and green all the year long;" he saw the Delectable Mountains, glorious with sunshine, overhung with gardens and orchards and vineyards; and beyond all, the Land of Beulah, with its eternal sunshine, its song of birds, its music of fountains, its purple clustered vines, and groves through which walked the Shining Ones, silver-winged and beautiful.

What were bars and bolts and prison-walls to him, whose eyes were anointed to see, and whose ears opened to hear, the glory and the rejoicing of the City of God, when the pilgrims were conducted to its golden gates, from the black and bitter river, with the sounding trumpeters, the transfigured harpers with their crowns of gold, the sweet voices of angels, the welcoming peal of bells in the holy city, and the songs of the redeemed ones? In reading the concluding pages of the first part of Pilgrim's Progress, we feel as if the mysterious glory of the Beatific Vision was unveiled before us. We are dazzled with the access of light. We are entranced with the mighty melody; overwhelmed by the great anthem of rejoicing spirits. It can only be adequately described in the language of Milton in respect to the Apocalypse, as "a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

Few who read Bunyan now-a-days think of him as one of the brave old English confessors, whose steady and firm endurance of persecution baffled, and in the end overcame the tyranny of the Established Church in the reign of Charles II. What Milton and Penn and Locke wrote in defence of Liberty, Bunyan lived out and acted. He made no confessions to worldly rank. Dissolute lords and proud bishops he counted less than the humblest and poorest of his disciples at Bedford. When first arrested and thrown into prison, he supposed he should be called to suffer death for his faithful testimony to the truth; and his great fear was, that he should not meet his fate with the requisite firmness, and so dishonor the cause of his Master. And when dark clouds came over him, and he sought in vain for a sufficient evidence that in the event of his death it would be well with him, he girded up his soul with the reflection, that, as he suffered for the word and way of God, he was engaged not to shrink one hair's breadth from it. "I will leap," he says, "off the ladder blindfold into eternity, sink or swim, come heaven, come hell. Lord Jesus, if thou wilt catch me, do; if not, I will venture in thy name!"

The English revolution of the seventeenth century, while it humbled the false and oppressive aristocracy of rank and title, was prodigal in the development of the real nobility of the mind and heart. Its history is bright with the footprints of men whose very names still stir the hearts of freemen, the world over, like a trumpet peal. Say what we may of its fanaticism, laugh as we may at its extravagant enjoyment of newly acquired religious and civil liberty, who shall now venture to deny that it was the golden age of England? Who that regards freedom above slavery, will now sympathize with the outcry and lamentation of those interested in the continuance of the old order of things, against the prevalence of sects and schism, but who, at the same time, as Milton shrewdly intimates, dreaded more the rending of their pontifical sleeves than the rending of the Church? Who shall now sneer at Puritanism, with the "Defence of Unlicensed Printing" before him? Who scoff at Quakerism over the Journal of George Fox? Who shall join with debauched lordlings and fat-witted prelates in ridicule of Anabaptist levellers and dippers, after rising from the perusal of Pilgrim's Progress? "There were giants in those days." And foremost amidst that band of liberty-loving and God-fearing men,

"The slandered Calvinist of Charles's time,
Who fought, and won it, Freedom's holy fight,"

stands the subject of our sketch, the Tinker of Elstow. Of his high merit as an author there is no longer any question. The Edinburgh Review expressed the common sentiment of the literary world, when it declared that the two great creative minds of the seventeenth century were those which produced PARADISE LOST and the PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

DEATH OF THE LOVELY.—When the good and the lovely die, the memory of their good deeds, like the moonbeams on the stormy sea, lights up our darkened hearts and lends to the surrounding gloom a beauty so sad, so sweet, that we would not, if we could, dispel the darkness that environs it.—*Geo. D. Prentice.*

The following appeal has been forwarded by a valued Friend, with the information that "the writer, now in his 86th year, has lived in comparative retirement, but has been devoted from early life to the will of his divine Master—and, that as he approaches the end of time, the stronger is his solicitude for the preservation of our religious Society on its primitive foundation." Under this deep concern he has written his "Appeal," which should receive especial attention as the earnest feelings of one of the few of the past generation who are still to be found scattered here and there among the tribes of our Israel.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AN APPEAL TO THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

Friends, in the beginning of the Society, found by experience that if they realized that heavenly enjoyment their souls craved, they must not only leave an hireling ministry, the forms and ceremonials of worship, but the follies, vanities and amusements of the world; —for its treasures and pleasures did not satisfy the immortal soul, which can only be nourished by that spiritual food that comes immediately from God. To enjoy this they must turn the attention of their minds to "the Light within," and be obedient to its teachings. The deep exercises of their minds led them to retirement and serious contemplation, and to devote themselves to whatever religious service or duty their Lord and Master required of them. They set up and attended religious meetings, although they were aware that they might be seized and imprisoned therefore, and their families left to take care of themselves. Often in these meetings their minds were so solemnized and tendered by the presence of Him whom they worshipped, that the floor of the house was wet with their tears. These meetings increased, and many who were seeking heavenly rest and peace were added to the Society. In divine life and power they bore to the world the great and important testimonies to silent worship, to a free gospel ministry and to the sufficiency of the grace of God to enable us to "deal justly, love mercy and walk humbly with God," whereby we should be preserved from error; not only from following the changeable fashions of the world, but from the many "lo here's" and "lo there's" that are drawing many from the simplicity of the Truth. In the early age of the Society, when Friends were kept out of their meeting-houses, they held their meetings in the street or open air, and when parents were imprisoned, these meetings were kept up by the children. But how is it with us now when delivered from similar persecution and suffering? Have not too many of us, in the day of great outward prosperity, settled down at ease in our ceiled houses, strangers to that spiritual food comparable to the milk and honey that flowed in Canaan's land? Are we captives in Babylon, spiritually, the land of darkness and vanity, having caused the walls of our Jerusalem, in measure, to be broken down, and her gates to be burned with fire? Let the Nehemiahs in our midst put up their fervent petitions for strength to repair the waste places, lest we become unworthy of being instruments in the Lord's hand in inviting others, by example and precept, to walk by the teachings of the Spirit of Truth. Unless we are willing to sacrifice our selfish desires, and give up all our heavenly Father is calling for at our hands, I have no doubt others will be called in, who will be more faithful, for the Most High will have a willing people, by whom he will effect His own glorious purposes in the human family. Did the young know the preciousness of obedience to the requisitions of their Father in Heaven, and all of those who have been disobedient would yield their whole hearts to the daily cross, they would soon find it to be their chiefest joy to do the will of God, and that His ways are ways of pleasantness and all his paths are peace. Great, very great would be their reward, even a foretaste of heavenly joy. Our sojourn here would be in love to all, and we could say to each other, "Come, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in his paths." Then would we be concerned to build each one over against his own house, and our Society would arise and shine, and all our testimonies be borne as in ancient days. It is my ardent desire that none may miss the precious enjoyment designed for the rational creation by the glorious Creator, whose goodness, power and love are infinite. Oh! saith all within me capable of feeling, that none may have their minds so occupied with the things of this world as to miss this blessed boon. ELKANAH WOOD.

Each true Christian is a night traveller: his life his walk, Christ his way, and heaven his home; his walk painful, his way perfect, his home pleasing. I will not loiter, lest I come short; I will not wander, lest I come wide of home; but be content to travel hard, and be sure I walk right; so shall my safe way find its end at home, and my painful walk make my home welcome.

LETTER FROM MATTHEW FRANKLIN.

New York, 3d mo. 21st, 1805.

I am now sitting up to watch the remains of my dear and much valued friend Robert Mott, who departed this life between the hours of 4 and 5 this morning; of whom it may be emphatically said, "He being dead yet speaketh." The latter years of his life were checkered with afflictions, which, previous to the illness that has taken him from us, had much weaned him from the love of things that perish with using, and stained the beauty and glory of this fading world in his view. He had not, however, left the great work of his soul's salvation unattended to, till arrested by the King of terrors, but, for several years past, had evinced by the expressive language of conduct a diligence to make his calling sure; and by reason whereof, when his late illness took hold of him, which presaged a speedy dissolution, he was not affrighted, death had not a terific aspect to him; his mind was brought into such a sweet serenity and Christian patience, that it was truly pleasant to be with him. I have entered his room when my spirit has as quickly caught the precious sweetening influence with which his mind was clothed, as we feel the change in the atmosphere in going out of a cold into a warm room. His heart overflowed with love for the whole bulk of mankind, and for individuals in a particular manner, divers of whom he sent for a few days before his death and delivered to them gospel messages. These were very memorable seasons indeed, and should they be erased from their memories without producing a lasting and salutary effect will prove, I apprehend, like a dread handwriting on the wall against them in a future day. Notwithstanding he had been preserved in such remarkable equanimity and sweetness of mind and a heart full of love to his fellow creatures, he did not feel that full assurance of eternal felicity that he longed for, until within a few days past, previous to which he had often said there seemed nothing in the way. But now of a sudden he looked around upon him, and with an animated countenance expressive of the beatific prospects which then beamed upon his mind, expressed himself to the following import: "What is this I see? Eternal felicity before me! Now I have a full assurance of a happy and glorified immortality. I see it as clearly as I see the sun shining in the room." He added more of this nature; hence we found his mind overflowed with holy joy and extacy, the fervor whereof would seem to make him almost forget his house of clay. About half an hour before his spirit fled his friends observed a little difference in his breathing, though no struggle or emotion was visible, and then, as if with full consent, soul and body separated, and it is my full belief that he is initiated into the company of saints and angels and spirits of the just already made perfect, to chant the never ending anthem of "Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty, just and true are all thy ways thou King of Saints!" Thus he is gone; I loved him tenderly because I believe he loved the Lord Jesus. But he is gone; his day's work is done and he has entered into rest; what more shall I say of him? I am not to flatter nor to eulogize the dead. He was often in the deeps; he mourned the desolation of Zion, though few knew the travail of his spirit. He was a man of as strong mind, sound judgment and clear discernment, as most men of his years, and I was looking forward to the day when he would come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, as one of the valiants of Israel. So shortsighted was I, that I was calculating upon the time when, if I kept my rank in righteousness, we might take sweet counsel together and salute each other as fellow servants. But the Lord knows what is best, and He has taken him away. May many that are left emulate those virtues, that so conspicuously shone in him the latter years of his life. I sincerely sympathize with his precious widow. Her loss is indeed great, but happily for her she is acquainted with that arm that is higher than Agag, and mightier than the mighty waves of the sea. I believe she is a precious pearl, and that her heavenly Father's regard is towards her; and what he does she may not yet know, but she will know hereafter. Thus I have dwelt on this theme, but it is one that nearly interests my feelings, and I trust it will not be unacceptable to my dear friend. He is to be buried on Seventh-day from our meeting-house. What an inestimable favor it is to get well through this earthly pilgrimage, where there are so many besetments and complicated discouragements. I am often led to fear that I shall never be of this happy number, when I take a view of my own manifold frailities and liability to swerve from a state of watching and prayer; yet, blessed be the Lord Omnipotent, there are seasons of mercy meted out when I can see with an eye of faith a state attainable; that to which the enlightened Young alludes when he says:

"His hand, the good man fastens in the skies,
And bids Earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl."

It appears to me that I have a great deal to suffer and to do before the language will salute my ear: "Come thou blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for thee from the foundations of the world." But I desire not to repine nor let in undue discouragement. I know it is said that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and we are

advised to let the morrow take care of the things of itself. If our faith fail not, we have nothing to fear; if we are preserved in a lively, active faith, we cannot entirely fall away. We may for a moment deviate, but conviction will soon follow; and our faith in Christ will wash away the guilt. Therefore let our prayers often ascend to the majesty on high, that He may be pleased to preserve our faith inviolable in his own dread power and the saving grace of his own dear Son our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and the second record the Scriptures of Truth. Then we shall be led in every trying dispensation, to cleave to Him, the munition of rocks, and when storms assail to hide in his pavilion, where is the only place of safety, casting all our care on Him who careth for the sparrows, and having no confidence in the flesh. Oh! this state of true humiliation and abasement of self, may we seek it, press after it, lay fast hold of it, that we may come to adopt the language of the spouse in the Canticles: "My beloved is mine and I am his; he feedeth among the lilies; he will arise at times as a morning without cloud, and shine upon the garden of our hearts;" that we may say with the Psalmist: Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness; they drop upon the pasture of the wilderness, and the little hills rejoice on every side."

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To CHARITY ROTCH.

From the Christian Register.

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"What we want is not so much, not half so much, light for the intellect as dew upon the heart;" if Robertson had spoken but this one sentence he would have been the world's benefactor. Childhood is charming because it has not lost the dew; old age is beautiful when it recovers it. We wonder when men of intellect select for their friends, or choose for their wives, those greatly inferior in mind; but the reason is simple, they desire only "dew upon the heart."

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How is this dew to be gained? First, by trying to give it to another. How can we do this? In many ways, in little as well as great. What power the human voice has to shed "dew upon the heart!" Ask not for the voice of the singer, charming as is the gift; ask rather for what was once called by a humble, ignorant woman, "a kind voice." How it melts the heart! How convincingly it teaches that we are of one family on earth and shall be one family in heaven. How rudeness softens and coarseness refines before the power of a gentle, persuasive voice, so that the rude and coarse are rebuked into silence as in the presence of death.

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"Is the Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the world a person or a principle?"

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"Reverence for persons precedes the belief in truths. We will grant that there have been a few remarkable exceptions in the human race, who, by God's Spirit within them, have reached truth without knowing Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; but this is not the rule. One in ten thousand may have so attained it, but for the remaining nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine the rule is rather, that it is not by our desires or aspirations, or our intellect, that we reach the truth, but it is by believing first in persons who have held the truth. And so, those truths which you hold deepest you have reached, not by the illumination of your own intellect, but you have reached them *first* by trusting in some great or good *one*, and then, through him, by obtaining credible evidence of those truths."

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of us, "It is an easy matter to walk in the path of duty, when the light of the Lord shines brightly upon it, and his strength supports us at every footstep;" but were this always the case, where would be the exercise of faith and perseverance? And it is an evidence of the wisdom and goodness of our Father that this light and strength are more eminently vouchsafed, in the outset of the Christian's course, when, the road being rugged, and the feet unpractised, they are more peculiarly necessary. And I would say to thee, my dear friend, that when on looking round thou canst perceive that thy feet are still in the narrow path,—although they may seem to advance but slowly and the prospect has little that is pleasant,—yet walk on cheerfully, the green spot, and the gushing spring may be nearer than thou supposedst; and there are many such, did we but press on until we arrive at them. Surely the calm consciousness, even in the midst of trial and depression, of having done the best we could, is more to be relied on than that feeling of enjoyment, which is sometimes owing to a naturally happy temperament.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 5, 1868.

"LET EVERY ONE BE FULLY PERSUADED IN HIS OWN MIND."—The present number contains a communication over the signature of W., in reference to the subject-matter of a late editorial. This article, with one of a similar character from E. R., which appeared in our issue of the 15th ult., are presented to our readers, not because we have reason to distrust our own views, but we would avoid even the appearance of exclusiveness when essays which express different sentiments are offered and bear the impress of a sincere concern for the principles and testimonies of Truth.

The strictures of "W." induced us to examine what we had written, and, in so doing, are unable to discover the deficiency to which he refers as "something withheld." Neither can we see how any view there advanced can have the least tendency to encourage a disposition to set at naught the "stone which the wise builders rejected and which has become the head of the corner."

We think, too, our friend has been rather unhappy in his selection from F. W. Robertson. His writings in general are remarkable or their perspicuity and deeply interest us, although we cannot *always* adopt the sentiments contained in them. To us, the views there advanced appear inconsistent with the idea which Friends have held of the necessity of "coming to the Light in order that we may have Light."

We hold that no truth is recognizable without the Light,—"the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." "Whatsoever makes manifest is light." "It is written in the prophets, and they shall be all taught of God." "Ye have no need that any man teach you save as this holy anointing teacheth which is truth and no lie."

Scripture testimony is adverse to a dependence upon man for a knowledge of the truth. We fully admit that the advantages to be derived from an association with the wise and good are very great; and when we lack faith, our weaknesses sometimes are condescended to, and instrumental aid is furnished to turn our minds to the source of wisdom and knowledge. "But if any man lack wisdom, let him ask of him who giveth liberally and upbraideth none." We more and more feel the importance of the members of our religious body using simple language and avoiding expressions that may be readily interpreted so as to convey a different meaning from that intended. For want of this plainness of speech we sometimes have a "confusion of tongues."

Our views, we are aware, differ widely on some points of faith and practice from those called evangelical, but we need not fear *that* "heresy" which induces the belief that pure and undefiled religion is the same now as when Jesus rehearsed its tenets to the wondering multitude upon the Mount. Let us show our faith in the precepts which he taught, by walking in unison with the spirit which originated them. We pity rather than blame a disposition to exclude from the household of true faith those who cannot subscribe to certain doctrines which appear to us to have been instituted by man rather than by God. With an eminent writer we believe "that true religion speaks in actions more than in words, and manifests itself chiefly in the common temper and life, in giving up the passions to God's authority, in inflexible uprightness and truth, in active and modest charity, in candid

judgment, and in patience under trials and injustice."

GEORGE FOX, &c.—From J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, we have received a London edition of a work entitled "George Fox, the Friends and Early Baptists," by William Talleck, author of "Malta under the Phœnicians, Knights and English," "Friendly Sketches in America," &c. It is a neat volume of 195 pages duodecimo.

As a history of George Fox, it can, we presume, scarcely prove satisfactory to any branch of the Society of Friends, except the few in sympathy with the views of the author. In our estimation it will not compare with S. M. Janney's life of that distinguished and devoted servant of the Most High. Still it is interesting (and should it not teach us charity?) to observe how equally honest efforts may differ in the treatment of the same subject under the controlling influence of individual religious sentiment.

DIED, on the 15th of Eighth month, at the residence of her parents, of cholera infantum, MARTHA J., daughter of C. Edwin and Marianna Bassett, of Mannington, Salem Co., N. J.; aged nearly 10 months.

——, on the 12th of Seventh month, 1868, in Cecil Co., Md., REBECCA, wife of Joseph Preston, and daughter of Jacob and Esther Reynolds, aged 72 years; a member of Nottingham Monthly Meeting. Her sufferings were borne with Christian patience and resignation, and "she adorned the doctrine of the Gospel of Christ by a life of humility and self-denial."

——, on the 25th of Seventh month, 1868, at his residence in Richmond, Ind., of cholera morbus, HAINES SHARP, aged 76 years and 11 months; a member of Westfield, Ohio, Monthly Meeting of Friends. The last few weeks of his life were spent in reading and meditating on the Holy Scriptures, giving evidence of a peaceful close.

——, on the 25th of Eighth month, after a brief illness, REBECCA W. PENROSE, widow of Samuel S. Penrose, of this city.

——, on the 1st of Eighth month, 1868, after a short illness, ELIZABETH FRANKLIN, wife of William Smart, of Flushing, L. I., in the 71st year of her age. Although the messenger of death came while apparently in her usual health, yet she gave the consoling evidence that her soul was prepared for the change into that "better life" beyond the grave. After giving directions to her family, she thus expressed herself: "I have now nothing to do but to die." When queried with if her peace was made, she sweetly replied that "all was peace." May we so live, that when the "silver chord" is loosed, we too, like her, may be found waiting, with the blessed assurance that our peace is made. She was ever a kind and loving friend, and her cheerful presence will be deeply missed in the household band and in the social circle in which she was wont to mingle. In all the relations of life, few can be found who were more careful to fulfil the duties devolving upon her according to ability, and her grateful heart often numbered the many blessings which her Heavenly Father had bestowed upon her. E. H. B.

TEACHERS FOR THE FREEDMEN.

One or two female teachers will probably be wanted by the Association of Friends of this city. *Best of references* as to capability in every particular will be required. Apply to

HARRIET E. STOCKLY, 1539 Vine St.,
HENRY M. LAING, 30 N. Third St.,
LOUISA J. ROBERTS, 421 N. Sixth St.,
LYDIA GILLINGHAM, 1516 Vine St.,
Or, JACOB M. ELLIS, Corres. Sec'y.,
3t. 325 Walnut St.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

No. II.

Late in the afternoon we approached the village of Lugano. I stopped to inquire of a peasant at work in the fields the nearest way to Palestina, and when he found that we came from America, he was very anxious to hear something of that distant land, of which he evidently knew very little. He wished to know whether we were free, or belonged to Napoleon III., which latter condition he named as though it were the only other alternative. I never shall forget the astonished look of this poor peasant when told that we came from America; he seemed to look up at us as though we had just arrived from the moon. It was plain that we were out of the ordinary routes of travel, and in truth we had wandered quite too far to the south-east in our attempt to reach Palestina. At the fountain below the village were many women and girls with large copper vessels, waiting their turns to fill them at the running stream. When filled, they placed them upon their heads and filed off up the steep hill-side to the town. Donkeys, also, were climbing up the hill laden with small barrels of water; for here, as in many other places which we have seen in Italy, donkeys and women are the bearers of the burdens. A boy of sixteen helped a younger sister to place two great copper kettles of water on her head, one upon the other, and then sauntered slowly up the hill by her side entirely empty-handed. In some places we saw companies of women and quite small girls carrying mortar to the masons in tubs upon their heads, and in the evening they marched home carrying the heavy tools of the masons in their empty tubs, while the men, lazily smoking their pipes, followed on behind. On reaching Lugano, we found that we were still five miles from Palestina, and that much of the way lay along narrow bridle paths through dark woods and deep defiles, and, as the sun was just setting, we decided to spend the night at Lugano. I venture to

say that few American travellers ever spent a night in this little town. In the best inn that we could find we had to be satisfied with the most humble accommodations. Bread, stale, black and sour, with fresh eggs, made up the entire bill of fare, and the latter were cooked in *olive oil*. The breakfast was an inferior repetition of the supper, with the exception of the olive oil. So entirely did we seem to be out of the line of ordinary travel that not a child in the street asked for a "mezzo-bajocco,"—a wonderful condition of things in an Italian town; and the universal demand for a "per bévêre," so familiar to European travellers, seemed quite unknown. Our morning walk to Palestina was most delightful, but the many diverging paths in the deep woods caused considerable delay and some anxiety, more especially in view of the fact that this section of the country has been infested by banditti, and we had learned that only three days before the captain of a band had been executed at Palestina. On the afternoon of the preceding day the little town of Monte Fortins had been pointed out on our right, only two miles away, the strong-hold of the banditti, hanging like the great nest of a bird of prey upon the edge of a steep cliff in the Volscian range. In a palace at Palestina we saw the principal treasure which it now contains, the wonderful Mosaic discovered on the site of the palace, in the ruins of the great temple of fortune called "The Mosaic of Palestina," representing a great variety of Egyptian animals with their names in Greek letters, and various scenes of the country during an inundation of the Nile. Its subject has puzzled antiquarians not a little, and they have made the strangest and wildest conjectures concerning it. Ascending the citadel or lofty hill rising far above the present town, we obtained another fine view of Rome, the Campagna and the Sabine, Volscian and Alban Mountains. Looking toward Rome, and seeing its long, white roads diverging in every direction over the Campagna, we could readily understand why both Pyrrhus and Hannibal came here to reconnoitre the approaches to the Eternal City. The next morning we rose at four, and rode on donkeys some fifteen miles farther in the fresh early morning to Olévano, a favorite place of resort for landscape painters. From the portico of the Casa Baldi, overlooking the ancient town with its ruined castle of the Colonna family, we obtained one of the most varied and lovely views that we have ever seen, and a view which is said to have been the favorite study of landscape painters for centuries. Among the names of the artists registered here we observed that of Bierstadt. In the afternoon, we walked fourteen miles farther amid the mildest mountain scenery to Lubiaco, near the head waters of the Teverone, (ancient Anio,) passing on our way the quaint little town of R——, where the rocky streets are impassable except for donkeys or foot passengers, and the miserable stone houses are without floors, and have not a window upon the street from one end to the other. Here, as elsewhere, the long lines of women and girls with copper vessels upon their heads were climbing the steep street from the fountain outside the walls. Lubiaco, built upon a steep slope on the right bank of the Anio, presents a very curious appearance, with its pyramidal form crowned by the great summer palace of the Popes. Early the next morning we set out on foot for Rocca Giovane, about sixteen miles down the valley of the Anio, in the immediate vicinity of Horace's Sabine farm. Having passed all the mountain bridle-paths and entered upon the fine open road down the valley, we lost all anxiety about banditti, and were enjoying the lovely views which met our eyes at every turn of the winding river, when we were startled by the information obtained from a passing peasant that the lofty wooded hills on either side of the river contained many banditti. Peasant after peasant confirmed the report, until we had passed Arsoli, the nearest point to the Neapolitan frontier, after which the danger seemed to diminish; but we could not avoid casting an anxious glance occasionally at the steep slopes which commanded so fine a view of the lonely road; and delightful as this day's journey down the rapid little stream of the Anio would otherwise have been, we were well satisfied when the day was over and we were safely lodged with the hospitable Signor Rufini, the wealthy and generous owner of Rocca Giovane and the neighboring town of Licenza. The next morning, being supplied by our good host with two strong mules and a guide, we ascended Monte Genaro, nearly five thousand feet high; the highest point but one among the Sabine mountains. From this great elevation we traced our journey thus far, as upon a map, and obtained a fine view of the snowy peaks of the Appenines and of many of the nearer peaks of the Sabine range, crowned with the peculiar strongholds of the lofty Italian towns. We had spent four hours in the long winding ascent, and were as many more in descending to the village of Licenza, catching very fine views as we crept along the edge of dizzy precipices, looking far down into the deep ravines and far above at the projecting cliffs. Our trusty mules, unguided (for we dared not touch the reins when the danger was greatest,) carried us safely down to the bed of the little stream

in the valley of the Ustica, more than a thousand feet below. Passing round the southern slope of the triple-peaked Mont Campanile (the Mons Lacretilis of Horace), and ascending by a steep winding path through some chestnut groves, our guide stopped opposite a small vineyard, where a few fragments of broken pillars and capitals, strewn here and there over the soil, and built into the walls which enclose the fields, and a small fragment of buried Mosaic, are all that mark the spot where the villa of Horace stood. But much that Horace loved to look upon, and that he knew so well how to describe in this his loved retreat, remains the same. The little Mandela, "the village upon the bleak hill-side," has passed away, it is true, and scarce one vestige remains on yon smooth green slope beyond the valley where it must have stood; but Mons Lucretilis still rises with its rugged front upon the north, sheltering the young lambs from biting cold; the Digentia still flows in its pebbly bed, and a shadow of its ancient name still lives in that of the city of Licenza, and the valley of the Ustica still acknowledges its ancient appellation; the bright fountain of Blandusia still sparkles in the sun, and its very name is not unfamiliar to modern Italian ears;—this lovely nook, in all the outward features of natural scenery, is substantially the same as when it formed the favorite retreat of the Sabine Bard, when weary of the hot, stifling dusty streets of Rome, and the turmoil of the busy world around him. In the afternoon, taking leave of our kind host at Rocca Giovane, whose emphatic *adio* seemed to mean much more than an ordinary parting salutation, and whose cordial *a rivedéree* seemed to express a real desire to meet again, however improbable such an event may be, we set off on foot for Tivoli, about twelve miles below. A violent thunder storm at noon, among the mountains, had cleared the air, and the streams, which in the deep gorges had suddenly swollen to fearful dimensions, had fallen from eight to ten feet within an hour. Having ridden all the morning, we set out fresh at four o'clock for our delightful evening walk. We were much interested in the new aqueduct which is being constructed at vast labor and expense all along the right bank of the river, carried down, as I have said before, on a regular grade, piercing the mountains and spanning the streams and valleys by gigantic arches of solid masonry. The winding stream closed in by hills on either side, and apparently, before and behind, reminded me somewhat of the Hudson above New York, say in the vicinity of West Point, and we were constantly meeting fresh surprises, as, turning suddenly round the projecting points of the mountains, one lovely valley after another opened upon our view. The sun had set, the daylight faded, and the moon, now nearly full, was high upon our left, still we were some miles from Tivoli; but all our anxiety about banditti was over, and the fresh evening air was a delightful change after the burning heat of the day. Like most strangers who visit Tivoli for the first time, we took up our quarters at the Hotel of the Sibyl, close by the falls and the ancient temple. Its central locality is all that can be said in its favor. Taking two good donkeys the next morning, we made the accustomed round with an experienced guide, visiting the grotto of Neptune, the grand Cascade and Cascatelle, the villas of Brutus, Cassius, Sallust, &c., and the temples of Vesta and the Sibyl, hanging on the verge of the abyss, which are known so well by descriptions in verse and prose, aided by the artist's pencil and the photographer's art. In the afternoon, we visited the villa Hadrian, the most extensive ruins in the vicinity of Rome, the palace of the Cæsars on the Palatine not excepted. They are several miles in circumference, and, as has been very truly said, resemble much more the ruins of a city than those of a villa. No one thing which we have yet seen impressed us so much with the grandeur and magnificence of Imperial Rome.

E. H. M.

From "The Bond of Peace."

TO THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

When a great principle is presented which requires the united support of all who are convinced of its truth and worth, we naturally ask and expect that support.

In vindicating the principles of pure and radical peace, we therefore must look to those persons who have been bold enough to avow them in the past, and whose teachings have, in connection with the revelations of duty, forced us to seek their practical application and universal adoption.

The religious Society of Friends early put upon record a testimony against wars and fightings: "In no way to unite with any warlike measures, either offensive or defensive." This testimony has been read and re-read, and now the opportunity is presented for pushing forward the work; not only to solicit its universal acceptance, but to strengthen each other in the trials which come upon those who are sincere enough to "take up the cross" and "to be real subjects of the Messiah's peaceful reign, and be instrumental in the promotion thereof towards its desired completion."

For this purpose Societies for the promo

tion of peace are growing up throughout Europe and America, and they may in many cases, be traced to an out-growth of the Society of Friends; a desire to give tangible form and practical application to time honored professions. In the same manner as other great reforms, springing from a common root, come forth to bear the fruit of culture and conviction. Having been watered and nurtured by the Divine Spirit and having proved a true vine of the Father's growing, the Peace cause asks to yield the fruits for which nations are hungering and thirsting.

This can only be done by the true friends of the cause giving it their support and encouragement; other reforms have needed this, and it is not wonderful that it has been granted.

The Anti-Slavery movement received a powerful support from the Society of Friends; the Temperance cause has always been materially aided by it. Indeed all the grand principles of reform and in behalf of moderation, love, kindness and godliness have received encouragement, not only in the society but out of it, in special and separate organizations. And it is well: when other minds become impressed with the importance and saving power of their principles and seek to carry them forward, this is the important moment for those who are not sectarian, and who will labor with all sincere minds, irrespective of religious faith, to unite in full force and strengthen with their presence every devout effort.

Eminently fitting is it, to our view, that the present energetic movement for peace should receive the encouragement and substantial aid of such people. True much has already been bestowed by Friends. Their meeting-houses have been opened in various parts of the country for meetings of the Peace society; many have handed in their names and contributions, and surely gratitude is in our hearts for all. Still there are many who reply to our appeals to unite with us, "We already belong to a Peace society," and this seems to satisfy them. We know and acknowledge the worth of that Society, but may we not expect assistance in this definite and distinctive labor in behalf of the very foundation principle of this Society? We find its members in other reforms, blessing and advancing them, and surely we must appeal to them to give us their generous and valuable support.

This will work peacefully by causing the barrier between religious societies to gradually melt away, before the kindly and dedicated efforts in every good cause.

Our little monthly sheet, "The Bond of Peace," presents its claims. It cannot exist without aid, and who shall say we look in vain to the Friends in this city and throughout the world for at least a share of patronage? As one of your children, willing and anxious to carry forward the blessed work of Peace, we look to you for encouragement.

L.

"When People become Ungenuine, their Language becomes False.—*You may trace intellectual, moral, and spiritual decay in the misuse of speech.*"—These words, as we read them in the *Tribune*, impressed us as emphatically true. We notice, with regret and mortification, the growing unconscientiousness of language—the popular recklessness in the use of words. Lexicographers have been doing their work elaborately and nobly,—but as regards a large portion of the community, their labor is pretty much thrown away. Of what use is the dictionary to persons who employ such words as *infinite* and *immense* to indicate slight shades of difference,—or such words as *awful, horrible, dreadful, perfect bliss, rapture, ecstasy,* &c., to express a small degree of pleasurable or unpleasurable emotion? If such persons should ever have a strong emotion, in what phrase will they embody it? They have already exhausted their knowledge of language, and the words which they have habitually applied to trifles will sound heartless from their lips. To say nothing of the vulgarity and false taste of this custom, how unworthy is it of those who claim to be friends of Truth!

What made John Woolman a model writer? It was not literary culture; it was not an elaborate attempt at elegance of style. It was his extraordinary truthfulness—his scrupulous care to use no word which meant more than he intended to convey. Ever before him, as he wrote and as he spoke, was his grand ideal—the Truth. By this he conscientiously tested his words, and rhapsodical extravagancies were avoided, and redundancies dropped off. Let us open his writings at any page, and we shall be impressed with their serene truthfulness. They may appear tame at first, because we are not attuned to such purity; but as we read on *we appreciate the use of language.* Suppose we open his essays at random, and read the first paragraph we fall upon:

"Those who quit all useful business, and live wholly on the labor of others, have their exercise to seek; some such use less than their health requires; others choose that which, by the circumstances attending it, proves utterly reverse to true happiness. Thus, while some are divers ways distressed for want of an open channel of useful action,

those who support them sigh, and are exhausted in a stream too powerful for nature, spending their days with too little cessation from labor. Seed sown with the tears of a confined, oppressed people, corn cut down by an over-borne, discontented reaper, makes bread less sweet to the taste of an honest man than that which is the produce or just reward of that voluntary action which is our proper part of the business of human creatures."

Gladly would we wield a pen that should induce the reader to enter himself as a student in the school in which John Woolman acquired his style.—*Friends' Review.*

LET OUR FRIENDS BE THINE.

BY MARIANNE FARMINGHAM.

Father, who to us has given
Love and friends as Summer flowers,
Who has brought the once sad hearted
To the joys of many hours,
Hear us, Friend of love divine,
Let the friends we love be thine.

Lo! they gather at the fireside—
Happy hearts, and shining eyes;
And they walk along the valleys,
Cheering us with sympathies;
But we ask thee evermore,
Let them all thy name adore.

Look upon the merry children,
Look upon the happy young;
And by their sweet, ringing voices,
Let thy words of praise be sung,
That their happy lives may be
Given alone, O Lord, to thee.

When shall fall the evening shadows,
And the sunset dyes are deep,
And the children, safely sheltered,
Calm and happy fall asleep,
And hands uncling that held us fast,
Let not that parting be the last.

Let us meet again in heaven,
Undivided families;
Heart to heart in happy greeting,
And unbroken sympathies,
In thy home and near to thee,
Let us with our dear ones be.

The bubbling brook doth leap when I pass by,
Because my feet find measure to its call;
The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
For I am known to them both great and small.
The flowers that on the lonely hill-side grow
Expect me there when spring its bloom hath given,
And every tree and bush my wanderings know,
And even the clouds and silent stars of heaven;
For he who with his Maker walks aright,
Shall be their lord, as Adam was before;
His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,
Each object wear the dress that once it wore,
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
Hear from his Maker's lips that all is good.

—*Jones Very.*

There is an unfortunate disposition in man to attend much more to the faults of his companions which offend him, than to their perfections which please him.

From the Independent.

VISIT TO THE DEAF-MUTE INSTITUTION AT NORTHAMPTON.

As it is not in the power of every one who may desire it to visit the Northampton institution for the training of deaf-mutes, perhaps a brief relation of a visit may not be wholly unacceptable, as helping those at a distance to judge of the relative value of the old and the new modes of teaching. I have never in my life had any acquaintance with deaf-mutes, and am unable to form the alphabetical signs—this simply by way of voucher for the genuineness of my testimony concerning *viva voce* communication.

I first saw the children gathered at supper; and a merry, happy-looking group they were. The peculiarity of the scene was that, whereas in ordinary circumstances teachers are present to secure *silence*, here their main business is to induce *talking*. "Give me some bread," I heard distinctly from several little voices at the table; and intermingled requests for "brown bread" and "butter," saluted my ears from various quarters. I went up to one chubby-faced little boy, and, enunciating as distinctly as I could, said, "Give me some water, if you please." He repeated the words after me, and then laughed with delight, as, taking for granted by his smiling face that my petition was favorably received, I proceeded to help myself from his cup. "Who is it?" asked a little girl on the opposite side of the table. And the teacher replied by giving my name, which the child pronounced after her. "Where does she live?" was the next inquiry. Which was also duly answered, as also one more question as to my vocation; and then the child appeared satisfied. "Good-bye" saluted me from a number of little lips as I left the room.

On a subsequent occasion, I visited the school-room, and sat by the teacher as she dictated a spelling-lesson to her class; each word being pronounced before it was written, and care being taken that its signification also should be known. It is scarcely necessary to say that there was considerable difference between the articulation of one and another of the children; yet there was not one silent.

At the close of school, I had a conversation with a young girl of thirteen years, born a deaf-mute, and never having made an articulate sound in her life until within the last few months.

I was introduced by the teacher, with the additional information that I had been in the South, teaching the colored people; and then she left me to carry on the talk for myself.

"I should like very much to see a school

of blacks," said Theresa. "Do they learn quickly?"

"Yes," I replied; "very quickly. One of our scholars, who did not know the alphabet two years and a half ago, is now teaching school himself, and studying besides, Latin and algebra."

I believe Latin and algebra were terms not very comprehensible, as indeed I had expected; so I paused while the teacher put in a word or two of explanation as to their being hard studies. In the course of her remarks she used the word "unfortunate," and Theresa instantly repeated it after her, saying, "I don't know that. What does it mean?" But almost immediately added, "Does it mean *in trouble?*"

I told her various things about the colored schools; and at last asked her if it tired her to talk, or if she really liked it. Her face lighted up with pleasure as she said, "O no, it does not tire me; I like to talk very much."

Of course, it will be understood that very distinct articulation is needed on the part of the teacher or converser, and that the utterance of the deaf-mute is slow and with manifest effort; yet I had no difficulty, or at most only a little occasional difficulty, in comprehending. J. A. S.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

A DROP OF WATER.

What is the smallest house to live in? Do you say, A drop of water? Yet millions of living creatures live in a drop of water. What mites they must be! Yes, mere atoms —a thousandth or twenty thousandth part of an inch in size; and such queer shapes! They look like bottles, funnels, fruit, wheels, crabs, serpents, eels, worms. Some are soft, like leeches; others have a hard, flinty shell. They are of all colors, green, red, yellow, and no color at all. The green scum you see on stagnant water is formed of them. Some emit light like a glowworm. A ship sailing on the ocean at night often seems to leave a trail of light behind her in the waters. It is caused by millions and millions of these little creatures. They are called in-fu-so-ri-a. Not a drop of water from the ocean, not a drop from the clearest spring, pool, or running brook, but has millions of them in it. You cannot see them with the naked eye, only by a microscope. They have horns, claws, bristles, oars, paddles, and move swiftly about, as if time was short and there was a plenty to do. So there is; and they do their part.

Deposits of the shelly in-fu-so-ri-a form the fine sand which is used in making the beautiful porcelain ware. The famous pyramids of Egypt are built of them; for what is limestone but the dead bodies of these little creatures? Charleston, in South Carolina, is built on a bed of them; and they are at work all along the coast, filling up the harbors and forming shoals.

What pains God takes in making even the smallest things. Nothing is too small for his care and notice. Nothing is too small to be of use in his wide kingdom. Some of his greatest works are done by the power of littles. Let nobody despise little folks; no, no. —*Child's Paper.*

From The Country Gentleman.

CURFEW BELLS.

Many have heard of the "curfew bell," but not all know its origin. Its history in England runs back to the time of William the Conqueror, who ordered a bell to be rung about sundown in summer, and at eight o'clock in winter, at which time fire and lights were to be put out, and the people to remain within doors, and penalties were imposed upon those who neglected or refused to comply with the law. This was called the "curfew," a word derived from the French *couvrefeu*, cover fire, and so the appropriateness of the name is readily seen. The old king has been generally charged with instituting this custom in order to impress upon his subjects a sense of their abject condition; but, as the "curfew bell" was rung in France long before William's time, as a safeguard against fires, it is not improbable that he brought the custom with him into England from the continent, and that he has been slandered as to his motives. At any rate, he has sins enough to answer for without this. In the sixteenth century, "bell-men" were added to the night-watch in London. They went through the streets ringing their bells, and crying, "Take care of fire and candle; be kind to the poor, and pray for the dead." It was the bellman's duty, also, to bless the sleepers as he passed their doors. In "Il Penseroso," Milton refers to this custom:

"The bell-man's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm."

Poets have often referred to the curfew, or cover-fire, bell. Gray begins his beautiful "Elegy" with

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

Longfellow, too, has a pretty little poem telling the story of this bell with charming simplicity:

"Solemnly, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The curfew bell
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,
Put out the light;
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire;
Sound fades in silence,
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all."

King William died, and the original obligations of the curfew were at last removed about the time of Henry I, in 1100; but the custom of ringing an evening bell is still kept up in England, with variations as to the hour. The "nine o'clock bell"—familiar to most New England people—which sends so many young people home and to bed, and which, in the early history of our country, was almost as rigidly obeyed by all, both old and young, as the old curfew, traces its origin directly to the cover-fire bell. In Longfellow's "Evangeline," the custom is well described:

"Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine—the village curfew—
and *straightway*
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in
the household."

But now the customs have changed; and though the bell still rings out on the evening air, in country village and city street, it has lost its power, save as a tell-tale of passing time. Let the old bells ring on; we love their sound; or, in the words of Moore—

"Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime."

[*Our Boys and Girls.*

BEAUTIES OF BIBLE LANGUAGE.

If we need higher illustration, not only of the power of natural objects to adorn language and gratify taste, but proof that here we find the highest conceivable beauty, we would appeal to the Bible. Those most opposed to its teachings have acknowledged the beauty of its language, and this is due mainly to the exquisite use of natural objects for illustration. It does, indeed, draw from every field. But when the emotional nature was to be appealed to, the reference was at once to natural objects, and throughout all its books the stars and flowers and gems are prominent as illustrations of the beauties of religion and the glories of the Church.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

"The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle."

The power and beauty of the same objects appear in the Savior's teachings. The fig and the olive, the sparrow and the lily of the field, give peculiar force and beauty to the great truths they were used to illustrate.

The Bible throughout is remarkable in this respect. It is a collection of books written by authors far removed from each other in time and place and mental culture, but through the whole nature is exalted as a revelation of God. Its beauty and sublimity are appealed to to arouse the emotions, to reach the moral and religious nature. This element of unity runs through all the books where references to nature can be made.

One of the adaptations of the Bible to the nature of man is found in the sublime and perfect representation of the natural world, by which nature is ever made to proclaim the character and perfections of God. No language can be written that so perfectly sets forth the grand and terrible in nature and its forces, as we hear when God answers Job out of the whirlwind.

No higher appreciation of the beautiful, and of God as the author of beauty, was ever expressed than when our Savior said to the lilies of the field, "I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these;" and then adds, "If God so clothe the grass of the field," ascribing the element of beauty in every leaf and opening bud to the Creator's skill and power.—*Prof. Chadbourne.* *W. C. Ad.*

RAPIDITY OF SENSATION.

If a needle be stuck into one of the fingers, the sensory fibres takes the impression through the nerve and the posterior root to the spinal cord and thence to the brain. The command goes out to "draw the finger away." The mandate travels down the spinal cord to the anterior root, and thence through the motor fibres of the nerve to the muscles, which immediately act, and the finger is at once removed. All this takes place with great rapidity, but yet with nothing like the celerity once imagined. The researches of Helmholtz, a distinguished German physiologist, have shown with great exactitude the rate of speed with which the nervous fluid travels; and other observers, among whom Schelske deserves mention, have given a great deal of time and patience to this and kindred questions. As the result of many deliberations, it was ascertained that the nervous fluid moves at the rate of about 971 feet in a second. Now, electricity travels with a speed exceeding 1,200,000,000 feet in a second, and light over 900,000,000. A shooting star moves with a velocity of 200,000 feet in a second, and the earth in its orbit

around the sun, 100,000. A cannon ball has a mean velocity of 1,800 feet in a second; an eagle, 130; a locomotive, 95; and a race horse 80. We thus perceive that the nervous fluid has no very remarkable rate of speed. A fact which, among many others, serves to indicate its non-identity with electricity.

Professor Donders, of Utrecht, has recently been making some interesting experiments in regard to the rapidity of thought, which are likewise interesting. By means of two instruments, which he calls the noematachograph and the noematachometer, he promises some important details. For the present, he announces that a simple idea requires the brain to act for .067 of a second for its elaboration. Doubtless the time required is not the same for all brains, and that by means of these instruments we may obtain definite indications relative to the mental calibre of our friends. What invaluable instruments they would be for nominating caucuses for vestries, for trustees of colleges, for merchants in want of bookkeepers; in short, for all having appointments of any kind to make!

For the eye to receive an impression requires .077 of a second, and for the ear to appreciate a sound, .149 of a second are necessary. The eye, therefore, acts with nearly twice the rapidity of the ear.—*William A. Hammond, M. D., in July No. of the Galaxy.*

"Now abideth Faith, Hope, Love—these three; but the greatest of these is Love," for love is the seraph, and faith and hope are but the wings by which it flies.—*Beecher.*

ITEMS.

Discovery of an Unknown Planet.—A communication to the *Utica Morning Herald*, from Dr. C. H. F. Peters, of the Litchfield Observatory of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., dated 8th mo. 24, says that a new planet of the group of the asteroids was discovered by him on 7th-day night, and that he had verified its position and motion previously. It is in the constellation Pisces, and had at 3'oclock this morning 18° 38′ of right ascension, and 12° 54′ declination, moving slowly to the east. It is equal to a star of about the 11th magnitude.

Telegraphic Messages over the Atlantic Cable, it is announced, will, after Ninth mo. 1st, 1868, be transmitted from New York City to any point in Great Britain and Ireland at the reduced rate of $16.85 in gold for ten words, and $1.67 for each additional word. The rate from Philadelphia to any part of Great Britain or Ireland will be $17.35 in gold for ten words. Five words additional are allowed for signature and address. This is a considerable reduction from the present tariff, which is $25.40 in gold for a similar message. From Philadelphia to any part of France the charge will be $18.18; to any part of Prsusia, Austria, or the German States, $18.85; to any part of Belgium, $17.98; to any part of Holland, $18.09; to any part of Switzerland, $18.81. These charges are all payable at gold rates.

The recent rains have quenched the fires in Canadian woods, and tourists at the lakes and mountains are now able to obtain views of distant objects.

Chemists are rapidly learning to produce many useful substances, which formerly were derived from natural objects, at much greater labor and expense than is now required for their manufacture in the laboratory. Many of the fruit essences, such as pine-apple, &c., the flavoring of rum and other spirits are thus prepared, as well as many vegetable perfumes. Recently, Coumarine, the substance to which the Tonga bean, fresh mown hay, &c., owe their fragrance, has been manufactured, as also essence of almonds and essence of rue.

The tunnelling of the Alps goes on slowly but regularly; 27,507 feet have been cut already, and a distance of 12,582 feet remain to be finished. The work accomplished last year was 5089 feet, and about the same will be made in 1868. It is estimated that about two and a half years will be required to finish the tunnel. From May 1 to June 1, 177 feet were drilled from the Swiss side, and 200 feet from the Italian side.

The Railroad Track Layer now in use in California is said to operate successfully, and places the iron rails in position at the rate of one mile per day, though some of the work has been done at the rate of two miles in twelve hours. The machine is a car sixty feet long and ten feet wide. It has a small engine on board for handling the ties and rails. The ties are carried on a common freight car behind, and conveyed by an endless chain over the top of the machine, laid down in their places on the track, and when enough are laid a rail is put down on each side in a proper position, and spiked down. The track-layer then advances and keeps on its work until the load of ties and rails is exhausted, when other car loads are brought. The machine is driven ahead by a locomotive, and it is stated the work is done so rapidly that six men are required to wait on it, but it is asserted that they do more work than twice as many could do by the old system, and that the work is done quite as well. The chief contractor on the Vallejo and Sacramento railroad, where the machine is in use, gives it as his opinion that when the machine is improved by making a few changes in the method of handling rails and ties, it will be able to put down five or six miles per day.

The Turkish Carpets imported into Christian countries are manufactured at Ushak, in Asia Minor, 138 miles east of Smyrna. The city contains 28,000 inhabitants, 4000 of whom (3500 females and 500 males) are employed in weaving carpets. The process of manufacture and the designs are the same as they were five hundred years ago, and the origin of some of the patterns is unknown. These carpets are made by families and households. Any innovations upon this ancient process would be met upon the part of the workmen with the greatest opposition. An attempt was made at Ushak to establish a steam apparatus for preparing the threads of the carpets, which so nearly caused a riot that it was obliged to be abandoned. The colors which are preferred in the carpets, are madder, Persian yellow, indigo, and cochineal; and, to add to their brilliancy, alum and tartar are employed. Colors from a French company were some time since introduced, but in consequence of their fading were abandoned. Eighty-four thousand square yards of these carpets are annually made at Ushak, the greater part of which is sent to England; the remainder is taken by France, Turkey, and Egypt.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 12, 1868. No. 28.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for entire Club. Single Nos. 6 cts
REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.
The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.
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PESTALOZZI, HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

Early History.—Labors on behalf of Popular Education.—Establishment at Neuhof.—Experiment at Stantz.—Burgdorf.—Yvordon.—Principles.

The impression that the life and labors of this extraordinary man are not sufficiently known and appreciated, at least in the present generation, induces me to attempt to bring together some of the more prominent features of his character and teachings, in a hope that the extreme importance and vital nature of the subject may prove interesting, and promote further inquiry.

The pioneers in every department of human knowledge,—our men of Science, our Philanthropists, and our Reformers,—all those whose modes of thinking are ahead of, or run counter to, the conventionalities they find around them, or whose individuality of life and practice is supposed to condemn the common mind, have to pay the same penalty in being regarded as dreaming enthusiasts, by the generality of their cotemporaries, and not unfrequently to meet with a degree of disesteem and scorn, of which the mildest form is conveyed in the expression, "They are born before their time." The bearers of the Divine ægis, in religion, in civilization, in science, in philosophy, have always been held lightly, if not persecuted by the age in which they lived, regarded at best as under a sort of infatuation, if not actually beside themselves;—and as they speak and act from a source not yet perceived or comprehended, and from the illumination of a coming day not yet seen by those around them,—it must necessarily be so. Not having derived their credentials from the powers that be, they are naturally looked upon as dangerous and subversive.

One more striking peculiarity, arising from the strong tendency in men's minds to accept the visible and material for the essential, and to deal in things that are ready-made rather than have the trouble of invention and exertion for themselves, is the cry of "*impracticability,*" which is always raised by the well-satisfied, the faithless, and the disbelieving, whenever the higher laws and motives of human conduct are proposed to be introduced into daily life.

The morethe new idea or the new standard comes home, and insists upon being acted upon, the more eminently "*impractical*" is it sure to be pronounced, and the more are its authors and advocates denounced as *mere theorists.* The subject before us this evening did not escape the common lot.

Heinrich Pestalozzi was born at Zurich in Switzerland, in the early part of the year 1745. His parents were respectable, but not affluent; and by the early death of his father, who was a physician, the family were left with very limited means. He was not robust in childhood; and his seldom joining in the common games and eager pursuits of his

companions at the Grammar-school, where he was first sent, reacted, no doubt, in still further increasing the tendencies of a naturally susceptible mind, and throwing him so much on his own original resources, that he obtained among them at that early age the *soubriquet* of "Harry Oddity."

It is probable that the warmth of everything around him at home, in the exhaustless love and unfailing piety of an affectionate mother, and the devoted attachment of an old female domestic of the family, nurtured the growth of his natural feelings, and gave him that insight into the depth and permanence of maternal influence, and into the worth of the humble classes which so remarkably distinguished his after-views.

In a soil and atmosphere so genial, the youthful and rapidly forming character naturally strikes deep, and gathers all its fresh strength on the side of the intensive,—while the guise of an almost feminine delicacy of disposition which sometimes seems to shrink from conflict with the world, and often appears to place the subject of home influences at a disadvantage among more forward companions,—never fails to assert its ascendancy in after life, in the hour of trial and endurance, when true courage and presence of mind and self-sacrifices are required.

He was first intended for the Ministry, for which his early aspirations, as well as many of his mental characteristics, might appear peculiarly to qualify him. In the Reformed Churches which acknowledge the teaching of Zwingle, the minister is chosen by the congregation, after a probationary sermon. Pestalozzi's first appearance in the pulpit, as a candidate for this preferment, was *his last.* It is not probable that the want of readiness in public speaking, was the cause of this failure, —since he afterwards gave abundant proofs of the possession of the gift of eloquence, and in maturer life conducted the religious services of a very large establishment;—but it is not unlikely that in a mind of his conscientiousness, the want of congruity between the lives of many who took it upon them,— and even what he felt within himself,—and the high spiritual professions which are made in that calling, might be the means of shaking his confidence at the moment of trial, and causing him to abandon it altogether.

He next applied himself to the law. Something of the same kind, namely, a want of correspondence between its general practice and its professions, appears to have diverted his mind from this course also, after several years of assiduous study. What is due, must no doubt be placed to a speculative cast of character, with the stirring within him of other ideas; as is sufficiently evinced by the publication about this time of several Essays on such subjects as, "The Constitution of Sparta," "The bearing of Education on our respective callings," and the translation of some of the "Orations of Demosthenes." There is evidence that during this period he was working very hard; for a severe illness was the immediate cause of his giving up the law, brought on by over-exertion in his studies. During this illness, his mind seems to have undergone a remakable change, or rather to have gathered strength to follow out, at whatever cost as to future prospects, his own immediate convictions.

He had already observed the want of harmony between life and its professed objects, in every class of society; the miserable results and utter failure of our social system in carrying out its implied contracts; the futility of setting up one form of oppression in order to counteract and correct another; the inefficiency of laws and enactments to produce moral reformation; the value of individual life and development beyond all forms and conventions; the wide separation of the masses from the active sympathies of those above them; the deplorable condition of the peasant and laboring population; the universal want of education for the humble classes; and the necessity of referring to first pinciples in all.

Having exhausted two of the learned professions, to what think ye did Pestalozzi now turn his attention, on his recovering from this illness, in order to find a sufficient basis of action and experience for what was working in his own mind? Start not, nor smile. It was no other than to farming! In pursuance of this resolution he attached himself to an intelligent agriculturalist in the Canton of Berne, who had obtained considerable reputation, not only in the management of his land and live-stock, but also for the interest he took in the welfare and improvement of the laboring population around him. There can be no doubt that in the active occupations of agriculture, under the heathful influences so richly shed in direct communion with nature, in daily observation of the varied aspects of life, and in close contact with the wonderful creative processes invested in the cultivation of the soil, both the body and the mind of Pestalozzi obtained the nourishment they required. As soon as he thought he had sufficiently qualified himself for an undertaking of his own, he employed the limited resources he derived from inheritance, in the purchase of a tract of waste land, in the same Canton, and in the needful erections. He gave the name of "Neuhof" to his *new farm;* and as soon as the energy he immediately applied to its cultivation gave it

some appearance of cheerfulness and prosperity, he sought and obtained the hand of Anna Schultess, the daughter of a merchant of good standing in Zurich. Endowed with no common gifts of nature and education, she must have been attracted by some of those unseen influences that obey no outward law to unite her life with Pestalozzi; for besides the unattractiveness of his personal appearance, his eccentricities, as they were set down to be by those who judged most mildly in the course he had chosen, had already obtained for him the usual amount of wise prophecy, not unmingled with pity and condemnation. His marriage, while it realized his idea of the domestic circle, put him in possession of a share in a cotton manufactory at Zurich; thus extending the sphere of his acquaintance with the working classes; for he was not one to neglect giving his personal attention to anything in which he was concerned.

With this enlargement of his outward resources, and after several years of unremitting labor had brought the "Neuhof" into a condition of a well cultivated farm, he began to feel a more certain basis for the great object of his life and aspirations. He resolved to make a practical experiment of what could be done, by removing the children of the humble and neglected classes from the vice and contagion by which they are so fearfully surrounded, and endeavoring to bring them under the power and influence of Christian kindness, solicitude and instruction. In order to guard as much as possible from extraneous interference, and to give full force to the results which he hoped to manifest, he went to the farthest extreme in the selection of his objects. He sought out bereaved and destitute children, or those whom the vice or vagrancy of their parents made *worse* than orphans; and wherever he heard of such, he brought them into his house. These he fed, clothed and instructed, until his establishment had grown into an asylum for more than fifty of the poorest and most neglected little ones. His great efforts were directed to endeavoring gradually to awaken within them an internal stimulus for their own improvement; to instil a love for, and desire after, by feeling the advantages of a better order of things; and to give them the means of raising their own condition, by the acquisition of industrious habits, and the knowledge of some occupation or handicraft, in which objects he found both the farm and the cotton mill most valuable accessories.

At this period, and especially in that country,—which has never been esteemed a wealthy one,—there were no philanthropic organizations, and very few individuals able and willing to render a helping hand to an effort like this; still fewer capable of appreciating it. By the authorities it was not unnaturally regarded with jealousy and suspicion, as private movements of the kind are usually first met. For fifteen years, alone and single-handed, with difficulties increasing almost from the first, Pestalozzi struggled in keeping open this establishment. But his means were altogether inadequate to such an undertaking. There is no doubt he placed too much faith in the power of his own self-devotion, and in the attractive excellency of his plans. It must also be confessed, that his sanguine temperament, his entire freedom from worldly motives, and his general ignorance of outward affairs, did not qualify him for conducting so large and so novel a concern, with the requisite attention to the balance sheet. His affairs consequently fell into confusion; disappointment reacted upon a susceptible disposition; and in 1790 he was obliged to close this remarkable and enlightened philanthropic experiment, the first I believe of its kind, and the parent of all similar ones that have since succeeded it.

It should not be forgotten, that besides the difficulties inherent in carrying out such an Institution as that of Pestalozzi's, the period was one in which disturbing causes were beginning to shake to the very centre the whole structure of society in continental Europe.

(To be continued.)

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 17.

(Continued from page 232.)

St. Petersburg, Russia, July 21st, 1868.
Russian time, July 9th.

After our closing arrangements were made for leaving Stockholm, we still had three or four hours to spare before going on board the "Dagmar," and they were employed in a delightful drive through the city; and we are now quite ready to admit that the Swedes have just cause to be proud of their Park, and, that if it does not come up to the Bois de Boulogne in exquisite neatness and splendid roads, and everything that art and money can accomplish, it certainly goes far ahead of it in the natural advantages of hill and dale, water and rock, and forest, and all that goes to make it a most delightful and thoroughly rural drive or promenade for the citizens of Stockholm. We have scarcely seen such noble trees out of America, excepting, perhaps, a few in the English Parks; and the place is of such extent, that besides these secluded portions, it contains a Royal Palace, a very large Institution for the deaf and dumb, another for the blind, and very many little theatres and other places of amusement.

It was in one of these little "salons" that we were floated over the water in one of the many cunning little steamboats that here play as active a part, almost, as the gondolas at Venice. Though not quite so picturesque, they are exceedingly pretty, and *so* small as to look like a mere toy. After our drive was over, we went on board the "Dagmar," where we enjoyed the twilight, and at 11, turned into our state-rooms, and were asleep before the vessel set sail, at 2 A. M. We had had so much delightful weather that we were rather in dread of a change for our voyage across the Baltic, but it did not come, and we had the smoothest possible sea, and the brightest possible atmosphere for all those four long summer days. On the first afternoon, about 5, we stopped at Abo, in Finland, where the boat was to lay until 4 next morning. The passengers all went ashore; and our party, by the advice of the Captain, who fortunately spoke very good English, got into a couple of droschkys and were driven out of the town a few miles, to a very nice hotel, that looked as though it might be a summer resort for the gentry of Abo, though the exterior and its surroundings were very much like our own American houses of the same kind. The droschky, on the contrary, is a very novel affair, and was the first really Russian arrangement we had then seen. It is composed of a low seat, to hold two persons, with no top and scarcely any back or sides, and another in front for the driver, while the animal who draws it rejoices in a heavy arch, made of wood, and about six inches thick, that rises three feet above his head, and is fastened at each end to his collar, where, also, the shafts come to an end, after bending out from his body so as to be at the middle, six feet or more apart. Upon this occasion we were rattled over the stones at a rate that was rather amusing to us, but we had to watch against being jolted off the seat, which had no sides to keep us on it. After dining and spending an hour at the hotel, we were rattled back to our comfortable little steamer. The four days we spent aboard were as much alike as days at sea usually are. The only variety consisted in stopping each day about 5 P. M. at a different one of these quiet Finnish towns. The last day I spent entirely on deck, and was ready to catch the first glimpse of the gilded domes and spires of St. Petersburg, long before we could distinguish any of the individual buildings of the city,—those on the great "Isaac Cathedral" looking almost like the sun itself, surrounded by four lesser luminaries. The Russians use a great deal of gilding. All the public and imperial buildings are ornamented with it to an extent that is certainly very splendid, and gives the city an elegance of appearance quite different from any we have seen. . . . . We have had a peep into domestic life in these foreign parts, but particulars must not now be given, and I will go on with what remains to be said of this beautiful city of St. Petersburg, which reminds us somewhat of Paris, in its "magnificent distances," and broad streets, and splendid monuments, and has a peculiar interest for *us*, from having been founded almost at the same time with our own Philadelphia. Peter the Great and Wm. Penn are said to have had a good deal of friendly intercourse while the former was learning ship building in the London dock yards; and we have seen the first log hut which he built in 1703, as a commencement of his mighty work. It is to be regretted that all the wealth and splendor that are concentrated here should have so miserable a foundation, for, being built on several marshy islands, and some ground that was *made* for the occasion, the whole city is supported on piles; and we were told that there is a certain building, which somebody wishes to remove, but is afraid to do so, because the largest and finest church in St. Petersburg is in some way balanced by it, so that if the one was taken down the other would be in danger of falling too. This "Isaac Cathedral" is one of the most beautiful buildings I have ever seen, though externally very plain, and, with the exception of its richly gilded domes, the tone of coloring is subdued and elegant. I think every one must admire its perfect taste and the grandeur of its proportions. The interior is perfectly sumptuous in gilding and mosaics and exquisite paintings. On each side of the "High Altar" are six pillars of *Malachite*, thirty feet in height, and a smaller one of Lapis Lazuli—materials which are used in most countries for *jewelry* or very delicate ornamental work. Our hotel is immediately opposite St. Isaacs, which, at first, we thought a great thing, but the perpetual ringing of bells is something of a nuisance, and we are awakened every morning at 6, by *such a peal* as no one ever heard, I am sure, out of Russia. A combination of a quick, sharp, hurry-up sort of tone, with another deep and slow and rather solemn. This is repeated several times a day, drawing always an immense crowd of devotees to the church. We have visited Imperial palaces and galleries and churches, until our eyes are almost dazzled with the riches and magnificence they have seen. As to the Hermitage, we think even the Louvre and the great galleries of Italy will have to "hang their diminished heads" before it, and the Winter Palace is acknowledged by every one to be worth coming to St. Petersburg purposely to look at. The

gallery of Peter the Great contains a vast collection of objects either made or used by himself, with an effigy of this remarkable man seated in the midst, and looking almost like life. A little figure of his housekeeper, when he lived in Holland, also figures here, and so many other things, all interesting from various associations, that their names alone would fill more paper than I have now to spare. In the Cathedral of the Fortress, we saw the sepulchres of all the Russian sovereigns, with one or two exceptions, from Peter the Great down; all precisely alike, each a plain and exquisitely polished white marble tomb about six or seven feet long by three or four in height and breadth, with a large and finely-gilded cross lying on the top, and a corresponding ornament at each corner. The effect was that of perfect elegance and simplicity, and great richness, and the whole church was in a style of extreme splendor. Over the tomb of Peter the Great hung a golden image of St. Peter, said to be precisely the size of the former at his birth; nineteen inches in height and five broad; and a very tiny baby it looked, though he grew to be a man of about six feet eight inches. From the top of this church rises a spire, measuring above the building 128 feet, and covered with burnished gilding to the very point. Almost all the *Russian* churches in the city (and the greater number have five domes each), are ornamented in the same manner; and nothing can exceed their magnificence, looking, too, as fresh and brilliant as though only finished yesterday. After our visit to the Cathedral, we had a pleasant drive over "the Islands" around the city. These are covered for a considerable distance by beautiful villas. Among these the road passes for several miles, then through a fine park, and terminates at a point of land looking westward over the water; and here the fashionable world are wont to congregate about sunset. We spent the remainder of the evening in a celebrated place of resort called "Islea's"—a public garden where all sorts of amusements were going on. Here we saw the Russian style of drinking tea—from tumblers, quite hot, and with a slice of lemon instead of cream. I tried a glass—it was good, but I prefer our method.

We have been whirled through Imperial palaces and treasure chambers, and churches, and galleries at so rapid a rate that I am afraid the only impression left by it all, will be a sort of kaleidoscope picture of splendid objects, without much order. One day was spent in going through the Palace of the Grand Duchesse Marie, (sister to the Emperor,) which quite delighted us by the air of coziness and comfort that was apparent, even in the midst of all its magnificence; and the display of equipages exceeded anything we could have imagined, in the way of extravagant and gorgeous decoration, though utterly indescribable in detail. In singular contrast with these, there was a small carriage that Peter the Great was said to have made, and from the simplicity of its construction and workmanship we felt quite ready to believe the story. Next morning, we visited the Palace of Tsarnoe Selo, and though we were not admitted into the more private apartments, every thing we saw was superb and luxurious. To give thee some idea of the style of doing things here, I will tell thee that one of the chambers, and a very large one, is entirely lined from floor to ceiling with the richest *amber*, beside which are picture frames of the same material, most elaborately wrought. In the Park and grounds there are a variety of fanciful arrangements, such as a Chinese village, and a Swiss dairy, and a miniature fleet, &c., and all kept in the most exquisite order; but as it is ten miles in circuit, one afternoon did not allow us time to appreciate its beauties. In the evening, we mounted to the top of the great dome of St Isaac's, and had a splendid view of the city and its surroundings before leaving, as was our intention, next day, for Moscow.

Moscow.

We left St. Petersburg for Moscow in the "Sleeping train," as we were not to arrive till the following morning at 10. After all we had heard of the wonderful comfort of the *Russian cars*, we were certainly a little disappointed. In point of singularity, they exceed any thing we have yet met with, but they are so cut up into salons and passages, and (so-called) conveniences of various kinds, that the available space for general use is less than usual, and the seats far less luxurious than those in the cars of France and Germany. The road, too, was one of the roughest we have been on in Europe, so that the sleep we had was not very refreshing. The first day, we merely took a preliminary drive through the city, to get a general idea of the place we were in—from which drive we infer that though Moscow certainly contains a great many objects of interest and curiosity, it cannot compare with St. Petersburg in the splendor of its buildings or the imposing appearance of its streets. The droschkys, of which it is said there are 10,000 in St. Petersburg, flourish here too, and in even a more primitive form, being simply a bench, placed lengthwise, on which the passengers sit, either astride or not, as they please, and the driver occupies the end next the horse. The costume of these drivers is

invariably the same, and consists of a dark blue gown reaching to the heels, crossed surplice fashion in front, like a lady's wrapper, and girded round the waist with a bright colored sash; a little black hat with a bell crown, about three inches high, and a very narrow rim, curled up on each side, completes the rig; and as nearly every one of them has light hair with beard and moustache cut precisely alike, it is difficult to identify any particular individual among their band. In the matter of *costume* generally, we have been quite disappointed in all these Northern lands; and as far as the appearance of the common people is concerned, we see far less that is strange and foreign than we have done anywhere else on the Continent, and we constantly find ourselves wondering, not at the singularity, but at the familiarity of things that meet us at every turn,—in *customs* as well as *costumes*. The only approach in the latter to anything at all remarkable, is in the men of the lower classes, who wear their shirts (made of gay colored calico) *outside* the trousers, which are very full and tucked in at the knees, under their boots. We have seen the wonders of some of the churches and inside the walls of the Kremlin. The churches are filled with sacred relics and interesting memoirs of former times, exceedingly curious, but they must be *seen* to be appreciated. The churches are loaded with the richest gilding and ornamentation. In one of them the floor was composed entirely of agate, a present from some Eastern potentate, and the diamonds and other jewels that blazed around the sacred images were "something wonderful." The same term may be applied to the *profound* devotion rendered by all classes of people to the Images, though, unlike the votaries of the Romish Church, they hold it idolatrous to worship any thing so nearly approaching the human form as a *statue;* but have all their Madonnas and crucifixes either painted on a flat surface or in basso relievo, though they are still called "Images." The remains of some of the sacred founders of these churches, however, seem to be exempted from this law, for we saw several of their sarcophagi, in which a certain part of the body (either the forehead, or breast, or hand,) was left exposed, to receive the kisses of the faithful, and these were lavished quite as devoutly as upon the bronze toe of St. Peter, at Rome. The Greek Church differs also from the Romish in that every one during service either stands, kneels or prostrates himself with his forehead on the ground. There is not a single seat to be seen, and even the Emperor, when present, does the same. After leaving the church, we paid our respects to the Great Bell, which measures nineteen feet in height and weighs 444,000 pounds, and which, some years ago, "fell from its high estate," was broken, and now stands on a raised platform in one of the courts. We passed out of the Kremlin by the "Spaski," or Redeemer's gate, as it is called, over which is a picture of the Redeemer; and every one is required to uncover the head on entering or leaving the Kremlin by this gate. Then came the church of St. Basil, outside the walls, one of the most grotesque looking buildings, with ten domes, each one different from all the others, and covered with every variety of gaudy and fantastic coloring. We will now pass on to the Foundling Hospital, a most colossal institution, where 12,000 babies are taken care of for one year, and then otherwise provided for by the government. On applying at the entrance, we encountered one of the officers of the concern, who very politely conducted us through enough of the rooms to give us an idea of the whole arrangement. The first we entered contained a long double row of infants in cradles, covered carefully with neting to keep off the flies; and these, we were told, were "*Orphans of the State.*" They had just had their dinners, and were lying there looking as smiling and comfortable as possible. The other babies were not in cradles, but each one had its own nurse, dressed in her bright petticoat, white apron and scarlet cap, and holding her little charge in her arms; and as we passed through the different rooms, that were large and airy and in perfect order, these nurses were all ranged, standing with military precision in double file, bowing low to each of us as we walked along. Every thing was faultlessly neat and clean, and the washing arrangement as nice as could be desired, extending even to a down covering to protect the baby, while undressed, from the hard bones or harder crinoline of the nurse. We were next shown the department for the sick children, and lastly, the room where those who are received during every day are kept until the evening. It was then 1 o'clock, and thirteen nurses were already standing, each with a baby in her arms, while many others were awaiting theirs. It was altogether a most interesting sight, and the more so, as the Institution is not exclusively for "infants trouves," but is open also to *all* poor children whose parents are unable to provide for them, but who may reclaim them at any moment, each child having its number, and a corresponding ticket being delivered to the person who brings it, so that she can at any time receive information of its welfare. This arrangement applies also to the foundlings, who are not *left* as at most institutions of the kind,

but *given* into the hands of a person appointed to receive them, with no questions asked, excepting whether they have been baptized, which ceremony is immediately performed, should the answer be in the negative. It took us a long time to do justice to this "Mammoth Charity," which, I think, can scarcely have its counterpart anywhere, not even in *Paris*, where most things are on the grandest possible scale. In the afternoon, we drove out to the Botanic and Zoological gardens—saw a number of the public buildings and the great Reservoirs from which the city is supplied with water, brought to them from the works, eighteen miles off. Notwithstanding this supply, the fire companies, in case of fire, carry water with them in huge casks, and make use of *buckets* to extinguish it. We had heard of the intense heat we should find here, and were very near coming North without a proper supply of thick clothing, but are glad we were more prudent than to do so. We have certainly felt nothing that would be called *hot* weather *at home*. I think I must send thee a receipt for a Russian dessert. The dish was called "Mayonnaise au fruit," and was simply a mixture of every kind of fruit that could be found in the market—strawberries, currants, raspberries, cherries, plums and cantelopes, the two latter cut into little bits, and the whole had evidently stood some time in sugar to draw out the juice. *I* should have preferred each variety by itself. As for strawberries, we have been having them now since May, and at every station on the railroads children would swarm around the cars with their tiny birch-bark baskets filled with them, and we could buy basket and fruit for a few coppers. I do not know where they or any other kind of fruit can grow, for all the country we have seen, excepting palace grounds, &c., around St. Petersburg and Moscow, is of the most miserable description, and a very small proportion under any culture.

BE THOUGHTFUL TOWARD THY KIND.

Think often: "Who may be enjoying now
The good I did him once?" And though 'twere only
The coat thou gavest a beggar; the warm room
Where now in Winter time poor children sit;
And if it glads thee—then do good again!
Yet think, too: "Who perhaps is suffering now
The ill I did him once?" And though 'twere only
The stone thou took'st not from the blind man's path,
The angry word a soft heart bore from thee!
And if that grieves thee—then do good again!

—*From the German of Leopold Schefer.*

The dying benediction of a sage to his disciples was: "I pray for you that the fear of Heaven may be as strong upon you as the fear of man. You avoid sin before the face of the latter; avoid it before the face of the All-seeing."

EXCERPTS,

Or Scraps from unpublished Letters.

If Friends will only keep to the fundamental principle of our Society, and know, experimentally, the reality and efficiency of the inspeaking principle, or Light of Christ in the Soul, to be both the Guide and the Help, the Wisdom and the Power,—that which enables both to will and to do of the good pleasure of the Holy One, and that it leads into humility, watchfulness, faithfulness, kindness and love,—all will be well; and I feel confidence to believe that this is getting to be more and more the case with many.

The quiet solemnity spread over us this morning, while sitting together, seemed deeper than words; but almost immediately on returning home a salutation of love went forth toward you, clothed in a language like this: When our friends are taken from us in the meridian of life,—when their intellectual strength is at the zenith of its power—when the ties which bind to this world seem to be the strongest—when the endearments of life hang in their richest clusters, and all that renders life lovely is spread out as a great banquet before us, then to be summoned away ere the sweets are fully tasted,—seems, if we look at it in an outward point of view, as very severe discipline. But who may inquire of the Righteous Judge what doest Thou? He it is who can change the loveliness of all these things in our sight, when he is about to loose the silvery cords which bind to this life, and break the full bowl of terrestrial bliss. He it is who can give a prospect beyond all these, more cheering, more enduring, and far transcending earth's highest prize.

When favored with such a comfortable evidence, as in this case, we can rest satisfied in the acknowledgment, "That life is long which answers life's great end." Although some of those who are left may feel as if their chief comfort was removed, and that life can never again be what it has been, yet He who is perfect in wisdom reserves to himself the healing balm which he distils upon the mind as it is prepared to receive it.

These things all work, to some extent, a deliverance for us from earth's cumbering cares, and occasions a more careful disposal of our thoughts and time; and there are few of us but must acknowledge we have been too much occupied with things that pass away with the using.

I want to tell thee of my willingness to re-

ceive the watchword sent us by thy father. In the present day, perhaps it is peculiarly needful to keep in that dependant gathered state, expressed by the language, "Watch and pray."

On reading thy father's expression of fear lest the cord of affection or friendship now binding us together might be broken, I was reminded of a caution given, I believe, by R. Shackleton to his daughter on removing to a new home, "Not too hastily to build Friendship's wall, but allow time for the cement to dry, lest haply the structure, though beautiful to look at, should fall." In regard to the feeling existing between us, all we can do towards its continuance is to know our habitation to be in the Truth. I believe this was the foundation of our attachment. Truly heavenly Love is a cement durable in its nature, though it may be shattered by a rebellious spirit. May it be our concern not to let the sound of the hammer be heard upon our wall.

The Master had to endure deep baptisms, and why should the servant expect to be more exempt than his Master, or the disciple than his Lord? We are told that through much suffering we shall enter the kingdom; therefore let us endeavor to endure as good soldiers, always keeping in view the certain reward for faithfulness. And I believe that a patient, fervent desire to the Father of all our sure mercies will do much for us; and I can with feelings of gratitude acknowledge that this day has been one in which the prison doors have been opened, and the spiritual fountain has been unsealed, to the refreshment of the inner man: and the desire of thy friend has been and now is that thou mayst have been a recipient of this ever-blessed and refreshing stream.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 12, 1868.

PESTALOZZI.—One of our friends in England having "observed that the subjects of 'Home Influence' and 'Teaching' frequently occupy the columns of the Intelligencer," has sent us a Lecture on the Life and Writings of Pestalozzi, the publication of which we commence in the present number. It has not before appeared in print. In reference to Pestalozzi, she says: "The name of that great man of European celebrity will not be unfamiliar to you, and I apprehend you may have much sympathy with his educational views.

"Pestalozzi's mode of instruction, or rather development, is peculiarly adapted for the masses. I have thought that at this time, when the education of the long neglected poor negro race is calling forth so much active sympathy, encouragement or help might be derived from the successes and failures and large experiences of so enlightened and devoted a mind. I have therefore made a transcript for your use."

MARRIED, according to the rules of the Society of Friends, JOSEPH J. KESTER to FRANCES J. GLACKINS, at the residence of the bride's sisters, on the 27th of Eighth month; both of 27th Ward, Philada.

DIED, at her residence in Solebury Township, on the 6th of Eighth month, 1868, AGNES SIMPSON, on her 60 birthday, after a lingering illness, which she bore with patience and resignation; a member of Solebury Monthly Meeting.

——, at his residence in the city of Battle Creek, Mich., on the 30th of Seventh month, 1868, RICHARD F. TITUS, in the 68th year of his age; a member of Purchase Monthly Meeting of Friends in the State of New York. He was interred the following day in Friends' burying-ground, after a solemn meeting. The following notice appeared in the public "Journal" of that city:

"Richard F. Titus, one of our most estimable citizens, had resided in this city nearly a quarter of a century, and had gained by his integrity and uprightness, as well as by the uniform courtesy which marked his character, the universal esteem of the community. He was an obliging neighbor, a diligent and successful man of business, and ever ready to promote the real interests of the city and the general welfare of the public. His death is sincerely mourned by the people of this section."

NOTICE.

Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen" will resume its Monthly Meetings on Fourth-day evening next, 16th inst., at 7½ o'clock.

A full attendance is urged upon all who feel an interest in this concern.

JACOB M. ELLIS, } *Secretaries.*
ANNIE COOPER, }

NOTICE.

The regular meeting of the Committee of Management of the Library (Race Street) is postponed until Fourth-day evening, the 23d inst., of which further notice will be given.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

A Meeting of the Executive Committee will be held on Sixth-day afternoon, Ninth mo. 18th, at 3 o'clock.

THOMAS GARRIGUES, *Clerk.*

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The Annual Conference of First-day Schools within the limits of Indiana Yearly Meeting will be held at Waynesville, Ohio, on Second-day evening of Yearly Meeting week, Ninth mo. 28th, at 7 o'clock. An invitation to attend is extended to Friends of other Yearly Meetings.

The following letter has been sent us by a friend of the writer.

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

In this letter I propose to give a short description of the Pyramids of Geezeh. To the traveller arriving in Cairo for the first time, what strange sights loom up before his eyes! The narrowness of the streets, and their great irregularity, oftentimes strike him as imperfections in a large city; but their Oriental character fully compensates for this objection, and of all Eastern towns none are so interesting in this respect as the Egyptian capital.

Nor is this character confined to the bazaars, to the mosques or to the peculiarities of the exterior of the houses; the interiors are of the same original Arab style, and no one can visit the harems and courts of the private dwellings of the Cairones without recalling the impressions he received on reading the Arabian Nights. This city is of an irregular form; about two miles in length, by about half that in breadth. The population at the present day is about 280,000 souls. About half of these are Moslems, the rest consisting of Copts, Jews, Franks, Greeks, and Armenians. It were well if the population of dogs had decreased in the same proportion as the inhabitants of Cairo; a smaller number would suffice for all the purposes for which they are useful, and the annoyance of these barking plagues might be diminished to great advantage. Their habits are strange; they consist of a number of small republics, each having its own district, determined by a frontier line, respected equally by itself and its neighbors; and woe to the dog who dares to venture across it at night, either for plunder or curiosity.

He is chased with all the fury of the offended party, whose territory he has invaded; but if lucky enough to escape to his own frontier unhurt, he immediately turns round with the confidence of right, defies his pursuers to continue the chase, and, supported by his assembled friends, joins with them in barking defiance at any further hostility. On the morning of the 4th of March I left Cairo with an American friend for the Pyramids, besides two good donkeys and a small boy to act as guide. On our arrival at the Nile we crossed the river in a flat-boat similar to the boats now used on the Mississippi; had a splendid view of the river north and south with its numerous sail boats, sand shoals, and small islands.

The country along this river is the richest in the world, and far surpasses our Western prairies in regard to fertility, abounding in wheat, rye, and other grains, besides a great abundance of wild game, such as ducks, snipe, quail, etc. Just before reaching Cheops (the great Pyramid) we saw about 1000 men, women, and children, at work on the road, that is to say, carrying dirt in baskets on their heads to repair the former; this is what might be called forced labor, and which their ancient brethren underwent before their entry into the Promised Land.

Arriving at the Pyramids about 9 A. M, we were beset by a whole tribe of Arabs and sheiks, who kept following after us like a swarm of hungry wolves, their continual cry being "backshish," "backshish," which is the Arab word for drink money. After resting for a few minutes, we made an arrangement with one of the sheiks to go up the Pyramids for 5 francs each ($1.00,) a great swindle, but were obliged to pay it, as it is a government tax levied on all strangers.

Were obliged to be hauled up these huge masses of stones by two Arabs, who nearly pulled us apart; rested four times on the way up, which occupied about ten minutes time, and were very glad when the summit was reached; the ascent was easy, but fatiguing, as the stones are in some places so high that you are obliged to ascend on your knees.

Were well repaid for our trouble, as the day was fine, and the view magnificent. To the south lay the second Pyramid with its three smaller companions, the former from where we stood appearing much higher than Cheops itself; beyond these as far as the eye can reach there is nothing but a desolate sand waste; to the east lies the Sphinx, partly covered up in the sand, which, although it is about 70 feet high, looks like a mere stone in the desert when viewed from such a great height. How great is the contrast to the north! There the eye ranges over a highly cultivated tract of country, as level as the plains of Long Island, while in the distance loom up large forests of palm trees, the monotony of the level plain being relieved by the waters of the Nile, wending their course through the grassy plain, and in fact lending enchantment to the whole scene around, is perhaps a sight not soon forgotten by the observing tourist.

The descent was quite easy with the assistance of the Arabs, and in about ten minutes we found ourselves safely landed at the base of these huge piles, which have stood so many centuries and been so often ascended. Wonder of wonders, and truly may they all be called so; for one does not dream of their size until he has made the ascent over their huge jagged blocks. The next thing on the programme was to go into the interior of these wonderful monuments. After lighting four candles, the guides led us down an inclined stone passage way, so low in some places that we were obliged to stoop. The floor

beneath our feet being of stone, was very slippery, and the party ahead stirring up the dust and dirt made the air suffocating, so that it was almost impossible to breathe; after turning and twisting for some time, we arrived at a square chamber some 80 feet long and about 20 high; from here we were drawn up a kind of tramway of stone to the King's chamber, which contains only a tomb.

The way back was rather tough, as the stones were so slippery that we were obliged to sit on them and allow the Arabs to draw us along,—a very unpleasant mode of locomotion; so that by the time we had seen all, we were glad to get out again and breathe fresh air. Few travellers ever undertake this trip a second time.

The Pyramids have been frequently mentioned by ancient and modern writers; but the statements of the former respecting their founders are far from satisfactory, and no conjectures seem to explain the object for which they were erected.

According to Herodotus, the founder of the great Pyramid, (called by him Cheops), was a prince whose crimes and tyranny rendered his name odious even to posterity. He closed all the temples, and forbade the Egyptians to perform sacrifices; after which he made them all work for him. Some were employed in the quarries of the Arabian hills, to cut stones, to drag them to the river, and to put them into boats, others being stationed on the opposite shore to receive them, and drag them to the Libyan hills; and the 100,000 men thus occupied were relieved by an equal number every three months.

Of the time passed in this arduous undertaking, ten years were taken up with the construction of the causeway for the transport of the stones, a work scarcely less wonderful than the Pyramid itself.

These ten years were occupied exclusively in the causeway, independently of the time spent in levelling the hill on which the Pyramids stand, and in making the subterranean chambers intended for his tomb in an island formed by the waters of the Nile, which he conducted thither by a canal.

The building of the Pyramid itself occupied twenty years. After the death of Cheops, his successors built a number of other smaller Pyramids.

The height of the great Pyramid is about 480 feet, its present base 746 feet, and covers some 12½ acres of land; it is by far the best built of all the Pyramids, and will most likely stand for many centuries to come.

The style of building in the second Pyramid is inferior to that of the first, and the stones used in its construction were less carefully selected, though united with nearly the same kind of cement. It is far more difficult to ascend, on account of the projecting casing, which greatly overhangs the other part below it, and in descending over its smooth face it requires a strong head, as in looking down between your feet you see the plain below, while searching for a footing in the small holes cut here and there to serve as steps; however, few travellers venture up this one, even with Arabs.

The height of this Pyramid is 447 feet, the present base 690 feet, and covers about ten acres of ground. It stands on higher ground than the great Pyramid, and has, when seen from certain positions, the appearance of greater height. The third Pyramid is very similar to the other two, and shows the mode of constructing these monuments (not perceived in the other two) in almost perpendicular degrees or stones, to which a sloping face has been afterwards added. The measurements of the third Pyramid are, present base 333 feet; present height perpendicular 203 feet; extent of area nearly 3 acres. A few hundred feet from the second Pyramid is the Sphinx. It is cut out of the solid rock, part only of the back being cased with stone, where the rock was defective. The cap of the Sphinx, which was the ram's horns and feathers, has long since been removed; but a cavity in the head attests its position, and explains the method by which it was fixed. The mutilated state of the face and absence of the nose have led many to the erroneous conclusion that the features were African; but, by taking an accurate sketch of the face, and restoring the nose, any one may convince himself that the lips, as well as the rest of the features, perfectly agree with the physiognomy of an Egyptain. Pliny says it measured from the belly to the highest point of the head 63 feet; its length was 143 feet, and the circumference of its head round the forehead 102 feet; all cut out in the natural rock, and worked smooth.

We next visited a large tomb, measuring 109 feet by 90, lately opened by Monsieur Mariette; situated two hundred feet south east from the Sphinx; and from its passages being lined with granite, and some with oriental alabaster, it evidently belonged to an individual of consequence. It seems also to have been of early time. Some of the blocks of granite used in its construction are perfectly wonderful, and how they were ever moved is a mystery even to engineers of the present day; this tomb will soon be again filled up by the drifting sands. Leaving the Pyramids at 2 P. M., we arrived at the Hôtel d'Orient in time for a good table d'hôte, somewhat tired out after our long day's journey.

VOYAGEUR.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:

"The Deserted Meeting House" was published some time ago in the North American and U. S. Gazette. It has reference to Upper Springfield Meeting-house, Burlington Co., N. J., and was written by a person who, when young, accompanied his parents to said meeting, of which they were members. I think its publication will add to the interest of the "Intelligencer." T. R.

9th mo. 1, 1868.

THE DESERTED MEETING-HOUSE.

How few the years that youth and age divide,
And yet of startling change how sadly rife!
Thus, o'er a blighted shrine, a pilgrim sighed,
Where crowds had worshipped in his spring of life.

The ancient fane in Druid loneness stood,
Just as of yore, on gently rising ground,
Within the precincts of a sheltering wood,
Whose leafy limbs seemed still to clasp it round.

Forlorn it looked along the public way,
No wall begirt it, no protector nigh;
Its roofless sheds, fast tumbling in decay,
Matched well the tottering graveyard fence hard by.

The approaching paths where busy feet once trode,
Uncalled by tolling bell at meeting tide,
Still faintly ran beside the grass-grown road
Whence country grandeur came in Sabbath pride.

By none molested, visited by few,
With unresisting doors and crumbling wall,
The sacred awe its ancient memories threw
Alone remained to shield it in its fall.

Yet still the oaks their wealth of leaves renewed,
Where "early comers," once within their shade,
With studied courtesy and voice subdued,
Their stores of knowledge modestly displayed.

The interest grew with each accession there,
Till entering passed the Christian fathers by,
With looks ecstatic, as of coming prayer,
About to plead for mercies from on high.

Then, half reluctant, though by duty led,
The young, in whispering converse, neared the door;
And soon each one stole in on tiptoe tread,
Afraid to wake an echo from the floor.

On either hand the dais-like galleries rise;
There were the elders of each sex arrayed,
With serious mien, but keen, observant eyes,
The youth surveying, and by them surveyed.

No vocal hymns, no organ pealing loud,
No bustling verger, no robed priests were there;
No separate altar, veiled in incense cloud—
But all, as equals, joined in silent prayer.

A solemn hush o'er all the assembly stole;
Each scanned the past, and sought as guiding light,
The still small voice, that Mentor of the soul,
By great Elijah heard on Horeb's height.

Not that the stringent rules the old had made
Could always curb the errant thoughts of youth,
Or those of other sects, who came and prayed
With men they honored as the types of truth.

Oft must youth break the forms the old obey;
Slight causes there might serious thoughts restrain,
As bright eyes glancing o'er the passage way,
Or prisoned insects whirring 'gainst the pane.

Soon fled such lightness when the speaker rose,
Whose touching eloquence could quickly bring
All hearts to sorrow o'er the Saviour's woes,
Or plead self-humbled with Judea's king.

The meeting closed, with mutual greetings shared,
The stately seniors, then emerging slow,
Paused oft to question how the absent fared,
And on the sick their sympathies bestow.

Not so the young, elastic—as a spring
From strong constraint released, rebounds the more—
They gaily chat, or boldly venturing,
Accost the gentle maidens at the door.

So 'twas in old and better times; alas!
That troublous themes, bewildering earnest men,
Should through that realm of peace resistless pass,
And break the bonds of brotherhood in twain.

Ah! happy days, thus sadly brought to mind,
Ah! hapless house, whose worshippers are fled,
Or, of their jarring creeds oblivious, find
A quiet meeting place among the dead.

For where are they, those seniors of old time?
Where he of grave fourscore, the first in place,
Whose froward youth, in wildness spent, not crime,
Had ploughed deep furrows on his rugged face?

And he, whose lofty faith and sombre mind
Awed all the weak, and oft repressed the bold,
Severely just, yet generously kind,
An ancient Cato, in a Christian mould?

And he, of massive form, and bearded face,
Who, like old Chronos in gray marble wrought,
Sat, grim and still, in one unvaried place,
Yet revelled in fantastic fields of thought?

And they, most prized, whom gushing memory here
With many a sweet yet painful thought revives,
Whose loving hearts, in their parental sphere,
Poured floods of happiness on younger lives?

Yes, where are they? Where, too, their brethren now?
Those plain exemplars of unconscious worth:
Move scarce a bowshot forth, and humbly bow,
For there they slumber in one common earth.

Few lettered stones, no mouldering vaults, are there—
Round kindred groups of graves the pathways run—
No monumental marbles chill the air,
Or check the radiant glories of the sun.

Hearts that ache most grieve least to outward show,
And for the loved and lost too deeply mourn
To rear such pageant mimicries of woe
As broken shaft, inverted torch or urn.

There round each grave the sunbeams freely play,
The zephyrs softly wave its tufts of green,
And save the coy wood-robin's plaintive lay,
No sound disturbs the silence of the scene.

An hundred years had death his harvest there,
Of those whose fame yet sanctifies his ground,
For gravesmen, with hereditary care,
Keep fresh the story of each cherished mound.

Seek ye their monuments; look the country o'er,
And know that all men called them wise and just;
Learn how in reverence held the names they bore,
In new lives spring, like blossoms from their dust.

What broad domains they tilled when strong and young—
What kindness showed to those of humbler state—
What maxims left, couched in their dulcet tongue,
With fond remembrance many still relate.

See these poor graves! revered by all around;
No mirth profanes, no reveller comes this way;
With bated breath each pilgrim treads the ground,
And, sorrowing, views the ancient shrines decay.
Deem we not well such memories of the dead
May stone outweigh, in tributary worth,
And o'er their slumbers holier halos spread
Than towering pyramids or piles of earth?

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

No. 17.

During the summer recess very little material comes to hand calculated to interest the general reader, and the purpose of the present number is more to "stir up the pure mind by way of remembrance," and to remind Friends that the "*Education Committee*" is still ardently attached to the good work, with a determination, if the pecuniary means are only forthcoming, or even *foreshowed*, to pursue it with renewed vigor.

It may be well to repeat the information that they expect to *risk* the opening of *eleven* schools, and having closed the past session with an empty treasury, it will be readily seen that *money* will be absolutely necessary.

Although laboring in such an enervating climate, the letters from our teachers showed conclusively that they maintained their interest to the very last, and some of them even manifesting *almost an impatience* at the necessity for closing the schools.

In this continued interest the pupils also participated—one of the Teachers remarking that their attendance "continued until the very last day;" adding, "*how much* we hope a year spent in a field of labor such as this will bring forth, none but a *Teacher* can appreciate or estimate. I regret leaving some of my pupils who take such an interest in the work before them, but in this climate very little physical or mental power can be expended during the summer months."

Another Teacher remarks, "*I feel so sorry to leave them.* They are coming in every few minutes with some little token of remembrance—amongst other matters I have now on hand two pairs of chickens."

In reference to the pecuniary ability of the colored people to sustain their schools, *Major O. E. Hine* thus writes from Vienna, Va.

"In answer to your questions in reference to prospects of the colored people and their ability to partially sustain schools next year, I would remark, that in this neighborhood the colored people are very poor yet; though they have materially improved their condition during the last year. Of the twenty-five *families* accommodated by your school here, scarcely one of them is in a condition to pay anything towards its support now, yet some of them will be able to help a little in the Fall if they are reasonably prosperous this Summer. They are now making an effort to raise about one hundred dollars, with which to complete their school-house, which will be quite a tax upon them. "The above is true of nearly all the schools of this county. I hope your Society will be able to open the schools again in the Fall, for *it seems too hard, that the poverty of these poor people should deprive them of even a little light for their dark minds!* Our new Constitution provides for a liberal system of free schools, but the failure of impeachment, will, I fear, prevent its ratification this year."

In concluding, the Major pays this tribute to our teacher. (In fact it may be well to add that we are in the frequent receipt of testimonials to the ability, worth and faithfulness of our teachers.)

"Her large school and close confinement during the winter have impaired her health somewhat, but I presume home and freedom will soon bring back her light step and happy spirits."

Our teacher at *Waterford, Va.*, speaks of the anxiety of the Freedmen at that place to have their school kept up, and states that they have formed an *Educational Society*, through the instrumentality of which they had raised *forty-five dollars* for the quarter immediately preceding her writing. She also forwards a number of "*compositions*" of her pupils, from which the following are selected:

The first, written by Ann Maria Harvey, *only eleven years of age.*

"TEMPERANCE MEETING."

"I was at the temperance meeting last Saturday night. There were not many people there, and we had a good time. The man spoke beautifully. It was a grand thing, that they started this temperance society. What looks worse than to see a man drunk? I saw a man the other day, and he was drinking whiskey, and he asked me, would I take a drink? I told him, no sir, I thank you. What would I look like coming up the street drunk, and if my mother and father knew it, what would they do? I know I would be sorry for it, and I would be so ashamed for my teacher to know it, because it is wrong to drink strong drink. I would rather see a man in his grave, than to see him a drunkard. I would like to know what good it does a man to drink such miserable stuff. I think if I was a man, I would not drink whiskey or any other strong drink.

"I don't think I have any more to say about temperance meeting. I will write about school. I am very sorry indeed that school is going to stop this week." . . . .

Note.—The penmanship of the above is

very creditable—the notes of interrogation, and most of the capitals properly placed, *with but one word* corrected for error in orthography.

The next, *Mary S. E. Boyd*, aged fourteen years, in excellent handwriting, thus addresses us:

"*My Philadelphia Friends*, I am very glad that our school will be kept up next winter. I think that our Philadelphia friends have been very kind to us, for you have given us books and clothing, and they have been of a great deal of good for the last two winters. I am very much obliged to you for your kindness indeed, and I hope that all the others are too." . . . . . .

The author thus dilates on the subject of Temperance, and referring to *Whiskey*, says: "If I had my way, there would not be any sold except for medicine," adding, "I think using *tobacco* is a very bad habit; I hope we will have a society to prohibit the use of it. I think it is almost as bad as drinking whiskey."

(*Note.*—In the above there is not a single misspelt or corrected word!)

Another, *Mary S. Kennedy*, eleven years of age, addresses a letter to her Teacher, and in alluding to the closing of the school for vacation thus discourses her love for Geography:

"I suppose Friday will be the last day, and I am sorry; if I could just get through my Geography, I would not care so much about the rest of my studies. I hope you will have a pleasant vacation, and I hope we will all have a pleasant summer; then come to school again with our minds [strengthened] to study." &c. &c.

Ellwood Ashby, another of her pupils, aged thirteen years, also alludes to the closing of the school for the season, and adds:

"I think our Philadelphia Friends are very kind to help us—we ought to learn all we can. In a few years we may not have any school to go to, and then we will be sorry that we did not try and study harder. We have a very kind teacher, and she takes a great deal of care with us and tries to teach us all she can, and we ought all to try to learn.

We have once seen the time that we did not know what school was. When I first went to school I thought that I could not learn my letters, but I found that I *could* learn if I would study. I hope that all of the scholars will come to school again next fall."

(*Note.*—In the last two letters there is but one instance of a corrected word.)

We have also on hand quite a lengthy address from *Henry Carrol*, a colored minister of that place, who gratefully acknowledges the privilege he has enjoyed in attending our school, and to which letter we may possibly refer in the future.

Philadelphia, 9th mo. 19, 1868.

TIDES AND THEIR CAUSES.

The phenomenon of the daily tides of our sea coasts and tidal rivers is attributed to the attraction of the moon upon the earth; that the moon draws the earth toward it, and that in drawing the earth toward it, it bulges up the water of the ocean on the side presented toward the moon, and drawing the earth and water thus on that side, also draws the earth away from the water on the opposite side of it, and thus leaves the water bulged up on that side; and in doing all this, the effect comes after the cause some three hours, which is termed "the tide lagging behind." Now, if we knew *per se* what attraction of gravitation was, and that it produced this anomaly of force, there would be nothing to question in the matter. But as we only know by attraction that it means drawing to, it is impossible to reconcile the theory of the tides as they run to the attraction of the moon. If the moon is so potent in drawing up, why does it not draw a bulge on the inland seas—our great lakes? I will not discuss the question of the moon's apogee and perigee—its different velocities in different parts of its orbit, as laid down by the law of Kepler, or whether it turns once on its axis in a month or not, as either theory will answer for its phases as well as for the face of the "man in the moon; but I will endeavour to give a more rational theory for the phenomenon of the daily tides.

The earth revolves on its axis, and makes a revolution every twenty-four hours, and this moves its equatorial surface nearly a thousand miles per hour. Now the water on its surface, covering about three-fourths of it, and being more mobile than the solid earth, is, by centrifugal force, made to roll around the earth, the same as the water is made to move around a grindstone when in motion, a thing familiar to everybody that uses that instrument. In the Southern Ocean this motion of the water is so well known to mariners who double Cape Horn in sailing from San Francisco to New York, that they now run considerably lower down, in order to ride this tide eastward, than they did in former times. Here, then, we have one fact of water tide more comprehensive, at least, than the tractive theory of the moon. We have also the fact of two great promontories in Capes Horn and Good Hope, where this great tidal wave must strike against, and they produce constant oscillations of the water to-and-fro, and produce gurgitation and re-gurgitation in all the gulfs and rivers that line the coasts of the northern, or more properly the land hemis-

phere. These gurgitations swell the water highest in the place where the seas become the narrowest, as the more northern latitudes. In addition to these daily oscillations of the water, there are constant eddy currents, denominated "gulf streams," all agreeing in their courses and motion to this theory of the ocean tides.

When our present received tide theory of moon attraction was first laid down, the fact of the water of the great Southern Ocean rolling round faster than the solid parts of our planet was not known. Smith, in his Physical Geography, says, "The tidal wave flows from East to West, owing to the earth's daily rotation in a contrary direction." Here he is unintentionally correct, because the water, striking these promontories of the two great capes is hurled back, and not, as he assumes, that the great ocean wave is moving from east to west. The United States Government's sailing charts lay down the fact of this great ocean wave moving from west to east, south of the capes, and the ships coming from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean take advantage of this, and ride the sea at the rate of over twenty knots per hour by following the routes laid down in Maury's charts.

The old philosophy of the crystalline spheres was not more at variance with the correct motion of the stars and planets than the moon theory of the tides. In their dilemma to account for the retrograde motions of the planets they denominated them wanderers, stragglers, because they would not march with the "music of the spheres." In the moon theory of the tides the lunar satellite is made to pull and push at one and the same time, which is entirely at variance with the philosophy of force.

There is nothing in the heavens nor in the earth that proves to us positively that the sun holds the planets, and the planets their satellites by attraction, as we are taught that the moon attracts the water of our world. We see that all terrestrial bodies tend toward the centre of the earth, and we call this gravitation; but we cannot see how a body moves around the earth without falling on it by this law. We say in dynamic philosophy that bodies move in the direction of least resistance, and that we can positively understand; but what force *per se* is we do not know. It is always better for us to explain phenomena by positive known laws and motions than by any that rest merely upon conjecture.—*Scientific American.*

ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

"I am on the bright side of seventy," said an aged man of God; "the bright side, because nearer to everlasting glory." "Nature fails," said another, "but I am happy." "My work is done," said the Countess of Huntingdon when eighty-four years old; "I have nothing to do but to go to my Father." To an humble Christian it was remarked, "I fear you are near another world." "Fear it, sir!" he replied; "I know I am; but blessed be the Lord! I do not fear it; I hope it."

THE SEXES AND AMUSEMENTS.

It may be laid down as a general rule that amusements which separate the sexes are dangerous. I would not press the truth too narrowly and literally, but undoubtedly it is a general truth that where women seek their amusements in one way by themselves, there is in both ways a tendency to degeneration and temptation. God meant that man and woman should live together, work together, and in all the functions of life—civil, social, religious, artistic and intellectual—co-operate with each other; and their mutual relations are harmonizing and balancing, and nowhere else more than in the seeking and prosecution of amusements. I believe that boys and girls should go to school together. As they sit together in the household, so I think they should sit together in our temples of learning. Colleges should not be for all men or for all women; but the same buildings and the same professors should be provided for both in common. And as it is in every thing else, so it should be in amusements. There is much greater liability to temptation and immorality where amusement is sought in the isolation or separation of the sexes.

Therefore, all exhibitions of pictures and statues, all provisions for public recreation, all institutions for public amusements, should be such as to enable the people to go in groups and families.

I do not think amusements can be good generally, in a community in which a man is ashamed to take his whole family to them. If there is any thing you would not like your wife and children to participate in with you, the presumption is that it is wrong; and if there is anything you would like them to participate in with you, the presumption is that it is right. All this might be made a rule of judgment far more widely than it now is.—*H. W. Beecher.*

STRETCH IT A LITTLE.

A little girl and her little brother were on their way to the store the other morning. The grass on the Common was white with frost, and the wind was very sharp. They were both poorly dressed; but the little girl had a sort of coat over her, which she seemed to have outgrown.

As they walked briskly along, she drew the

little boy closer to her, and said, "Come under my coat, Johnny."

"It isn't big enough for both, sister."

"Then I will try and stretch it a little;" and they were soon as close together and as warm as birds in the same nest.

What a lesson! How many shivering bodies and sad hearts and weeping eyes there are in the world, just because people do not stretch their comforts a little beyond themselves!—*Well Spring.*

CLIMATIC INFLUENCE OF FORESTS.

Atmospheric disturbances are growing alarmingly frequent in the West. Tornadoes visit us almost every summer. Towns are torn up, villages destroyed, and farms laid waste by those destructive agents. Our prairies are so level and extensive, and offer so few impediments to the action of the atmosphere, that it is a wonder that our stormy seasons are not more destructive than they are. There are no ranges of mountains to interfere with the action of the winds, nor no heavy belts of forest to attract the clouds, so that the only wonder is that when it starts raining it ever stops, or when it stops that it ever commences again. As the subject of meteorology comes to be better known, science may be able to regulate the laws of moisture and supply, and guide the course of tornadoes, or divest them of their electricity, and convert a furious whirlwind into a harmless breeze. At present we know one fact, that forests do exercise an astonishing influence over these disturbances. A heavy mass of trees does not only break the force of the wind, and so make the land near it warmer, but it does exercise a controlling influence on the clouds, and acts as a distributer of rain. Every one has noticed how, in the seasons of drouth, the clouds follow the courses of the streams, attracted by the ascending moisture and the vegetation along their banks.

Forests also greatly diminish the evil effects of floods by holding the water back like a sponge. In this way, too, they protect and feed the smaller streams. In the older settled countries in the Eastern States, streams that were considerable in size when the country was first settled have now dwindled into insignificant brooks, and many of them have dried up, except during the fall and spring rains, when they become for a few days torrents. The Upper Mississippi, from the same cause, is yearly diminishing. Boats that formerly ran to St. Paul all the season can get there now only in one or two months of the year. In some parts of Europe this subject is so well understood that forest planting has been undertaken by the governments, and diligently pursued on all the barren and unoccupied places in the empire. The ground is laid out in districts, planted with trees, and cultivated like any other crop. It yields about two per cent. on the original investment, and is perfectly sure every year. It is perhaps too soon for us in this country to undertake such methodical designs as this, but we ought to encourage tree planting with all the means in our power. With our extensive coal beds the question of fuel is a small item, but the climate changes, that will be more frequent and violent as the forests disappear, ought to induce us to take some means for their protection.—*Peoria Transcript.*

"HE WHO SENDS THE STORM STEERS THE VESSEL."

So said an old ship-captain to me when describing a fearful storm at sea; when he told of the awful gale, the vivid lightning, the billows mountain high, the ship tossed about like a plaything for the rude winds and waves to buffet, then his voice became softened, his eyes glistened amid tears as he added, "But, madam, "*He who sends the storm steers the vessel*, and at last we were brought into port."

"That is a very comforting thought, captain," said I. "I wish we could all remember it when storms are raging, and there seems little hope of peace and safety."

"Yes, ma'am, it is a great comfort, and if we only believe and trust, all will be right. When the storm of adversity sweeps over us, and the sunshine seems shut out forever by clouds of sorrow, when we cry aloud in our anguish, 'All thy waves and billows have gone over me,' let this ray of light into the sinking heart, and all will be right in his good time. The clouds will disperse, the sunshine glisten over the waters, and mighty winds and waves at his voice will cease their raging, and 'there will be a great calm,' that peace of God which passeth all understanding.'"—*The Moravian.*

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

Blessed influence of one true loving soul upon another! Not calculable by algebra, not deducible by logic, but mysterious, effectual, mighty as the hidden process by which the tiny seed is quickened, and bursts forth into tall stem, and broad leaf, and glowing tasseled flower. Ideas are often poor ghosts; our sun-filled eyes cannot discern them; they pass athwart us in thin vapor, and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made of flesh; they touch us with soft, responsive hands; they look at us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones; they are clothed in a living human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power; then

they shake us like a passion, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

EIGHTH MONTH.

	1867.	1868.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	14 days.	12 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	5 "	0 "
Cloudy, without storms	4 "	9 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	8 "	10 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1867.	1868.
Mean temperature of 8th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	75.10 deg.	78.42 deg.
Highest do. during mo., do.	88.00 "	89.50 "
Lowest do. do. do.	58.00 "	64.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	15.81 in.	2.65 in.
DEATHS during the month, being 5 current weeks for each month	1674	1975

Average of the mean temperature of 8th month for the past *seventy-nine* years.	73.05 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1863	79.50 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1816	66.00 "

SUMMER TEMPERATURES.

Mean temperature of the three summer months of 1867	74.59 "
Mean do do do 1868	77.12 "
Average of the summer temperature for the past *seventy-nine* years	73.47 "
Highest summer mean occurring during that entire period, 1828 and 1838	77.66 "
Lowest do 1816	66.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.	1867.	1868.
Totals for first six months	30.70 inch.	26.31 inch.
Rain during Seventh month	2.38 "	3.51 "
" Eighth "	15.81 "	2.65 "
Totals	48.89 "	32.47 "

The most remarkable features in the above exhibit are, first, the great contrast in the quantity of *rain*, and next, the unwelcome increase in the number of deaths, occurring, too, without any epidemic. *Five weeks*, however, being included in the current month swell the figures, and make the proportion *look* larger.

It has been the universally expressed opinion that we were passing through a "*very unusually cool August.*" A glance at the above figures shows this to have been a mistake—the *mean*, three and a-third degrees *warmer* than last year, with both the *extremes* also of higher temperature, and *the month* more than five degrees in excess of the average for the past *sixty-nine years*. And still further than this—it has seldom been exceeded, the highest point attained during that long period being in 1863, when it reached 79.50 degrees.

It will also be seen that the entire *summer temperature* not only exceeded that of *last year*, but also the average of means for the past seventy-nine years, and came within *a fraction of a degree* of the highest during that term.

So, upon the whole, we may conclude we have had a *hot summer*. But to return to the *month* especially under review, our figures may possibly set aside a dependence on the assertion republished by some of our periodicals, that "a hot July is *always* succeeded by a cold August." The 29th and 30th of the present year were certainly very fair specimens of heat—"*the nineties*" having been recorded on the last-named day.

PHILADELPHIA, 9th mo. 3, 1868. J. M. E.

ITEMS.

DR. GIBBON, of North Carolina, read a paper at the Chicago Scientific Convention, in which he sought to show that a civilized people dwelt in North America anterior to the Indian races. His theory is based on the discovery of fossil human bones, and also of eleven Punic characters in Wisconsin.

A METHOD of separating honey from its comb, by means of a centrifugal apparatus devised for the purpose, is said to have many advantages over any other now in use. Among others, the honey is obtained in a state of perfect purity, the bee-bread and the wax remaining behind. The cells, also, being but little injured, may be returned to the swarm, which immediately proceeds to fill them again without loss of time.

IT HAS BEEN FOUND that punching holes in steel plates, instead of drilling them, injures the metal to the amount of one-third its strength, on account of the jarring. Careful annealing, however, restores them to their original condition. Conical holes, also, are found to be much better for steel plates than cylindrical, injuring the texture of the plate much less.

THE ASPHALTUM DEPOSITS of Switzerland and Italy have very recently been visited by Professor Lesley of Philadelphia. This gentleman states that in Switzerland 40,000 tons are annually raised and sold, and the prospect is presented of a much greater sale, on account of the explorations by the Government, which had determined the extent of the deposits. In one canton, the asphalt was disposed in synclinal form upon the tops of some hills, the age being the most recent of the Jurassic series. In Italy, for 200 miles along the west base of the Appenines, is a very extensive petroleum region. American companies have been established there, but none of the wells yielded over one and a half barrels per diem. The oil is very universally diffused, but sparingly. As there are numerous mud volcanoes in the same belt of rock, Italian geologists are satisfied that the petroleum had been distilled by subterranean heat from vegetable matters, and the same theory, it is stated, would apply to the more extensive bituminous accumulations in the Caucasus.—*Ledger.*

THE ANNUAL LOSS by attrition, in the silver coins of Great Britain, is stated to be increasing. The worn shillings and six-pences are purchased at the English Mint at the value expressed on the face of the coin. To make up the difference between the real and the nominal value of the silver pieces bought at the Mint for re-coinage, the Government granted in 1867 the sum of fifteen thousand pounds sterling, or 300,000 shillings. This amount was estimated as representing the abrasion of the silver coinage of Great Britain during the year 1867. The weight of silver thus rubbed off by constant handling amounts to 54,750 ounces.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 19, 1868. No. 29.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for entire Club. Single Nos. 6 cts

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PESTALOZZI, HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

Early History.—Labors on behalf of Popular Education.—Establishment at Neühof.—Experiment at Stantz.—Burgdorf.—Yverdon.—Principles.

(Continued from page 435.)

Notwithstanding that the outward failure of his establishment at Neuhof was complete, the consciousness of having sheltered for the time so many destitute and orphan children from vicious habits and example,—of having been the instrument of scattering some seeds of culture, and of awakening in at least some of the children, the sense and knowledge, as well as the love of better things,—was no small reward and consolation to Pestalozzi; and it was rich in fruitfulness in many other ways. The deep insight into the workings of his own mind, and of those of the children with whom he was brought into such intimate contact and relationship, and the vast amount of experience he gained during the fifteen years he conducted the establishment, were such as he could not have obtained in any other manner. These experiences he found time to record in several works, of which the most popular is "Lienhard und Gertrud," published in 1781. It is in the form of a tale, representing familiarly the state of manners and morality of the time, in a country village, or small market town, where the old Squire, neglecting everything himself, had allowed his authority, as owner and magistrate, to be abused by his agent; who, according to the custom then prevalent in that part of Switzerland, had the right to keep the only public-house. The abuses this led to in the hands of a bad man, who naturally employed the power he thus gained over the poor villagers for the promotion of his own selfish ends, and the resulting scenes of poverty, ignorance, and oppression, are powerfully depicted. We are introduced into the interior of the cottages, by the hand of a master, evidently himself familiar with the extreme forms of misery in the daily life of the poor, whose heart deeply sympathizes with their sufferings, and whose faith taught him there must be some means of redress. Gertrude is the only wife and mother in the village into whose household abject poverty had not introduced disorder and a train of other attendant evils, and whom the artifices of the agent and the publican had not been able to subject to his machinations. She first reclaims Lienhard, her husband, from the hands of this unscrupulous man, and perseveres till she releases him from the debts and obligations into which the latter had managed to inveigle him in common with the rest of the villagers, by personal application to a new landlord, who had succeeded on the death of the old one. The young lord of the manor becomes interested, is disposed to look after the welfare of his poor tenantry, and into the management of his property. The wicked and oppressive courses of the agent

are detected. He loses his post, and otherwise meets with his reward; the union of the offices of steward and licensed victualler is abolished for the future; the influence of Gertrude on her family, and their beneficial influences on the rest of the villagers, are powerfully delineated; and finally the schoolmaster is brought upon the stage.

From these very simple materials Pestalozzi has constructed a work which may be read with renewed interest and instruction, again and again. He has made the life-like scenes, and the varied conversations he introduces, a depository of the knowledge he had acquired of the condition of the humble classes, and the vehicle for conveying his views, and the discoveries he had made, as to the means of their improvement and elevation. He had hoped, also, by the publication of this book to attract attention to the subject of popular education, and to the great practical effort he was himself making, and so to obtain funds for the further upholding of his institution. In both these objects he was disappointed. The book was read and admired, but not acted upon. Deeming the principles therein appealed to not sufficiently understood or appreciated, he gave forth in the following year his "Second Book for the People," under the title of "Christoph and Elize," which, in the way of dialogues between cottagers, is intended to illustrate and explain some of the more important topics touched upon in "Lienhard and Gertrude." He was also engaged at this time, to a considerable extent, in endeavoring to give currency to his views, through the medium of periodical literature. In a volume under the fantastic title of "Figures to my Spelling Book," he attempts to portray, in a series of tables, some of the monstrous manifestations of human nature which those unsettled times gave birth to; followed, in 1797, by his "Inquiries into the Course of Nature in the Development of the Human Species."

In 1798 occurred the French invasions of the democratic Cantons of Switzerland, when Stanz, the capital of Unterwalden, was laid in ashes, under circumstances which left behind them one wide scene of desolation, and a mere remnant of population, mostly widows and orphans, reduced by the slaughter of their husbands and fathers to a state of the utmost destitution and distress.

The Helvetic Government of the day, who had been parties to this severe chastisement inflicted on one of the members of the old Confederacy, no sooner realized the extent of the calamity, than they hastened to take measures to mitigate and repair it, to the utmost of their power. The views of Pestalozzi, sneered at or forgotten in times of prosperity, were again thought of in times of distress. The Government proposed to him, to make this the scene of his renewed labors, and of putting in practice some of his views and principles on behalf of the education of the distressed and destitute poor. A half-finished building, amidst the ruins of Stanz, originally designed for an Ursuline convent, was assigned him for the purpose.

See now Pestalozzi, at the age of 54, a time when most of us are beginning to think about our ease, and that we have a right to consider our portion of work as nearly accomplished, obeying at once the call of humanity, and, under every personal deprivation and difficulty, entering on a new career, with all the ardor and alacrity of youth! Without hesitation he accepted the offer, and leaving his family, proceeded to Stanz. In the building appropriated to his service, he found but one room habitable; and, although furnished with a sufficient command of pecuniary means, it was almost impossible to procure, in a country so recently desolated by war, and naturally so retired, even the commonest implements and necessaries of life. The usual appliances of an educational establishment—even the most ordinary books—were quite out of the question.

A multitude of homeless and destitute children were immediately gathered around him, upon the first news of the opening of such an asylum. All that could were obliged to be accommodated in the *one* apartment, which served equally for school-room and living-room by day, and for sleeping-room by night for himself and his pupils, as many as it would hold. Others were quartered out as well as they could be, in the surrounding ruins and cottages. "What a task," he writes of himself sometime afterwards in describing his position to his friend Gesner, "without assistants, at once superintendent, schoolmaster, house-man, and almost servant-maid, in an unfinished building, amid ignorance, sicknesses, and strangeness of every kind; the number of children gradually augmenting up to eighty; of unequal ages; some of considerable pretension, others from abject beggary—all, with scarcely an exception, completely uninstructed; to educate, to develop these children, what a task!" The season was winter. He was the only Protestant among an entirely Roman Catholic population. The establishment was open to jealousy and suspicion on all hands.

Where the children *had* any parents, the latter mostly thought they were doing *him* the favor in binding their children at all; and that *they* had a right to dictate terms and modes of management. Humanity scarcely presents a more deeply interesting and sub-

lime spectacle than Pestalozzi, under every difficulty and privation, surrounded by his destitute little ones, in that desolated region among the recesses of the Alps, struggling to promote their moral and religious welfare, in the orphan-house at Stanz.

In a volume entitled, "How Gertrude teaches her little ones,"—an attempt to give mothers an introduction to the means of instructing their children themselves,—he details in a series of autobiographical letters the means he adopted to bring such a mass of crude and heterogeneous materials into something like order and discipline; to awaken gradually within them their dormant energies and powers, and to obtain, as he did, an ascendency and an influence for good over the mass of the children's minds. His singleness of purpose, and his faith in the power of Divine and human love, were at once his support, and the agencies on which he relied, for the foundation of all his efforts. Without books, or method, or machinery of any kind, he was thrown entirely on his own internal resources and the objects immediately around him for the means of instruction.

His pupils were brought into contact with *things* before *names*, actual *numbers* before *ciphers*, qualities before descriptions, realities before their signs; while his own mind was brought into immediate relationship with the children's minds,—his heart with their hearts; and he was thus enabled closely to observe the true laws of his own action and of their development. He thus led them gradually to discover principles and truths for themselves,—the laws of the association and government of things both objective and subjective, —instead of giving them matters and rules to learn by heart, before they could possibly have any intuition of the materials on which they were to be exercised, or even the words in which they were conveyed. He possessed in a high degree the talent of turning every circumstance to account, and could scarcely be surpassed in that vivacity and playfulness of disposition so attractive to children. His success was altogether extraordinary.

The idea of the family he never forgot. He looked upon the true Teacher, in every part of his vocation, as no less than the representative of the Parent; the earthly Parent in the light of vicegerent of the Heavenly One; and that they had no other right in seeking to cultivate and expand the powers and energies, and to gain the love, affection and confidence of the child, concurrent also with their highest duty, privilege and joy, than for the single purpose of leading it up towards, in order to transfer all, to its God and Father in Heaven.

Not quite a twelvemonth was Pestalozzi permitted to carry on this most interesting and remarkable institution. Before the close of 1799, the Austrians took possession of Stanz. The fluctuations of war, which had opened the way for its establishment, now ruthlessly closed it again. He was driven from Stanz and his children dispersed, just as he was beginning to overcome some of his greatest difficulties, and reap the reward of his labors and perseverence, in the exhibition of results which even the most sceptical could not deny. Those who visited the establishment during the short period of its existence were astonished at the change which had evidently been produced, and at the extraordinary power he had obtained over the minds and affections of the children. But by far the most important of its fruits, were the results in Pestalozzi's own mind, in the rich chapter of experience, and the opportunity it had offorded him for testing his previous views on the true ground and principles of all education. Instead of yielding to distress and disappointment, he was only fired with fresh zeal to renew his experiment, if possible, under more favorable circumstances, just where it had been so rudely broken off at Stanz.

Burgdorf was at that time the brightest spot in Switzerland for educational exertions. Thither he repaired by the advice of some of his friends. His extraordinary effort had attracted public attention, secured him the respect of several persons in authority, and the continuance of some little aid from the government. He was admitted as an assistant into one of the public schools; but he soon found it impossible to work under the old system with the previous master, who had sufficient hold to retain his position, and turn out Pestalozzi. He then actually obtained access to a Dane's school, where, as it was thought he could not do much harm, he was allowed to teach the commonest elements in his own way.

At this time, however, Fischer, one of the secretaries of the Helvetic Government, who had been commissioned to establish a normal school at Burgdorf, had his eye upon Pestalozzi, and was in daily communication with him. The ancient castle, formerly the residence of the local Governors, was granted for the purpose. Fischer had invited Hermann Krusi a young and enthusiastic teacher of Appenzell, entrusted with the safe conduct of eight-and-twenty Protestant children, whom the ravages of war in that part had made orphans, to take refuge at Burgdorf, under his protection. This led to an introduction between Pestalozzi and Krusi. The acquaintance speedily grew into a lasting attachment. Krusi became more and more struck with

the view and teachings of the master; and, upon Fischer's death, which occurred before he was able to carry out any plans of his own, a junction was effected between them,—the vacant castle of Burgdorf being transferred to Pestalozzi on his application to the central government. The possession of a large empty building, without any means of furnishing it, would not have seemed much of an advancement to any one of a less sanguine temperament than Pestalozzi. But his active imagination soon filled up the vacancies, and applied the various ranges of apartments to specific purposes. He determined to add a boarding-school for the middle and wealthier classes to his previous plans, from the profits of which he hoped to obtain means for carrying out his other objects. Assisted by the practical abilities of Krusi, the school rose rapidly in public favor, and with its increasing wants, several other teachers in different departments, through the introduction of Krusi, were engaged; all animated by the same feelings of admiration towards Pestalozzi, and of devotedness to his views. The spirit in which they associated themselves with him is best seen in the fact that the two elder assistants declined to receive the salaries voted them in aid by the Government, but contributed the same to the general expenses of the establishment.

From this period the merits of Pestalozzi began to be estimated, and he rose so rapidly in the opinion of his countrymen, that in the following year, 1802, he was chosen as one of the deputies sent to Paris, pursuant to a proclamation of the French Consul, in order to frame a new Constitution for Switzerland. His establishment was now joined by Niederer, a clergyman of high character, who, from the study of Pestalozzi's writings, believed it right to give up his living, along with the office of Superintendent of Schools in his own district, and devote himself entirely to Pestalozzi.—(*To be continued.*)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time."

Here we see the first work to be entered upon, and the disposition to revolt from it often arises. To leave the heights of self-adulation, where we love to sit and plume our wings for higher flights, is not a pleasant thing. Pinioned with self-approval, and braced with self-complacency, we cling with bold assurance to our stronghold, and seem to be secure in our fastnesses; almost any thing rather than let go our hold and come under this mighty hand when it is laid upon us. But when we look again and see what is sure to follow, who would hesitate to bow in meek submission? "He will exalt you." He will raise us up by the right hand of his power, not into the airy regions of ideal greatness nor superficial superiority, but to a full approval of the work his hand has wrought, as we have yielded and come under it. Humility is the robe his children wear; the texture is lovely; the warp and woof are formed entirely of the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit, so evenly formed as to admit of the closest inspection. Indeed, the more we view it, the more we admire it; the longer it is worn, the more beautiful it appears. Let us then put it on as a garment and wear it forever. With it we must be clothed, would we pass the pearl gates and join "the general assembly of the first-born whose names are written in heaven." With its graceful folds flowing around us, we shall be welcomed by our Judge. O! then let us come at once under this mighty hand; it is the Refiner's hand; his fan is in it; and if we will suffer Him to do his work, He will winnow away all the vain imaginings, and utterly extinguish all self-presumings. We shall be raised above all these, and yet be little in our own eyes. O this *coming under*, how it is needed to bring all things into right order! It humbles first, and then exalts to the highest standard ever attainable; one with God, in harmony with all that is pure—one with Jesus Christ—the wisdom and power of God redeemed from all iniquity. May all come willingly under this mighty hand. It is laid upon the nation; it is laid upon individuals; and happy, thrice happy, they who are humbled under it and bow in mercy, for when lifted up in judgment, who may stand.

8th mo. 27, 1868. SARAH HUNT.

EXTRACTS FROM THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BY NEWMAN HALL.

"So he bringeth them to their desired haven." Ps. cvii. 30.

. . . . In a world full of God, how apt we are to forget him! Living a life each moment of which is sustained by him, how little we recognize his guardian care! Accomplishing in safety a long ocean voyage, we speak of the soundness of the ship, the efficiency of the crew, the skill of the captain; and we often lose sight of Him who gave the skill by which that ship was built and is propelled over the stormy, trackless deep. We are "glad because we be quiet;" but we often forget that it is *He* who "bringeth us to our desired haven." He ruleth the waves. He holdeth the winds in his fists. He rideth upon the clouds. He directs the storm. He controls those forces of Nature by which in a moment we might be overwhelmed! We could never reach the haven unaided by God. "Without him we can do nothing."

If this is so in things temporal, we need not wonder it is so in things spiritual. How

can the soul safely traverse the ocean of its probationary being? How, amidst the winds and waves, the rocks and quicksands of temptation and sin, can our poor, frail, shattered bark reach the harbor of salvation? This is impossible without him. "By grace we are saved."

But, as with a voyage at sea, so with the soul; man's efforts must be conjoined with those of God—or, as we may rather say, God's working is manifested in connection with our own. "He worketh in us," not to supersede our own activities, but that we may "will and do."

Our ship was impelled by steam. Eighty tons of coal were consumed daily in the great furnaces, which ten men were always feeding. When one band were weary, another took their place. If they had relaxed their efforts for only a few minutes, the speed of the ship would have diminished. And there is a fire within the soul—a fire of love, which is its motive power. It has been kindled by God himself, and by him it is continually kept alive; yet we ourselves must labor to supply it with fuel. By the truth of God, by meditation on his love, by the constant exercise of godliness, by diligence in the use of all the means of grace, we must keep this fire burning. The furnaces of a steam-vessel are constantly fanned by currents of air supplied from above, and so we must fan this inward fire of religion by the breath of prayer. "Pray without ceasing." The fuel will only stifle the furnace if there is no draught, and the means of grace and Christian doctrine will be of no service to us unless by earnest prayer the flame of love fastens upon them and vitalizes them. There may be much theology and no godliness. Only when knowledge ascends to him as fire will it augment the motive force of the soul.

Our ship was also impelled by the wind. When this was favorable the sails were at once set to catch it. Vigilantly was it watched, and no opportunity was missed of thus accelerating our speed. If the canvas had only just been taken in, yet, should the wind again become in only a slight degree favorable, that canvas was at once unfurled again. What a lesson was taught us of Christian diligence. God is always sending favorable breezes for the soul. They change their force and their direction, requiring new and appropriate efforts on our part; but there is no season when we may not carry sail. Alas! how negligent we often are. How much of God's gracious help we lose by inattention and sloth. We feel the breeze, we are conscious it is favorable, it seems to give the word to loose the sails; but we linger, we postpone, we are not brisk and active, we spread only some sails when we might spread all. O, let us give all diligence; and, as God *does* "breathe the auspicious gale," let *us* spread our sail and speed our way. There must be this "working together," for "*so* he bringeth them to their desired haven."

A ship needs a rudder. Without this it tosses helplessly on the waves, the sport of every wind and every current. Day after day it may be driven backward and forward, making no progress, doomed to sink. How different the vessel whose rudder promptly replies to the steersman's steady hand. With what a meaning does it now drive onward, in opposition to the tide, cutting through the waves, its prow ever turned to the desired haven which it is ever nearing! And the soul without an object, and that object God, is but a rudderless ship. How the worldling is driven hither and thither, the sport of circumstances! Ever seeking to satisfy a nature made for God with that which is finite and cannot fill the void, he is tossed about by every wind of opinion, and impulse, and passion. He may be a man of great mental power; but his genius only leads him round in a larger circle than others move in—he does not make progress. A screw steamship, without a rudder, will describe a circle, going ever round and round. One ship may be larger than another, and be propelled with greater power; but it will still go round and round, though on a wider circumference. So with those who do not make God and heaven the great object of their life. One may be stupid and ignorant, another may have a brilliant genius and a mind stored with universal learning; but, if they are both living without God, they both, though with a different sweep, go round and round and round the same dull, narrow centre—self. O, let us resolve that God shall be the object we live for; to do his will, to enjoy his favor, to promote his glory, to share in his reward—let this be the purpose of our life. Then our vessel, no longer borne hither and thither by varying tides, no longer circling round itself, making no progress, will cleave the billows, and stem the currents, and hold on its course. This also is by the help of God; and "so he bringeth them to their desired haven."

On the ship I noticed how the officer of the watch and the men at the forecastle kept a "good look-out." Wistfully, by day and night, they gazed forward to discover any vessel in their path with which they might come into collision. And when we were approaching land, with what eagerness did they scan the horizon for the first indication of the shore, or for the first glimmer of the signal-light. So let us "watch and pray that we

indication that you are so far on the way toward a Christian manhood.—*H. W. Beecher.*

EXCERPTS,

Or Scraps from unpublished Letters.

"For months past, little more has been known than a state of existence accompanied often with fervent desire for that more excellent knowledge, which is defined "a good understanding;" but I still hope, that as we wait for, and act in the little arisings and revealings of life, we shall indeed find that because Truth lives, we live also. The concern which has long been seen in my horizon, and the growth and increase of which my eye hath watched, looks likely to mature ere the year closes. Thy hint was in season,—I desire to "lay hold of the strength that is offered." The little grain of faith, though it be small as the grain of mustard seed, is sufficient to operate, and if yielded unto, we will know more abundantly of its quickening, vivifying and enlarging qualities, and surely we shall not be called unto that whereunto we cannot attain.

"The word of counsel, of caution or of encouragement is often needed. The varyings of the mind require food convenient, and the extension of this word is a profitable evidence of true regard and a desire to fulfil the injunction, 'Be ye one another's helpers.'

"Do not withhold from us an account of your faring in the late engagement; for though thou and thy companion may feel you were only unprofitable servants, yet is it not due to acknowledge, for the encouragement of poor drooping minds, the help and the strength that have been given you by Him who will not send his servant whither He will not himself come."

"Let me query whence thy plaintive strain, 'Let former favors fix thy trust, and check the rising tear.' My heart craves for us an *unwavering faith*, for the promises of Israel's Shepherd fail not. He is therefore 'with thee *night* as with the day,' and 'He will never leave nor forsake those who trust in Him.' I feel that my experience is too limited to discern the necessity of thy deep baptisms and strippings, but in this I *am* assured that the Father of Spirits knoweth all things and doeth all things *well*; and even if it be his good pleasure that thou pass through not only the fire, but also the flood, in order that thou may the more effectually minister to the condition of a rebellious nation, if thou cast not away thy shield, thou wilt come forth from thence unharmed,—yea, strengthened by the upholding of his Almighty arm of power. Even at this very moment I feel it is good to trust. If He be our refuge, whom or what shall we fear. Blessed, forever blessed! be his holy name. May his wing of mercy—infinite mercy,—ever overshadow us, so that we may grow strong in faith."

"Most cordially, my beloved friend, do I unite with the tenor of T.'s letter, and in addition to his views I will give thee one which presented to my mind. We cannot suppose that Divine wisdom ever exerts more power than is exactly necessary to accomplish the object designed. It is reasonable therefore to suppose that when the inclinations are strongly opposed to any duty, the power necessary to overcome this will be in proportion; but as advancement is made and the will becomes resigned, and not only resigned, but one with the divine will, (a state which I believe attainable) a gentle intimation is then sufficient. That thou art advancing in this path I have not a doubt, and the language of encouragement to go on thy way in it has flowed freely tward thee. It appears to me, too, of less importance to inquire how an intimation of duty *came* into the mind than how it *impresses* it, for the Divine Light is not only a counsellor but a judge. I give thee my views simply, not desiring they should influence thee, except as they meet a response in thy own mind.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 19, 1868.

FOREIGN LETTERS.—Within the past two years we have had it in our power to furnish the readers of the Intelligencer with a number of letters from European tourists, some of which have been from places not commonly visited by travellers, and therefore of unusual interest.

Such an one from the most northern town in the world will be found in this number. A description of the sea-bound Norwegian coast and parts of the country adjacent, from so graphic a pen, is a favor of rare occurrence.

We have not only had a view through the medium above alluded to of foreign countries, their cities and respective celebrities, but have been given some knowledge of the people.

To be lifted out of the narrow limits of self, and to be made acquainted with humanity as it exists in different portions of the globe, has not only a cosmopolitan influence, but a tendency to liberalize our feelings and exalt our ideas of that Infinite

Power which is everywhere present, and before which all nations bow in reverent homage. "No language can express the absorbing energy of the thought of one Infinite Father. When vitally implanted in the soul, it grows and gains strength forever. It enriches itself by every new revelation of God and of his works; gathers tribute from all regions and all ages, and attracts into itself all the rays of beauty, glory and joy in the material and spiritual creation." Under such an influence, man, created in the divine image, becomes an especial object of interest as "the noblest work of God;" and we are naturally led to reflect upon the varied conditions in which he is found. No matter how far separated from his fellow men, each individual is ever near his great Original.

In the Arab's tent upon Sahara's desert, "as in the city full," we find a recognition of an immortal life. With "the breath of life" there is infused a sense of a supernatural power inciting to reverence and worship. The Hindoo, amid the superstitions which obscure his vision, bows before his idols in the faith that through this medium he may obtain the blessing from Heaven which he craves. The Indian of our own land, "whose untutored mind sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind," in integrity of heart calls upon the "Good Spirit," and believes He hears and answers prayer.

Contrary to our faith is that which would close the door of mercy upon those called idolaters who walk in accordance with the light which they possess. And we feel that we have need to watch closely our own footsteps, lest, with the many privileges we enjoy, we be found the greater delinquents by Him who judges a man "by what he has and not by what he has not." If, while professing a more enlightened religion, we make an idol of silver or gold, or if in the possession of houses and lands we appropriate them as our own, regardless of the stewardship in which we are placed, shall we not be numbered with those who have lost favor with Him who said, "If a man love *anything* more than me he is not worthy of me."

If any light can "pierce and scatter the clouds" of prejudice or superstition it is that of a pure example, and if we would convert those whose benighted state we deplore, we should let our life be a pattern of the good works which are inseparable from a pure heart and a meek and loving spirit.

Died, at his residence in Chatham, N. Y., on the 3d of Fifth month, 1868, Seth Smith, in the 95th year of his age. In the death of this dear friend we feel that a very close tie is severed. His bodily infirmities were such as to confine him at home for months, and mostly for years, but his mind remained apparently unimpaired, and his love for his friends unabated, often saying, "I am glad you came to see me, you have done me so much good;" rehearsing in their hearing long incidents of his early life. He was a remarkable example of patience and forbearance under sufferings. His long and painful sickness he bore with Christian fortitude and resignation, often saying, "All is right; I must have something to wear me out." At one time, when suffering very severely, he said, "It is unpleasant to you (meaning his care-takers) to hear me groan; give me the Testament and let me read;" and then read a full chapter aloud when suffering the most excruciating pain. His love for reading continued till near the last, at intervals of ease calling for the writings of T. Ellwood or his Testament. He read nearly the entire Testament and Psalms without glasses during the last two months of his life, thus evincing his continued love for the beautiful and the good. On the 94th anniversary of his birth-day, having his children, grandchildren and friends around him, he made some pertinent remarks, long to be remembered. He longed to go home, and when drawing near the close, he said, "Get me a plain coffin, in conformity with the views of ancient Friends;" saying, "My breath is growing shorter;" and thus passing quietly away to his rest, we trust, with the redeemed of every age. He was aged and full of years, but his loss is none the less lamented. Truly his memory is precious, and being dead he yet speaketh.

——, on the 1st of Ninth month, 1868, of pulmonary consumption, Joseph, son of Josiah and Mary Ann Davis, in the 29th year of his age; a member of Woodstown Monthly Meeting, N. J. His patience and resignation to the Divine will were so fully manifested that it was a privilege to be with him. He often said there is nothing in my way.

A GLIMPSE OF NORWAY.

Written at the most northern town in the world.

Hammerfest, Norway, July 21st, 1868.

Here, in the most northern city, or rather town, in the world, within a hundred miles of the North Cape, in a region parallel with tracts of endless ice and snow in our continent, we have come to the end of our northern journey. We are in the midst of a summer lasting three or four months, which leaps from the snowy covering of winter into the most active vegetation possible. Everlasting sunshine during these three or four months works wonders in the vegetable world. Grain ripens in six weeks after the seed is sown, and 'tis said, though I do not vouch for it, that you can *hear* it grow. The green growth struggling with the black of the great cliffs

which line this coast, gives a beauty to the landscape, while occasional villages on the many fiords and scattered houses along the shores relieve the picture from a monotony of color. We left Christiana on the 6th of this month, taking rail to Lake Moesen, about 50 miles, and thence by steamer to a village called Lillehammer, at its northern end. The lake is not picturesque—too much gentleness and roundness in the outline of the hills, render it tame compared with the lakes of Switzerland and Italy; yet it has much of the peculiar beauty of the English waters. At Lillehammer we took carriages and rode for four days up the Gudbransdal, over the Dove Fjeld and thence to Trondhjem, on the sea coast. The coast of Norway is very peculiar. For a distance of nearly 1000 miles, a belt of islands of various sizes stretches along the shore, so near the main land as to protect it from the ocean swell, and yet far enough off to form a safe and commodious channel, giving easy access from one extremity of the country to the other. In crossing the bay inside of the Loffoden Islands, you are exposed for about three hours, should the wind prove unfavorable; and there are one or two other places where the sea has a chance to claim tribute from passengers, but we have thus far escaped. Behind these islands fiords run back into the country, branching frequently as they advance, and giving access by sea to those who live along the shores or on their rivers. Roads fit for a carriage do not exist in this part of the country. The interior is little known, rarely visited, and said to be without those attractions which draw strangers out of the ordinary route. We found the trip by steamer delightful. The ship was nearly new, clean and well managed; the passengers in our cabin pleasant English and French gentlemen. Those who entered and left the vessel at the various ports, gave us a constantly changing and interesting picture of Norway life and customs. The scenery on the route was very fine, growing wilder as far north as the Loffoden Islands, but becoming more round and common-place as you go beyond them and approach the Nordcap, as it is here called. This North Cape is a headland or rocky bluff 200 feet high, rising perpendicularly out of the sea from the northern end of a small island lying close to the main. Its conspicuous appearance, rather than its real latitude, gives it precedence in celebrity over another point lying to the east, which really extends a short distance farther toward the Arctic pole, and, properly named, would bear the title of its more distinguished neighbor. There is a peculiar beauty in the scenery of this coast, resulting in part from the severity and duration of the winters and the heat and activity of its summers. At a glance you have the black and grand old rocks rising thousands of feet perpendicularly from the sea, their summits crowned with perpetual snows, glaciers pouring their frozen torrents through the valleys down even to the water's edge, while every sheltered nook or crevice in which is found a footing, is fairly radiant with the brilliant emerald grasses that are springing into life. Contrasts so strikingly beautiful, picturesque and grand, rarely meet the eye. A gimpse of life in a waste of rock and snow and water—a belt of verdure on the shore of an arctic sea, with a back ground of icy sterility. The almost continual succession of fiords, breaking up the coast into every conceivable shape, gives a vast water front to this poor country and a corresponding strip of cultivable land by the sea-side. The industrious and hardy fishermen, whose lives are mostly passed upon the waters, have their little frame cottages at the edge of the ocean, and manage in favorable seasons to raise a few potatoes and a little grain. Curious enough, the first crop ripened is the grass upon the roofs, and after this is gathered and hung upon poles to dry before being put away for the winter's supply, the other crops growing around the house, in situations less favorable for early maturity, are cut and safely housed. It is a strange fact to us from a warm climate, that winter should be the great time for the fisherman's harvest. But it is then that those who live by the sea-side, as well as the poorer Lapps who may be driven from the interior of Norway by the severity of the cold and the scarcity of food, go out upon the sea in their little open boats and procure those supplies of codfish, which are afterwards scattered over the whole of Europe. In this exposed life, subject to the severest trials that humanity can bear, almost perfect abstinence from ardent spirits becomes a necessity, if it be not a virtue. With the salt spray dashing over their fur coverings and coating them with ice, their hands constantly in and out of the water, while using their fishing lines, such a demand must exist for natural heat as we would think it difficult to meet. But it is said that stimulants are fatal—that to drink is to die—and hence these people live on in their simple way and survive a degree of exposure that few can realize. During the summer, also, the fishermen are busy, and the fruits of their labors are seen in the piles of fish drying upon the rocks, looking like diminutive hay-ricks of a very pale color; but here the growth of hay would be much more questionable than the presence of fish. Although fishing is the great occupation and means of support for the shore-men of Nor-

way, they derive no inconsiderable income from an article well known the world over, which is gathered from these bleak and rocky sea islands, where trees cannot grow, and which one would scarcely suppose capable of a product so soft, so fine and so acceptable to a shivering invalid as eider down. The source of this luxury is the nest of the eider duck, made by the female bird in some little cavity, protected, if possible, from the weather, but mostly in the open air. The eider duck is somewhat domesticated and tamed, in order to keep it about the settlements and make its nests more accessible, while it would be less likely to be frightened off at the approach of the down gatherers. The birds are never shot at, nor is it allowable to kill them for food. These little creatures, not quite so large as the ordinary tame ducks of our farms, are of a dark-brown plumage, without any exterior attractions to draw the stranger's eye. Their merit lies beneath the surface, and is not seen until nature calls upon them to use it in forming a nest for the coming season. Then the mother bird, having selected a suitable position for her purpose, and prepared a foundation for her self-immolation, as it may be called, plucks from her body the softest and downiest fleece that can be conceived, and covers with it the little hollow into which her eggs are to be laid, and where her maternal ear is to be delighted with the familiar "peep" of her coming brood. One would think such self-sacrifice should not go unrewarded. It does not. It is stimulated in the way most calculated to excite further sacrifice. A hand quietly removes the silky fibres from beneath the eggs and carries off the booty to add to the store already collected at the cottage. The bird discovers her loss and hastens to remedy the mischief that has befallen the family, by robbing herself of all the down left from the first plucking. This is again removed so as not to alarm the bird, and the nest is left cold, rough and quite unfitted to the views of madame, anxious to give a comfortable home to her expected visitors. A council of two is at once summoned, to meet the unexpected emergency, and to devise means to remedy the evil ere it be too late. To restore the nest to its former condition is beyond the power of the anxious female bird; she deplores her inability, and raising her wings, shows plainly to her attentive mate the exhausted state of her supplies. Such an appeal, mute, but eloquently expressive of her self-sacrifice, rouses the less devoted head of the family to a sense of their situation. A nest full of eggs growing cold, from want of down, like a family of children dying for food, must excite to activity the most slothful; so master duck hastens to divest himself of the somewhat coarser covering with which he is provided, and gladdens his mate by the timely supply furnished to replace what man's rapacity had carried off. This process extended to the one or more thousands of nests belonging to a single person, brings in a large amount of down. The product of sixteen nests is generally one pound per year. The best eider down along this coast is worth about $4.50 for an American pound. When taken from the nest, there is, of course, a considerable portion of living and dead imperfection mixed with the down; this is removed by drying in the sun or baking and carefully picking out all foreign substances. Skins of reindeer, white polar bears, white and blue foxes, white hares, ermines, reindeer horns, walrus tusks and hides, some from Spitzbergen, others from Nova Zembla, are brought to Hammerfest by sailing vessels, and thence are distributed to various parts of Europe. Large quantities of cod-liver and other fish oils are made here, and if there be a virtue in the oil, and its fumes while being boiled have but a small portion of its healing qualities, the people of this town may rejoice in what is generally considered a nuisance.

As this place is the limit northward for the steamer running up the coast from Germany, (though another boat goes round the cape toward the White Sea,) most travellers, coming to see the scenery of Norway and that great marvel of this region, the sun at midnight, end their journey here. We were here several days before the sun declined enough to touch the water at 12 o'clock, but it was our misfortune to reach here, stay and depart without being able at the right hour to see this great wonder. *Clouds, fogs* and *rain* met us at the arctic circle, and escorted us to the pole. It was a great disappointment, but we are contented with what we have seen of the strange and beautiful during our twelve days ride over nearly 2000 miles of sea coast. Though we did not see the face of the sun, its presence and influence were very apparent. In the perpetual day that has prevailed almost continually since we have been in Northern Norway, we find the cause of that short-lived but luxuriant growth that aids the people of this remote region to gain their frugal livelihood. The great difference between the temperature of this coast and that of our continent on the same parallel of latitude, is all attributed to the influence of the Gulf Stream, which, coming round the Cape of Florida, flows northwardly along our Eastern shores, stretches across the Atlantic Ocean and up along the coast of Norway. So marked is this influence upon the temperature of the sea, that

the harbors are never frozen until you have passed the North Cape and gone some hundred miles eastward, where the influence of the Gulf Stream disappears, and the whole coast is ice-bound a large portion of the year. The houses in the villages here and those scattered along the sea-side are all of wood, generally neatly painted and built with considerable taste; the roofs of the poorer class are made of grass sods on edge, resting upon sheets of strong birch-bark, supported by rafters. Warmth and security from fire are the advantages of this covering. It is also cheap, and produces a small crop of hay in early summer. Flowers in pots ornament the windows of nearly every dwelling in the towns, and make a charming feature of beauty. Roses, geraniums, carnations and fuschias are the favorites. They are of fine varieties and of best colors.

From "The Friend."

LA CIOTAT.

This is the name of a small maritime town in the south of France, containing about 10,000 inhabitants, and situated on a bay of the Mediterranean sea, 14 miles south-east of Marseilles. There is nothing specially noteworthy in the town, as such, which is one of the many little walled cities built in France centuries ago. The chief interest which now attaches to the locality is caused by the operations of a French mercantile company called Les Messageries Impériales, whose shipbuilding yards and engineering establishments are placed there. What this company does, and its enlightened regard for the welfare of the large population dependent upon its business at that point, is thus described by the *Pall Mall Gazette:*

"The company is the proprietor of a large fleet of Mediterranean steamships. Much of the Mediterranean steam trade that used to be carried on in English steamships with English engines is now done with French engines and French steamships built at La Ciotat. It is more than fifteen years since that company obtained possession of La Ciotat and made contracts for the French government in the Mediterranean, and it has now succeeded in driving most of the English ships, engines and companies who used them out of the coasting trade of the Mediterranean. Of these ships and engines there are some excellent models in the marine department of the French Exhibition; they are obviously the work of high education and perfect organization. Perhaps, however, we may accept the fact of La Ciotat's having driven us out of so large a field of profitable enterprise as the highest testimony that can be borne to the excellence of the administration there.

"But the company has done another thing still more worthy of notice. This company is the great rival to the English steam navigation company, the Peninsular and Oriental. A few years ago the Messageries Impériales established a rival line of mail steamers, to carry European mails by Marseilles, Alexandria, Suez, and the Red Sea to India and China. The English at first disregarded, perhaps despised, this daring attempt to place steamships and engines of French manufacture on a large oceanic line which had always been deemed exclusively English. But it turned out that the French company had so well thought out their plans, so well proportioned their ships and engines to the work to be done, and so fitly organized their executive, that from the moment they started till now their line has been distinguished above the English by greater punctuality and fewer accidents.

"The details of the education which this company provides for its people are remarkable. Its chief superintendents are engineers and naval architects who have received the highest professional education that France provides. Its ships are designed by men who have first passed through the Ecole Polytechnique, and afterwards graduated at the Imperial School of Naval Architecture. Its chief-engineers have in like manner graduated in science at the Ecole Polytechnique, and completed their studies in the school of marine engineering, or are pupils of the central school of manufactures of Paris. The next class under these have also been educated at the central school of arts and manufactures. It is no wonder that with such men as these at the head of the workshops the want of educated workmen should speedily have been felt. The company employs 2,500 workmen and apprentices, who with their families, form a population of 6,000 out of the 10,000 inhabitants of the town; and they provide wholly, or contribute largely, to the funds for the schools for the education of these people.

"There are, first, the infant school, which contains two hundred and sixty children, under the superintendence of nuns, who give them religious instruction and teach them elementary grammar, reading, arithmetic and geography, and to the girls sewing and other kinds of women's work. The next schools provided are the elementary schools, which contain three hundred and fifty boys; they remain until the age of thirteen or fourteen, and receive the ordinary elements of a boy's education. At the age of fourteen their technical education and the special duties of

the company commence. An apprenticeship in the works of La Ciotat is from beginning to end a course of technical instruction. The superintendents remark with pride that all the foremen and workmen delight in teaching the youth. The company has done away with the system of obligatory apprenticeships for a fixed period. The children not only receive wages from the moment they enter the establishment, but those wages are increased as soon as greater knowledge and skill enable them to do better work.

"But their apprenticeship is not merely a school for mechanical dexterity. The company has a schoolroom, in which all the appentices are educated gratuitously during one hour of the day, and that hour counts as one of ten hours of their day's work. Attendance at this school is compulsory on all the apprentices; but they have in addition the evening school, which those may attend who will. Three evenings a week plan-drawing, designing of machinery, designs of ships and ornamental drawing are taught gratuitously. Two hundred apprentices and workmen regularly attend this class. The superintendents say they do not know which to admire most, 'the anxiety of workmen and apprentices to obtain admission to this course, the diligence with which they apply themselves to its work, or the order and silence which pervades the school-room.' This is really the highest technical education, and there is a strong inducement to take advantage of it in the circumstance that the company selects men for the responsible duty of engineers of steamships from those who have distinguished themselves in this course and take the highest places in an annual examination at which gold and silver medals are distributed as prizes.

"The company also provide a library, which is open to their people from eight till ten in the evening and ten till four on Sundays. Workmen's houses have been erected, with all modern appliances for pure air, cleanliness and domestic economy: there are gardens attached to each; each contains a kitchen, a large room with two windows and an alcove, and another chamber with one window; and they are let to the workmen at from sixty-five to one hundred francs a year. With a further view to economy, the company has organized a market for butcher's meats. It has founded hospitals and savings banks; provided funds for sickness and death, and pays persons to attend to the moral and religious education of the people.

"Such is the moral and intellectual apparatus provided by this mercantile company for training the workpeople. The next point is whether all this training really produces the improvement aimed at. We have an official judgment on this subject. 'The commissary of police, the justice of peace, the gendarmerie and the public prosecutor, all state that they are surprised at the small number of misdemeanors and crimes to be met with in the population of La Ciotat. Three facts are adduced as a proof of the high moral tone of the workmen. 1. In 1858 there was an almost total cessation of work in the establishment. Instead of dismissing the men, the company decided to employ and pay them only a third of each day, and the workmen accepted this sacrifice without a murmur. 2. In 1851 the mechanics of Marseilles struck for higher wages, and sent their emissaries to La Ciotat in order to obtain their co-operation: the attempt utterly failed. 3. Those apprentices who have been some time in school differ from those who have just entered, not merely in intelligence and age, but in a higher moral tone and conduct, the result of their education. In a money point of view the managers say that the company reaps an ample reward in the superior intelligence and steady conduct of their workmen."

From the Weekly Transcript.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.—*Temple Bar.*

Theology is a science; religion a spirit. The mere theologian may prosecute his task in a logical and exact manner, but the system he erects may be as dry and lifeless as a statue or a skeleton.

For the Children.

From the glorious heaven,
Where the angels are,
God looks down on children,
Seeth them afar;
Heareth all we ask for,
All the night and day;
Watches, like a father,
All our work and play.

As a father giveth,
So He gives us bread;
Saves us out of danger,
Watches by our bed.
Tell all little children
Of their Father's care,—
How he loves and thinks of
Children everywhere.

TRUST IN GOD.

The following narrative from the autobiography of Henry Y. Stilling, is a beautiful illustration of holy trust and confidence in God. Stilling was an eminent physician in the service of the Grand Duke of Baden. He died in the year 1812, and consequently was well known to many persons now living. His career was an extraordinary one.

In youth Stilling was extremely poor—destitute of the common comforts and necessaries of life. After a long season of anxiety and prayer, he felt satisfied that it was the will of God that he should go to a university and prepare himself for the medical profession. He did not, at first, make choice of a university, but waited for an intimation from his heavenly Father; for, as he intended to study simply from faith, he would not follow his own will in anything. Three weeks after he had come to his determination, a friend asked him where he intended to go. He replied he did not know.

"Oh," said she, "our neighbor, Mr. T., is going to Strasburg to spend the winter there. Go with him."

This touched Stilling's heart; he felt that this was the intimation that he had waited for. Meanwhile Mr. T. himself entered the room, and was heartily pleased with the proposition. The whole of his welfare now depended on his becoming a physician, and for this a thousand dollars was requisite, of which he knew not in the whole world how to raise a hundred. He nevertheless fixed his confidence firmly on God, and reasoned as follows:—"God begins nothing without terminating it gloriously; now it is most certainly true that He alone has ordered my present circumstances entirely without my co-operation; consequently it is also most certainly true that He will accomplish everything regarding me in a manner worthy of Himself." He smilingly said to his friends, who were as poor as himself, "I wonder from what quarter my heavenly Father will provide me with money?" When they expressed anxiety he said, "Believe assuredly that He who was able to feed a thousand people with a little bread lives still, and to Him I commit myself. He will certainly find out means. Do not be anxious—the Lord will provide."

Forty-six dollars was all that he could raise for his journey. He met unavoidable delay on the way, and while at Frankfort, three days' ride from Strasburg, he had but a single dollar left. He said nothing of it to any one, but waited for assistance of his heavenly Father. As he walked the street and prayed inwardly to God, he met Mr. L., a merchant from his place of residence, who said to him,

"Stilling, what brought you here?"

"I am going to Strasburg to study medicine."

"Where do you get your money to study with?"

"I have a rich Father in heaven."

Mr. L. looked at him steadily, and inquired, "How much money have you on hand?"

"One dollar," said Stilling.

"So," said Mr. L. "Well, I am one of your Father's stewards," and handed him thirty-three dollars.

The first trial made him so courageous that he no longer doubted that God would help him through everything.

He had been but a short time in Strasburg when his thirty-three dollars had again been reduced to one, on which account he began again to pray earnestly. Just at this time one morning his room-mate, Mr. T., said to him, "Stilling, I believe you did not bring much money with you," and offered him thirty dollars in gold, which he accepted as in answer to his prayers.

In a few months after this, the time arrived when he must pay the lecturer's fee, or have his name struck from the list of students. The money was to be paid by six o'clock on Thursday evening. Thursday morning came, and he had no money and no means of getting any. Five o'clock in the evening came, and yet there was no money. His faith began almost to fail; he broke out into a perspiration, his face was wet with tears. Some one knocked at the door. "Come in," said he. It was Mr. R., the person of whom he rented the room.

"I called," said Mr. R., "to see how you like the room."

"Thank you, said Mr. Stilling; "I like it very much.

Said Mr. R., "I thought I would ask you one other question; have you brought any money with you?"

Stilling, much overcome, answered, "No I have no money."

Mr. R. then looked at him with surprise,

and at length said, "I see how it is; God has sent me to help you." He immediately left the room, and soon returned with forty dollars in gold.

Stilling threw himself on the floor, and thanked God with tears. He then went to the college and paid his fee as well as the best. His whole college life was a series of just such circumstances. He was often in want of money, but he never asked man for it; for he had no man to ask, and it always came when he needed it. Was he authorized to enter a course of study with such prospects and such expectations? The leadings of Providence were such that he had not a shadow of doubt that it was his duty to enter on this course of study; he prayed frequently for Divine guidance, and felt that he had it; he availed himself of all the lawful means in his power for the supply of his own wants, and when he had no means of his own, he asked help of God, and never failed to receive what he asked. He became one of the greatest benefactors of the poor that the world had ever seen.—*The Moravian.*

COST OF ARMED PEACE.

Europe is now one vast camp, and swarms with an expensive soldiery from the Ural mountains to the capes of the Atlantic, and the inlets of the Mediterranean. Not one nation has full confidence in the friendship of any other. If there is a State in Europe which, from its position, the character of its military geography, the strength of its natural and artificial obstacles, ought to feel the intense satisfaction of complete security, it is France. Combined Europe would find it almost hopeless to assail her; yet she thirsts for more soldiers, more armaments, more fortresses, and her action abroad stirs up doubt, apprehension, and, of course, counter armaments. If France would sit still, and mind her own affairs, her present host of soldiers would more than suffice her needs. At this moment she can put in the field five armies, each a hundred thousand strong; but a defensive attitude does not please her, and so her government demands the means of putting seven hundred thousand men in the field. Prussia, struggling to maintain her new gains, and found a real German Empire, is actually laying hands upon every effective male within her reach, moved thereto, partly by the influence of custom, but chiefly by dread of a coalition. Russia is fanning the fires of insurrection all through the East, and swelling to their full limit the enormous armies she has on foot. Even Italy, all but bankrupt, chin-deep in deficits, maintains a public force; and Belgium, although styled neutral, in the language of diplomacy, feels bound to array scores of thousands more than she would need were it certain her neutrality would be respected. Austria trembles at every breath, runs forth to seek strange alliances, and spends on soldiering sums disproportioned to her means. When the cost of an armed peace is draining every exchequer, it is not surprising that capital should shrink back at the mere mention of loans.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, the military peace establishment of Europe consists of 2,800,000 men, while the war establishment rises to the awful total of 5,000,000. The cost of the peace array of the European States does not fall far short of £80,000,000 annually. Austria keeps on foot permanently 278,137 men, at a charge of £8,876,300; Spain expends £4,200,000 upon 234,426 men; France maintains 404,000 men under arms, and pays £14,000,000 for the luxury(?) Italy, out of her well-drained treasury, devotes £6,603,444 to an army 222,321 strong; the peace establishment of North Germany cannot now fall short of 300,000 men, nor the cost fall much below £8,000,000. The huge Russian levy of 800,000 men extracts from the national chest £15,250,000; while our own regulars, militia and volunteers, are maintained for the trifling sum of £14,569,279. These are the principal items in the dread account, and the smaller States complete the full tale. Eight nations spend on their soldiers and establishments £72,000,000. These sums represent the annual rate at which we insure an uncertain peace—a peace interrupted by three great wars in fifteen years, and now in extreme peril of a wholesale breaking up. But all this does not represent the total cost of the warlike machinery. Five States—Austria, Spain, France, England and Italy—employ, in addition, 213,887 men for sea service, and spend upwards of seventeen millions on their navies. Including Russia and the smaller States, the total expenditure for military and naval purposes in Europe is not less than £100,000,000 per annum. The worst of it is, that when this vast outlay has been made, Europe is not one whit more certain of tranquillity, nor is any one of the several States assured that it will not have to fight for its life. That constitutes the "irony of the situation."

But when we have summed up the actual cost of this array by sea and land, the total still falls short of the enormous penalty levied upon the nations. Who can truly estimate the additional loss arising from the forced abstinence of two millions and a half of men in the prime and vigor of life from reproductive labor? Suppose we estimate their proba-

ble earnings, if employed, at only one shilling per diem, the total loss per week of six days is no less than £750,000, or £39,000,000 per annum. To this we should add the difference between their wages and the value of their productions, and, if we only double it, the total exceeds the whole revenue of France. If we were to set down £200,000,000 a-year, as the total loss to Europe in hard cash, and as a consequence of compulsory abstinence from labor, we should not be far wrong, especially if we include the evil effect of insecurity upon enterprise.

No wonder that governments require loans, that nations should vegetate for want of railways, that capital should be withheld even where it abounds. Here is the French Emperor proposing an elaborate plan for the spending of £8,000,000, upon parish roads, to be spent in ten years, and be repaid in ever so many more; yet, the other day, he did not hesitate to spend, it was said, £6,000,000, in less than ten weeks, upon warlike preparations, having for their object the eviction of Prussia from Luxemburg. Russia stands as much in need of roads and railways as Spain; yet behold her expenditure on warlike agencies. Prussia wishes to consolidate her power; and both Prussia and Austria desire to conciliate their people, and seem to think huge levies of men and money the best mode of accomplishing the end in view.

The French Revolution bequeathed to governments the fatal legacy of the conscription. This ready method of raising large armies was speedily adopted, and one great obstacle of carrying on war was removed—the difficulty of seizing on men. Except in moments of national passion, no government could raise and pay for huge armies by voluntary enlistment. But now Prussia has shown that a strong executive need only consider the effective male population the limit of military enrolments. While the system of conscription exists, all proposals for disarming are absurd delusions, since a State, under that system, may keep comparatively few men under arms, and yet be able to lay its hands on triple the number. No doubt a great deal may be said for conscription; but it is not the least effective agent in augmenting the vast charges of an armed peace.—*Economist.*

ITEMS.

On the 13th ult. a terrible earthquake visited the cities along the coast of Peru and Ecuador, whereby thirty-two thousands lives are said to have been lost, and property valued at $300,000,000 was destroyed. A rumbling sound preceded the earthquake, and the sea was terribly agitated, and flooded the land for a great distance.

Arequipa, a city of thirty-five thousand inhabitants, has passed away, scarcely a vestige of it being left. Arica, a town of 12,000 inhabitants, was also destroyed, not a house being left standing. A tidal wave, forty feet high, rolled with terrific force on shore, carrying ships further on land than was ever before known. The United States storeship Fredonia capsized, and all on board were lost. She had on board naval stores valued at $1,800,000. She was rolled over and smashed to atoms.

The United States steamer Wateree was carried half a mile inland, left high and dry, but only one sailor was drowned. Owing to her great distance from the sea, she can never be got afloat again.

The Peruvian corvette America was also carried ashore and thirty-three of her crew were drowned. The American merchantman Rosa Rivera, the English ship Chancellor and the French barque Eduardo were also lost.

The towns of Iquique, Moquega, Locambia and Pisaqua were all utterly destroyed. Over 600 people perished at Iquique. The towns of Ibarra, San Pablo, Atuntaqui and Imutad are in ruins. Where the town of Coaticachi formerly stood is now a lake. The people of these towns were almost entirely destroyed. The towns of Pancho, Puellaro and Cachiquajo were also destroyed.

The Solar Eclipse.—Accounts have been received in England of the results obtained by the different corps of astronomers sent out to India to observe the Solar Eclipse of Eighth month 18th. At Bombay, where the eclipse was nearly total, the weather was very unfavorable, and rain fell at the time of greatest obscuration. Telegrams have been received from Major Tenant, who commanded the expedition sent out by the Astronomical Society of Great Britain, and from Dr. Janssen who commanded the French Party. Major Tenant states that light, fleecy clouds covered the sky, but that the eclipse had in the main been successfully observed.

Dr. Janssen, of the French corps, telegraphs to Paris that he had successfully observed the eclipse. He says that the spectrum of the red protuberances which are seen around the black disc of the moon during the time of total obscuration, and which have been proved to belong to the body of the sun, has been found to present a very remarkable and unexpected appearance. What this appearance is the dispatch does not state. The nature of these protuberances, it is conjectured, has been accurately ascertained by the spectroscope. The general character of a self-luminous object is conclusively determined by means of this instrument. A rainbow-colored streak of light indicates that the source of light is a luminous solid or liquid; the colored streak crossed by dark lines indicates that before reaching the observer the light from a luminous solid or liquid has passed through an absorptive vapor, and a spectrum consisting of bright lines only indicates that the source of light is a luminous gas. These principles are so well settled that no doubt is entertained that Janssen has discovered whether the sun is composed of solid, fluid or gaseous substances.

The Falls of Niagara.—A complete account of the geology of the Falls of Niagara and the Great Lakes, it is stated, is in course of preparation. Accurate observations have been made of the extent of the wearing away of the rocks at the Falls. Le Vaux, the observer, states that the Horseshoe Falls have receded more than six feet at the great bend, or "central bight," since his visit last year, and that the average rate of retrogression from this point along the precipice to the "Canadian bend" has been five feet.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 26, 1868. No. 30.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for entire Club. Single Nos. 6 cts
REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.
The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.
AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
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Under the united aid and guidance of these men, the establishment at Burgdorf continued to flourish, until from a change in the government, and possibly some jealousy of the liberal tendencies of his teaching in the aristocratic Canton of Berne, all public assistance was first withdrawn; and, finally he had notice to quit. The Canton de Vaud at once opened its arms to him; and offered him the choice of several localities and several public buildings whereto to transfer the institution. The celebrated Emanuel de Fellenberg also made him overtures to unite their plans. But though he was not insensible of the great advantages of being associated with a man of such rank and opulence, whose exertions were likewise on the liberal side, and whose views on many points were coincident with his own, yet he was aware of a difference in foundation and spirit, to which he feared to subject his own work. Fellenberg was endeavoring to discover the best means for educating the different classes for society *as it is*; Pestalozzi for educating all for society *as it ought to be*. The offer of Fellenberg was, however, accepted so far as the temporary transference of one part of the institution at Burgdorf to his estate at Munchen-Buchsee. The remainder removed with Pestalozzi to the castle of Yverdon, which he had selected from among those which the liberality of the Canton de Vaud had placed at his disposal, on account of its beautiful situation on the southern shore of Lake Neufchatel; and which has ever since been principally associated with the celebrity of Pestalozzi's name.

The picture of Pestalozzi at Yverdon I must give in the words of one of his biographers, from his own personal knowledge and memory of the intercourse he had enjoyed.

"Young men who wished to devote themselves to education, many of them destitute of all resources, flocked in great numbers to Yverdon, where they all found a kind reception, and ample opportunities for acquiring general information, as well as making themselves practically acquainted with the new method of instruction; and, what was of far greater importance, with the spirit with which the whole house was conducted, and of which it is hardly possible, without personal experience, to form an adequate notion. Never, perhaps, has the idea of domestic life been more beautifully realized,—never the effect of a Christian family spirit more powerfully illustrated. Persons of all ages, of all ranks, of all nations, of the most different gifts and abilities, and of the most opposite characters, were united together by that unaffected love which Pestalozzi—in years a man

verging to the grave, but in heart and mind a child—seemed to breathe out continually, and to impart to all who came within his circle. . . Every individual with all that he had, and all that he could command, devoted himself to the happiness and the improvement of all. . . There was no one that claimed any privilege for himself,—none that sought anything apart from others. The same man who read a Lecture on History one hour, would, perhaps in the next, sit on the same form with his pupils, in a lesson of Arithmetic or Geometry; nay, he would request their assistance, and receive their hints. Such facts were of daily occurrence in a house in which every one was a teacher of what he knew; and every one, even the head himself, a learner of what he knew not. . . The attention of all Europe was attracted to a boarding-school, in an obscure little town among the mountains of Switzerland; and men who had completed their literary education were induced to take their seat as fellow-learners among little children."

Pestalozzi, now at the age of seventy years, still retained that remarkable vigor and energy which had characterized him under all the difficulties and disappointments of his early career, but which only simple fidelity and dedication of the whole heart and mind can maintain under prosperous circumstances. In conjunction with his elder disciples, he continued to labor hard in the production and maturity of several literary works, mostly intended to present the elements in the different branches of instruction in their natural and simplest possible forms, so as to be capable of universal use and application; and to explain the principles and practice of the "method." His active mind was not, however, inattentive to what was passing around him, in the great political changes of the eventful years of 1814–15; and when the close of the European war opened brighter prospects for everthing connected with free progress and social reformation, his indefatigable pen put forth as a sort of farewell address, a summary of his views on the practicability of national improvement by means of popular, and especially of domestic education, in an "Earnest Appeal to the purer and nobler Feelings of my Countrymen."

He was confessedly at the head of the European educational movement. His establishment had become the centre of attraction and resort of all those ardent minds, who, wearied with proscriptive forms and material tendencies, and having faith in human progress, cannot cease striving to do their part to bring about a better social condition. Kings and Princes now sought to give him tokens of their interest and consideration, and even felt flattered by his notice and correspondence. But, alas! for the weakness of human nature, even Pestalozzi outlived his better days. Whatever there is of human virtue, is chiefly the hardy child of storms and difficulty, and can rarely withstand the fostering breath of popularity, or bear the full tide of success. After the delightful picture just given, it is a sore grief to have to record that an evil influence crept into the establishment, by which Pestalozzi himself was deceived.

By the ascendency of this influence, his most devoted friends and earnest fellow-laborers found themselves, one after another, compelled to leave him. "In 1816," says his biographer before quoted, "Krusi took his departure, with the voice of sorrow; and Niederer, the year after, with the voice of warning." The institution rapidly declined, and was finally brought to a close by the accumulation of pecuniary embarrasments; which, from his unbounded benevolence, and extreme dislike of having anything to do with the details of money-matters, had always been the weak practical side of Pestalozzi's character. He died at Brugg in the Canton of Basel, on the 17th of the 2d month, 1827, in the 83d year of his age.

Pestalozzi was short in stature, square in figure; and an inclination of the head to sink, as it were, between the shoulders, gave to him a certain singular and somewhat unprepossesing appearance. His countenance was marked by the traces of early thought, and of deep internal conflict and suffering. His habitual neglect of dress, and of all other matters of outward recommendation, and his unstudied manners, did not help to obviate the first unfavorable impression he often made upon strangers, and sometimes subjected him to ridicule.

He had no pretensions to learning, nor to any of those acquisitions in science or accomplishment, which are usually expected in a teacher. By one of his earliest friends and disciples, who knew him best, it is stated, that "in the common matters of routine of any ordinary school examination he would have stood remarkably behind." Without the advantages of person, or rank, or fortune, or even those talents and acquirements that usually mark a man for distinction, we must look a little deeper for sources of that reputation and the extraordinary influence he acquired among his cotemporaries, in almost entirely turning the current of men's minds, and causing them to run in new channels, and giving them a world-wide impulse on the vital subject of education. For the impress he has left behind him, we must look into his views and principles, into the internal laws he announced as lying at the basis of all

truly progressive culture; which, although the institutions they are first more or less enshrined in from the common causes of human weakness and decay may fail, must continue to be those that all the efforts at improvement and regeneration manifesting themselves from time to time will revert to, whenever the dead forms and mechanical contrivances into which all our best things have a constant tendency to fall back, react upon the life, and become too oppressive any longer to be borne.

An enlarged sympathy for the sufferings of others, and especially for those of the oppressed and neglected classes, added to an active benevolence that seems to have known no bounds, were undoubtedly among the leading characteristics of Pestalozzi's mind. "Ever since my youthful days," he writes of himself, "the course of my feelings, rolling on like a mighty stream, was directed to this one end, to stem the sources of that misery in which I saw the people around me immersed." We have seen that he applied himself to two of the professions, supposed to provide remedies for our spiritual, and some of our natural evils; but that his acute sense of truth and justice compelled him to abandon them, when he found it was not held dishonorable to employ them for quite other ends. The more he studied the state of society, the more he saw that the training of its various classes was not in accordance with its professed objects; that life was no where considered as the only ground for profession; nor, in our public institutions were they even seriously taught as essentially connected; that want of harmony in the results was consequently everywhere prevalent; that appearances in general took the place of realities with the upper classes, while the lower classes were wholly neglected.

It was therefore to alleviate the condition of the neglected and destitute classes that his earnest efforts were first directed. Education in its largest sense appeared to him to be their most pressing need. To elevate them by industry and culture to a position in which it was possible for them to work out their own freedom and independence, was what he held to be essential. In order to discover the best means for this end, it was among them that the energy and singleness of his character, and his remarkable spirit of self-sacrifice, induced him to seek his experience. Those who, in pursuance of the simple line of duty, think it right to visit the prison and the asylum, and to place themselves in actual sympathy and relationship with the real life of those whom they desire to serve, know something of the deep insight into themselves and human nature of the rich lesssons of observation and experience this pathway alone can secure. Perhaps no one was ever brought into closer contact with the daily inner life of the poor. Very touchingly he says of himself, "I lived for years in the circle of more than fifty pauper children. I divided with them in poverty my bread. I lived myself as a beggar, in order to teach beggars to live like men. . . In misery I became more and more intimately acquainted with the misery of the people and its sources, and thus learned to know them as no prosperous man can. I suffered what the people suffered; and the people showed itself to me, as it was, and as it showed itself to no other man."

One of the first great truths that dawned upon the mind of Pestalozzi, in the course of his investigations, was with regard to the period at which education commences in the life of the child. In the pursuit of his inquiries, he arrived at the conviction that *the first hour of its instruction is the hour of its birth.* From the moment in which the senses of the child become susceptible of the impressions of nature, from that moment does nature commence her teachings herself, whether any other influence is at hand to regulate the lessons or not. Nor must it be supposed that this so simple and obvious conclusion was arrived at otherwise than step by step, after long experience through a patient process of laborious deduction; and to the no small surprise and delight of Pestalozzi himself. It gave him a definite starting-point, a fixed and foundational fulcrum on which he could establish his levers to upraise the old world of nations on the subject of education. Axiom as it appears to be, and ready as is the theoretical assent given to it, when addressed to the intelligent mind, we *all practically disbelieve* it, in the treatment of our children. To say nothing of the vulgar notion that the business of education only seriously commences when the child is sent to school, and the secret misgivings of those parents who *do* make some earlier attempts at forming the minds of their children that they are trespassing on the field of other and surer hands, are not, almost universally, the first and tenderest years of infancy and childhood left to all sorts of chance influences, and *worse?* Depend upon it, nature and her laws never neglect the child, any more than she does the natural soil, whether cared for and cultivated or not. All the influences around us, for good and for evil, are unceasingly at work, both with an external and an internal forming power. And as education, whether consciously or not, commences with the moment of birth, so it is a Pestalozzian principle that it never finishes, except with the final hour.

From the period at which education thus commences, Pestalozzi was naturally led to look around for the first teachers. True to the beautiful order and providence that everywhere prevails, nature finds these at once in the mothers. If there is any one thing Pestalozzi relied on more surely than another, and that is breathed into his writings with more constancy and earnestness, as a means of reforming popular education, of rendering it as universal as its objects, and of infusing a living spirit into its old empiric forms, it is the unfailing power and tenderness of maternal love. Mothers are, of necessity, the first teachers of mankind, the especial guardians of our most important and most forming years. Women are endowed with more constancy and higher instincts than men; and in every extremity are our final resort. Scarcely beyond them does the essential spirit of self-sacrifice exist. To awaken in mothers, therefore, a sense of their high calling, was the aim on which he rested his chief hopes for the rising generations. He was perfectly aware of the objections against adding *this* duty to the over-burdened duties of mothers, especially in the oppressed households of the laboring population, and of the general plea of want of qualification so readily raised by mothers of all classes. He strenuously denied both the one and the other. He showed how the fulfilment of this duty would lighten all other duties; but if otherwise, the social arrangements *must* be altered to the greater and more pressing need. Nor is it, in truth, the humbler classes who, in proportion to their means and opportunities, neglect their children the most. The most heartless abandonment is towards the *other* end of society, nearly in an ascending scale. Pestalozzi was firm in the belief that with the gift itself, and *with* the desire, Providence would always bestow the ability to nurture, with the aid of the improved methods of instruction which the idea of the duty and the necessity would themselves give birth to. As has been stated, he labored himself perseveringly at the production of elementary books, so based upon the true principles of the development of the human mind, that the uneducated could use them, in the steps for which they were intended, as well as the most learned. At least in the earlier stages of infantile development, and perhaps much further than is generally supposed into the opening promise of youth, nothing can replace a mother's love and influence; nor can anything repay the loss to mothers themselves of the highest teachings, and the purest earthly sources of joy and happiness, by resigning their most sacred trust into the hands of others. Very much of the failure of most of our modern refinements in education, in producing its highest ends, may perhaps be closely connected with this one error, lying so near to the sources of life.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"THE NATURAL MAN."

"It is generally allowed amongst the professors of Christianity that in us—that is, in our flesh or natural man—dwelleth no good thing." This quotation is but a reiteration of a sentiment that has been handed down through many generations and received as a truism. On reading it to-day, the queries spontaneously arose, Who was the Creator of this "natural man" in whom "no good dwells?" What are the faculties and dispositions *inherent* in that nature, and whence *their origin?* Benevolence, leading to unselfish aid to the destitute and afflicted, and to a charitable feeling towards the erring; human love binding together families and friends, and sacrificing personal ease and health for their benefit; the power of admiration for the useful and the beautiful in the various departments of the outer world, and an appreciation of life's privileges,—are not these among the many endowments of the "natural man," and *are these evils?* I am induced to offer these thoughts in their simplicity to the "Intelligencer," in the hope of eliciting from some of its readers their thoughts on the subject. If I am in error as to what constitutes the "natural man" and what "dwells in him," I should be glad to be corrected. I have feared that not this alone, but other phrases which have descended to us traditionally, have been adopted without examination into their merits, and are being still perpetuated more to the perplexity of the inexperienced mind than to its spiritual enlightenment; I would suggest that such should be brought before us through the pages of the Intelligencer, by any one who apprehends a fallacy in their meaning. A discussion on such subjects conducted in the "spirit of meekness and love," I believe would tend to an enlargement of spiritual views, in which might be experienced a growth in the spiritual life. Queries advanced and met with replies in ever so simple language, or articles on any subject worthy our consideration, would doubtless lighten the burden of our estimable editors who have labored long in this field without any remuneration except that accruing from the effort to do good. Should not more who have reaped the benefit of their labors put their shoulders to the work for the help of these, and thus occupy their gifts in this way to their own and other's advantage? Surely, in such a periodical, in a Society where there is so much talent, research

and experience, there should be more original matter, and through this medium we *may* "help each other."

Richmond, Ind. S.

God will accept your first attempts to serve him not as a perfect work, but as a beginning. The first little blades of wheat are as pleasant to the farmer's eyes as the whole field waving with grain.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

MEMOIR OF LYDIA S. WIERMAN.

Lydia S. Wierman, a minister of Clear Creek Monthly Meeting, Illinois, recently deceased, was born in Sussex County, New Jersey, in 1804. When she was about six years old, her parents, Joseph and Mary Lundy, moved to Burlington County, in the same State.

She was of an active temperament, and in early life manifested a desire for the gratification of youthful vanity and folly, but was restrained by her parents, who tenderly admonished and watched over their children for good. She listened, and generally submitted to their counsels, though at times much in the cross to her natural inclinations; and in after years she often expressed that nothing weighed more upon her mind, or gave her greater uneasiness, than to observe disobedience to parents.

After she arrived at womanhood her health became impaired, and realizing the uncertainty of life and feeling that she had a work to do, she thirsted for that living water and that heavenly bread which can alone nourish and sustain the soul. She sought in solitary walks and in her private chamber to commune with her Father in secret, and was thereby strengthened to forsake youthful vanity, and enabled to bear a testimony to plainness and simplicity in dress and address.

Quite early in life she appeared in the ministry, and her example and solid deportment were such as to command respect wherever her lot was cast. Her ministry being not with the enticing words of man's wisdom, but in "the demonstration of the Spirit and with power," often baptized the assembly in a deep and reverent sense of the love of God. Having a retentive memory and conversational powers of a high order, she was peculiarly calculated by her loving and endearing manners to interest and instruct the social circle. To some of her younger sisters she was as a mother.

On the 24th of Third month, 1831, she was married to Joel Wierman, of Adams Co., Pa. In the relation of wife her example was worthy of imitation, showing in her everyday walk a concern to maintain the nearness of feeling which united them. In the capacity of mother, tenderness and firmness were blended with a deep concern for the present and eternal welfare of her children. For a number of years she and her husband were proprietors of a Female Seminary, established at their own home, and she devoted herself with zeal to the cause of education. The mental and moral advancement of the youth at all times engaged her earnest labor and unwearied attention.

She was a half sister of the late indefatigable philanthropist, Benjamin Lundy, and was an earnest advocate for the liberation of the slave, encouraging all to work in the way that seemed to them right for the attainment of this end. She felt it to be her duty to abstain, as far as possible, from the products of slave labor, but was charitable toward those who differed from her in sentiment.

In gospel love she visited many families in Virginia and elsewhere who held slaves, to warn and plead with them against this most iniquitous practice. She also visited the slave prisons in Baltimore; and we believe that her labors were kindly received, and had the effect of softening the hearts of some of the people. In illustrating her feelings of love and charity, we quote a passage from one of her letters: "My dear Sister, Thou feel'st very near to me. I remember when we used to sit by our father's fire, in silent meditation, to have seen thy heart tendered and drawn forth in sympathy with human woe. How I would enjoy to sit with thee again, that we might mingle our tears together. If the same mind is in us that was in Jesus, we shall be sent to the lost of the human family, and shall feel inclined to reclaim the prodigal and the sinner, (those generally esteemed immoral.)

"If we do this, we must be in the spirit in which He was. He was the friend of publicans and sinners. He sat at their tables. He was found in their company, and He ministered to them reproof; they saw His example, and were instructed; and it is thus that our light must shine upon those around us. Oh, then, let us put far from us that disposition which would say to the farthest wanderer, 'Prodigal, stand by thyself; come not near me, for I am holier than thou.'"

In 1857, she removed with her husband to Sadsbury Monthly Meeting, Lancaster Co., Pa., where her friends bear testimony to the value of her example and public services, as follows: "Our dear friend and acceptable minister, Lydia S. Wierman, (deceased,) was a valuable member of our meeting for one year, in which time her solid deportment, and interesting and instructive conversation,

endeared her to us. She was diligent in attending meetings and preaching the gospel to the comfort and satisfaction of many who heard her; warning them to beware of worldly ambition, and to seek and labor for true riches in Christ, which endure forever. She had a gift of utterance beyond many. Sound in judgment and doctrine, and convincing to the understanding, her testimonies were also pleasing to many who were not of our Society. May we who remain be faithful unto the Lord; freely give up to follow him, and manifest our love and respect for our deceased friend and her work, by following the wholesome counsel and Christian advice which she so often gave."

In the year 1858, she removed with her family to Putnam County, Illinois, and was attached to Clear Creek Monthly Meeting, where her labors of love in the ministry were marked as of the ability that God gives; manifesting both in public and private a Godly zeal for the promotion of truth and righteousness, she often called attention to the necessity of submitting to the operative influence of the power and Spirit of Truth upon the mind, in order to realize a union and communion of spirit with the Father. It was evidently her desire that all might realize the feeling that would induce them to give God the praise, honor and glory for every good and perfect gift. With the approbation of the Monthly Meeting she appointed meetings in surrounding neighborhoods, among professors of other religious denominations, which resulted to the satisfaction of her friends, and to the peace of her own mind. She also visited in gospel love, Friends in various places in Illinois, scattered as they are; and even after her health became impaired, she persevered in order to accomplish that which she believed to be required of her, and realized that her strength, both physically and spiritually, was adequate to the work. It was manifest to the visited, that her chief joy was in being a faithful laborer in her Heavenly Father's vineyard.

In the fall of 1859, she attended the Quarterly Meeting held at Honey Creek, Indiana, and the Yearly Meeting at Richmond. Before setting out on the journey, she obtained a minute from her Monthly Meeting, expressive of unity with her apprehension of duty, to attend White Water Quarterly Meeting, and to visit some of the families of Milford Monthly Meeting, which she performed to her own and her friends satisfaction.

In 1860, she attended the Quarterly Meeting held at Blue River, Indiana, and the Yearly Meeting held at Waynesville, Ohio, with a minute from the Monthly Meeting expressive of unity with her concern to appoint some meetings on her way going and returning, and in and about Waynesville, which was satisfactorily accomplished. She also attended the Yearly Meeting at Richmond in the year 1861.

Her health being much impaired the last three years of her life, she was confined mostly at home, but she was diligent in attending meetings when her health permitted, extending counsel and encouragement to her fellow-travellers Zionward. The establishment of a small library in the year 1862, under the care of Clear Creek Monthly Meeting, is due to her exertions.

In a letter to one of her sisters, a little more than a year before her death, she remarked, "Indisposition has prevented my finishing this letter. It is a great trial not to be able to go out, nor sew, knit nor read much. I pray continually for patience to endure so monotonous a life, and my mind is preserved in quietness and peace. I reflect on my former life and find many things to regret, but the consciousness of right intentions relieves the pain of omission or commission, and I look to the future life calmly and full of hope. I know not how soon I may leave this clay tenement, or how long I must endure the beatings of the storms of time, but all is peace within. My hope and trust are in God, who answereth prayer. Oh, joyful hope! that we shall meet again to part no more!" We will add her farewell message: "My dear sister, I am lying very sick on my bed at home, where I have been most of the time for the last eight days, solemnly aware of the fact that in a few days the veil will be drawn between you and me, and that we will meet no more on this side of the grave! I bid you a loving and affectionate farewell. My feelings are those of calm resignation and faith in the Divine Father, who hath been with me from my youth up; which faith and trust have been my strength through time, and now support my mind as life is calmly waning. Farewell, my dear sister, dear brother, and children all, as though named, and may we meet again where there is no separation."

Their residence having been burned by accident, nearly all her private writings and a journal of a part of her services in the ministry were destroyed, and, owing to her protracted ill health, they were never replaced.

After a long and trying sickness, which she bore with Christian fortitude and patience, and during which she frequently extended words of counsel and encouragement to her friends, she departed this life on the 28th of Fifth month, 1864, leaving a void in her immediate circle which neither time nor change can fill.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

INCENTIVES TO WORSHIP.

The Western States and Territories, comprising more than half of our country, have, as an element in their growing population, many isolated families and individual members of the Society of Friends. Most of these on their removal here are probably not informed of the localities of settled meetings, and if they were, the fact of the land being dearer than an average in such vicinities, turns their attention to other parts where we have no meetings. Having lived in the West several years with my family, and remote from any established meeting, our course of duty and inquiry have led us to some items of intelligence that, it seems to me, may lift other heads in hope, if more widely known.

We all know that it is good to wait upon the Lord in a public, open way, and to maintain with all the force of silent, good example, and all the emphasis of true speech, that in Him, and Him alone is everlasting strength. And this prayerful, every-day waiting must be an individual work. Why, then, may not any isolated member or family have a meeting publicly to prove to the world that all who truly wait upon the Lord do, everywhere, renew their strength? Impressed with these blessed truths, we upon our settlement here, instituted a home meeting. Though very few others attended, we felt it a strength to us. We also opened a home school, which attracted more attention, and led, in the course of two or three years, to voluntary offers from some of our neighbors to furnish us with funds for building a seminary in our village, where other children might be taught with ours, though the free system had long since been adopted here. None of these people were Friends, though two had been raised among them. Established in the school without any purpose of using it for a meeting-house, a few of our inquiring neighbors desired us to change our place of worship from the house to the Seminary, which we have done—and, we feel, with benefit to ourselves and others. There is a family meeting which was begun before ours,—27 miles off—which is frequently attended by a goodly number of people, though generally held in silence.

There being in this section of Illinois, as appears to be the case in other parts of the State, numbers of scattered families, a concern was felt for the opening of Circular Monthly Meetings for Worship. On applying to the Monthly Meeting at Clear Creek, our request was granted over two years since, and these meetings are attended by the most of Friends, and by numbers of other people. Our mode of worship is so singular and so distinct in principle from the popular forms, that we may not, at first, expect any large additions to our fold by convincement; but the privilege of social intercommunion through the medium of inspired worship, to those who know the pure and perfect way, is one of the endearing charms of life. And the writer of these lines can affirm, that one alone in a meeting with the Father of Spirits is and can be favored with the sweet incomes of Divine love. The Truth, then, points out the way for the gathering of people in all lands, and without any other ministry than the free ministry of the Holy Spirit, everywhere willing, and everywhere near. Abraham worshipped alone, and became the spiritual father of a multitude. The true, preserving, vital strength never was in man, nor in numbers of men: in the Lord Jehovah alone is everlasting strength; hence Abraham is as mighty alone as Solomon in the great congregation. If all the scattered, living members of our Society would offer, as Daniel did, public devotion to God, at stated times, and wait for the arising of Divine power, they would be as so many beacon lights to external worshippers, inviting them to that grace which has appeared unto all, and which, as affirmed in the Scriptures, is sufficient for them. No worship is so honorable—none so truly exalted—as that of waiting for and worshipping God in Spirit; for no communion can be so high, so pure, so holy, as that between man and his Maker.

Prophetstown, Ill. S. A.

There is a living power in true sentiments. When we hear them spoken, they take their place in our memories, and seem often to hide themselves away out of sight. But in times of trial, temptation, or suffering, just when they are needed for strength or comfort, some spirit hand turns the leaf on which they were written, and lo! they are ours again.

EXCERPTS,

Or scraps from unpublished Letters recently received.

. . . . While it gave me concern, (the intimation of ——'s indisposition,) I was not unmindful that her ascent up the great hill of the present life must be nearly consummated. Doubtless she can look back from her elevated position, over the long track of her existence, and see many evidences of trial and infirmity—yet with *each* a Divine Hand near to support under all such conditions: and can we not believe, come when they may, that the same Hand will be more clearly seen in the later and closing hours when the solemn journey here shall terminate—ready and prepared to lift into that chariot of light which shall convey her onward and upward to the beautiful home prepared for all who love the

appearing and government of the One Eternal Power.

Thy words of encouragement made me stronger, even though I felt unworthy of half the credit thou gives me in regard to the patience and resignation with which the little counter currents of my life are met. Far short as I come of this, thy good counsel stimulated me to greater watchfulness and resignation to every dispensation, which, though trying even to the better life, yet may be as blessings dispensed with unsightly coverings. When we come at some future time to look in upon them, they may prove to be costly jewels gathered out of bitter crosses and self-denial, and which, if we faint not, may have a setting in the crown immortal, which, may we not believe, awaits every follower of "Him who is meek and lowly of heart." When I look at these things in this way, I rejoice that my life is just as it is; but when we come to *live* the hours of trial, how we shrink, falter and grow almost rebellious! "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." Yesterday, in reading Hugh Judge's journal, I was much interested with his humility and his resignation to hard things in his early life, when at one time he almost resolved to run away from his master, thinking even prison fare would be better than what he had. But the Father restrained him. He had a work for him to do, and in preparing him for it He turned these crosses and disappointments into blessings. Truly we have a good, supremely good Father. "Great and marvellous are his works;" works of which poor finite man can have no conception. Then let us not murmur at any thing with which we meet as we journey along; and we *will* not, as we come closer and closer to our holy Protector, and feel Him to be our all in all,—our entire trust and dependence. This nearness, this trust, is what I desire above all things for myself, and for all my loved ones; an entire rest from our own works,—a being led as the gentle lamb, ready to turn at the least intimation of the heavenly Shepherd in the way He designates. Then and then only shall we realize our way to be a "way of pleasantness," and our path "a path of peace." My belief is that such a condition is attainable, although it may have to be reached through much suffering; but what is the cost compared with the prize?

Happiness is a state of discipline, and is only to be found in any considerable degree of purity and permanency (without which qualities it is unworthy of the name) in a regulated and harmonious mind, where religion is the charioteer, and reigns, and guides, and moderates the mental courses in the great journey of life with a firm and masterly hand.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 26, 1868.

THE NEW MEETING-HOUSE AT READING, PA.—Several weeks since we noticed the demolition of the Old Log Meeting-House at Reading, Pa., and the erection of a new and commodious one for the accommodation of Friends in that city. A correspondent in Reading has furnished an account of the opening of the meeting on First-day, the 3d of this month, and forwarded two of the newspapers of that city which allude to the circumstance. From these sources we extract the following information:

"The new meeting-house of the Society of Friends was opened for public worship on First-day morning (6th inst.,) without any ceremonies more than is usual at the regular meetings of the Society. Several members of the committee, who visit the meeting quarterly, were present.

"The usual quarterly meeting for worship was held at three o'clock in the afternoon. A general invitation having been extended to the public, the house was filled to overflowing, many not being able to obtain seats, though chairs and benches were borrowed to fill up all the available space.

"After an impressive silence of more than half an hour, a Friend arose and addressed the people for nearly an hour, dwelling on the plain truths of Christianity as exemplified in the teachings and practice of Christ and his disciples, and also inculcating the necessity of conforming our daily life to these teachings.

"He was followed by a woman minister of the Society, who, in a short, practical sermon, stated some of the views and principles held by them. After which the meeting closed.

"The Society having a strong testimony in favor of free gospel ministry and free seats in a house of worship, of course no collection was made."

"The new meeting-house is 22 feet in front towards Sixth St., and 50 feet in depth. The meeting-room 22 feet by 38 feet 6 inches. The school-room 16 feet 6 inches by 38 feet 6 in. The class or committee room 8 feet by 11 feet. The vestibule 8 feet by 27 feet 6 inches. The platform 3 feet 8 inches in width, which extends across the whole interior.

"The edifice is erected of mountain stone, from the hills adjacent to our city; the wood

work of white and yellow pine; the seats of poplar, and several are from the old log structure which formerly stood in Washington St.

"Architect, William Eyre, Philadelphia. Builder and Carpenter, B. Hemmig, Reading. F. Till & Co., of Court St., furnished the gas fittings.

"It is a plain and substantial structure; over the entrance is a stone tablet on which is inscribed:

Friends'
M. H.,
1868."

Iowa.—We occasionally receive communications from Friends in different parts of the country which give evidence that they are awakening to the necessity of labor, in order that the waste places may be rebuilt, and the scattered tribes may be gathered. A correspondent from Marshall County, Iowa, informs us that a committee was appointed by Prarie Grove Monthly Meeting to visit the meetings established in that State, and also settlements in which families of Friends reside, and to appoint meetings wherever truth may open the way. In the fulfilment of their appointment the committee have visited and appointed a number of meetings, which our correspondent informs us were generally well attended, and the labors of the committee appreciated.

It is probable the labors of the committee may result in the establishment of some meetings in this thriving State, which is being rapidly settled by emigration. A meeting on First-day has been held for some time past at Marcitte, according to the order of Friends. Our correspondent remarks in relation to the neighborhood in which he resides, "We have a beautiful and fertile country on the line of the great North-Western Railroad, leading from Chicago to the Pacific Railroad. Friends desirous of removing to the West, I apprehend will find in Marshall County, Iowa, as many inducements to locate as in any other part of the State." Many Friends from the East have found it to their interest to seek homes in the Western States, and no doubt many more will do so, but we believe great loss has often been sustained by settling in neighborhoods where there are no established meetings of Friends. We hope this matter may be well considered by those who purpose removing to the West, and who have been trained under the influences of the Society.

Died, at Camden, Del., on Second-day, the 7th inst., Phebe Dolby, in her 79th year; an elder of Camden Monthly Meeting. A pure, practical Christian has passed from time and suffering to eternal rest.

——, at his residence, in Denton, Md., of congestive chill, Jonathan Tylor, aged 62 years. His life as manifested in love to his fellow man, in which all who knew him can bear witness, is his best eulogy. To have known him was to know a plain, honest, unpretending man, without vanity or ostentation, loving his duty as instructed by the light that was within him, a living example to all men that God was with him in all his ways. Society loses an upright citizen, his friends that peaceful counsel which few that are left among them will be able to supply, and his family a noble father, for whose loss God alone can console them. His last moments were so calm that none knew when he left earth to enter upon the rich inheritance that is in reservation for the people of God.

——, at her residence in Salem, N. J., on the 9th of Eighth month, 1868, Martha B. Hancock, aged 68 years; a member of Salem Monthly Meeting. The life of this departed Friend has been one of many and varied trials, which she bore with Christian patience and resignation. Her cheerful, trusting spirit was a bright example to those around her, never doubting that he who would not permit a "sparrow to fall to the ground without his notice" would also care for her. She was concerned that her day's work should keep pace with the day, and the pale messenger found her in the eveuing of her life with her "lamp trimmed and burning;" and "like a shock of corn fully ripe," we doubt not she has been gathered into the heavenly garner.

——, on the 5th inst., at his residence in Jamaica, Chas. Whitson, in the 56th year of his age; a member and overseer of Flushing Monthly Meeting, L. I. His retiring and exemplary character gave evidence that he endeavored to live the life of a Christian; and it might be said of him, as of one formerly, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile." His illness was of short duration, but he was permitted to have a foretaste of the joys that awaited him at the entrance of the eternal world; frequently expressing himself as being entirely ready, that all was joy and happiness before him, and that he felt nothing in his way. Thus he quietly passed away, to receive the reward of "well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." E. H. B.

Old age is a public good. Do not feel sad because you are old. Whenever you are walking, no one ever opens a gate for you to pass through, no one ever honors you with any kind of help, without being himself the better for what he does; for fellow feeling with the aged ripens the soul.

Two things there are indicative of a weak mind; to be silent when it is proper to speak, and to speak when it is proper to be silent.—*Persian sage.*

OHIO YEARLY MEETING.

We are indebted to two of our friends in Ohio for the following account of their late Yearly Meeting:

Ohio Yearly Meeting of Friends was held at Mt. Pleasant, from 31st of Eighth month to the 3d of Ninth month, inclusive, 1868.

On First-day previous, the public gathering at 10 o'clock was a large concourse of Friends and others; many known as "Gurney Friends" were present. The meeting was a good one; living and encouraging testimonies were borne to the all-sufficiency of the light and life of Christ in the soul, and we were encouraged to become more dedicated followers of this Divine principle.

In the afternoon, Heavenly love was likewise felt to prevail. A ministering Friend of the Gurney branch of Society expressed unity with what had been said, and appeared in supplication for all present. In the evening, two travelling Friends of that branch of the Society had an appointed meeting in the same house, the house being owned in common by the three branches of the Society of Friends. Many of our members were present at the meeting, thus reciprocating a feeling of brotherly kindness.

At the opening of the Men's Meeting for business on Second-day all the representatives from the Quarterly Meetings were present. Minutes were received and read for Louisa Steer, a Minister, and William B. Steer, an Elder, her husband and travelling companion, from Fairfax Monthly Meeting, Virginia; for Thomas Foulke, a Minister from New York City, and for David and Naomi Barnes, Ministers from Purchase Monthly Meeting, N. Y.

Epistles were received from all the meetings with which we correspond, and in the reading of them we were strengthened by the evidence of unity and fellowship with our distant brethren. To prepare an Essay of an Epistle to respond thereto, several Friends were appointed.

A committee was also appointed to unite with women Friends in preparing returning minutes for those producing them from their several meetings.

3d of the week.—Nathan P. Grisell, on behalf of the Representatives, reported Joseph S. Hartly for Clerk and Joseph Mead to assist him, who, being separately considered, were united with, and appointed to serve the ensuing year.

Upon examining the state of society as shown by the Answers to the Queries, the meetings have all been attended, except in one of the small branches, owing to indisposition; the mid-week meetings were mostly small. The exercise that prevailed in the minds of some on considering the very important subject of meeting together, elicited much pertinent counsel and strong exhortation to be more faithful in this duty. The remaining answers evince that the body is yet mindful of our testimonies, though suffering and weakness abound.

5th of the week.—The minutes of the Meeting for Sufferings or Representative Committee were read, and the proceedings of that body the past year approved. They having informed that the time for which they were appointed had transpired, it was proposed and united with by the meeting that women Friends should be invited to co-operate in appointing members to compose jointly a Meeting for Sufferings or Representative Committee.

Women's Meeting uniting with the proposition, it became necessary to make some change in the Discipline. It was concluded that the directions in the Discipline in relation to the number necessary to constitute the Meeting for Sufferings be so changed as to read thus:—Which is to consist of a suitable number of men and women Friends from each Quarterly Meeting,—which number shall be determined by the Yearly Meeting from time to time. The number at this time to be nine men and four women Friends from each Quarterly Meeting.

The subject of Indian affairs claimed the attention of the meeting, and the Meeting for Sufferings was instructed to still keep the subject before them and act therein as way may open. That Committee has taken the subject into consideration, and appointed a sub-committee, to have it under care and to act in conjunction with similar committees of the other Yearly Meetings if occasion should require it.

The Committee of Epistles produced one, which, with a little alteration, was approved, and a copy directed to be sent to each of the Yearly Meetings with which we correspond. Ezekiel Roberts, of Mt. Pleasant, Jefferson Co., Ohio, and Job Lamborn, of Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio, were appointed correspondents for the Yearly Meeting.

Under a feeling of much love and harmony, the Yearly Meeting closed its sessions on the 3d inst., after a season of true enjoyment to many who were in attendance. There is evidence to induce the belief that our mingling together, not only in a solemn religious capacity, but also in the social relation, has been strengthening, and that the wise resolve of many has been to seek more earnestly in the future for the sustaining and life-giving bread that will nourish and sustain when all earthly powers fail. The meeting concluded

to meet at Salem next year, at the usual time, if so permitted.

The Representative Committee met at the rise of the Yearly Meeting and appointed a Clerk, a Committee to have the care of Indian affairs, and a correspondent from each Quarterly Meeting, whose address is as follows:—

Samuel S. Tomlinson, Mt. Pleasant, Jefferson Co., Ohio.

Joseph Mead, Loydsville, Belmont Co., Ohio.

Joseph S. Hartly, Alliance, Stark Co., Ohio.

From the Lima Correspondent of the N. Y. Times.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

Lima, Monday, August 24, 1868.—The warnings of a great calamity, of which I gave a hurried account in my last letter, have been terribly fulfilled. From Quito to Chiloe, the whole of our western coast has been visited with ruin too dreadful for description. Whole cities, with their inhabitants, have been swallowed by the yawning earth or submerged by the overwhelming sea. The extent of the calamity can only be estimated at present; but every hour brings fresh tidings of disasters from the coast and the interior, and the loss of life cannot fall below 30,000 souls, while it may reach the number 60,000. But the extent of this appalling disaster is only partially represented by the loss of life. Happy the fate of those who perished instantly, compared with that of thousands who survive. Provisions of any kind are scarcely to be had, and the country is filled with starving people seeking shelter and food. The Peruvian Congress has authorized the President to spend $2,000,000 on the destitute, and the guano agents have loaned the Government $500,000 of the money, without interest. But this sum will go but a small way toward relieving the actual wants of the thousands who are cast homeless and destitute upon an almost ruined country.

Although South America, and especially the Western coast, has often suffered from earthquakes, none of equal extent has occurred since the country was known to Europeans. The shocks commenced on the 13th inst., about 5 o'clock, P. M., and were felt in a radius of about 1,000 miles, from the port of Casma, near the northern extremity of Peru, down to Cobija, in Bolivia. In different places the shocks lasted from two to seven minutes, and caused greater ravages than any similar calamity that ever befel this country before; for not only were whole towns shaken down, and their destruction completed by fire, but the sea, retiring to extraordinary distances, returned on the coast at the rate of ten miles an hour, and with a wave full fifty feet high, that covered the towns and swept away in its reflux everything within its power, leaving big ships high and dry. The places where the convulsion was felt most severely are Arequipa, fifteen leagues inland, and Moquegua, ten leagues distant. The first of these cities is close to the volcano called "Mista," and the second close to the "Ubinas." Tacna and Ica, distant from the sea six or eight leagues, have suffered little in proportion to the others. Callao providentially escaped destruction by the earthquake, though it suffered great damage by the inundation and the extensive fire, of which I wrote in my last.

The news from every part of the country is heart-rending. Complete ruin has befallen the land, from Pisco to Iquique, and we do not yet know the full extent of the disaster. It was asserted that Cerro Pasco and Huancavelica, with about 80,000 inhabitants, had disappeared, engulfed in the earth, but later reports lead to the belief that the extent of the calamity, as far as these cities are concerned, has been greatly exaggerated.

The news from the different towns along the coast and in the interior comes in slowly, and is confused and contradictory. I give the latest particulars, as they reach me, from private correspondence and the newspapers.

Arequipa, the most beautiful city in Peru, was completely overthrown by the earthquake of the 13th. It was solidly built of stone, and contained about 50,000 inhabitants. Without exaggeration, I may say that not one stone has been left upon another. Not a church is left standing, not a house is habitable. The solidity of the buildings enabled them to resist the first shocks, and gave time to the inhabitants to escape to the streets and squares, but was not sufficient to arrest the continued violence of the earthquake. The number of persons buried beneath the ruins was about 200.

The earthquake commenced with an undulating movement, and as the shock culminated no one could keep his feet; the houses rocked like ships in the trough of the sea, and came crumbling down. The shrieks of the women and the crash of falling masonry, the upheaving of the earth and the clouds of blinding dust, made up a scene of terror that cannot be described.

Nineteen minor shocks took place that night, and at latest accounts the earth still continued in motion. Nothing had yet been done toward disinterring the dead; but I do not think any are buried alive, as certain death must have been the fate of all those who were not able to get into the street.

The earth has opened in all the plains

around the city, and water has appeared in various places.

The neighborhoods of Tiabaya and Sabandia and all the outlets of the beautiful city have shared her lot. The Misti, a volcano in whose lap the town was built, opened on the side toward the north, and threw forth earth and ashes; the water which the inhabitants used to drink has turned black, and of an insupportable taste.

IQUIQUE.—This city, the most important place in Southern Peru, was almost totally destroyed. A few minutes after 5 P. M., on the 13th inst., the inhabitants were terrified by loud subterranean noises, presaging the approach of an earthquake. The shock immediately followed. Every building was shaken to its foundation. The population rushed into the streets, and those who were not buried by the falling walls made their escape into the country with all speed. Had they remained in the city the entire population must have perished, as immediately on the passing of the first shock, the sea retired for some distance and then returned with a great rush and a roaring sound more terrible than the loudest thunder. The wave was of dreadful height and force, and it swept irresistibly over the town, completing the ruin begun by the earthquake. Not a mercantile establishment has escaped, nor does a vestige remain of the most opulent and handsome section of the town. The massive buildings belonging to the nitrate merchants, mostly constructed of stone and lime, have entirely disappeared. Buildings constructed of timber were swept away at once, leaving nothing to mark the place where they stood.

Arica, through which the greatest part of our commerce with the neighboring Republic of Bolivia flowed, and which was the most picturesque of our ports, after having been destroyed by the earthquake, was obliterated by the sea. There, as in the other towns on the coast, the water having retired to a great distance, fell with irresistible force on the ruins of the buildings, and has left a sad and silent beach, where but a short time before was activity and life.

Of five ships that lay at anchor in the bay all but one were destroyed with the entire or greater portion of their crew. The single exception was the Wateree, a war-steamer of the United States, which was carried nearly two miles inland, and lost only one man.

The number killed in Arica is not yet known, but is estimated at 200. The loss of property is immense. The Custom House contained 15,300 packages, valued at $1,800,000. Terror, hunger and desolation reign supreme. There is no habitable building left, The Custom House, railroad station, Post Office, hospital, churches, the fort of San Jose—all are gone. Even the trees have been swept away. No one is seen in the streets save now and then a person looking for spoils, or searching for the remains of lost friends or kinsfolk.

The Port of Chala, about half way between Callao and Iquique, suffered great damage, the havoc continuing for about forty-five minutes. At the moment the steamship Santiago was about to anchor, after a shock which was felt very sensibly on board, the sea receded, parting the chain of the vessel, and of the company's hulk, at anchor in the roadsted, and then returned at a height of about fifty feet, covering the rocks about the anchorage and in the harbor and sweeping up into the town for the distance of over 1,000 feet. The Custom-house, Steamship Agency, Mole, and everything within range was swept away by three successive seas preceded and followed by as many as twelve shocks of earthquake, each lasting from three seconds to two minutes in duration.

Although it is not certain, no lives are presumed to have been lost. Launches and everything afloat or within reach of the sea were swept away.

The estimated loss at this port is $80,000. The port is almost ruined, and the inhabitants have had to remove to a distance of eight leagues.

The town of Tambo is entirely washed away, and upwards of 500 persons have perished. The towns of Tiabaga, Vitor, Molliendo and Mejia, and all the villages within 150 miles are totally destroyed. In the latter place all the materials for the building of the Arequipa Railroad, which were deposited there, were washed away. Mejillones is completely destroyed.

From Tacna accounts are equally gloomy and appalling; upwards of forty buildings are destroyed. It is said as many as sixty four distinct shocks of earthquake were felt, and which continued up to the last date (16th.) The earthquake was terrific in its effect, nothing of the kind being in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. The towns of Sama and Lecomba are nearly destroyed. The earth opened in many places and vomited forth hot water. The valley of Lluta is completely ruined.

At Pisagua three ships were lost. At Mejia the sea carried away all the sleepers and rails for the Mejia Railway which were on the beach.

Owing to the elevation of the port, the damage done to the Islay by the sea was not very great, though the earthquake wave rose to the height of sixty feet. The Sea Lion, English bark, lying there loading wood, suf-

fered no damage. The French ship Canton, although left high and dry, succeeded in floating off with the return sea. The mole is nearly destroyed, and several of the launches. In the town every stone or cement wall is either demolished entirely or badly shaken. Among other freaks of the earthquake an entire new quebrada has opened at Guerreros, with a running spring at the bottom.

The Chincha Islands were visited by shocks so strong as to throw every one to the ground. No one could remain standing. For a while after the subsidence of the earthquake the sea remained perfectly quiet, but about 9.30 o'clock at night commenced retiring, and when about seventy yards distant raised itself in an immense wave, which rushing forward threw itself with irresistible weight against the mole. The solid structure was instantly torn away. The inhabitants gave themselves up for lost, supposing the whole island was about to be submerged. The ships were dashed about like cockle-shells, and suffered great damage from striking against each other. The following is a list of the vessels injured or destroyed; British ship Resolute, partially destroyed; British ship Eastern Empire, badly damaged; British ship Oceanica, almost a wreck; British ship Southern Ocean, badly damaged; Prussian bark Leopold II., a total wreck. Many of the above vessels were loaded, and were about to leave; their cargoes have all been badly injured. All the launches and small vessels are totally destroyed, the wharves and the mole are so injured that immense sums will have to be expended on them before they can be of any service.

It may be many weeks before we obtain full and exact accounts of the extent of this terrible calamity. No words at my command are adequate to describe the terror and suffering to be witnessed on every side. It is computed that 300,000 are homeless, wandering through the country, destitute of shelter and food. The Government is straining every nerve to relieve their distress; but even the most that can be done will go but little way toward supplying their wants. The United States' flagship Powhattan, with Admiral Turner on board, has sailed from Callao for Arica with supplies, and to render all assistance possible to the sufferers. The commander of the French war steamer Lamotte Piquet also placed his vessel at the disposal of the authorities, and has sailed for Arica. The steamer Union has been loaded with provisions, &c., and despatched from Callao by the Peruvian Government to render assistance to the destitute along the coast, but, owing to some defect in her machinery, she was obliged to put back into port.

It having been agreed upon by the Beneficent Society of Lima to collect from the ruined towns all orphans under eight years of age, and not being able to deduct from its own funds the sum of $18,000, which had been calculated was the quantity necessary for the construction of the building in which they should be received, the government has come forward and ordered that it should be built at once from the funds of the nation.

The municipal body of this city have agreed to raise a loan of $100,000 on a mortgage of their rents, in order to assist the helpless of the South.

President Balta has issued the following proclamation:

"*To the People of the South:* When I was prepared to shower all the good that power has placed in my hands on you, as on all the Republic, a terrible misfortune has struck you, and profoundly moved my heart.

"With the approval of the Congress and of all good citizens, I have not occupied, nor shall I occupy myself in anything, but to diminish the evils produced by the great calamity which has befallen you. My first thought has been to fly to your assistance, to weep with you over your ruins and to bestow upon you all the means of consolation of which the Government can dispose; but I can serve you better here; and authorized by the Congress to take all necessary measures to assist you, I send the Minister of Justice, Dr. D. Luciano B. Cisneros, who will adopt all the measures necessary to alleviate your misfortunes.

"The Divine Providence has thought proper to afflict the country with great misfortunes, at the moment in which my administration was commencing; being His work, it is also His the inspiration which animates me, and the force which sustains me, to give to the Republic a proof of my love and my devotion to it.

"The school of misfortune has always been useful, and the great calamities with which God has afflicted His people have been at all times a lesson of humanity. Misfortune is a bond stronger than prosperity.

"So, let us unite then to dry the tears of the unfortunate, to succor the orphans, to save families, to re-establish your agriculture, to give impulse to your industry, and to raise from ruin all the Republic, more prosperous more united and more happy.

"No sacrifice, not even that of his life to attain those ends, will omit your fellow-countrymen and friend. JOSE BALTA.

"LIMA, August 21, 1868."

To rejoice in the prosperity of another is to partake of it.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

RELIGION.*

"Pure religion and undefiled."—JAMES i. 27.

Religion, child of heavenly birth,
Why leave thy native sphere?
Why come to dwell on our cold earth?
What is thy mission here?

"I have not left my native sphere,
My home is still above;
I come the drooping mind to cheer,
To fill the heart with love.

"I come to call the wanderer home,
In the Father's house to dwell;
To chase away desponding gloom,
To light the convict's cell.

"I come the widow's grief to calm,
To dry the orphan's tear,
To give to parent's healing balm,
When by their loved ones' bier.

"I come a guide to blooming youth,
To hoary age a shield;
I come to sow the seeds of truth
In every human field.

"Receive my mission, child of earth,
Nor scorn my humble guise;
Cherish the plant of matchless worth,
And thus secure a prize."

Hart's Village. L. W.

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM.

BY CLARA F. BERRY.

Come, boys, I have something to tell you,
Come near, I would whisper it low—
You are thinking of leaving the homestead,
Don't be in a hurry to go!
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vices and sins:
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course downward begins.

You talk of the mines of Australia;
They're wealthy in gold, without doubt,
But, ah! there is gold on the farm, boys,
If only you'll shovel it out.
The mercantile life is a hazard,
The goods are first high and then low;
Better risk the old farm a while longer,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

The great busy West has inducements,
And so has the busiest mart,
But wealth is not made in a day, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to start!
The bankers and brokers are wealthy,
They take in their thousands or so;
Ah! think of the frauds and deceptions,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

The farm is the safest and surest,
The orchards are loaded to day,
You're free as the air of the mountains,
And monarch of all you survey.
Better stay on the farm a while longer,
Though profits come in rather slow,
Remember you've nothing to risk, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

Massachusetts Ploughman.

Laziness grows on people. It begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has, the more he is able to accomplish: for he learns to economize his time.—*Hale.*

* Written by the author in her 85th year.

EARTHQUAKES.

"There is," says Humboldt, "no other outward manifestation of force known to us—the murderous inventions of our own race included—through which, in the brief period of a few seconds or minutes, a larger number of human beings have been destroyed than by earthquakes." Lightning and storm, war and plague, are but weak and inefficient agents of destruction in comparison with the earth's internal forces. And as earthquakes surpass all other phenomena as agents of sudden destruction, so the impression which they produce on those who, for the first time, experience their effects, is peculiarly and indescribably awful. Men of reputed courage speak of a feeling of "intolerable dread" produced by the shock of an earthquake, "even when unaccompanied by subterranean noises." The impression is not that of simple fear, but a feeling of absolute pain. The reason seems for a while to have lost the power of separating real from imaginary causes of terror. The lower animals also are thrown into a state of terror and distress. "Swine and dogs," says Humboldt, "are particularly affected by the phenomena of earthquake." And he adds that "the very crocodiles of the Orinoco, otherwise as dumb as our little lizards, leave the shaken bed of the stream and run bellowing into the woods." Humboldt's explanation of the peculiar sensations of alarm and awe produced by an earthquake upon those who for the first time experience the effects of the phenomenon, is in all probability the correct one. "The impression here is not," he says, "the consequence of the recollection of destructive catastrophes presented to our imagination by narratives of historical events; what seizes us so wonderfully is the disabuse of that innate faith in the fixidity of the solid and surest foundations of the earth. From early childhood we are habituated to the contrast between the mobile element water, and the immobility of the soil on which we stand. All the evidences of our senses confirm this belief. But when suddenly the ground begins to rock beneath us, the feeling of an unknown mysterious power in nature coming into operation and shaking the solid globe, arises in the mind. The illusion of the whole of our earlier life is annihilated in an instant.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Never give your tongue its full liberty; let it always be your servant, never your master.

DANGERS TO FERTILE MINDS.

Every farmer of experience is well awaie of the wonderful difference in the final results of seed in itself good. In some instances, through the poverty of the soil, it is perilled, but, in other cases, the very fertility helps to produce the same result by the luxuriance of the weeds that surround and choke it. So also in human life; whatever in either constitution or circumstances might enable the good seeds of character to yield a richer than ordinary harvest, will be sure to bring with it corresponding dangers, that may, without diligent watchfulness, render the soil of the heart fatally unproductive. Some minds, like some soils, are naturally fertile. The reason quickly masters every difficulty, detects every sophistry and grasps a distant truth, bringing it near by rapid induction. The memory is tenacious, and holds with but slight effort all the forms of knowledge once mastered. Other minds attain to an equal productiveness by industry and cultivation. Though not so distinguished for the ease and celerity with which they bring forth their ripe fruits, their patient and unvarying assiduity gives a permanent value to their productions. Both of these classes of mind may be termed fertile, and both, while exerting vast influence on mankind, are liable to special dangers.

Genius often lacks stability, and excessive application frequently enfeebles the will. Intellectual brilliancy is often purchased at the expense of great moral weakness, and we sometimes see a tendency to reaction from the loftiest imaginings into the lowest dissipations. In Europe this tendency is the great bane of college life. Sometimes there is a fickleness in the man of genius that prevents the success, that only unwearing perseverance in one pursuit can ensure; and on the other hand we often see every energy, which either natural fertility or the interest culture can give to the mental soil, so completely absorbed in purely intellectual pursuits, and so exhausted by them, as to leave no elements for the cultivation of the moral or religious nature. This is, perhaps, the most common, as well as the most fatal danger of the fertile mind. Where the thoughts are exclusively strained upon intellectual subjects, the emotional nature is apt to grow rusty from disuse, and an apathy to moral and religious topics may ensue without rigid watchfulness. A real growth of nature will demand an increasing proportion of mental stimulus in every subject that is pursued, and the man of intellect must, therefore, secure more intense and thoughtful religious exercises than will suffice for others, if he would have his moral nature keep pace with his mental. Many, however, mistake an intellectual admiration of religion for the pious following of it, and love theology as they do Euclid, to please the mind, but not to touch the heart. Some are wrought up to lofty enthusiasm by the poetic glowings of the sacred bards, and for this believe themselves to be truly religious characters, and others rest satisfied in what they conceive to be clear views of truth, without a practical working of them in their lives.

A consideration of these and other dangers to the fertile mind, may make those less distinguished, contented with their own advantages. Those who mourn that their range of vision cannot be extended by rising to the summit of some mountain, should remember that the same height that would enlarge their field of vision, would also take away the distinctness of their perception. It is those who make the best use of the advantages and opportunities that God has granted them, that best fulfil the high purposes of their creation. And those who may be favored with unusual abilities, should ever bear in mind the great responsibilities that accompany them. Every faculty possessed should be improved to the utmost, not in a one-sided manner, but in its proper relations to all others, thus to promote and secure a perfectly balanced character. Those who have ten talents entrusted to their care, must give more labor and industry in their occupation, and the richness of the increase will more than reward all the toil, for where "much is given, much shall also be required."

THE BOWYER BIBLE.

One of the most curious, and, in many respects, the most valuable copies of the Bible in existence, is known as the Bowyer Bible, a sketch of which, and of him from whom it derives its name, is thus given in Chambers's *Book of Days:*

"About ninety years ago, a poor youth was walking through Newgate-Street, listlessly looking into the shops, and lamenting his own poverty. His fancy was taken by a portrait in one of the windows, and something within him said that he too, perchance, might be able to paint portraits, and to earn a living thereby. He went home, procured paints, brushes, and a bit of broken looking-glass, and painted a small portrait of himself. It was a success in his eyes, and apparently in the eyes of others. He gradually got employment as a miniature painter, and numbered among his sitters such great personages as George III. and Queen Charlotte. One Sunday, when the poor king was too far gone in his mental malady to sit to portrait painters, the artist drew *on his thumb-nail* a

portrait of the king, which he afterward transferred on the same scale to ivory. The prince regent liked the miniature so well, that he at once purchased it at the price named by the artist—a hundred guineas.

"The person here treated of was William Bowyer, whose name is now little known or thought of as that of a regular artist. Perhaps he found that he was really deficient in the higher powers of art, and that it would be wise for him to turn his attention to other fields of labor. Be this as it may, he became a printer, and gradually realized a competency in that trade. The Stationers' Company to this day have the management of a small endowment which he established for the benefit of poor working printers. The most remarkable work printed by him was an edition of Hume's *History of England*, so costly that only a few copies could be disposed of.

"William Bowyer is now chiefly remembered in connection with one particular copy of the Bible. Macklin ventured on the most costly edition of the Bible ever issued from the press; and Bowyer, possessing one copy of this work, devoted the leisure of nearly thirty years to illustrating it. He procured from every part of Europe engravings, etchings, and original drawings, relating to biblical subjects; and these, to the number of *seven thousand*, he interleaved with his Bible. From Michael Angelo and Raphael to Reynolds and West, every artist whose Scripture subjects had been engraved was brought into requisition. Bowyer having only his own taste to please, gave a very wide scope to the meaning of the words 'scriptural' and 'biblical;' insomuch that he included plates of natural history that *might* possibly illustrate the cosmogony of the Bible. The collection included the best Scripture atlases. Its most original features were two hundred drawings by Lautherbourg. Thus he went on, step by step, until his Bible expanded to forty-five folio volumes, including examples from nearly six hundred different engravers.

"This extraordinary work seems to have occupied Mr. Bowyer from about 1798 to 1824. The work, with costly binding, and an oak cabinet to contain all the forty-five volumes, is said to have cost him *four thousand guineas*. He insured it in the Albion Fire Office for £3000. After his death, a lottery was got up for the benefit of his daughter, Mrs. Parkes, with this Bible as the sole prize. One Mr. Saxon, a Somersetshire farmer, won the prize. It is just possible that, as in the famous case of the family picture of the Vicar of Wakefield, the dimensions were not found compatible with domestic convenience; for the work has changed hands several times. In the early part of March, 1856, there was a seven days' sale of an extensive library, and among the lots the chief was the celebrated Bowyer Bible. The bidding began at £400, and the lot was ultimately knocked down at £550 to Mr. Robert Heywood, of Bolton. Ponderous as such a work must be for any private library, it would nevertheless be a pity that so unique a collection should ever be broken up and scattered."—*The Methodist.*

ITEMS.

Photographing the Solar Eclipse.—Admiral R. H. Manners, President of the Royal Astronomical Society in England, has received a telegraphic message, stating some of the results of the expedition under Major Tennant to photograph the great eclipse. He handed the telegram to Professor Tyndall, who was then presiding over Section A of the British Association, who at once read it to the meeting as follows: "August 18—Light clouds, but mainly successful with eclipse." This brief item of news from India (says a correspondent) was received with cheers. Only those who know the care and trouble of doing such astronomical work as this can appreciate the delight of those present who had taken an active part in the preparations. A silvered glass reflector, of the largest size used in this telescope, must be mounted so carefully that if a single human hair were interposed between the back of the speculum and its metallic bed it would set up sufficient flexure of the mirror to distort the image. It was known that the apparatus received some little damage on its passage out, but the telegram removed all fears as to the result. Mr. Browning, the maker of the telescope, was present in the section when the news came.

Among the other expeditions observing or photograping the eclipse in India was one under Mr. Pogson, astronomer to the government of Madras. According to the last news from him, he intended to fix his apparatus either at Masulipatam or at Narsipore. He also intended to place an assistant at Gunnapoor, and another near Beejapoor, towards the Bombay side. The French expedition, under Dr. Janssen, was near Masulipatam; and Lieutenant Herschel, with a good supply of spectroscopic instruments, was somewhere in the same vicinity. No news as to the results has yet been received, except from Major Tennant.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

It is stated that there are two mountains in Europe higher than Mont Blanc. These are Elbrouz and Kasbek, of the Caucasian chain. The first is 18,256 feet high; the second 16,540.

—It is reported that, while the American press paid the Atlantic Cable Company seventy thousand dollars for dispatches during the last year, the press of Great Britain only disbursed seven thousand dollars for cable news in the same period.

In Italy, public education has not yet been firmly established. The office of Minister of Public Instruction exists, and the duties of the position fully occupy the time of the incumbent. The lyceums have 3362 scholars, the gymnasiums 12,872, and the technical schools, 8268. All the scholars in the technical schools learn drawing.

The cable reports the death of Dr. Schonbein, the German chemist, the discoverer of ozone, and the inventor of gun cotton.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 3, 1868. No. 31.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for entire Club. Single Nos. 6 cts

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*
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PESTALOZZI, HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

Early History.—Labors on behalf of Popular Education.—Establishment at Neuhof.—Experiment at Stantz.—Burgdorf.—Yverdon.—Principles.

(Concluded from page 468.)

Knowledge, we are truly taught, is power. But knowlege apart from love,—uninoculated by the sweet susceptibilities, and uncontrolled by the best affections of our nature,—is a consuming and destructive fire, barren to its possessor and oppressing, if not preying upon his kind. Educate mothers to be mothers, and *they* will educate their children.

Next to the earliest teachers, the *process* of instruction engaged the active attention of Pestalozzi's mind. He saw in every branch of ordinary school teaching that certain names, and rules, and things to be done, and things to be said, and things to be believed in, were given to the child to be learned, and done, and said, and believed in, because others had learned, done, said, and believed them before him. He saw that this process never reached, nor ever could reach the mind and heart of the child; and that so far from strengthening its powers, and really *in*forming it, it served only to create confusion and arrest the progress it would make itself. He describes the popular schools of the day, in which were pursued those methods of words and rote instruction, so violently dislocated from all the teachings of nature, and so opposed to her laws and order in the constitution of the human mind, as "essentially nothing else than artificial machines for stifling all the results of inward power and experience, which nature herself would bring to life." After more than thirty years active experience in the field of education, he expresses the conviction that "to attempt to palliate or gloss over the common school methods would be worse than useless; a remedy must be applied at their very roots." "Every day," he adds, "the feeling develops itself more forcibly within me, that it is essentially impossible to correct the evils of the ordinary school methods, if we cannot succeed in subjecting the mechanical forms of all instruction to the eternal laws of the human mind." If, as he always asserted, it is not by the reception and accumulation of the thoughts and materials of others that the human mind can form and develop itself, but only so far as, by the use and exercise of its inward powers and faculties, it can make things its own; then is all education—worthy of the name—at once carried over from the mechanical to the organic processes. In this pathway Pestalozzi arrived at the fundamental principle,—undeviatingly visible throughout the organic productions of nature,—*that the laws of its own development are deposited within the child;* and the great business of the educator, therefore, is to discover those laws and obey them. As truly as, in an embryo state, the actual prototypes of the stem, the

branches, the foliage, the blossoms, and the fruit of the most lordly tenant of the forest, or the loveliest flower of the field, are all contained in the little seed, and, by a wonderful *internal power*, derived immediately from the hand of the Creator, the living germ, according to its kind, is able to break through the husk or shell with which it is invested, as soon as it is placed in a position where such a development is possible, and slowly, but certainly, in perfect harmony, and always according to the nature of the *root*, to put forth in progression its various productions. The more Pestalozzi investigated, the more he was convinced that the elements of all human knowledge, the germs of all our capabilities and powers, were originally implanted in the human mind; were subjected to similar laws, and required the same care, and nurture, and analagous process, as in every department of natural cultivation, to call them forth.

The order of Divine Providence in the education of the *human race*, was that which Pestalozzi believed the constitution of the human mind required, in the education of the *individual*, and the only safe pathway to knowledge and to truth. He distinguished this method by the name of *real* instruction, or *development* or *intuition*. He would never give to the child the representation, when the thing itself was at hand; nor the sign *before* the thing signified, when the latter was accessible. Thus would it readily be enabled to proceed without confusion, from the outward perceptions of the senses, to inward clear ideas. He insisted, as of the utmost importance, that no one step further should be taken, till the previous one was thoroughly established and understood; every advancement being fairly grounded upon the antecedent; and materials judiciously furnished, according to requisition and inquiry, among which he would allow the child to make its own discoveries, supplying the links and the language *with* the eager demand. He shunned everything of a superficial character, not only on account of its sheer deception and utter worthlessness, but on account of its morally corrupting tendencies. He never loaded the memory with words *before* the things themselves were apprehended; nor gave rules to be learnt beforehand by rote and applied mechanically, because he could always lead his children to discover them for themselves. He held that whatever it *realized* in its own experience, was *real* to the child; and from the child itself could the teacher most effectually learn how to teach *it*.

Pestalozzi was himself astonished at the life which this method of elementary instruction infused into the minds of his pupils. The difficulty was no longer *to teach*, as is the case with the old, dry, mechanical forms, or to incite them to make those efforts which are essential to self-improvement and progress, but *to restrain*; while the sense of vigor imparted the pleasure of novelty inspired, and the interest awakened by every fresh acquisition, and the discoveries constantly made, converted the former tasks into the greatest sources of delight. There can be no doubt that the thirst for knowledge is inherent in the human mind, and can only be blunted or destroyed by the worst possible treatment. In fact, he came to the conclusion that wherever learning was a burden, either the previous steps, or the methods of communicating, were essentially defective; and he believed these principles capable of being applied to every range and department of human knowledge.

When we extend these views into moral and religious training, it will be seen at once, that no number of maxims written down in a copy-book, can impart the principles of virtue and morality; nor is it possible, that the learning by heart of any creeds or rituals, any enforcement of precept, or any amount of merely doctrinal, theological, and dogmatic teaching, can have any prescribed effect on the inner nature, in awakening the spiritual susceptibilities, and instilling religious and Divine truths.

It may be seriously questioned, whether the effect of the frequent repetition of words of the most solemn import, which can have no meaning without the corresponding intuition,—not usually among the earliest, and then not always to be spontaneously called forth,—is not precisely the opposite; and whether the practical tendency is not to blunt the moral and religious perceptions, and induce to hold lightly, as mere sounds and conventionalities, the most vital obligations and truths. How many zealous teachers, and honest and most devoted parents, have had to deplore the barren results of their assiduous endeavors in this mode of training, because they have mistaken or overlooked the means of connecting themselves with the interior life of the child, or perhaps done violence to the very constitution of the mind itself! There is scarcely a truth more universally acknowledged in practical life, or one more frequent with suggestion, than whatever we can manage or are allowed to *teach ourselves*, be the sources or the influences from which it is gained or imbibed what they may, always asserts its ascendency, whenever the shackles imposed upon us by others are overpowered or withdrawn; and forms, in fact, the real character. In the

nature of things it cannot be otherwise; and this organic constitutional law, ought to give us the clue to the true method of teaching.

Scarcely of less importance than the process of instruction, was the right qualification of our teachers in the view of Pestalozzi; and the devotion of his best endeavors to form and educate such, became accordingly the final object of his labors and his life. At one time his establishment at Yverdon numbered nearly 200 grown-up persons, assembled from every country of Europe and beyond, to partake of the teachings and catch the spirit of the master. It will be easily apprehended, that what he required in the true teacher was not so much learning and accomplishments, as those unseen and nameless influences, which are ever springing from the possession of life. It is not so much from what we *know*, as from what we *are*, that any influence we may exert upon others is derivable. Only out of our own treasury is it possible that we can impart knowledge to others, and out of their own continual progress can parents and teachers alone have any reasonable ground for the hope of being able to help forward their children. In all the moral departments, which are of infinitely the highest importance, he required unconditionally of all that they should at least aim *to be* what they professed *to teach*.

This is undoubtedly the hardest part of the lessons of Pestalozzi, and where failures take place, if at all. But it is, if possible, even more essential with children than with grown-up persons; because the latter can make allowances out of their own experience and short-comings, which the former cannot; and children are acute judges of right and wrong,—of consistency and inconsistency,—at a very early age.

A firm believer in the higher instincts and ultimate destiny of man, he could accept of no inferior or secondary means, and no final purpose of all the wonderful manifestations within and around us, than the restoration of the Divine image and unity in man. His strivings and the motives with which he endeavored to inspire those around him, were ever after the purer, higher, and nobler, to the purest, highest, and best. The childlike simplicity of his character, and his filial trust in the love, power, and goodness of an all-wise and beneficent Creator, enabled him to become as a child, in order to teach children, and learn himself from them how to lead them gently by the hand of affection, to a knowledge of their true relationship, and to the inward discoveries of the Divine Law. The Divine Germ, or Seed, or Law, or Life, or Light,—in man, but not of man,—he believed never to be wholly lost or extinguished, even in the most ignorant and debased. That Voice, which at the moment of the first transgression was heard calling to our first Parent in the Garden, "Adam where art thou?" has been calling ever since, in every child of Adam, and under every form and dispensation, but more manifestly in this our gospel day; and whether immediately or through the instrumentalities of Divine appointments, wherever that voice may reach, *there* is graciously bestowed the power to hear and to obey. His firm faith in the reality of the Divine "Law written in the heart,"—the indwelling of the living word,—"the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," was that which gave to Pestalozzi all his earnest and unwearied energy, and all his hope. All our reformations and philanthropic efforts are based upon this foundation, or must prove vain and fruitless without. He did not believe that any improvement in our outward circumstances,—so often seen to make men worse,—could bring about moral reformation; but in all his strivings he was animated by the fervent conviction, that the means of our elevation from the ignorance and degradation in which men, both in the masses and individuals, are everywhere found, lies in those intrinsic principles, and in that witness which Divine Revelation always appeals to as deposited within.

It can scarcely fail to be remarked how completely in harmony with the whole teaching and spirit of the Gospel dispensation are the views developed by Pestalozzi, as to the basis and principles on which all education should rest. The Gospel everywhere appeals to internal springs and motives of action, and is itself an inward power of Divine Life. Throughout the New Testament Christianity is presented to us, not merely as a profession to be made, but as a life to be lived. I have it from the personal testimony of one who knew him most intimately, and was in a position to give an independent judgment, that the inward and spiritual views of Pestalozzi were in perfect unison with those of the early members of our Religious Society.

I must give one caution before concluding this attempt to present a concise summary of a life so large and full of labors, against accepting as Pestalozzian all that has been put forth and exhibited under his name. Wherever such name has been used as an advertisement, or the "Pestalozzian *System*" is talked about, be sure there is some mistake, either of ignorance or misapprehension; and that some pretence or imitation has been set up instead. As an instance may be mentioned the beautiful idea of Infant Schools, which had its origin from his efforts; but

when it was converted into a *system*, it has in many cases been so abused as to become an instrument of torture, and of drilling out of the poor little things the very life it was intended to conserve, till Pestalozzi and his friends were compelled to renounce it, as claiming to be theirs. Let it never be forgotten that the best and highest forms, applied mechanically apart from the spirit that gave them birth, can only become the instruments of destruction and death. The methods of Pestalozzi can be understood and applied only by those who have drawn deep, and are imbued with the Pestalozzian spirit.

If I have succeeded in making the subject sufficiently interesting to induce any to make further inquiry, and study the life and writings of this remarkable man, I shall be greatly rejoiced.

The moment a man gives way to inordinate desires, disquietude and torment take possession of the heart. The proud and the covetous are never at rest; but the humble and poor in spirit possess their souls in the plenitude of peace.

VITAL RELIGION AND THE MEANS OF PROMOTING IT.

BY SAMUEL M. JANNEY.

It will be acknowledged by all reflecting minds, that the progress of the soul in vital religion is the most important concern that can engage the attention of the human mind; because on it depends our happiness here and our eternal felicity hereafter. I purpose in this essay to treat the subject in its relation to personal holiness, avoiding controverted points of doctrine, and endeavoring to elucidate those great principles which are recognized by all devout and experienced Christians.

Section I.

The chief requisites for a religious life are faith, humility, love, obedience and patience. 1. "Without faith it is impossible to please God, for he that cometh to Him must first believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of all that diligently seek Him." The faith here alluded to is more than a mere assent of the mind or conviction produced by evidence; it implies also confidence and trust,—a willingness to accept of Christ in his spiritual manifestation as the Shepherd and Bishop of souls. True, saving faith "worketh by love;" hence the apostle Paul says, "With the *heart* man believeth unto righteousness." Our affections must be engaged on the side of righteousness,—our love to God must be the spring of our actions; then shall we show our faith by our works, for "faith without works is dead."

Salvation must ever be attributed to the work of divine grace in the soul. "For by grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." Faith in divine power and love is the root planted in the soul, from which spring forth those blessed fruits,—those good works,—which are the only sure evidence by which the world can be convinced that we are born of God. There is, however, an internal evidence by which the converted soul receives assurance of divine acceptance, for "he that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself."

A gifted writer thus describes the difference between the Christian and the world: "Most men know nothing beyond what they see. Their lovely world is all in all to them; its outer beauty, not its hidden loveliness. Prosperity—struggle—sadness—it is all the same. They struggle through it all alone, and when old age comes and the companions of early days are gone, they feel that they are solitary. In all this strange deep world, they never meet, or but for a moment, the Spirit of it all, who stands at their very side. And it is exactly the opposite of this that makes a Christian. Move where he will, there is a thought and a Presence which he cannot put aside. He is haunted forever by the Eternal Mind. God looks out upon him from the clear sky, and through the thick darkness,—is present in the rain-drop that trickles down the branches, and in the tempest that crashes down the forest. A living Redeemer stands beside him, goes with him, talks with him as a man with his friend. The emphatic description of a life of spirituality is, "Enoch walked with God:" and it seems to be one reason why a manifestation of God was given us in the flesh, that this livingness of God might be more distinctly felt by us."*

The hope that springs from faith in God, and in his Son, Jesus Christ, is "an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast." "Let not your heart be troubled," said the Divine master, "ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you."

How sad is the condition of those who give way to scepticism! They are tossed upon the unstable waves of vain speculation, and while attempting to solve problems beyond the reach of the human intellect, they miss the comfort and assurance that would be afforded by the reception of heavenly truth.

Cowper has illustrated this subject in his portrait of the poor cottager weaving at her own door.

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* F. W. Robertson's Sermons, I. 182.

"She knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
Oh, happy peasant! Oh, unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
He prais'd, perhaps, for ages yet to come;
She never heard of half a mile from home;
He, lost in errors, his vain heart prefers,
She, safe in the simplicity of hers.
Not many wise, rich, noble, or profound
In science, win one inch of heavenly ground.
And, is it not a mortifying thought,
The poor should gain it and the rich should not?
No—the voluptuaries, who ne'er forget
One pleasure lost, lose heaven without regret;
Regret would rouse them, and give birth to prayer;
Prayer would add faith, and faith would fix them there."

2. Humility is the second requisite for the foundation of a holy life, for it is written, "God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble;" "whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of Heaven."

Humility is the opposite of pride and arrogance; it consists in lowliness of mind,—a deep sense of one's own unworthiness in the sight of God, and self-abasement, penitence for sin, and submission to the divine will.

There is an affected humility which is a base counterfeit; it may be found associated with intense bigotry and a sanctimonious behaviour. It was exemplified in the Pharisees, who put on "a sad countenance and disfigured their faces, that they might appear unto men to fast."

In true humility there is nothing inconsistent with cheerfulness or harmless mirth, on suitable occasions; for the beneficent Author of our being, who has furnished all his creatures with the means of enjoyment, and has placed us in a world adorned with beauty, certainly never intended that our existence here should be clouded by *self-imposed* austerities. There are, however, seasons of deep religious exercise experienced at times by the faithful disciples of Christ, from which they should by no means turn away, but, on the contrary, should be willing to endure them patiently, as the means appointed for their purification. These spiritual baptisms have been allotted to the servants of God in all ages, being undoubtedly needful to withdraw their affections from worldly things and prepare them for religious service. The great object of our existence here, is to "develope the soul's life, for which sorrow is indispensable."

The grace of humility being essential to our spiritual progress, the question arises, How shall we obtain it? Can it be done by a mere effort of the will, or an exercise of the intellect? It will be found by the earnest inquirer that this of itself is not sufficient. We may and we ought to reflect upon the infinite goodness and condescension of the Most High, and our own unworthiness, infirmities and transgressions. We should set before us the perfect example of his beloved Son, Jesus Christ, in whom the divine character was manifested. We may also derive instruction from contemplating the self-denying lives of the world's benefactors, who counted nothing too dear to sacrifice for the glory of God and the good of mankind. These exercises may tend to repress inordinate self-esteem, but something more is required to clothe the soul with Christian humility.

There are times in the experience of every human being, when God in his infinite mercy visits the soul with the "dayspring from on high." These seasons were referred to by the apostle Paul, when he said to the Jews, "Repent ye therefore and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." These precious visitations of divine grace are sometimes induced or promoted by instrumental means, such as the preaching of the gospel, the reading of the Scriptures, or the influence of sickness and bereavement. But not unfrequently they come spontaneously and unexpectedly, like messengers from Heaven calling the soul away from the perishing things of time, and opening to its view the glorious rewards of immortal life. At such times the willing and obedient receive power to comply with the apostolic injunction, "Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time, casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

There is nothing that humbles the soul like a spiritual view of the divine perfections, accompanied, as it must be, by a consciousness of our own nothingness. Such was the effect of that glorious vision of the Divine majesty recorded in the 6th chapter of Isaiah, whereupon the prophet exclaimed, "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips, for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." In this contrite condition, he was prepared to receive that spiritual baptism indicated by his lips being touched with a live coal from the altar, and then, his iniquity being taken away and his sin purged, he was qualified for the service of the Lord.

3. The love of God is enjoined upon all as "the first and great commandment." We are required to love Him "with all the heart, all the soul, and all the mind." To love God, is to love goodness, purity and truth. And he who loves sincerely will turn away,

not only from evil deeds, but from impure thoughts,—from licentious books and conversation,—and will endeavor to fulfil the injunction, "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man." All the sacrifices under the law were seasoned with salt, which, having the property of preserving from putrefaction, indicated purity and love. When the love of God prevails in the heart it casts out the fear of man, and confers on the Christian disciple courage to avow his religious principles, and fidelity in the performance of his duties. Every sacrifice and service is cheerfully performed when rendered to a person whom we love, and they who love God supremely think nothing hard that he requires.

When we reflect upon the many blessings he has conferred upon man,—the provision he has made for the sustenance of the body, the development of the mind, and the salvation of the soul,—we are prepared to exclaim, in the language of Addison:

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys—
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

. . . . . .

Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes these gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercies shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise."

4. Obedience is indispensable to religious progress. It is obvious, that he who would become a successful learner in the school of Christ must observe the rules and obey the voice of his teacher. To those who labor and are heavy laden, he says, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

The yoke is an emblem of servitude or obedience; but the service of God, so far from being degrading, is ennobling to the soul. It is, indeed, only conformity to a law that is imposed by the Creator on all created beings for their good, and its observance is indispensable for the preservation of order and harmony. As the law of gravity in the material universe preserves the heavenly bodies in their several spheres, so the law of love, by which obedient souls are drawn to the centre of light and life, preserves them in the way of righteousness, which is the path of peace.

There is, however, in one respect, a remarkable contrast between the natural and the spiritual law. The laws of matter are imperative,—they operate always, and on every atom; whereas the spiritual law, impressed upon the human soul, may be disobeyed, and if continually set at naught, the consequence must be everlasting ruin.

Without the freedom of the will and the power of choice, man could not be a responsible being; nor could he be a virtuous being; for virtue implies *voluntary* obedience to the laws of God. There is nothing that more evidently shows the native dignity of the human soul than this power of choice between good and evil; for by this means the human will becomes itself a cause of volitions and of actions resulting in effects that will endure forever.

To whom is the assurance of Christ fulfilled, that his yoke is easy and his burden light? Certainly not to those who pursue a vacillating course, vainly attempting to serve God and mammon. The only way to find the yoke made easy, is to serve him with an undivided affection,—to give him our hearts without reserve.

"If any man love me," said Jesus, "he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me."

"The cross," says a pious author, "is humbleness, love, self-surrender—these the apostle preached. To conquer the world by loving it; to be blest by ceasing the pursuit of happiness, and sacrificing life instead of finding it; to make a hard lot easy by submitting to it—this was his divine philosophy of life. And the princes of this world, amid scoffs and laughter, replied, "Is that all?" Nothing to dazzle—nothing to captivate. But the disciples of the inward life recognized the Divine Truth which this doctrine of the cross contained. The humble of heart, and the loving, felt that in this lay the mystery of life, of themselves and of God, all revealed and plain. It was God's own wisdom, felt by those who had the mind of Christ.

"The application of all this is very easy; Love God, and He will dwell with you: Obey God, and he will reveal the truths of His deepest teaching to your soul. . . . . As surely as the laws of the spiritual world are irreversible, are these things prepared for obedient love. An inspiration as true, as

real, and as certain as that which ever prophet or apostle reached, is yours, if you will. And if obedience were entire and love were perfect, then would the revelation of the Spirit to the soul of man be perfect too. There would be trust expelling care, and enabling a man to repose; there would be a love which could cast out fear; there would be a sympathy with the mighty All of God. Selfishness would pass, Isolation would be felt no longer:—the tide of the universal and eternal Life would come with mighty pulsations throbbing through the soul. To such a man it would not matter where he was, nor what: to live or to die would be alike. If he lived, he would live unto the Lord; and if he died, he would die to the Lord."*

5. Patience to endure the trials of life and the righteous judgment of God for sin, is requisite to perfect the soul in holiness. If we were to look upon this state of being as the whole of man's existence, it would be difficult to answer the question, Why should a benevolent Creator have ordained sorrow, pain and bereavement as the concomitants of human life? But when we take into consideration that this is only the threshhold of our existence—the nursery in which we are to be trained for a higher sphere,—it is obvious that the noblest qualities of the soul must be developed and invigorated by exercise. Love is proved by self-sacrifice,—faith grows by trial,—obedience is promoted by chastening,—and humility and patience by pain and sorrow. "Now, no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

It was said, in relation to the parable of the sower, that "those who received the seed on the good ground," were they "who in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it and bring forth fruit with *patience*."

"If the husbandman, disappointed at the delay which ensues before the blade breaks the soil, were to rake away the earth to examine if germination were going on, he would have a poor harvest. He must have "long patience till he receive the early and the latter rain." The winter frost must mellow the seed lying in the genial bosom of the earth; the rains of spring must swell it, and the suns of summer mature it. So with us. It is the work of a long life to become a Christian. Many, oh, many a time are we tempted to say, "I make no progress at all. It is only failure after failure. Nothing grows. Now look at the sea when the flood is coming in. Go and stand by the sea beach, and you will think that the ceaseless flux and reflux are but retrogression equal to the advance. But look again in an hour's time, and the whole ocean has advanced. Every advance has been beyond the last, and every retrograde movement has been an imperceptible trifle less than the last. This is progress; to be estimated at the end of hours, not minutes. And this is *Christian* progress. Many a fluctuation, many a backward motion, with a rush at times, so vehement that all seems lost; but if the eternal work be real, every failure has been a gain, and the next does not carry us so far back as we were before. Every advance is a real gain, and a part of it is never lost. Both when we advance and when we fail, we gain. We are nearer to God than we were. The flood of spirit-life has carried us up higher on the everlasting shores, where the waves of life beat no more, and its fluctuations end, and all is safe at last. 'This is the faith and patience of the saints.'"*

* F. W. Robertson, I. 37.

"The greatest benefactor to society, is not he who serves it by single acts, but whose general character is the manifestation of a higher life and spirit than pervades the mass."

EXCERPTS.

Or scraps from unpublished Letters recently received.

Mind and body, being united by a mysterious tie, very often suffer together, and thence a depression ensues which is trying both to body and spirit. In such seasons we are apt to get below par, and may be in danger of getting into the cave, as Elijah did. Something like this has been my experience in my pilgrimage, but having found it to be an *unprofitable* as well *as uncomfortable* condition, I believe it right to strive against it, even under very depressing circumstances. I speak not at all "as one having attained" to that desirable equilibrium, but I feel that it is a state well worth striving for.

My heart goes forth from this quiet home and beautiful mountain scenery to visit those I love who are left behind. There is sweet consolation in the faith, that "He whose centre is every where and his circumference no where" is with us all, and ready to sustain. I have no expectation that my pen will be *inspired* to say anything for the Intelligencer while we are here, but if

"The gentle tingling should come,
Down from the finger and the thumb,"

you will probably know it.

Thy letter was acceptable and strengthening, affording renewed evidence of the reality of the *Truth* as we profess it, that our Heav-

* F. W. Robertson's Sermons, I. 57.

enly Father teaches his people himself and continues to visit them with his own blessed Spirit, and that in obeying these teachings and dwelling under His visitations, his children are often drawn into near sympathy and feeling with each other, even when outwardly separated and without outward knowledge of each other's conditions. We are thus enabled to strengthen our fellow-travelers in times of weakness and discouragement, when they may be ready to fail under the frosts of winter or the gloom of the night season. At such times, how comforting it is to receive from those who have traveled under the same experience, the assurance that the *night season* and the *frosts* are all in divine ordering, and will tend to the production of fruit, if trustingly abode under. Let us not forget that if we abide under the influence of divine love, we may be each others' helpers, and be enabled to journey forward, giving praises to Him who will never leave nor forsake those who put their trust in Him.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 3, 1868.

The Freedmen.—The cause of the Freedmen has not often occupied the editorial column of our paper, although considerable space has been given to the information received from them through the letters from the teachers employed by "Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen." Reports from private as well as public sources of the sufferings and abuse which this class of the community continues to endure, leave no doubt of the necessity of a continuance of the labor and care which has been extended by their Northern friends. Should this be withdrawn, their difficulties would unquestionably be greatly increased. That there should be found among them those who may be persuaded by unprincipled politicians with whom they are surrounded, to believe that their interests consist in uniting with the excitements which convulse the country, is no cause of wonder, and should not discourage from continued efforts to lift them out of the bewildered and helpless condition in which they are the victmis of designing men. The various appeals which have been made by those who have been receiving the benefits of the Friends' Association for the continuance of schools among them should not be made in vain. There is certainly no force more potent than the cultivation of the intellectual and moral powers which they have received from the Universal Father in common with their white brethren. There has been abundant proof that under favorable circumstances this requires no greater labor with colored than with white children. If the moral status of the former is found to be a low one, let us not falter at the magnitude of the work, but suffer ourselves to be energized by the remembrance that from the dawning of the earliest perceptions of these poor people, they have been familiarized with wrong-doing. Having been deprived of their natural rights by man, they hesitated not to appropriate to themselves any coveted good, and, as a most natural result, they learned to conceal the act by falsehood. But under the tuition of persons who hold as invaluable the gems of virtue and of truth, may we not reasonably expect to see the aphorism that "like begets its like" equally manifested? and that, step by step, the objects of their sympathy and concern will be led into a position in which they will not only be able to help themselves, but will be abilitated to enter the field of mental culture, and labor for the promotion of good among their own people. We call attention to an appeal from Friends' Association of Philadelphia on this subject, which will be found in this paper.

The Plain Language—This is the title of an Essay received from a correspondent, in which he queries in what it consists? The writer evidently has the impression that much that we hear has not the form of sound words. We fully unite with the idea that the "plain language" does not merely embrace the singular pronouns of thee and thou, but that in our intercourse with our fellow-men sincerity should so mark our speech and demeanor that our yea would be yea, and our nay would be nay. Truth in itself is beautifully simple, and needs not the adorning of man's wisdom to give it power; and it is quite possible if there be an attempt at oratorical display so to cover it, that the offering may be compared to a tree so redundant with

foliage as to conceal the fruit. This, however, is not likely to be the case where the instrument is preserved in meekness and lowliness of spirit, and the eye kept singly fixed upon the great Teacher who has promised to be "mouth and wisdom, tongue and utterance" in the hour of need. "The gospel is the power of God to salvation;" and in order that it should be effective even "to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin," it is essential that faith should imbue not only the minds of those who speak, but also those who hear. Evil is not removed except "by grace through faith;" and this is not of ourselves—"it is the gift of God."

We feel sympathy for our friend in his isolated situation, and we would encourage him to lift up his head in hope, for there are yet within our borders those who have not bowed the knee to Baal nor kissed his image, but whose dependence is upon the true and living God, and whose faith in the immediate manifestation of the Divine Spirit lifts them above the many "lo here's and lo there's," and places them upon the Rock that is higher than man.

In answer to the inquiry concerning the writings of Elias Hicks, we inform him that his journal can be obtained at the office of this paper.

PREMONITIONS.—The following incidents, sent us for publication, are among the many evidences which have been furnished of the influence of the good Spirit upon susceptible minds. And we believe the more nearly we become allied to heavenly good by a living faith which purifies the heart and incites us to walk in conformity to the Divine Will, the more frequently we shall be made witnesses of the internal workings of that Power which is continually exerted for the preservation of the children of men. Through hardness of heart and lack of faith, our eyes become dim, and we often fail to receive the glorious manifestations of the Father's love which He hath in store for those who love and obey Him. His voice of warning is nevertheless not unfrequently extended to save from ruin even the reckless and misguided, and through the interposition of his Almighty hand many are turned to righteousness. The circumstances which have induced the foregoing remarks, have reminded us of what is related of Thomas Scattergood when attending a Quarterly Meeting at Shrewsbury, N. J. Though familiar to most Friends, it may not be out of place to append it to those forwarded by our correspondent:

William Williams relates the following circumstance of a boy under eight years of age: Appearing very sad, he was asked whether he was sick. "No," said he, "but I had a dream last night that makes me feel very bad." (He was going to school in Phila. at this time.) "I thought," said he, "I was standing on the bank of the river, (Delaware) and saw my father in a small boat. A storm came on and the boat sunk, and father too. I saw his hat floating on the water, and I cried out father is drowned. Then I saw two angels come down, one on each side of father's hat; each had two wings fast to his side and a wing in his hand. As they stood on the water, father rose out of it, and the angels gave him the wings they had in their hands, and all three went up out of my sight to Heaven." That very night, (ten to fifteen hours afterward,) his father was drowned in the Delaware out of a small boat, where he was alone. His body was found some days after.

During one of Nathan Hunt's visits to Baltimore, something had prejudiced Mary Mifflin against him, and she refused to see him; but way was finally made for an interview; and while she was from sickness or distress of mind confined to her bed he entered the room; and on looking towards him, there appeared to her two doves, one resting on each of Nathan's shoulders,—emblems of innocence. And by this token she became fully reconciled to him.

While Mary Mifflin resided in Baltimore, in an afternoon meeting she had much to say in an earnest manner to some one present, who had in his old age been adding house to house and barn to barn. "Thou fool," said she, "this very night thy soul shall be required of thee." Again and again she repeated the folly of his care for the things of time, and again and again said, "Thou fool," &c. An awe covered the meeting, and it closed in great solemnity. In the evening, while sitting in her arm chair in a very thoughtful attitude, a messenger came in to announce the sudden death of *her own son*, a corpulent man, who, at an advanced age had been "adding house to house," &c.

In the latter part of the "Memoirs of Thomas Scattergood" is found the following remarkable account, which shows that he be-

came a minister, and was made use of by Divine Providence as an instrument to warn some young persons, who (although he knew it not) were about to engage in a frolic which proved destructive of life to seven of them:

"At our last Quarterly Meeting, held at Shrewsbury, our beloved friend Thomas Scattergood, in the course of his public testimony, in moving language warned the youth present to beware of wanton behaviour, dancing, frolicking, &c., stating that he had known several instances of Divine displeasure being manifested to individuals who had attended such meetings as these, and directly afterwards had gone to horse-races, or other sinful pastimes.—One instance he mentioned of a young man who, on his way home from a favored meeting, falling in with a company of persons who were collected for a horse-race, was urged to ride one of the horses. He at first refused; but being pressed by some of them, at length yielded, and in the race was thrown from the horse, which occasioned his death. He said it appeared to be his business to warn the youth present to beware of such conduct, lest some of them might be made like examples. —"I do not say," said he, "it will be the case; but I find it my place to proclaim a solemn warning."

When meeting ended, twenty-seven persons, chiefly young people, embarked on board a boat bound for Sandy Hook. But before they set off, it was observed that several of them were discouraged and ready to give it up; and on their way it was remarked how dreadful it would be if any unfavorable accident should happen, after having been at meeting, and hearing the advice then given. This was on Third-day. On Fourth-day they went to see a monument erected over a person of distinction, who, with twelve others, perished there not long before. On Fifth-day, they walked to the light-house; and on their return went on a narrow reef of sand, which is bare at low water, as also the way to it. On this they spent some time. At length, observing the tide to run fast, they were alarmed, and concluded to return. But alas! the sea had hidden their path, and covered all their waymarks! However, they made the attempt; and, as they were pressing on, eleven of them suddenly stepped into the deep, and were overwhelmed as in a moment, and seven of them perished! The others, with the assistance of some of the company who could swim, got to the shore, though almost spent."

Obituary and marriage notices, and all other articles, must be received not later than Fourth-day evening, to ensure insertion the *next* week. We repeat that the names and addresses of our correspondents are required as a guaranty of good faith, and those sending anonymous communications need not be disappointed if they remain unnoticed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected articles, and therefore would suggest to contributors that they retain a copy of such offerings as they would wish returned if not used.

Died, on the Ninth of Fourth month last, at his residence in Fulton Township, Lancaster Co., Pa., Isaac Jackson, in the 54th year of his age; a member of Little Britain Meeting.

——, on the 12th of Ninth month, 1868, Josiah Brown, in the 73d year of his age; a member of Little Britain Meeting. Blest with pious and exemplary parents, who were careful in early life to train up their children in plainness and simplicity, he early imbibed a love for the attendance of our religious meetings, and throughout a long life was rarely absent (if health permitted) from his seat, either on First days or in the middle of the week. Quiet and unassuming in his demeanor, strictly honest in all his transactions, he pursued the even tenor of his way, beloved and respected by all who knew him. He lived a life of purity and innocence, and calmly closed his earthly career with an unshaken and abiding faith that with him "all would be well." "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

——, on the evening of the 20th of Ninth month, 1868, our aged Friend Joseph Plummer, of Richmond, Ind. He has been for many years an acceptable minister, and we believe it was his concern to walk uprightly and humbly, earnestly performing the varied duties of life. He passed quietly away from time, and we doubt not stands accepted by the great Father as having done what he could.

——, on the 3d ult., in Baltimore, Horace, infant son of J. Kemp and Virginia C. Bartlett, aged 3 years, 5 months and 14 days.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

This organization will resume its meetings in the Library Room at Race Street Meeting-House, Phila., on Third-day evening next, 10th mo. 6th, at 7½ o'clock. Those who attend Friends meetings are invited. Geo. N. Conrow, Secretary.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

Levi K. Brown, of Little Britain Monthly Meeting, has been appointed Agent of Friends' Publication Association.

NOTICE.

The First-day School at Green Street Meeting-House will be resumed on First-day next, 10th mo. 4th, at 2½ o'clock, and that at Race Street at 3 o'clock same day.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The Quarterly Meeting of "The Association of Friends for the Promotion of First-day Schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting," will be held at Friends' Meeting-House, Wilmington, Del., on Seventh-day morning, 10th mo. 17th, at 10 o'clock. The different Schools within our Yearly Meeting are desired to appoint representatives, and the attendance of all interested in this concern is invited.

Jos. M. Truman, Jr.,
Lydia H. Hall, Clerks.

FRIENDS' ALMANAC FOR 1869.

This work, just issued by Friends' Publication Association, is believed to be a considerable improvement over that for the present year. Circulars were addressed to Friends in all sections of the country, and the information furnished in their replies carefully arranged, so that it is thought that but few errors if any now exist in the list of meetings. In the Calender part will be noted the time of all the Yearly, Quarterly and Half-Yearly Meetings as they occur. Excepting the two Monthly Meetings in Iowa (which information was not received) a complete list of the correspondents or clerks of the several meetings, with their post office address, is given.

The publication of these has curtailed the amount of reading matter, but that which is furnished is varied and useful.

Much additional expense has been incurred in endeavoring to make this a good almanac, and it will require an increased circulation to prevent loss to the Association. Such additional sales would encourage and enable the Committee to make further improvements in succeeding years.

It may be had wholesale and retail of T. Ellwood Chapman, No. 3 S. 5th street, Philada., and of other agents, for a list of whom see advertisement.

APPEAL FROM FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA FOR THE AID AND ELEVATION OF THE FREEDMEN.

Friends receiving this Circular are desired to have it publicly read on some suitable occasion.

The season for re-opening the schools finds us with an exhausted treasury. By reason of the urgent entreaties of our late scholars, we have concluded to re-open the twelve schools taught by our teachers during the last winter, with faith that Friends, who have so long professed to be the friends of the colored people, will not, at this important time, abandon them, but that it will, in the emphatic language of our "Discipline" upon this subject, "become the concern of our members generally to use their influence that they may be instructed, as objects of the common salvation, in the principles of the Christian Religion, as well as in such branches of school learning as may fit them for freedom, and to become useful members of civil society. Even if no such obligation to this people exists among us, it is a question worthy of serious consideration, whether any object of beneficence is more deserving of our regard, than the training of their youth in such virtuous pursuits and habits."

As this is a work which the "Discipline" requires at our hands, will the Clerks, or some friends have interest enough, at the close of a meeting, to appoint a few friends to collect funds and forward to our Treasurer? An early supply of funds will enable us to pay our teachers monthly; and if, through the faithfulness of Friends, an excess above the amount necessary for that purpose be obtained, it will enable us to assist many schools which may require but little aid.

How long these schools shall continue, or whether six hundred aspirants after knowledge, who earnestly entreat for an opportunity to acquire it, shall be dismissed without that mental food they so ardently crave, now depends entirely upon the liberality of Friends. We sincerely trust that we shall not be driven to the alternative of abandoning the enterprise.

JACOB M. ELLIS, } *Clerks.*
ANNIE COOPER, }

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer.*

No. 30 North Third St., Philadelphia.

Ninth month 21st, 1868.

The Fourth Annual Report will exhibit our labors for the past year.

TREASURER'S ANNUAL REPORT.

Annual Report of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen during the year 1867.

5 mo. 1.	To balance on hand, . . .	$3022 89
	To cash received during year,	3544 68
		$6567 57

CR.

	By Cash paid Teachers,	$5576 15
1868.	" " for Books, Seeds, &c.	315 58
5th mo. 1.	Balance, (due teachers)	675 84
		$6567 57

Also received about 50 packages of Clothing, Books, Seeds, &c., and forwarded for distribution to our teachers 33 boxes and barrels.

We had thirteen schools, containing 600 children, and most of our teachers taught evening and first-day schools for the adults.

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer.*

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE INDIANS.

Our treatment of the Indian is one of the foulest blots in our history, as well as evidence of entire want of sagacity. We shall never be able to be just to other races, or reap the full benefit of their neighborhood, till we "unlearn contempt."

Our theory has been to treat the Indian as an outlaw, demanding allegiance, while refusing protection. No white man has ever been punished for murdering an Indian—hardly one for trespassing on Indian property. When the wave of emigration meets an Indian tribe, the government takes it up and moves it westward a hundred miles to new hunting-grounds; a process which is repeated every ten or twenty years; the result of this is that every fifty miles on the route from Massachusetts Bay to Minnesota is marked by an Indian massacre of white men. When, north of the Lakes, the wave of English population meets an Indian tribe, the tide divides, goes round to the Indian Settlement, receiving the Indians to citizenship, subject to the same duties and sure to receive the same protection as Englishmen. And what is the re-

sult of this system. *No English blood has been shed by an Indian for the last century.*

At last we have taken lessons from experience. Our excellent Indian Peace Commission, and all other national machinery brought into contact with the Indian, recommend recognizing the citizenship of the Indian, acknowledging his rights, insuring them ample protection in them, and then claiming of him the duties of citizenship.

The popular indifference to this whole question, combined with the selfish greed and bloodthirstiness of the frontier, is obstacle enough to the adoption of this policy. Meanwhile political intrigue adds its weight. Against these truth makes slow way. In vain do all those whose lives give them experience testify in its favor, and bear witness to the virtue and capacity of the Indian. General Harney, after fifty years spent among them, asserts that he never knew an Indian violate the duties of hospitality, or break his word. Carson said the same. General Sherman took the head of the Indian Peace Commission—an Indian hater, just as he entered the war a negro hater. A few months experience has converted him to a full faith in the Indian's honorable dealing, his capacity for civilization and citizenship. When this Indian Commission, with Sherman at its head, first met an Indian council, the *savages* produced six white men prisoners, whom they wished to exchange for Indian prisoners. The *Christian* Commission blushed as they were forced to confess to the *Savages* that our *civilized* troops had never taken a prisoner, but always shot every man down where he stood! We *Christians* could not produce six spared lives to exchange! But the generous Savage only answered, "Well—at any rate, take these white men to their homes, we have no claim on them!" What a scene for Christianity! God bless such Barbarians and make us like them.

"Black Kettle" was encamped under the American flag, at the request of military officers, to watch the roads for them. Of his 150 warriors, two-thirds were absent, many of them specially to notify stages and families of their danger. Suddenly, without notice, six hundred United States troops surround his camp, and shoot down in cold blood his two unarmed brothers. The Chief had at that moment in his camp three white guests, one wearing the United States uniform. Turning from the dead bodies of his brothers, he said to these visitors, "It looks as if you had come here as spies to see how few we were. But I have no proof of it. So go, join your fellow white men before the fight begins." And these three white guests, passing by the bodies of the stealthily assassinated Indians, reached the American camp unharmed. Can the records of civilized war—can Sidney, Bayard, or Du Guesclin—show anything more nobly chivalrous than this? When they were safely off, the brave chief, with forty-five men, carried off his women and children, and kept the six hundred soldiers at bay for two days. This, we believe, took place at the Sand Creek Massacre, our most infamous atrocity.

It may not be that we designed to perpetuate Barbarism. But if such had been our intention the Nation could not have planned a system more sure to produce that result than the one pursued toward the Indian for two hundred years.

But why recur to this now? We are on the eve of another Indian war. The drain on our resources is something. Every Indian shot in battle has cost us about one million of dollars. General Harney said of the Seminole war that "after spending at this rate we were forced to buy the Indians off after all."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

BY L. W.

THOUGHTS ON RESIGNATION.

TO ———.

How easy, when on summer's sea,
Our bark glides smooth along,
And every gale blows prosperously,
To say Thy will be done.
But when the adverse winds arise,
Portending dangers near,
When lurid clouds obscure the skies,
Nor sun, nor stars appear,
O then to lean unwaveringly
On the Eternal One,
And say in heart sincerely,
Thy will, not mine, be done;
Ah! this is faith which will prevail
O'er our most deadly foes,
And lead us safe within the vale
Where heavenly sweetness flows.
As passed those thoughts within my mind,
My heart was turned to thee,
And oh, dear friend, that we may find
This heavenly alchemy—
Which turns all baser coin to gold,
To gold of purest sheen—
And change our garments, vile and old,
To raiment pure and clean.

8th mo. 28, 1868.

IN THE DARK.

Out of the earthly years we live,
How small a profit springs;
I cannot think but life should give
Higher and better things.

The very ground whereon we tread
Is clothed to please our sight;
I cannot think that we have read
Our dusky lesson right.

So little comfort we receive,
Except through what we see,
I cannot think we half believe
Our immortality.

We disallow and trample so
The rights of poor, weak men,
I cannot think we feel and know
They are our brethren.

So rarely our affections move
Without a selfish guard,
I cannot think we know that love
Is all of love's reward.

To him who smites, the cheek is turned
With such a slow consent,
I cannot think that we have learned
The holy Testament.

Blind, ignorant, we grope along
A path misunderstood,
Mingling with folly and with wrong
Some providential good.

Striving with vain and idle strife
In outward shows to live,
We famish, knowing not that life
Has better things to give.

From the American Naturalist.

THE ORCHIDS.

BY C. M. TRACY.

It was the greatest step forward ever made at once in the study of plants, when Jussieu found out that there was a grand line of division running through the whole vegetable kingdom, with seeds on one side that might be split into two parts like the pea and the acorn, and those on the other that could not, like the kernel of corn and the grain of barley. For (not to tire the reader with technical words) it was directly seen that the same line would clearly distinguish between those plants that had a bark and made new wood between that and the older wood within, and thus *grew on the outside*—between these and such as had no bark, but made the new wood in the midst of the pith, and so *grew on the inside*. Again, the *outside-growers*, like the oak and the pea, always have leaves with little veins forming an irregular net-work all through them; but the *inside-growers*, as the corn and the lilies, have the veins of their leaves running straight from one end to the other, and not netted at all, so that we can split such a leaf into strips very easily, and this makes a palm-leaf hat a possibility, which otherwise could not be. By this discovery Jussieu divided the vegetable kingdom quite as clearly and effectually as Alexander of Parma did the Dutch Republic, and without violating the rule of nature at all, wherein he had a great advantage over the other.

We speak of this natural difference in plants, because in talking over these royal families we have come to the point when we must step over this remarkable line. Most flowering plants are *outside-growers* (botanists say "Exogens," and the reader may too, if he chooses; it means just the same thing), and they all have their leaves netted with veins and seeds separable into two halves. But the *Orchids*, of which we now speak are *inside-growers* (or "Endogens"), have leaves that may be stripped into ribbons, and grow from seeds as indivisible as buck-shot. Hence, there is no need to mistake this family for either of the preceding,* not even in a single case; but as we have set out to indicate a few plain marks for the ready recognition of each order, it remains to state them for that under present notice.

If we examine an apple-blossom we find there are five leaves or petals in it, and all of them are just alike in form and size. This makes what is called a *regular* flower. The number matters nothing; the lily has six petals, the spider-wort three, the willow-herb four, and the enchanter's nightshade two, and yet all are perfectly regular, for their form and size are the same all the way round the flower. Any variation from this principle makes the flower *irregular*. The Pea-flower is irregular both in form and size, that of the Candytuft is so in size only, and that of the Larkspur chiefly in form. The Iris has a flower alike on all sides, and therefore regular, though the petals are in two sets of different shape; but the allied Gladiolus, with petals all of nearly the same size, is quite irregular, for their diverse form is such as turns the flower quite over to one side.

Now a certain mark of an Orchid is to have irregular flowers. In other families there is often a mixture of the two styles, but nothing of it here. And the most common observer will bear me out in calling these flowers irregular; for, setting aside all technicality, many cannot be reduced to any form, plan, or design, without a liberal stretch of confidence and ingenuity. So wide is their range of figure, and so perfectly bizarre are many of the shapes in which they appear, that one is tempted sometimes to believe they are animated creatures under some strange disguise of enchantment. Lindley tells us there is scarcely a common reptile or insect to which some of them have not been likened. Bees, crane-flies, long-legged spiders, toads, *et id omne genus*, all find the queerest of representatives in these protean blossoms. But more of this presently.

The organs called stamens and pistils are of great importance in vegetable nature. Invested with all that pertains to reproductive purposes, they have, since Linnæus at least, been held to represent the sexes of animals, and perhaps we can say nothing better about it. A striking circumstance with regard to them is, that while we may trace much affinity between both these organs and other parts of the plant, respectively, we can rarely find any relationship between the stamens and the

*The Asterids and Pisids, of which we have spoken in Vol. I. of the NATURALIST.

pistils directly. We may, by cultivation, make stamens change into petals, which are obviously only leaves refined; but we rarely or never succeed in making pistils do any such thing. If they ever change (as they do sometimes, without asking our leave), it always seems to be into green leaves directly; and, for a general expression, we may say that a stamen never turns into a pistil, nor *vice versa*.

But the Orchids are above the observance of any rule so exacting. Ignoring the usual distinctive position of these important organs, they constantly place them one upon the other, forming a column-like structure, in which the important part of a stamen, the anther, and the necessary part of a pistil, the stigma, are both to be distinguished, but nothing more. For the rest, you may call it a stamen bearing a pistil or the reverse; it is either, or neither, as you choose. The common, typical structure of the flower in respect of these organs, is entirely set aside; and another and different one appears, the presence of which, always constant, is the second mark of this strangely beautiful order.

The third badge is to be found in a circumstance of great significance in connection with those already named, though in itself not of much value as a mark. The orchids are all perennials. No annual plant, shooting up under the influence of the vernal sun, to perish and pass away when the next equinox shall bring the changing season to a less genial temper, appears as a member of this privileged and gorgeous race. Let it be for the Asterids, who enjoy being everywhere and everything, to revel like May-flies in the fleeting hilarities of annual life; let the Pisids, who have plenty of trees mighty as towers, to spend a fraction of their riches in like manner; but the Orchids will take a middle station, neither storing up millions in vast trunks, nor squandering them in perishing herbage, planting seed liberally and largely, but giving the nursling always that royal blood that shall insure a life beyond the brief period of a single spring, and one succeeding summer.

Or if we esteem this as too common and uncertain for a sure mark of a family like this, we may take one that is more minute, but rather more characteristic. Every Orchid has a pod for its fruit, with innumerable small seeds within. Now pods, if they are round, that is, alike on all sides, bear their seeds in two different ways. Either they have a column of some sort running up through the centre of the pod and the seeds attached to this, or they have no such column and the seeds hang upon the inside of the outer wall. There is a great difference in these two modes, greater in fact than it is best to trouble the reader with at present. It will be quite enough if he finds out what we mean by the modes themselves. Now if we cut across the pod of any Orchid, just as we would slice a cucumber, the seeds will be found growing *on the sides* of the interior, and *not at the centre*.

If, then, we find plants with these marks, viz.,

I. Irregular flowers,

II. Stamens and pistils consolidated,

III. Perennial habits; or seeds round the sides of the pod,—then we are safe in looking up to it as a well-accredited member of this regal order. Among the sweltering forests and jungles of India may be found a small family that resembles these considerably, having flowers not quite regular, and stamens and pistils partly coherent; but we know them to be mere pretenders, when we find their seeds always in the centre of the pod instead of on the walls.

Having thus outlined the characters of this family at some length, it remains to say a word upon their properties and distribution. Two circumstances only can bar these plants from any climate, namely, frost and excessive drouths. Nay, frost itself, if the degree be not that of the arctic, is not enough, for there are seventeen genera and fifty-one species reckoned by Gray in the Northern States east of the Mississippi, and one of them, Calypso, is nowhere seen but in the cold bogs of the Canadian region. Never rising into trees, and only rarely to be called shrubs, they stand as small, but most remarkable herbs in all cooler latitudes, while in the moist heats of the tropics they luxuriate as climbers, or take on that very peculiar style of growth sometimes, but wrongly, called parasitic. All through the dense forests of Brazil, in the thickets of the Orinoco, and along the thousand-shaded crags and valleys of the Andes, these plants are found in myriads, clinging to the rocks, to old and decaying trees, or to the stronger arms of those not yet dead, strapping their naked, onion-like bulbs to any chance support by roots that seem quite as much like rope-yarns, and with green leaves starting freshly in such curious situations, pushing out long swinging stems of flowers, that dangle hither and thither like strings beset with white or red or bronzy butterflies. Varied with an excess that is perfectly reckless and prodigal, a new form meets the observer at every turn. One botanist dismisses the subject in despair; "a whole life," he says, "would be too short for the figuring of the Orchids of the Peruvian Andes alone." What, then, is to be said of the multitudes that grow elsewhere, from the Rio de la Plata even as far hitherward as the Carolinas? These independent air-plants, as

they are often called, have cut loose from the soil, with princely blood too aspiring for a seat so lowly, and mounting to heights and places inaccessible to their, perhaps, envious neighbors; while in turn they scorn to owe them for any but the merest holding-ground, they grow and bloom and triumph like a bird upon the main-truck, only satisfied with the wildest of perches, nor greatly caring even for that. Often the flowers are redolent of the most powerful and enchanting fragrance; often they are gorgeous with lines that shame the pencil; always they come in such endless diversity of form—form so lovely and so provokingly strange—that we are left at a stand,—there is nothing we can say about them save that God has made and given them beauty in such manner and degree as he has to nothing else among all his wonderful works.

These plants are not less abundant in other regions than those named. Europe has a great many of the terrestrial or rooted sorts, and the Cape of Good Hope is plentifully supplied with the same. The Southern United States also furnish these species freely. But for the other class, the air-plants, we go to the East and West Indies, to Central America and Mexico, to Madagascar and the Indian Islands, and to Nipal and Southern China, and find them in the damp, hot, shaded forests, here, there, everywhere, in thousands upon thousands. Three hundred and ninety-four genera, and at least three thousand distinct species have been described; and no one supposes that more than a beginning has been made. To what an extent the enumeration, if carefully made, might reach, we cannot conjecture; the work is not only almost endless, but is very difficult besides. It is here that we meet with a fact to make the botanist stop and doubt his own eyes. When we have, in some cases, carefully examined and described certain species, so that we know their flowers and growth perfectly, we think, and can distinguish them at sight, all at once,—lo! before us is a plant consisting, as it were, of all these species fused together, with half a dozen kinds of flowers that we have known familiarly, and never saw in connection before, and never suspected of the least alliance, all growing comfortably together on the same spike. Thus was Schomburgk startled, in Demerara, when he found a single plant bearing at once the flowers of a Monachanthus, a Myanthus, and a Catasetum; as if, forsooth, botanists had not long before settled these to be, not only different species, but separate genera. So were the British students surprised, when the same thing afterward appeared in the gardens at Chatsworth; and, later still, when a plant bore two species of Cycnoches very unlike, but with other flowers whose intermediate forms completely connected the two.

Shall we say with Lindley, that "such cases shake to the foundation all our ideas of the stability of genera and species." Not at all. If we find such combinations, it simply disproves former suppositions, and shows what we thought permanent and natural divisions to be those of mere varieties, usually observed, it is true, but capable of being thrown aside, and pointing not to any fixed law of nature. We can well afford to take facts as they are given to us, without seeking to force our preconceived notions on things around us, or going into despair because we discover the falsity of a long-established error.

Attracted by the glorious loveliness of these plants, the florist, if he be rich enough, often adorns his establishment with them. The terrestrial kinds he does pretty well with; he can grow Cypripediums, Ophryses, Herminiums, Acanthophippiums, and the like, with no special trouble. But when he comes to the other form, his cares begin. He must hang them up in baskets of dry lumps of peat, upon his greenhouse rafters; or tie them on blocks and sticks and put them in high and airy places, or perhaps build a pile of such loose peat-lumps and put the bulbs on the top. Nay, some are too particular for him to meddle much with them; he must import the rock or stick or dead limb with them already on it, and then he may not succeed after all. Mrs. Loudon complains, that with all the plans of glazing houses with colored glass, using double sashes, training vines over the roof, etc., it has still been impossible to flower some kinds to satisfaction. And all this without saying anything of the hot, steamy atmosphere that must be kept up, half boiling the gardener alive like a Turkish bath, or anything of the more ordinary trouble of importing them from far countries, and having them arrive in a doubtful condition, requiring every art for their restoration, and constantly threatening the loss of all expense incurred. Yet, after all, some succeed finely, and are rewarded with the wondrous loveliness of Stanhopeas, Oncidiums, Catasetums, Cattleyas, Dendrobiums, and Vaudas, filling their hands with labor, it is true, but their senses with beauty and celestial odors, and their hearts with yet more exquisite perfumes. Witness the impressions these plants may create, in the case of the charming Peristeria, the "Flower of the Holy Ghost," before which the Catholic cannot restrain his devotion. In its pure centre, as in the dearest of nests, sits the imitative

organ, in the semblance of an inmaculate dove, so spotless and serene in its seeming repose, that we cannot wonder that those whose faith makes hallowed emblems of all things thus suggestive, should have paused, awe-stricken, at the first view, and murmured in a half-whisper, "*Ecce Spiritus Sanctus!*"

In speaking of the previous orders, we have considered their degree of usefulness to man. But here there is very little to be said of the kind. Hardly a family among all plants has so little known utility, and here, of course, the real royalty is all the plainer to be seen. The nutritive drug called Salep, and the peerless aromatic, Vanilla, are the most important products of this immense concourse of strangely beautiful things. A few are valuable as medicines, as the Coral-root, the Ladies' Slipper, and one or two more. This is about the end of this part of the story, for, as hinted at the outset, the Orchids are no princes of wealth and treasure, but are royal in their incomparable and exhaustless world of beauty, the fairies and spirit-kings of the vegetable sphere.

We found in the last family that most cogent proof of superior rank and royal origin, the power of spontaneous motion, and a life approaching that of animals. The same thing is revealed here. Not only do several genera have flowers that spring and close in a twinkling to catch the insects that unluckily settle on them, or to resent the touch that profanes their floral serenity, but one, at least, does more than this, and keeps one petal always moving, like a finger pointing this way and that, up and down, as if for entertainment, or perhaps counting the legions of some invisible host whose numbers

"Walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

We have prattled enough over this family, and yet it is hard to restrain the thoughts and the pen, when considering a subject so full of charms. It is not mere practical usefulness that entitles this or that production to our notice; the graceful and beautiful have place in nature, prominent and unquestioned, and if we but listen a moment, we shall hear the pulsations of the inner heart that respond to them, beat for beat. And we shall do well to heed it, and not be angry with ourselves if, stealing a brief space now and then from sterner employments, we give ourselves to the contemplation and enjoyment of that generous and spiritual delight wherewith a bountiful Creator plainly designs to refresh the weary and jaded spirit. We cannot overlook mere beauty here, for the flowers tell us

"Uselessness divinest,
Of a use the finest,
Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use;
Travellers, weary eyed,
Bless us, far and wide;
Unto sick and prisoned thoughts we give sudden truce,
Not a poor town-window
Loves its sickliest planting,
But its wall speaks loftier truth than that Babylonian vaunting."

ITEMS.

Niagara has found a rival in the Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi River, South Africa, which are 1,900 yards wide and 400 feet deep, the width of Niagara being 1,000 yards and the depth 150 feet.

The poor Israelites of Wilna, Prussia, and distressed families in general of that district, have experienced a sad loss in the death of the Hebrew merchant, Judel Apatow, of that city. Three hundred poor families were supplied by him with bread daily at half price. His funeral was attended by twenty thousand people.

—The manufactories of carpets of Smyrna, at Ouchak, Anatolie, a city of 28,000 inhabitants, employ 3,500 women and 500 men, who work every day in the year excepting Sixth-days. The process of manufacture, and the designs, is the same as they were 500 years ago; any innovation upon this ancient process would be met upon the part of the workmen with the greatest opposition. An attempt was made at Ouchalk to establish a steam apparatus for preparing the threads of the carpet—which so nearly caused an *emeute* that it was obliged to be abandoned. The colors which are preferred in the carpet are madder, Persian yellow, indigo and cochineal; and, to add to their brilliancy, alum and tartar are employed. Colors from a French company were some time since introduced, but in consequence of their fading were abandoned. Seventy thousand square metres of these carpets are annually made at Ouchak, the great part of which are sent to England; the rest are taken by France, Turkey and Egypt. Carpets are also manufactured at Ghiardes, which are said to be the finest in Turkey.

At the yearly national pigeon exhibition of Brussels, lately held in that city, 1507 pigeons were liberated at Agen, in France, seventy-three miles distant from Bordeaux, at five A. M. By half-past nine o'clock A. M., next day, twenty-one of the birds had arrived in Brussels, five hundred miles from the starting point. Eight of these twenty-one belonged to one man. In these times, when the electric telegraph is so extensively used for rapid communication, it may seem surprising that the use of carrier pigeons should be continued. But it should be remembered that the telegraph lines in Europe are under the control of the Government, and all important information sent in this way is either suppressed or detained until its value is lost.

Horse Shoeing.—A new system of shoeing horses is recommended in the recently published report of the Juries of the French Exhibition. Its inventor, M. Charlier, contends that the present style of shoe destroys the horse's foot, and substitutes for it an iron band, fitted into a rectangular groove scooped from the outer circle of the horse's foot. This band is fastened with seven rectangular nails, driven into oval holes. The sole of the foot and the frog are thus allowed to touch the ground, the horse never slips, and never gets diseases of the foot. The new shoe has been tried by M. Lauguet, a large jobmaster in Paris, and has reduced lameness in his stables by two-thirds. The Omnibus Company also have shod 1200 horses, and speak of the improvement in high terms.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 10, 1868. No. 32.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for entire Club. Single Nos. 6 cts

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

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VITAL RELIGION AND THE MEANS OF PROMOTING IT.

BY SAMUEL M. JANNEY.

SECTION II.

We will now consider some of the means by which faith, humility, love, obedience and patience may be promoted in our individual experience, and that blessed state attained which, in the Scriptures, is called regeneration.

Among the most important of these means are prayer, the public worship of God, pious meditation, reading, conversation and good works.

1. One of the most effective means is pointed out in the injunction of Christ, "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching; verily I say unto you that he shall gird himself and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them." This language implies that the Lord is not always with us, or rather that he does not at all times make us conscious of his presence, and during these seasons of apparent desertion we are liable to fall into temptation. We must, therefore, watch continually, and as we find ability to pray, we must offer up our supplications in faith, for the prayer of faith is always availing.

Let no one be discouraged by entering into reasoning concerning the efficacy of prayer; saying in his heart, "Can prayer influence the will of God, or change his purposes? We should remember that prayer is the spontaneous language of faith and love, and, by *a law of our being*, it must arise from the devoted heart. It is worthy of remark, that in seasons of great peril nearly all persons pray. For instance, in a shipwreck, even the ungodly and profane are bowed in supplication; showing that in all human souls, not utterly reprobate, there is a germ of devotional feeling that prompts them, in times of extreme need, to ask for divine favor.

As the good parent instructs his child to ask for what it wants, and always gives, in due season, appropriate food, so our Heavenly Father, through his beloved Son, has said, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." . . . . "If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he shall ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?" "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him."

By the parables of the unjust judge, (Luke xviii. 2,) and of the importunate friends, (Luke xi. 5,) we are instructed to persevere and not be discouraged by delay; remembering, however, that the motives of our Heavenly Father are different from theirs. They

were actuated by indifference, and could only be moved by importunity; He loves us before we love Him, and only withholds his spiritual gifts until we are prepared to receive them. We must hunger before we can derive from food its full benefit; and "blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

The injunctions of the Divine Master, to ask, to seek, and to knock, imply that an effort is required on our part, in order to advance in the way of holiness. In one sense only must we be passive. We must not resist the motions of divine grace, but like the "three measures of meal," in which a little leaven was hid, we must allow it to work until the whole is leavened;—that is, until the physical, the intellectual, and the moral nature, are all brought under the divine government.

That our co-operation with divine grace is required, must be abundantly evident when we reflect upon the nature of the human mind and the freedom of the will. We are not mere machines to be moved without an effort of our own; and it is as true in the spiritual, as in the natural relation, "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat."

"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling," writes the Apostle Paul to the Philipians; nevertheless he adds, "It is God who worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." We must thankfully receive the good seed, and cultivate the ground of the heart, if we expect it to bring forth fruit abundantly.

We are instructed to "pray without ceasing and in every thing give thanks," which implies that we should always bear in mind the Divine presence, and as we walk before him in humility, prayer and thanksgiving will spontaneously arise in our hearts, and whether expressed vocally, or only breathed in the secret of the soul, will be equally acceptable in the Divine sight.

One of the objects of vocal prayer is to influence the hearts of others who may be present; thus, at the tomb of Lazarus it was said by our Lord, before he raised him from the dead, "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me; and I know that thou hearest me always; but because of the people who stand by, I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me."

2. The public worship of the Most High is one of the means ordained to bring the soul into communion with Him, and to manifest before men our allegiance to the King of kings and Lord of lords. It is the highest privilege accorded to man, that the Creator and Upholder of the universe condescends to make himself known to the sincere, seeking soul by "the word of his grace." To the transgressor, the Spirit of Truth comes, as a reprover for sin,—"a spirit of judgment and a spirit of burning;" but to the obedient and devout soul, as a comforter in righteousness.

Private devotion is a duty that should never be neglected; but there is a special promise from our Lord, to those who meet for social religious worship. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name," he says, "there am I in the midst of them." The name of the Lord signifies his spirit and power, and they who assemble for worship with a reliance upon him, will in due time be sustained with heavenly food.

Rites and ceremonies have usually been associated with divine worship in all countries, under a supposition that by appealing to the senses a stronger impression would be made, especially upon the uneducated mind. The ritual of Moses was given in condescension to the weakness of a people so prone to idolatry, that in the absence of their lawgiver on Mount Sinai, they constrained Aaron to make them a golden calf, and to this lifeless image they absurdly attributed their deliverance from Egyptian bondage.

The Hebrew prophets, and doubtless other wise men of that day, saw beyond the ceremonies and sacrifices of the legal dispensation: thus the Psalmist declared, "Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offerings. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart O God thou wilt not despise."

As ceremonial observances "made not the comers thereunto perfect as pertaineth to the conscience," and moreover, as the people had advanced in mental culture, so that the ritualism of the law was no longer suited to their condition, the Messiah came to introduce a more spiritual dispensation. The tendency of his teaching was to call mankind from a reliance upon outward observances to an experience of the inward work of divine grace, and to show that in loving God supremely and our neighbor as ourselves, we fulfil the intention of the law and the prophets.

He instructs us to approach the Most High in prayer, calling him by the endearing name of Father. When we are imbued with a devotional spirit, we do not think of God as a law controlling the universe, or as an all-pervading principle, for we cannot adore a law or a principle; but we think of him as the Great and Good Being, who loves us and cares for us, who is "our refuge and our strength, a very present help in time of trouble."

As he is omnipotent, he is never absent

from any part of his creation; but our souls being spiritual, the relation in which we stand to him is very different from that which is sustained by the material world. The universe is upheld by his power; but the human soul has a capacity to become *conscious* of his presence, to hold communion with him, and, through obedient love, to be made a "partaker of the divine nature."

The power of sympathy conferred upon man for promoting the enjoyment and progress of the race, comes into action in religious assemblies, and imparts to public worship a solemnity and depth of feeling not otherwise attained. By this means the devotional spirit spreads from heart to heart,—the holy oil flows from vessel to vessel,—until even the careless and the lukewarm may partake of the current that proceeds from the Fountain of Divine Life.

When a few persons in a religious meeting are thus exercised, the feeling may extend to others even without the use of words; and when words are uttered under this influence, they have a potency that touches the heart, so that they who hear and enter into sympathy are "by one Spirit all baptized into one body," and made to drink into one spirit. 1 Cor. xii. 13.

To "worship in spirit and in truth," as enjoined by our Saviour, implies that the soul must be bowed in adoration and the heart influenced by love. The utterance of the most touching and expressive words will not avail unless they are prompted by a devotional spirit. The practice of employing a musician to perform before a congregation, and a choir to sing for them, appears to us not to be consistent with true spiritual worship, but is sometimes so conducted as to reduce the service of God into a musical entertainment, adapted only to please the ear and gratify the taste of an audience.

Congregational singing is less objectionable; but even in this, words are often uttered that do not express the feelings or suit the condition of the singers, and, in such cases, cannot be considered spiritual worship. "As to the singing of Psalms," says Barclay in his Apology, "we confess this to be a part of God's worship, and very sweet and refreshing, when it proceeds from a true sense of God's love in the heart and arises from the divine influence of the Spirit, which leads souls to breathe forth either a sweet harmony or words suitable to the present condition; whether they be words formerly used by the saints and recorded in Scripture, such as the Psalms of David, or Zacharias, Simeon and the blessed virgin Mary. But as for the formal and customary way of singing, it hath no foundation in Scripture, nor any ground in true Christianity; yea, besides all the abuses incident to prayer and preaching, it hath this more peculiar, that oftentimes great and horrid lies are said in the sight of God; for all manner of wicked, profane people take upon them to personate the experiences of blessed David; which are not only false as to them, but also to some of more sobriety, who utter them forth."*

There can be no doubt that sincerity of purpose and devotional feeling are always acceptable in the Divine sight, whatever may be the form of worship employed; but the more simple the form the less there will be to draw the mind away from the inner sanctuary of the heart.

When Herschell, the converted Jew, visited his fatherland and stood near the ancient garden of Gethsemane, he made the following reflection: "I fervently believe, that if we seek to affect the mind by the aid of architecture, painting or music, the impression produced by these adjuncts is just so much subtracted from the worship of the unseen Jehovah. If the outward eye is taken up with material splendor, or forms of external beauty, the mind's eye sees but little of 'Him who is invisible;' the ear that is entranced with the melody of sweet sounds, listens not to the 'still small voice' by which the Lord makes his presence known."

Silence, as a basis for divine worship, and a preparation for preaching, prayer or praise, is a practice that has been found salutary. But in order to obtain the full benefit of it, there should be, not only a stillness of the body, but a silence of the soul. The wandering thoughts should be brought home, and the affections directed to that ever-present Being who is the object of worship.

This waiting upon God is often referred to in the Scriptures; thus the Psalmist says, "I wait for the Lord; my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope. My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning."

"How sweet to wait upon the Lord
In stillness and in prayer!
What though no preacher speak the word,
A minister is there.

A minister of wondrous skill,
True graces to impart;
He teaches all the Father's will,
And preaches to the heart.

. . . . . .

From mind to mind in streams of joy
The holy influence spreads;
'Tis peace, 'tis praise without alloy,
For God that influence sheds."†

3. Meditation, or pious contemplation, in which the thoughts are turned upon heaven-

*Apology, Prop. xi, §xxvi.
†J. J. G., Friends' Review, I. 431.

ly things, is one of the most efficient means of promoting the progress of the soul in holiness. "This exercise should engage the attention of the mind, not only in the silent part of meetings for worship, but also at other seasons, and it is a salutary practice to set apart special times for religious retirement.

Devout meditation is a very different thing from that dreamy state of mind properly called revery, in which the imagination is suffered to roam at random, causing a variety of images to chase each other through the chambers of the mind without an effort of the will to restrain them. To meditate, is to think with a purpose, and when we find our thoughts wandering from that purpose, we should endeavor to recall them. This we may have to do again and again; but we shall find it a salutary exercise, affording strength and consolation, when the mind is stayed upon the Shepherd and Bishop of souls, whose right it is to reign in our hearts.

There is no subject for meditation so fruitful of instruction as the life, character, and precepts of Jesus Christ, for in him was reflected an image of the divine perfections; and, "we beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

No portion of our lives affords more unalloyed enjoyment than those hours which are spent in religious meditation. At such seasons, the mind, being withdrawn from all worldly cares, and directed to the consideration of its future destiny, seeks communion with the Author of its being, and is favored with a peaceful serenity, incomparably superior to all the joys of earth.

Whence do those aspirations spring
We feel at such an hour as this,
Which soothe the soul, and with them bring
A foretaste of eternal bliss?

Like breezes from a land of flowers,
To some lone mariner they come,
And breathe of joy's perennial bowers,
And call the wandering spirit home.

Like angels in the patriarch's dream
He saw from earth to heaven ascending,
These holy aspirations seem
As pure, and bright, and upward-tending.

They are the messengers of love,
To man in boundless mercy given,
To tell him of his home above,
And whisper of the joys of Heaven.

4. Reading, when directed to the subject of vital religion, may be made the means of promoting our spiritual progress. All human beings have derived from their predecessors a large proportion of the knowledge they possess. They build upon the foundations laid for them by former generations, and the vast disparity between the untutored savage and the highly enlightened mind, is chiefly owing to the use of books, by which the latter has been enabled to profit by the experience of past ages.

Of all books, the Bible is incomparably the most instructive and valuable. Accordingly we find in the biographies of devout Christians of every denomination, that it has occupied the most prominent place in their religious reading. The following testimony to its value is from the works of William Penn:

"Count Oxcistern, Chancellor of Sweden, a man very eminent for ability and virtue, after his retirement from public business, said to the English ambassador, "I have seen much, and enjoyed much of this world, but I never knew how to live till now. I thank my God that he has given me time to know him, and to know myself. All the comfort I have and all the comfort I take, and which is more than the whole world can give, is feeling the Good Spirit of God in my heart, and reading in this good book, (the Bible) that came from it."

The admirable adaptation of the Bible to aid religious progress is thus described by a learned English author: "Had the Bible been drawn up in precise statements of faith or detailed precepts of conduct, we should have had no alternative but either subjection to an outer law, or loss of the highest instrument of self-education. But the Bible from its very form is exactly adapted to our present wants. It is a history; even the doctrinal parts of it are cast in a historical form, and are best studied by considering them as records of the time at which they were written, and as conveying to us the highest and greatest religious life of that time. Hence we use the Bible,—some consciously, some unconsciously,—not to override, but to evoke the voice of conscience. When conscience and the Bible appear to differ, the pious Christian immediately concludes that he has not really understood the Bible. Hence, too, while the interpretation of the Bible varies slightly from age to age, it varies always in one direction. The schoolmen found purgatory in it. Later students found enough to condemn Galileo. Not long ago it would have been held to condemn geology; and there are still many who so interpret it. The current is all one way: it evidently points to the identification of the Bible with the voice of conscience. The Bible, in fact, is hindered by its form from exercising a despotism over the human spirit: if it could do that it would become an outer law at once; but its form is so admirably adapted to our need, that it wins from us all the reverence of a supreme authority, and yet imposes on us no yoke of subjection. This it does by virtue of the

principle of private judgment, which puts conscience between us and the Bible; making conscience the supreme interpreter, whom it may be a duty to enlighten, but whom it can never be a duty to disobey."*

When referring to conscience as the supreme interpreter of the Bible, we should remember it must be a conscience purified and enlightened by the Holy Spirit. That faculty of the soul which we call conscience or the moral sense, may, through disobedience, be defiled with sin; it may even be "seared as with a hot iron" by long continued transgression.

Our modern English literature teems with religious books, many of which are not only instructive, but deeply interesting; and they who desire to keep the current of their thoughts in a pure channel, would do well to make a practice of religious reading in their intervals of leisure, selecting such works as they find most conducive to devotional feeling and Christian charity. Every household should be provided with a supply of such works for the use of all its members, and especially of the young, whose minds, if properly directed, may, by this means, acquire a pure taste and be preserved from the contaminating influence of pernicious books, which abound in our day. Those among the young who have inquiring minds will read, for it is a reading age;—and the only way to prevent them from choosing unwholesome aliment for the mind, is to furnish them that which is good.

5. Religious conversation, though liable to great abuse, may be made the means of instruction and enjoyment. Some persons indulge in a style of conversation about religious matters, that should always be avoided by those who wish to advance in the spiritual life. It consists in commenting on the faults of other religious professors; criticising the discourses of pious but unskilful preachers; and dwelling with complacency on their own condition or services.

Joseph John Gurney, in reviewing his early life and the good impressions he received from the ministry he heard, makes the following judicious remarks: "I never suffered myself to criticise it, but acted on the uniform principle of endeavoring to obtain from what I heard all the edification it afforded. This is a principle which I would warmly recommend to my young friends in the present day; for nothing can be more mischievous than for learners to turn teachers and young hearers critics. I am persuaded that it is often the means of drying up the waters of life in the soul; and sure I am that an exact method of weighing words and balancing sentences, is a miserable exchange for tenderness of spirit and for the dews of heaven."

There is, however, no reason to shun all religious conversation because some persons pervert it to unholy purposes. "From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and it is natural that we should at times communicate to our intimate friends the thoughts and feelings that warm our hearts and occupy our earnest attention. By this means our doubts and difficulties may sometimes be removed, our sorrows alleviated and our good resolutions confirmed. Habitual reticence in relation to our religious sentiments is not salutary, while, on the other hand, the too frequent repetition of our experiences should be avoided.

In Cowper's description of a winter evening and fireside enjoyments, he says:

"Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth;
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with mem'ry's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found,
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd and peace restor'd,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love."

6. Good works, though not the cause of salvation, are, most assuredly, the result of the reign of God established in the soul. As in the physical part of our nature, the exercise of the muscles and of the organs of sense is indispensable to their full development, so in the spiritual part, there can be no vigorous growth without the exercise of the benevolent affections.

It is the order of nature, wisely established by the Author of our being, that mankind should be placed together in families, and that families should be grouped together in communities and nations, with the evident intention that they should mutually aid and improve each other. The teaching and religious training of the young is not only needful for them, but to parents and others engaged in it, from a sense of duty, becomes an exercise highly beneficial to themselves. The joyousness of youth enlivens the household and enhances the pleasure of religious communion, while the gravity of age tempers without impairing social enjoyment and restrains the tendency to excess.

The ascetic, dwelling apart from mankind under the mistaken notion that he is perfecting his spiritual nature, is at best but half a

*Frederick Temple, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen; on the Education of the world.

man. His capacity for domestic and social virtues remains undeveloped, his own welfare becomes the only object of his care, and his social affections, like vines untrained, creep upon the ground, with no object of interest to lift them into the air and sunshine, that their fruits may be perfected.

The highest example ever presented for the imitation of man, was in the life of the immaculate Son of God, who "went about continually doing good." To relieve the destitute, to sympathize with the sorrowful, to visit the widows and the fatherless, is not only the evidence of true religion, but the means of promoting the progress of the soul in holiness.

The message of the angel to the devout Cornelius was: "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God." The Apostle Paul, in closing his exhortation to the elders of the Ephesian Church, referred them to his own self-denying example while laboring among them. "These hands," he said, "have ministered unto my necessities and to them that were with me. I have showed you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

EXTRACTS FROM SERMONS OF F. W. ROBERTSON.

There is a tendency always to think in the masses; not what is true, but what is respectable, correct, orthodox, authorized,—that we ask. It comes partly from cowardice, partly from indolence, from habit, from imitation, from the uncertainty and darkness of all moral truths and the dread of timid minds to plunge into the investigation of them. Now truth known and believed respecting God and man frees from this, by warning of individual responsibility. But responsibility is personal. It cannot be delegated to another and thrown off upon a church. Before God face to face, each soul must stand to give account.

Do not, however, confound mental independence with mental pride. It may, it ought to coexist with the deepest humility. For that mind alone is free which, conscious ever of its own feebleness, feeling hourly its own liability to err, turning thankfully to light, from whatever side it may come, does refuse to give up that right with which God has invested it, or to abrogate its own responsibility; and so humbly, and even awfully, resolves to have an opinion, a judgment, a decision of its own.

Nothing chills the heart like universal distrust. Nothing freezes the genial current of the soul so much as doubts of human nature. Human goodness is no dream. Surely we have seen, and not in dreams, pure benevolence beaming from human countenances. Surely we have met with integrity that the world's wealth could not bribe, and attachment which might bear the test of any sacrifice.

It is a perilous thing to separate feeling from acting; to have learnt to feel rightly without acting rightly. It is a danger to which in a refined and polished age we are peculiarly exposed. The romance, the poem and the sermon teach us how to feel. Our feelings are delicately correct. But the danger is this; feeling is given to lead to action; if feeling be suffered to awake without passing into duty, the character becomes untrue. When the emergency for real action comes, the feeling is, as usual, produced; but accustomed as it is to rise in fictitious circumstances without action, neither will it lead on to action in the real ones. "We pity wretchedness and shun the wretched." We utter sentiments just, honorable, refined, lofty, but somehow when a truth presents itself in the shape of a duty we are unable to perform it. And so such characters come by degrees like the artificial pleasure grounds of bad taste, in which the waterfall does not fall, and the grotto offers only the refreshment of an imaginary shade, and the green hill does not strike the skies, and the tree does not grow. Their lives are a sugared crust of sweetness, trembling over black depths of hollowness; more truly still "whited sepulchres," fair without to look upon, "within full of all uncleanness."

It is perilous, again, to separate thinking rightly from acting. He is already half false who speculates on truth, and does not do it. Truth is given not to be contemplated, but to be done. Life is an action, not a thought, and the penalty paid by him who speculates on truth, is that by degrees the very truth he holds becomes to him a falsehood. There is no truthfulness, therefore, except in the witness borne to God by doing His will, to live the truths we hold, or else they will be no truths at all. . . . Who is a true man? He who does the truth, and never holds a principle on which he is not prepared in any hour to act, and in any hour to risk the consequences of holding it.

Some employments may be better than others; but there is no employment so bad as the having none at all. The mind will contract a rust and an unfitness for everything, and a man must either fill up his time with good business, or it will run to waste.

From the Independent.

RELIGIOUS SENSIBILITY.

BY EDWARD P. WILLARD.

To be quick to enumerate mercies as men are quick at figures, to add up providences, to multiply by demerits, to see all the goodness of every day's experience and lose nothing—this is having a heart tuned and ready for the touch of God's finger.

Some months ago, on the Sierra Nevada, in the lap of the mountains where nestles the beautiful Lake Tahse six thousand feet above the sea, a party of gentlemen and ladies from California were summering together. The air, sky, forest, and peaks were lovely to intoxication. They roamed, rowed, fished, and hunted day after day. Upon one occasion, they wandered into a wild, rocky canyon, guarded by precipitous cliffs and shaded by dense, tall pine-trees. It was a silent spot.

"Always there
The wind was cradled to soft air."

One of the ladies said, half inquiringly, to her husband: "This must be a home for echoes. Try your voice." At once he gave play to his lungs; and, being a large man, shot out a "How do you do?" with a voice of stentorian quality. A discovery was made, sure enough. The sudden answers came back from peak after peak around them, "How do you do?" "How do you do?"—as if the giant rock-seams of the mountain had each one called to them—until slowly and more faintly the last feeble salute died away afar off in the primeval silence. The whole party were wonder-struck by the phenomenon. They had not expected it. The succession of voices was more distinct and continuous in that pure air than anything of the kind they had ever remarked before. All were so pleased with the multiplied reverberations, that they lingered, shouting to the cliffs until their throats were choaked with hoarseness.

In some such way we stumble into religious sensibility. We discover mercy, grace, and love in God; and wonder at it. Our feet strike a new avenue in life, when we can say, "God did it." Many suns go down upon days of unreflection, and we have had nothing from heaven. Many lives have no sun; for all their satisfactions come from the earth, and they never look *up*. They *expect* nothing from heaven. "God is not in all their thoughts." But by and by there comes a time when a new chord of success, of joy, or happiness is struck; when a noble mind thinks; when a new music is heard, which seems to have something *divine* in it. With surprise it is remarked that the lines of life are drawn by an unseen hand. Sudden escapes, deliverances, fortuitous and favorable changes beyond mortal ken, lead one to think there is much miracle in his own experience. Now he is learning to trace back what he is to God. In this school, adversity, care, and sorrow are teachers likewise. When the discovery is made that goodness, mercy, and truth are above and around, all experience will confirm the fact. When the Scripture asserts "God is love," the heart of a man of quickened sensibility will re-echo through all its chambers, "God is love." On the sea, on the land, in the shop, and in the family, after travel and toil, still the answering echo comes up every day of our lives, "God is love." Only watch the motions of love, and love will be seen. Morning, noon, and night, love will appear; and all fond association with the countless utterances of Nature will give this text voice and reverberation. God's world will be to the Christian like the Canyon of Echoes. He that hath ears let him *hear*.

The best thing to sharpen sensibility is the *habit* of it. It is to find God's presence to-day the same as yesterday. To keep an account of mercies without a memorandum. Habit works like bricklaying. One brick will never make a wall. One day's thankfulness will never make a thankful heart. But put day upon day, as we pile one line of bricks upon another, and the Temple of Gratitude will go up. There the heart may *dwell*. The heart owns the house, for it has built it. And when once the soul finds this *dwelling*-place, and sits down to compute the tender mercies of God, there is sensibility to a thousand manifestations of goodness which before were unmarked. The skies and the green earth are prodigal with love—spring and summer, day and night, fill the life brimful of blessing. So near is God, and so constant in his ministrations, that no calculus can help to measure the wealth of his gifts. The life hangs on providences. Intimations come, whisperings, a gentle voice directs, a gentle hand conducts, the spirit is guide. Satisfactions follow, which only the man of sensibility can realize. The habit becomes twin to the experience.

EXCERPTS.

Or scraps from unpublished Letters recently received.

I was sad on hearing of the ungenerous attack made upon thee, and for a moment felt resentment to arise, but on reflection it gave way to pity; for I think those who could purposely hurt the feelings of another must be strangers to the sensations that arise from attending to the golden rule of doing as we would wish others to do unto us; which I earnestly desire that thou and I may more aspire after. With respect to sarcastic darts, or any other sort of darts, I know of no better way to escape their venom than by endeavor-

ing as much as we can to cultivate a disposition to humility and patience.

If we happily advance to this attainment, they will either fly harmless, or recoil upon the archer. Perhaps thou mayest think it is easy to offer advice like this, when we do not feel the wound. Granted; and yet thou canst not suppose that I have travelled so far through such a world as this, and escaped every thing of this unpleasant nature. I have had a share in many ways,—accusations, surmises, unfriendly remarks, &c., some of which I have heard, many I have heard of, and many, many more probably which have never reached my ear. By the two first mentioned I have, when I could, endeavored to profit, with a hope they have all worked, or will finally work together for good. I feel at this moment an affectionate desire that now, at thy outset in the journey of life, thou mayest cleave to the Supreme Good, "in simplicity and godly sincerity." Thus our minds become regulated so as to bear and forbear, and rather to produce compassion than resentment towards those who may be unhappily betrayed in the indulgence of a temper prone to give offence. In reflecting on this occurrence, a passage of a very afflicted and pious servant, who worked his way to the throne of Israel through much opposition, and who manifested a uniform and remarkable dependence on the Almighty, was brought to my remembrance. "How great is thy goodness which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee, which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee! Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man; thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from *the strife of tongues.*"

When I think of the attachment which has long subsisted between us, and which has not been nourished of late by much intercourse, I feel encouraged in low seasons to believe that it is not mere natural affection, but that loving thee for the Truth's sake, I cannot be so very far from the footsteps of the companions of Christ. What a profession is this, and yet it is only that of a Christian. Oh! how much do those lose of the lovely influence of the example of Jesus, who invest him with the attributes of Omnipotence and Omniscience; attributes which he never assumed to himself, but always ascribed to the Father, assuring his disciples that of himself he could do nothing. The conduct of Jesus at the grave of Lazarus came before my mind this afternoon, as it has before done with instruction. The historian tells us that he groaned in spirit, and was troubled. Can we imagine this of a being conscious of possessing all power, and who could in an instant have changed that scene of grief to one of rejoicing? Was it not rather the state of a dependent being, who in a moment of doubt and great weakness feared that the divine power might not again operate through him? And do not his subsequent expressions, "I know that thou hearest me always," denote the state of one who, in the rejoicing confidence of renewed faith, believes that he shall never again be tempted to doubt.

Yes, my sister, I want us to be found doing our day's work, while the light is given, and we can clearly discern our Heavenly Father's will. Let no discouraging views obscure our vision or cause our minds to sink below the right medium. We ought to be lowly, humble and meek, but not in the least degree desponding; for He whom we profess to serve is good, just and merciful, and requires nothing of us that he does not give power to perform.

The most effectual method of expelling error is not to meet it sword in hand, but gradually to instil great truths, with which it cannot easily coexist, and by which the mind outgrows it. The old superstitions about ghosts and dreams were not expelled by argument,—for hardly a book was written against them; but men gradually outgrew them; and the spectres, which had haunted the terror-stricken soul for ages, fled before an improved philosophy, just as mists vanish before the rising sun.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 10, 1868.

MARRIED, on the 1st inst., with the approbation of Darby Monthly Meeting of Friends, at the residence of Henry McAllister, Darby, THOS. GARRIGUES, of Kingsessing, Philada., to MATILDA MCALLISTER.

DIED, at Glen Cove, L. I., of a lingering illness, on the 3d of Ninth month, 1868, JACOB VALENTINE, aged nearly 78 years; a member and elder of Westbury Monthly and Matinecock Preparative Meeting. He was an exemplary Friend from his youth up, rarely if ever absent from meetings when at home, if his health would permit. We believe he was a meek and humble Christian.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The Quarterly Meeting of "The Association of Friends for the Promotion of First-day Schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting," will be held at Friends' Meeting-House, Wilmington, Del., on Seventh-day morning, 10th mo. 17th, at 10 o'clock. The different Schools within our Yearly Meeting are desired to appoint representatives, and the attendance of all interested in this concern is invited.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, Jr.,
LYDIA H. HALL, Clerks.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, Tenth mo. 16th, at 3 o'clock, at Monthly Meeting Room, Race St.

THOS. GARRIGUES, *Clerk.*

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

Committee of Management will meet on Fourth-day evening, Tenth month 14th, in the Library Room at Race St.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

No. 12.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

In considering, with a view to their removal, the many discouraging circumstances which attend our present condition as a religious body, we must not do ourselves injustice by overlooking those of a more hopeful and encouraging nature. Among the bright features which our prospects now disclose, is the establishment of an educational institution, such as has been, ever since the separation, the crying want of our Society.

To other religious denominations, who have as their exponents a specially educated class, general education may be a matter of choice or fancy, but to us an advanced order of intellectual and moral culture generally is a necessity, if we would maintain our proper relative position and influence, and keep pace with the advancing spirit of the age. Other denominations, which have an ordained head to each congregation, may be compared to monarchies, but ours is a democracy, in which all are equal, and whose well being, as in political governments, depends upon the general culture.

It is true that we have, in different localities, many good schools,—some under the care of particular and monthly meetings, and others kept by individual members; and it is also true that very many localities are wholly without schools, other than those under the control of the public authorities. In this state of affairs, and with the lukewarmness that so generally prevails among our members, a very large proportion of the many children requiring to be educated from home are sent to schools and colleges where they are surrounded by influences which almost inevitably alienate them from our Society, and the loss that they and we have thus sustained is almost incalculable. Our great want has been, and is, a school or college second in point of grade to no other in the land, that shall be recognized as a Society institution, and that shall be designed and calculated to give to the cause of education a new life and impetus among us; and where, at a moderate cost, all who may wish to leave home, or who desire a higher course than that furnished by their local schools, may be accommodated and trained in accordance with the views of Friends, and under the moral influences so necessary to their future welfare. This want is now happily about to be supplied by Swarthmore College.

We have great reason to be thankful that a plan of organization has been adopted for this institution so just and equitable, and in accordance with the mode of proceeding usual among Friends, and which at the same time secures the rights of all against those vicissitudes which experience has shown to be incident to religious organizations, and which, under other circumstances, have sometimes been the means of great wrong.

The most important question now connected with this enterprise is the means necessary for its early completion, so that there may not be, from that cause, any delay in opening the school for the accommodation of the many who are expecting, and some of them probably waiting to avail themselves of it. This communication is not intended as an appeal for subscriptions; but the general subject of contributions to such an object affords occasion for many instructive thoughts and suggestions.

We cannot take with us to the eternal world the accumulations and the hoardings of this life, and it is little that suffices for our personal wants, all beyond which it should be our endeavor so to dispose of as to do the greatest good, either to our offspring or others. We cannot know but that wealth left to children sufficient to place them or their descendants beyond the proper incentives to healthful exertion, or the formation of habits of economy, may be to them an injury instead of a blessing. In a majority of cases it is doubtless an injury in the end. We know not even that any accumulation we may make for those who come after us may not be swept away by the many uncertainties and vicissitudes of fortune. Many there are also who are without children, who continue to hoard to the end of their days, and then leave their fortunes to collateral relatives, who perhaps need it not, and who, receiving it only when and because the former possessor could hoard it no longer, return scarcely a thankful aspiration or feeling of kind remembrance therefor.

A subscription or a legacy towards the erection, equipment or endowment of Swarthmore College, is liable to no such uncertainties and unsatisfactory results. It may be regarded as an investment in a perpetual saving fund, of which the Society of Friends, as represented by the body of the stockholders of that institution, are the trustees; in trust for the education of our children and our childrens' children, and those of Friends generally, to the end of time, in the best manner, and under influences conducive to the formation of habits and views of life which will furnish the best guarantee for their well being, and of which the chances of fortune cannot deprive them.

The unerring instinct of popular sentiment around us attests the superiority of our plain and practical method of education. Wherever we have schools that are open to other than our own members, the spare accommodations are usually filled by them to overflowing; and this should awaken us to the great importance of seeing that our own educational advantages are such as to leave no occasion for any of our own youth to be sent elsewhere; and more than that, as a means of doing good, as well as of strength and pleasurable satisfaction to ourselves, which involves no sacrifice, we may well go further, and provide for others to the extent of which they may be willing to avail themselves in our educational institutions.

But it is not only with reference to its educational advantages, as such, that Swarthmore College should receive the hearty encouragement and support of all Friends. As a means of creating a common bond of union among Friends of different sections, which will be rendered doubly effective in the next generation from the intimacies that will be there formed, and as a means of preserving and handing down the distinctive principles and testimonies which we hold, it will be invaluable to our Society. Whatever may befall many of our meetings, or even our religious organization, this is destined to remain, and must continue to shed abroad the beneficent influences of Quakerism, for ages to come.

T. H. S.

BURSTING OF A GLACIER.

A correspondent of a London paper gives the following account of a singular occurrence at Chamounix, Switzerland, on July 23d: "At ten minutes to 5 a dark cloud overshadowed the valley of Chamounix, a peal of thunder was heard, and then a continuous roar that awakened every one in the village, and caused every eye to strain itself in the direction of the Aiguille Blaitière. At this moment no sign could be seen of the cause of so much commotion. Presently a puff of smoke, as it so appeared, on the crest of the mountain that supports the Glacier des Pelerins, raised the cry that the glacier had burst, bringing with it part of the moraine that had kept it within bounds.

"The peasants of the valley were rushing to and fro, driving the cattle into safe quarters, and then all eyes were watching one of the most glorious and overwhelming sights the visitor to Chamounix could desire to see. My pen is too weak to describe the commotion this mighty avalanche created, every moment adding fuel to its course, tossing up clouds of spray, bringing with it pine trees, huge boulders, rude bridges, and deserted chalets, until it reached the pretty Cascade du Dard, when the noise was most deafening. The falling mass here, filling the gully, and gaining speed at every exertion, left the course the stream usually takes, and tearing down pine trees, opened an immense track, and overflowed the meadows and gardens of the Hotel Royal, destroying whole fields of barley and potatoes, and, after spending its fury for twenty minutes on meadow and peasant land, this muddy mass formed itself into a large lake, which will remain some time, to be regarded by tourists as an event which is very rare in the valley of the Chamounix."—*Exchange.*

THE BORDER LAND.

Suggested by the remark of a friend who had long been very ill, that she "had hoped ere this to be released."

In the mystic border land,
On the shadowy shore,
Thou hast long a dweller been,
Learning heavenly lore;

Waiting at the river's brink,
With thy staff in hand,
Till, to lead thee through the stream,
Comes the angel band.

Sacred is that border land,
Fair that radiant shore,
Where the wearied pilgrim rests,—
Earthly sorrows o'er.

Is it lawful to reveal
Wonders there made known?
Or, unto the dwellers there
Only, are they shown?

Enters any sorrow there,—
Any pain or fear?
Or is suffering heeded not,
With thy goal so near?

Canst thou in our griefs take part,
In our joys still share?
Or do earth's most beauteous scenes
Seem no longer fair?

Glimpses of the city bright,
With its streets of gold,—
Dwelling in that border land,
Do thine eyes behold?

Hearest thou the songs of praise,
From the throngs who wait,—
The redeemed, the faithful ones,—
At the golden gate?

Hast thou seen the glorious crowns
That the sainted wear,
Who on earth their Lord confessed,—
Learned His cross to bear?

Walk the "shining ones" with thee,
In their robes of white?
Hold they with thee converse sweet,
Hidden from our sight?

Bear they greetings from their King,—
Tokens of his grace,—
Saying, "Lo! the Master calls,
Soon thou'lt see his face;"

That thou longest for release
From thy "house of clay,"
Longest for the "mansions" fair,
In the Land of Day?

A. R. P.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The fairest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death. An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transported into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now, in everlasting song,
Amid the tree of life.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them,—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

From the Evening Bulletin.

Extract from an Address delivered by CHARLES J. STILLE, LL.D., *at the time of his Inauguration as Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, 9th mo. 30th,* 1868.

I propose to-day to enter upon a most important department of my duties. I cannot forget that the University of Pennsylvania is preeminently a Philadelphia institution, and that we, as citizens of Philadelphia, have all a common interest in its reputation and prosperity. As it is clearly the duty of the Trustees so to enlarge and modify the course of instruction here as fully to meet the requirements of this age and this community, so it seems to me the special business of the Provost to direct public attention to its affairs by presenting from time to time some account of the manner in which the vast interests confided to it are cared for. I call these interests vast, for it seems to me impossible to overrate their far-reaching importance. To us has been committed the higher education of all those in Philadelphia who receive any liberal culture whatever. The number of young men instructed here, and the character of that instruction, must determine in a great measure, not perhaps whether Philadelphia is to remain a rich and populous city, but whether she is to become a cultivated, liberal, and enlightened metropolis.

It is not to be denied that in the history of Philadelphia opportunities for the highest culture have not kept pace with the munificent provisions which have been made for the systematic relief of every form of human suffering. The body has been perhaps more cared for here than the mind. But it was not always so. That illustrious citizen of Philadelphia, whose name is identified with all the early efforts to establish here useful public institutions, had quite as much at heart the success of this University, which he founded, as that of the Pennsylvania Hospital, whose establishment he so earnestly promoted. Benjamin Franklin, like all true legislators, knew that a community could become truly great and powerful only by the harmonious development of all the life that was in it. It is not too late to follow his example, and learn afresh the lesson which he taught us.

With such an object in view, I proposed to ask your attention to some very plain and practical remarks upon the need of a higher and more generous, liberal culture in Philadelphia, and the position now occupied by the University of Pennsylvania in its efforts to supply that need.

By the term liberal culture, I wish to designate the highest and most comprehensive form of education; the best system of intellectual training which may be accessible to young men in this country. This is the kind of education which is aimed at with more or less success in all the Colleges of the country; and these Colleges differ from each other, not so much in the object they seek, as in the manner in which they seek it. Within a few years, especially since the close of the war, a renewed interest has been excited in the subject of College education. Not only is the aggregate number of those receiving instruction in Colleges much larger now than at any former period, but the whole subject has been thoroughly discussed with reference to its practical aspects, and in many of the best known Colleges great modifications of the old system have taken place. The battle has raged fiercely upon the respective merits of the classical and technical methods of training. The result is even now uncertain. Enough has transpired, however, to produce a general conviction that the highest culture is the result of a harmonious development of all the faculties, and that an exclusive training by either of these methods does not produce the best practical results. Of one thing we may be assured—the old exclusive classical system, in which we and our

fathers were trained, cannot long hold its place in American colleges under the present conditions of American life. Whether this is to be regretted is not the question. We are concerned with the undoubted fact. If we propose to control the growing American mind, if we are to bring it under the power of a liberal culture at all, we must employ for that purpose a different form of liberal culture from that in which former generations have been trained. Now the trustees of this University, recognizing this tendency of the popular mind, with which it would be hopeless, even if it were wise, to contend, have recently endeavored to meet the unmistakable demand by modifying, after the example of other colleges, the course of study pursued in their own collegiate department. This they have done not with the view of lowering the standard of a liberal education, but rather of giving it a wider, deeper, and more comprehensive basis, and especially of associating it more intimately with the practical arts of life. In order more fully to understand what is proposed by this system, and wherein its alleged advantages consist, it will be necessary to glance at some of the forms of education which are presented to the choice of American youth. Perhaps in such an examination we may be able to find an answer to the question we hear so often asked around us—"What, after all, is the use of a college education?"

Every American child, as is well known, is now provided with a certain kind of education at the public expense. This education, as is also well known, is wholly elementary in its character, embracing none of those higher branches of knowledge essential to the training of scholars in the highest sense for which the most enlightened governments of Europe have long since made abundant provision. Still, elementary as it is, a proficiency in it has now become essential as a foundation for success in all the pursuits of life, except the very lowest. To maintain such a system vast sums are raised by taxation, and for no object is taxation borne so cheerfully. For such purposes the City of Philadelphia pays more than a million of dollars annually, out of which thirty-five thousand dollars, or the interest of nearly six hundred thousand dollars, are expended every year for the support of a single High School. But valuable as this system is, and vast as are the funds raised for its support, it covers but a very small portion of the field of education in any true or broad sense. Its object, and its only object, is to provide for the masses that which, in the conditions of American life, is as indispensable to them as the food which nourishes their bodies. It leaves to other agencies the provision for those higher intellectual wants which must be supplied in some way or the body politic starves. In any given country, the number of those who have the capacity, the inclination or the opportunity to train their minds by a liberal culture bears, of course, but a small proportion to those who have been instructed in the mere rudiments, but still it forms the salt which preserves the mass from decay. Unless, therefore, the higher schools are maintained with the same vigor and earnestness which now characterizes the support of the public school system, the result will be a dwarfed, one-sided and wholly superficial training, which may render a community very keen at money-making, but will leave it totally destitute of all that tends to dignify, adorn, or elevate human life. A wide-spread but most mistaken impression seems to prevail, especially here, that a college education may be a suitable luxury for the few, but that it is useless and even pernicious to the future career of the many. It is a lamentable fact there are fewer of our Philadelphia young men receiving a liberal education in the various colleges of the country than those of any other city which approaches it in wealth and population. I cannot enter now into a discussion of all the causes which have produced a state of things certainly not very creditable to us, but I may refer to one or two of them, especially to the over-estimate which is placed upon the value of ordinary grammar-school instruction, and of the anxiety manifested by parents to place their children under special instruction without adequate preparation for that career in which they are to earn their future livelihood. No schools have been more largely attended of late than those which promise to turn a young man, at the shortest possible notice, and with the least exertion on his part, into a money-making machine. The rage is now for special, technical instruction, not merely in the ordinary trades and occupations of business, but in those higher branches of experimental science, a successful pursuit of which requires at least as thorough and liberal training by way of preparation as is needed in any department of professional life. Out of this blind belief in the necessity of an early and exclusive devotion to mere money-getting has grown an exaggerated estimate of the value of ordinary school education. Many there are who are forced by their necessities to forego the advantages of a higher education for their children; but there are also, alas! too many who, from well-meant but misdirected zeal to give their children what is called "a start in life," deliberately sacrifice to Mammon those immortal powers which

may be destined, if properly trained, to elevate, instruct and govern mankind. The least harm that can happen to a boy thus suddenly and early taken from his books is, that he may become a mere specialist in his particular vocation. Happy is he if, with the disuse of his powers in purely intellectual pursuits, he does not soon lose all taste for cultivating his mind, and become as narrow and contracted in his views of all the great subjects of life as the limits of the particular trade or occupation in which he may engage. The excuse for thus dwarfing and cramping by deliberate choice the faculties of the young is, that such is the only sure road to wealth, and that wealth, at least in this country, is the great end and object of life. It is not true that an educated man, one gifted with the highest form of culture, must necessarily fail in gaining the best prizes of life. To believe it would be to distrust the Providence of God, and all experience proves that it is false doctrine. It cannot be, after all, worth while to stunt a boy's mind in order that he may certainly grow rich. An American child should be trained above and beyond everything else as an American citizen. What would become of the country if all our young men were trained as mere specialists; if those who take part in our public affairs were mere lawyers, or mere doctors, or mere merchants, or mere mechanics? Where, may I ask, would the American nation be to-day if the College and the Church had not taught its citizens their duty? No, no! we cannot move a step in this world without encountering problems which require for their solution minds educated in a way wholly unlike this. An imperious necessity always exists for men of general ideas; for those who have acquired a knowledge of first principles, who are able to take comprehensive views of the great questions of truth, interest and duty with which our life is filled; men in whom that master-quality of the mind, the judgment, is sure and well-balanced; men who act wisely, or who teach others to act wisely, because they think accurately. The history of civilization is the history of the operations of minds like these. The world must have a certain *corps d'elite* who do the brain-work of their generation, and such can never be produced in a condition of society in which an exaggerated value is placed on the pursuit of mere material interests. I beg you will observe that in advocating the highest, the most generous, the widest culture as the best for young men, I have confined myself entirely to the practical aspect of the subject, as it relates to this country, and to the present generation. I believe that such a system is eminently a practical system, if the attainment of the highest end by the best means be the true test of what constitutes the practical value of any system of education. Perhaps I may be permitted to refer to another test of its practical value, equally trustworthy—that of the experience of those who have been trained under a different system. While many misdirected parents blindly seek to provide for the welfare of their children by withdrawing them at an early age from opportunities of liberal study, the history of our country has been recently illustrated by the noble munificence of many, who, having received a limited education, and afterwards acquired wealth, have given by their acts the most emphatic condemnation of such a system, and have done all in their power to deter others from following their example. If there is one feature in our American life of late years more creditable to it and more characteristic than another, it is the vast contributions which have been made for the endowment and support of higher education. These contributions, amounting within the last five years to more than fifteen millions of dollars, have been made, not by men who have had the advantage of a classical training, by alumni of Colleges, but almost wholly by self-made men, as they are called—by capitalists, who, in their prosperity, have felt that no amount of money can supply the defects of early training, and who have proved the sincerity of their belief by taking care that future generations shall not suffer from the same cause. Thus we find a Peabody dispensing his wealth not to endow schools of technical instruction, but for the establishment of great libraries, for galleries of art, for the purchase of collections which shall illustrate the higher departments of science and the study of history. So a Cornell founds a university in the true sense of the term, in which instruction shall be given in all the sciences which go to make up the wide circle of human knowledge. So in our own State you find a Packer or a Pardee establishing courses of instruction with reference, it is true, to a certain limited field of inquiry, but recognizing fully the truth that these fields cannot be properly explored without a thorough and comprehensive scientific training. The experience of the richest men in the country is uniform against the evils of a narrow and technical training for young men. No perversion of the truth is more strange than that which is so common with the unthinking, and which is shown in the habit of pointing to these wealthy men as illustrations of what can be done in this world without a thorough education. These men are held up as examples to the young to abandon their books and plunge at once into the strife of

money-getting, but, they themselves being the judges, the chief use of the wealth with which they have been blessed is to deter others from following in their footsteps.

We have now to consider the counteracting tendencies which exist in our American life against the narrow and erroneous views of education to which I have referred. These are chiefly found in a system of liberal education, so called, meaning thereby a pursuit of those studies which are ordinarily taught in this and other colleges of the country. This institution is, technically speaking, a university and not a college. It trains young men for the professions of law and medicine in special Faculties provided for that purpose, but those who study these are presumed to have been prepared for their work in the Faculty of Arts, or Collegiate Department, as it is popularly called, or by some equivalent means of instruction. We are now principally concerned with the education afforded in this Collegiate Department. It professes then to be a liberal education. By our charter we have the right to confer academical degrees in *artibus liberalibus*. We call it liberal, because its object is rather to train and develop all the faculties, to instil into the mind the germs at least of general truths, to show a young man the nature of the weapons with which he must fight the great battle of life and how to use them. It recognizes the fact that the condition of the human mind, like that of the body, between the ages of ten and twenty years is that of growth, and that the great aim should be to give it during that period the kind of nutriment which shall insure a healthy maturity. It regards the period between these two ages as essentially one of preparation, to be employed not merely in laying a solid foundation, but in ascertaining the peculiar talent or capacity of the individual. It does not seek to stimulate a zeal for study merely from a love of knowledge in itself, but rather with a direct aim constantly in view, namely, success in future life. No doubt there have been periods in the world's history when the loftiest objects presented to the studant's ambition had no concern whatever with the practical aims of life, when indeed the scholar and the man of business could have nothing in common in their pursuit of knowledge. The abstract speculations of the Greek philosophy in regard to the good and the beautiful, as well as a vast deal of the ponderous learning of mediæval times, had designedly no concern with the ordinary business of life. But now, the great end of every system of higher education, however defective any system may be in wholly attaining that end, is UTILITY in its highest sense. If we advocate a liberal culture, it is not because it is the traditional system, or because it keeps up a learned class or a species of intellectual aristocracy, or even because it promotes a love of learning for its own sake, but because we conscientiously believe that it makes better clergymen, better lawyers, better physicians, better merchants, better manufacturers, and above all, better, truer, more valuable citizens than any other. It is because we hope thus, to use the words of one of the ablest of living writers, "to train men whose intellect shall be a cold, clear logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order, ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, to spin the gossamer as well as to forge the anchor; whose minds shall be stored with the great fundamental truths of nature and the laws of her operations; who, no stunted ascetics, shall be full of life and fire, whose passions, kept under by a vigorous will, shall be the servants of a tender conscience, learning to love all beauty, whether of nature or art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as themselves."

If you ask, then, why teach young men those things which do not pertain specially to their future profession . . . . . the answer is easy. It is because, as all experience shows, the faculties of the mind are most successfully employed in any pursuit which requires the exercise of its highest powers, when those powers have been trained in a knowledge of general truths, and especially in the true method of reaching them. It is because a complete mastery of any one science necessarily involves a general knowledge of the *relations* which it bears to all others. We hear a great deal said of the uselessness of much that is learned in College by men in after life, because they may have forgotten their Latin and Greek; and yet every sentence written by these men, almost every idea expressed by them, bears testimony to the unconscious training which they have received from these despised studies. You can no more get rid of the influence of a college atmosphere in after life, than the robust and healthy man can escape from the effects of base-ball and cricket in which he delighted when a boy.

Let us, if possible, get clear ideas on this subject of liberal education. It is not a fixed system cast in some iron mould. It has a standard which varies with the varying wants of the community, and of course, is of very little value unless it is in perfect sympathy with the living realities of the time. It the principle of giving the best training for the work to be done is maintained, the methods employed in that training may b

infinitely varied according to the needs of any given age. Scarcely any term has changed its meaning more frequently in history than that of liberal studies. Of the unpractical character in the modern sense of much of the higher Greek philosophy I have already spoken. In mediæval times instruction was given in the Universities in Grammar, Rhetoric and Logic, and these studies constituted what is call the *trivium*.

Music, Arithmetic, Geometry and Astronomy were taught in a more advanced stage, and these four subjects formed the *quadrivium*. A strange form of liberal education, certainly, according to our present notions; and yet, says an English author, "the *trivium* and *quadrivium* were so much admired by our ancestors that they imagined they comprehended all wisdom and learning. For whoever understood the *trivium* could explain all manner of books without a teacher; while he who was farther advanced, and was master also of the *quadrivium*, could answer all questions and unfold all the secrets of nature." Since the Reformation, the Latin, Greek and Mathematics have been, in England at least, not merely the foundation of a University education, but proficiency in them has been its great end and aim. But as the nineteenth century differs not only from the middle age, but also from the sixteenth, in many essential respects, so also there must be a corresponding change in the system of education to train men now to act well their part in life. It cannot be too often repeated that any system of education is worthless if it be not in harmony with the active life around it, unless it be indeed the express reflex and image of that life. Upon this principle the American college system has always been based, and the constant effort has been to watch the changing needs of the country, and to adapt itself to them. We have now reached a point when it may be said that two fundamental changes in the system have been generally agreed upon. *First*, A wider basis of instruction, and, *secondly*, a recognition of the truth that to accomplish the highest results different minds must be trained in different ways; that while one class produces the best fruit when nurtured by a purely classical course, another is most successful when, in addition to an elementary course in the classics and the mathematics, a portion of the time is given to the study of the modern languages, history and literature, and of the practical application of science to the arts. The system founded upon this principle is called the "ELECTIVE SYSTEM." It is the one which has been recently adopted here with very great success, as shown not merely in the increased number of students, but also by the greater interest manifested by them in their work. It has at least this obvious advantage, that it affords to young men a choice of two parallel courses of study, both of which aim at common ends while striving to meet the different capacities of different individuals. . . . . .

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM NEWMAN HALL.

To the Independent:

We have seldom known such a summer. During three months there has been no rain. The fields, usually green throughout the summer, are burnt and bare, yielding scarcely any food for the cattle. There will be great scarcity in some descriptions of produce, such as turnips. But the wheat crops are good, and prices fall. Our Father has a large estate, and he knows best what weather to send. But it is well that by special lessons we learn our dependence, and how suitable is the prayer for daily bread. Prayers are offered by many that the rain may come. Others pray that we may trust in the living God, who is faithful to his promise that seed-time and harvest shall not fail, so that we may have no complaining in our streets. Far more scarcity is caused by destroying grain as food, in order to turn it into malt for brewing and distillation, than by any shortness of crops ever known. O that we knew how best to use God's good gifts, so that they may be a blessing, as he intended.

THE ESCURIAL.

The Escurial is the palace of the kings of Spain, one of the largest and most magnificent in the world. It was commenced by Philip II. in the year 1562, and the first cost of its erection was 6,000,000 of ducats. It forms a vast square of polished stone paved with marble. It may give some notion of the surprising grandeur of this palace to observe, that according to the computation of Francisco de los Santos, it would take more than four days to go through all its rooms and apartments, the length of the way being reckoned 33 Spanish leagues, which is above 120 English miles. There are 14,000 doors and 11,000 windows belonging to the edifice.

—*Christian Register.*

A BIRD'S NEST.

"It wins my admiration
To view the structure of that little work
A bird's nest. Mark it well within, without.
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join;—his little beak was all;
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another? Fondly then
We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill
Instinctive genius foils."

PARDON FOR OMISSIONS.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, in writing to his mother, says:

"You have been, I believe, the best mother in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and I beg forgiveness of all I have done ill, and all that I have omitted to do well."

So in the prayer he composed at the same time:

"Forgive me whatever I have done unkindly to my mother, and whatever I have omitted to do kindly."

There is a deep meaning in this. Our offences against God and our fellow-men are far greater in the omission of duties than in the commission of sins. Let any one think it over faithfully, and see if the weight of condemnation does not rest there.

And how much point in the expression—"omitted to do kindly!" We might often at least almost as well not speak the truth at all, as to speak it not in "love;" so it may often happen that an act in itself eminently proper, has a dreadful omission about it, simply because it is not done kindly. What is charity, however bountifully bestowed, if sympathy be wanting? It was love that made the widow's mite outweigh all the riches given by others.

Our prayer should be like the prayer of David, "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults."
—*Western Christian Advocate.*

RELIEF FOR FARMERS' WIVES.

The boarding of farm help often comes heavy upon the housekeeper. The best remedy is the building of farm cottages, and the employment of married men for help. A cottage can be put up without any large outlay of money, if there is good timber upon the farm. The laborer, of course, would expect to pay rent, and the investment in the cottage would pay better than bank stock. He would also be a consumer of the products of the farm, and thus furnish a home market. One-half, at least, of his wages would be expended in the supply of his table. Extra hands, by the day or month, could be boarded at the cottage, and thus relieve the farmer's kitchen of much of its drudgery.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

ITEMS.

A DIRECT line of steamers is about to be established between Bremen and New Orleans.

IF THE library shelves of the British Museum were placed in a continuous line, they would extend more than twenty-five miles.

MANCHESTER, England, is the greatest manufacturing city in the world, employing in its factories and foundries daily, a motive steam power equal to that of 1,200,000 horses.

A LOCOMOTIVE, to be used on common roads, was recently successfully exhibited in Edinburgh. It drew a train of wagons, laden with coal, and weighing 32 tons, a distance of ten miles, passing through the streets of Edinburgh. Some very crooked thoroughfares and sharp turnings had to be passed through, and grades of 1 in 16 and 1 in 12 had to be ascended.

HULL, in Plymouth county, Mass., nine miles southeast of Boston, it is stated, was known before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock. It was visited by Capt. Smith, of Virginia, when on an exploring tour, and was by him called Nantasko. He landed there to trade with the natives in 1614, and was accompanied by eight men. There were 33 houses in Hull at the time of building the first house in Boston. It was then, and for the first time, the chief port of entry for Massachusetts. The present population is about 300.

OVER TWO THOUSAND APPLICATIONS for admission are said to have been received by Mr. Cornell since the publication of his letter stating that students at the Cornell University would be able to support themselves by manual labor. It is stated that some of these applicants, if they possess sufficient elementary training to enable them to enter the lowest class, can be furnished with occupation a part of the time, provided they are mechanics. Others can be employed on the college farm, but some time must elapse before all can be admitted.

THE ATLANTIC OCEAN has been the subject of investigation by Mons. Savy, whose observations on the density and saline qualities of that ocean and on its currents have been published in the Paris Moniteur. The density, it is stated, varies regularly from pole to pole on the same meridian, the minimum being situated at the equator, and the maximum between the parallels 40 degrees and 60 degrees north latitude. Between 60 degrees north latitude and the north pole the density again diminishes, and it is surmised that the minimum exists at the pole. The observations in the southern hemisphere do not show a diminution of density below 60 degrees, but it is supposed that further investigations will prove that the same rule exists in the southern as in the northern hemisphere.

The art of glass-making was introduced into modern Europe by the Venetians. Besides discovering the art of rendering glass colorless by the means of manganese, the Venetians also enjoyed the monopoly of mirrors, the silvering of which was a secret long kept from other countries. These mirrors, however, have now lost their reputation, as foreign competitors produce larger plates. Glass beads are still made in considerable quantities for exportation. Venetian enamels have always been famous, and among the peculiar productions of Venice may be reckoned the beautiful composition called aventurine, the secret of which is said to be in the possession of a single manufacturer. The great glass-works are at Murano, one of the Islands of the Lagoon. The number of persons employed in glass-making at Murano and Venice is 5,000, of whom one-third are men, and two-thirds women and children. The annual cost of the substance employed in the manufacture is estimated at about 7,000,000f. In the East there is a constant demand for beads and other articles known as "*conterie.*" There are six glass works in Turin, three in Genoa, five in Milan, thirteen in Florence, eleven in Naples, and twenty in Venice. These fifty-eight works produce articles of the annual value of 10,276,725f.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 17, 1868. No. 33.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for entire Club. Single Nos. 6 cts

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Benj. Strattan. *Richmond, Ind.*
Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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REVIEW

Of W. Tallack's "Friendly Sketches in America," and "George Fox, the Friends, and the Early Baptist."

BY S. M. JANNEY.

Having been much interested in reading ome of the writings of Wm. Tallack, a Friend residing in the city of London, I have oncluded that a review of his two books, re-ating chiefly to the Society of Friends, would e acceptable to the readers of the Intelli-encer. His style is attractive, his candor spires confidence, and his charity towards ose who differ from him in opinion, cannot il to gain favor with liberal minds.

Although I shall have to express my dis-nt from some of his doctrines, I will en-eavor to do it in the same Christian spirit at pervades his writings. In his last work, e argument intended to prove that many of e religious views of George Fox, and par-cularly such as related to church discipline, re coincident with those held by the eneral Baptists who preceded him, appears be well sustained by historical authority. at great reformer was educated in the tablished Church, but early in life he rned to distrust the teaching of her minis-s and associated much with Dissenters. It not to be supposed that his inquiring and rnest mind would fail to imbibe religious ths held by his cotemporaries when they re sanctioned by the witness for truth in his own heart. Even the most original minds are indebted to others for a very large proportion of their ideas, and all men may be said to build upon the foundations laid by their predecessors.

It is our belief that George Fox, through the illumination of divine grace, saw many things in a clearer light than other men of his day, but to suppose that all, or even most of his views, were original, would be contrary to the general experience of mankind. He and his coadjutors professed to teach no new doctrines, and referred to the Holy Scriptures to prove that their religion was a revival of primitive Christianity. It may readily be shown that most of the views they held were professed by some of the Dissenters from the Latin and Greek churches, almost as far back as the age of Constantine.

In the days of George Fox there were, in England, two classes of Baptists; the Calvinistic or Particular Baptists, and the Armenian or General Baptists. The former held the doctrine of predestination, the latter that of free will; but both agreed that the rite of water-baptism should be administered by immersion, and only to adults professing a belief in Christ. They maintained that infant baptism was invalid, and that those who had been subjected to it must be rebaptized when they joined the church. For this reason they were formerly called Anabaptists, signifying re-baptizers.

The Baptists claim for their doctrines and discipline a very high antiquity; although the name they bear is comparatively modern, having been given to them soon after the Protestant Reformation. They cite historical testimony to show that the ancient Waldenses, the Bohemian Brethern, the Wickliffites and the Lollards, who bore witness against the corruptions of the Church of Rome during the Middle Ages, were in fact Baptists in doctrine and practice.

Moshiem, in his Ecclesiastical History, ascribes the origin of the English Baptists to the German and Dutch Mennonites, who trace their descent from the Waldenses, Petrobrussians and other ancient sects, who are usually considered as witnesses of the truth, in the times of universal darkness and superstition.

In the year 1819, a work was published at Breda on the "Origin of the Dutch Baptists," by two learned authors, Ypeig and Dermout, who had been selected by the King of Holland to investigate the subject. They express their conclusion as follows, viz.: "The Mennonites are descended from the tolerably pure and evangelical Waldenses, who were driven by persecution into various countries, and who, during the latter part of the twelfth century, fled into Flanders and into the provinces of Holland and Zealand, where they lived simple and exemplary lives—in the villages as farmers, in the towns by trades—free from the charge of any gross immoralities, and professing the most pure and simple principles, which they exemplified in a holy conversation. They were therefore in existence long before the Reformed church of the Netherlands." Again: "We have now seen that the Baptists, who were formerly called Anabaptists, and in later times Mennonites, were the original Waldenses; and who have long in the history of the church received the honor of the origin."*

It appears from this evidence that the Baptists and Mennonites may justly claim an "*apostolical succession*," far superior to that of the Church of England, whose antecedents are usually traced through the corrupt and persecuting bishops of Rome.

It will be no discredit to the Society of Friends, nor to the memory of G. Fox, if the position taken by W. Tallack can be substantiated, namely, "That the chief portion of the constitution of Quakerism" was of Baptist origin.† He says, "The differences of opinion which arose amongst the Baptists (relative to election and reprobation) about the time of the Civil Wars resulted in many thousands joining the ranks of Fox and the Friends. Fox was rather the *organizer* or *completing agent*, than the founder of Quakerism. One special doctrine, that of the "inward light," was partly original as traceable to him, but even in this he had been almost wholly anticipated by some of the German Mystics, as Tauler, and by some English theologians.*

"Fox went beyond the Baptists in rejecting *all* outward baptism and the outward celebration of the Lord's Supper. Doubtless the Baptists would say, that he here went beyond the Scriptures also. But here again the Lollards had anticipated him. . . . . The practice of silent waiting upon God, so characteristic of the Friends, had long ago been cherished by the German and other "Mystics." These excellent men, as Tauler, Jacob Behmen and others, were Quakers before Fox."†

In the third chapter of his work relating to the early Friends and Baptists, Wm. Tallack quotes many passages from writers prior to G. Fox, or cotemporary with him, showing that the General Baptists held views in many respects similar to those of Friends, and that their rules of church discipline were remarkably coincident. In the ninth chapter he gives the following recapitulation of the features in which the General Baptist system agreed with that of Friends, viz.:

"1. The regular holding of monthly, quarterly, and annual or general 'meetings for discipline,' and the appointment of 'representatives' from the former to the latter.

"2. A careful system of inquiries or 'queries' respecting the conduct of all the members, the doctrine of ministers, and the attendance of meetings for worship; also, a system of prompt dealing with delinquents.

"3. Liberal and systematic maintenance of all the poorer members.

"4. A preference for small congregations as organized churches of the body.

"5. Recognition of the priesthood of believers as 'a society of equals,' with liberty of preaching for all, and the public congregational acknowledgment of approved speakers.

"6. Disapproval (at first) of instrumental music, and discouragement of singing, except by persons whose experiences qualified them to use the words of psalms and hymns.

"7. A mode of marriage much resembling that of the Friends.

"8. Disciplinary treatment of persons 'marrying out' of the sect.

"9. Disuse of the heathen names of months and days.

*Memorial of Baptist Martyrs by J. N. Brown.
†G. Fox, &c. Preface.

*G. Fox, p. 67.
†Ibid, &c., p. 80—81.

"10. Disuse (by some of the early Baptists) of the pronoun 'you' to single persons.

"11. Rejection of infant baptism.

"12. Special testimony against 'superfluity of apparel,' &c.

"13. Scruples against oaths and tithes.

"14. Objection of many Baptists to war also.

"15. Objection (at first) to payment of ministers.

"16. Repudiation of learning and collegiate training as essentials for ministers.

"17. Recognition of spiritual gifts, for the service of the church, in women.

"18. Objection to terms 'Trinity,' 'Sacrament,' &c.

"19. Recognition of the continuance of inward revelations from God.

"20. Denial of the authority of the civil power in matters of conscience.

"Only a portion of these have been maintained by the modern Baptists."

In relation to the present position of the Baptists compared with that of Friends, our author makes the following remarks:

"The question will doubtless occur to many,—seeing then that the early Friends and the early Baptists were at first so nearly identical in doctrine and discipline, whence is it that the subsequent influence of the former has, in proportion to their numbers, been so much greater than that of the latter? To this it may be replied, that the Friends have far more thoroughly *acted out* and persistently *maintained* the original Baptist principles and *discipline*. They have been much more *conservative* of their early principles and constitution.

"The General Baptists have not continued as they were. Their discipline has, in particular, been greatly relaxed. The Friends are their modern *representatives*, even more than the present Baptist churches. The General Baptists may almost be said to have *gone over in a body to the Friends in many districts;* at any rate they no longer exist separately in their Quaker-like form of the seventeenth century. In other words, a gradual revolution has changed much of the *distinctive* element of the early Baptists. Charles H. Spurgeon is perhaps the nearest representative *as a Baptist*, and hence, as is well known, he has large unity with the Friends. Hence also much of his special success as a Christian minister." P. 87.

These passages, selected from W. Tallack's work on G. Fox, the Friends, and the early Baptists, may suffice to show the grounds on which he rests his conclusion, that the doctrines and constitution of Quakerism may be traced mainly to the Baptists. There is certainly in many respects a remarkable coincidence, but in two points, at least, there is an obvious disagreement. I allude to the practice of water-baptism, and the ceremony called the Lord's Supper.

We learn from ecclesiastical history that during the Middle Ages there were Christians of Paulician origin, who discarded these two ceremonies, placing the whole of religion in "the study of practical piety and in a course of action conformable to the Divine law."

Among the Non-conformists in England when George Fox commenced his public ministry, there were doubtless many enlightened minds who had seen the inefficiency of all ceremonial observances. One of these was Wm. Dell, whose writings have found much acceptance among Friends. In the supplement of Neal's History of the Puritans, his is classed among the Baptists, but he was educated in the National Church, and I agree with W. Tallack in supposing that he became a minister among the Independents. In the year 1648, he published a tract on "The Doctrine of Baptisms," in which he takes the ground that water-baptism does not pertain to the Christian dispensation, and that the "one baptism" which purifies the soul is that of the spirit.

There were at that time, many devout persons in England, who, having withdrawn from all visible churches, were prepared to accept the religious views of G. Fox. They are mentioned in William Penn's "Rise and Progresss of the people called Quakers;" he says, "they were called Seekers by some, and the Family of Love by others." It is most probable that many of them sprang from the Baptists and Independents, for we know that from these two sects a considerable number of the early Friends were gathered.

(To be continued.)

FRIENDS' DISCIPLINE.—1795.

The love, power and peaceable spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ being the alone true authority of all our meetings, it is the fervent concern of this Meeting that they may be held under the sense and influence of that holy unction. We affectionately recommend, that in making appointments in Meetings for Discipline, care may be taken to judge of the qualifications of those who are employed in the Church.

The more we experience a preparation of heart for the exercise of our respective gifts, the more amply shall we evince the expression of the tongue to be seasoned with that living virtue and divine power, which proceeds from our Holy Head; and thus in conducting the important concerns of Society, we shall be enabled to set an example to the beloved youth, in a manner which will demonstrate to

them, that neither tradition nor a mere outward education can fitly prepare them for successors in the Church of Christ.

In some places there may have been a want of care rightly to distinguish, and seasonably to bring into action, the talents bestowed upon some in the early stage of life; but we believe that many who were evidently under the forming hand have been suddenly laid hold of, and introduced into service before that preparation of heart hath been sufficiently experienced which leads to a reliance upon divine direction, and redeems from a confidence in the natural understanding. It is therefore desired, that by a just discrimination of times and seasons, and of the qualifications bestowed, every gift may be rightly exercised, and a succession of useful members preserved in every rank in the Church.

We are concerned that the management of our Christian Discipline be not committed to hands unclean, particularly of such who allow or connive at undue liberties in their own children or families. "If a man," said the Apostle, "know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the Church of God."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

NICHOLAS BROWN.

As no notice of the death of our friend Nicholas Brown of Canada West has appeared in the Intelligencer, (the Editors not having received from his family any information in relation to it,) I am willing to give a few facts connected with his early life, which he related in the fall of 1862, when, in company with a friend, I spent two pleasant weeks with him and his precious wife under their hospitable roof. This short sketch may perhaps suggest to some other Friend the compilation of a more finished account of his life, which was in some respects an instructive one.

Nicholas Brown was born, Seventh month 9th, 1785, in Farrisburg, Addison Co., Vt. His parents were Abraham and Catharine Brown. Abraham Brown had a right of membership in the Society of Friends, but was disowned on account of marriage. His wife subsequently became convinced of Friends' principles and was received a member, and soon after Abraham applied to be restored to membership, and was again united to the Society. They had fourteen children, nine of whom were received at the request of their parents; the five older ones were admitted on their own application. Abraham Brown died leaving his widow with thirteen children to rear and educate. Nicholas, who was the oldest son, was at the time of his father's death 19 years of age. In his 21st year he became united with Friends in religious fellowship, and in his 24th year he removed from Vermont and settled in Pickering, Canada West.

The country at that time was an entire wilderness. Nicholas put up a log hut, settled his wife and two little children, and began to clear the forest around him. He planted potatoes, sowed wheat, oats, &c., and raised enough the first year to support his family. His original purchase was two hundred acres of land at $3.50 an acre, payable in Toronto in beef, pork, butter, cheese, wheat and flour; in that kind of produce which was most convenient,—all of one kind or part of all. He brought with him money enough to purchase a cow and a yoke of oxen, and the following year bought another cow and several young calves. When these calves were three years old they sold for enough to enable him to pay for his farm, and all the other produce was appropriated to the improvement of the land. He was located forty miles from mill, forty miles from meeting, and forty miles from any school. Roads were not then laid out, yet when his family were in health, Nicholas regularly attended his Monthly Meeting held at Yonge St., forty miles from his residence. As he had no horse and no means of riding, he walked the whole distance across the wilderness, where the way was marked only by a cow path or an occasional log cabin. When his means increased he purchased a horse, and his wife, who was a delicate woman, and unable to walk so far, then accompanied him to meeting. Not unfrequently on the route their horse had to jump logs and fences, and the ground was often in such a condition that the journey was attended with great difficulty.

Before leaving Vermont, Nicholas Brown had occasionally spoken in religious meetings, and in 1815 his ministerial gift was acknowledged by Yonge St. Monthly Meeting. Previous to this, in the year 1812, he had attended New York Yearly Meeting, where, in great contrition of spirit, he opened his mouth in what he felt to be that great assembly, and received kind and encouraging visits from the elders in that city.

By degrees other families removed to the neighborhood in which he had located, and a settlement was formed. Of these the few of kindred faith who lived near enough to convene together, regularly collected for worship at a private house, and in time this little company of Friends was granted an indulged meeting. A meeting-house of logs was then built, and in two or three years more a Preparative Meeting was held there, and a larger log house erected. When the settlement further increased Pickering Monthly Meeting was established, and the log house was exchanged for a larger one of frame. In 1862, this

house was enlarged to accommodate Genesee Yearly Meeting, which is now held alternately at Pickering and at Farmington, N. Y. The Yearly Meeting first convened in Canada in 1860.

My notes close here, and I regret that they furnish only a sketch of the earlier period of the life of our friend, and give no account of the death of his first wife, nor of his second marriage with Margaret Judge, of Alexandria, Va., daughter of Hugh and Susanna Judge, with whom he lived more than forty years. This marriage took place on the 21st of 9th mo., 1827. Their home was in Pickering, C. W., adjoining the meeting-house property, and their door was ever open for the entertainment of Friends. Nicholas' youngest son Sherman occupied a portion of the homestead, and his kindness and unremitting attention to his parents greatly contributed to their comfort. For the last few years the two families constituted one household, and the widow still lives with Sherman and his family.

At the time of our visit, Nicholas Brown was suffering from acute bodily disease, and his strength was on the decline. He was aware of his precarious condition, and the strong man was subdued and childlike. He seemed to have passed the bounds of harsh judgment and controversy, and to have entered that peaceful fold where Divine charity prevails. Since then we have heard but little of him, and know but little of his last sickness. Through a letter recently received from a friend, we learn that a short time previous to his death, which took place on the 20th of 4th mo., 1860, he said to his brother, in a very comforting manner, "I have seen thy Saviour and my Saviour; he smiled upon me, and gave me an assurance that I am accepted."

Philadelphia, 10th mo., 1868. H.

MERCIES IN DISGUISE.

Good Isaak Walton said, "Every misery that I miss is a new mercy;" a saying worthy of the profoundest philosopher. It is only too true that misfortunes come to us on wings but retire with a limping pace; and yet one half the world are ready to meet calamities half way, and indirectly to welcome them. There is scarcely an evil in life that we cannot double by pondering upon it; a scratch will thus become a serious wound, and a slight illness even be made to end in death, by the brooding apprehension of the sick; while on the other hand, a mind accustomed to look on the bright side of things, will repel the mildew and dampness of care by its genial sunshine. A cheerful heart paints the world as it sees it, like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"THE NATURAL MAN."

A correspondent desires an expression of views on the character of the Man of Nature. As the call has touched the spring in my mind, I will offer what flows, as I fully agree in the view that where so much water has fallen upon the soil there ought to be found more living springs and less stagnant pools of thought.

I believe it was God's design when the ancient Scriptures were given that men should not rest in the letter, but should be compelled to seek after the Spirit, which alone gives life and understanding. For this, among other reasons, figurative language was chosen, little regard, apparently, being paid to verbal precision. Take, for instance, the remarkable fact that scarcely a quotation is made by a Scripture author in the exact words of the original writer. The inscription on the Cross is worded differently by each of the four evangelists; yet the essential truth is given by all. These things are stumbling-blocks to those whose faith rests on signs, but he that perceives the spirit does not cast it away for the imperfections of the medium or body in which it has been revealed. Language has well been styled "the incarnation of thought," and as our mortal and changeable bodies have served the purposes of their Author when they have given birth and development to the immortal spirit, so language has served its highest use when it has brought to light the essential truths it is intended to express. Now man's wisdom would assert that both our bodies and the clothing of our thoughts should be faultless in order to secure our highest spiritual development; and especially that the language of Scripture, if of Divine inspiration, should have been without blemish. But the facts are probably all different, and here is where "the foolishness of God is wiser than men;" for the world being confessedly in an imperfect state—and we need not inquire how it came so—means and appliances adapted to a perfect state do not fit its condition. A crooked pipe cannot be cleaned with a straight rod. Money given to the indolent and meat to the sick are as poison. While in such a state, our recovery and discipline are most rapidly accomplished by what in a healthful condition would be rude and unkind treatment. Hence, Christ Jesus, when he came to save sinners by teaching them first to despise carnal things for spiritual, became a partaker of the infirmities of his brethren, being tempted in all points as they were, in order that He might be united with them sympathetically, and also show them what it is that overcomes the power of sin and disease—even faith in the

Spirit of God. In like manner, when He taught men He used an imperfect medium, speaking in proverbs and parables, which are but hints and shadows of the Truth, in order that their spiritual powers might be exercised to look for the Truth itself. For the same reason the law given to Moses was imperfect, or short of the entire mind of God toward his people, in order that they might be kept advancing, and see in each dispensation of heavenly goodness, not an end of progress, but a door of hope still opening before them. The same is obviously true of the first and of every dispensation of the Gospel. It is intended, not as a finality, but as a step in the endless march of progress. But under the peculiar discipline, men, according to their circumstances or character, develop two opposite tendencies. One class are disposed to cling to and remain rooted in the old dispensation, despising and rejecting every new development, while the other class kick the old so energetically in their efforts to reach the new step in the ladder that they are in danger of breaking it and letting themselves down. It is better even to do this, and to cling resolutely with hands of faith to the ideal Truth, than to stand always on the same round of the ladder. Yet it is obviously wiser to leave each round as the Builder made it, for others' use if not for our own.

This is a long prelude, but I have thought best to follow the train of thought as it opened. I apprehend that the same principle just illustrated will hold good in the regeneration and unfolding of man's nature. There is a stage in the experience probably of every individual during which the feeling is, that "In him dwelleth no good thing." This is the day of separation, when the spiritual or heavenly man or mind is manifestly distinguished from the carnal or natural mind, as the germ grows out of the decaying kernel—as the child is separated from the womb, and as Israel was taken out of the land of bondage where he grew to be a nation. During this period, the flesh lusteth against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh." They are especially at variance and inimical to each other. This is the day of dissolution or death, when the spirit or heavenly nature, which is the offspring of Christ's Spirit, dies from the affections and desires of the world, but finds its companion, the natural spirit, powerfully attached to the things of time and sense, so that there is a death struggle between them, in which Cain, the man of nature, first slays Abel, the child of grace; or in which Esau obtained the advantage of Jacob, until Jacob, through the unworthiness of Esau and the assistance of his mother, who represents God's saving compassion in Christ, and who disregards the law of inheritance, and even violates the literal truth to save the Spirit, by sacrifice and diligent wrestling obtains the blessing of both man and God. Thus enmity is wrought between these twin births in the soul, and a death or division occurs between them, until the spirit, having grown strong through God's blessing, begins to make reconciliation by bestowing some of its blessing upon its disinherited brother, whereby they are again made friends, but continue a long time more or less opposed in their inclinations and purposes, until the fuller coming of Him who is the resurrection and the life, when the body, or the flesh, or the natural man, by receiving the visitations of Him who healed both soul and body and raised them from the dead, begins to be brought into that unity which must eventually embrace all parts of our being. Thus the natural mind and powers of man begin to glorify God and reflect his attributes. Human nature imperceptibly grows kind, generous and charitable, many of its manifestations being only reflections of a prevalent spirit in society, but much also arising from the softened temper of the mind and heart. Thus the work of refinement goes on, until the leaven of Christ's Spirit, which is the producing agent of all good, finally transforms the entire body of our humanity from a state of passive weakness or of active hostility into a powerful ally and helpmeet of heavenly goodness; and from poverty, sin and darkness we gradually arise "to the fullness of the stature of the perfect man in Christ Jesus."

Brewster's Station, N. Y., Sept. 28, 1868.

EDWARD RYDER.

From the British Friend.

CONTRIBUTIONS OF A COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT.

The pages of *The British Friend* are hardly considered open to religious controversy, and therefore I have generally refrained from replying to the remarks which some of the "Contributions" have called forth; but the letter of thy correspondent "J.," in thy last number, can scarcely be passed over in silence.

I believe we shall find that those sins which are spoken of in the New Testament as being the most deadly, are the cherishing of a carnal mind, and the sins of covetousness and hypocrisy. These are crimes the nature of which every soul can appreciate, and which are condemned in the hearts of all, of every nation and religion, who are awakened to hear the voice of the Spirit.

But when we come to consider the truth or

falsehood of doctrines, we find ourselves on entirely different ground, and have especial need to be careful that we really mean what our words imply. For it is extraordinary how frequently persons assert what they believe, in forms of expression, which, if they looked at plainly, they would find to be untenable. I have no intention of entering into an argument on any particular doctrine, but will endeavor to lead thy correspondent "J.," and others who may unite with him, to look at some of these things from a broader point of view than they have perhaps hitherto done.

We are very fond of talking about essential and fundamental matters of belief, and thy correspondent would doubtless say that the "denial of the divinity of our blessed Lord as the only begotten Son of God," was a denial of one of the most vital. Far be it from me to say that it is not so. But then we must be very careful what we mean by this denial. Is there any awakened religious mind, either in our Society or out, who would be prepared calmly to assert that every individual now living who has no belief in the New Testament history, and who so dies, forfeits all possibility of salvation and forgiveness of sins? Is there any one who would coldly maintain this belief in such an awful assertion? Looking only at the Jews now living amongst us, would any one dare to assert it?

Let us remember that Christ, and Christ alone, is the way, the truth, and the life, and that no man cometh unto the Father but by him. There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. We shall be brought to see that the ordinarily accepted interpretation of some of the texts so often quoted, and to which thy correspondent refers, is a mistaken, or at all events, a partial one. We even do not really believe in them ourselves in the way we have been accustomed to receive them.

Let us therefore reverently search for a deeper meaning in the words of our blessed Lord respecting himself, than is confined to a belief in his outward coming and mission. I believe if we did this we should come to a better understanding of Scripture itself, and find some of the difficulties in them, which present themselves to many minds, would diminish and disappear, and we should be able to realize more of the whole revelation of God to man.

It is cause for inestimable thankfulness that we are privileged to believe in and to prize the records of the New Testament; but it is even greater cause for thankfulness, that to all men, even to those who have not had the benefit of the outward revelation, or who through blindness have rejected it, our Father in heaven has sent his Son into their hearts that he may bring them to him. "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good. And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

C. C.

EXCERPTS.

Or scraps from unpublished Letters recently received.

Our valued friend —— was at our meeting on First-day, both morning and afternoon, and gave undoubted evidence of a clear gospel mission.

His communication in the morning was from these expressions: "Without faith it is impossible to please God;" showing with much demonstrative evidence the nature, ground and tendency of this faith, as contradistinguished from a belief in creeds or systems of religion, and that men might attain and support fair, honorable, moral and reputable characters, and yet not be in a state of acceptance for want of a total surrender of the will, &c. And that in the afternoon, from the parable of the leaven hid in three measures of meal, to which the kingdom of heaven was likened. The favorable situation of the meal after the application of the leaven, as to the degree of warmth necessary for its operation, was enlarged upon in a lively and pathetic application to that warmth of affection towards the Supreme Being, so necessary to be cherished in the mind of man in order for the production of those fruits to be derived from the seed sown, &c. A very considerable part of this latter communication was addressed to our Society, and particularly to the younger class, in the warmth of tender solicitude, and the indubitable evidence of Gospel authority.

I hope thy dear husband may soon be restored to usual health, and that you may both enjoy as much comfort as may be consistent with your real good. These little breaks and interruptions to the smooth current of happiness, are, I suppose, designed for our improvement; and when they occur more immediately to myself, though I desire to improve under their pressure, I am often but a dull scholar. However, let us keep in the school endeavoring to learn our respective lessons; and if we cherish a disposition of resignation to the Divine Will, though we may not make that degree of progress we should wish, we shall not be expelled.

"The seed of God lies scattered; arise and be girded, for hearken, the sound of living

waters coming by the way of the wilderness, for these must be watered." This word of encouragement came from a brother in the Gospel of Christ, many miles distant, and it was a word in season, received when about starting to visit this scattered seed. There are times in our experience when, under the prospect of religious labor, we can adopt the language of one formerly, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished." At such times how encouraging is an evidence that a fellow traveller has been introduced into feeling with us, and gives of the abundance of the Father's love. It should stimulate us to be alike faithful, that so, when we are dipped into sympathy with others, and feel the arisings of the pure stream of love and life, we may suffer it to flow, unchecked by any creaturely reasoning. Surely our Heavenly Father uses his children as helps one to another. Let none of us refuse to be thus used, even though we may sometimes feel that verily we need the crumb, more than he to whom it is sent.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 17, 1868.

Silent Waiting.—Friends, as a body of religious professors, are perhaps more familiar with this expression than most other persons; indeed it may almost be called a society phrase, and yet its excellency and significance are not always fully appreciated even by us.

We acknowledge its importance as a means of receiving an increase of strength, and we feel that through it is received ability rightly to perform our varied duties; but we often overlook the important fact, that a state of silent waiting is not necessarily confined to occasions when we are (as to the body) separated from the bustle and cares of the world, but may be known when we are actively participating in the various concerns of life or sharing in those social pleasures which are consonant with the nature of our being and designed by the great Father to promote our enjoyment.

If amid our varied pursuits, our cares or our pleasures, our minds are turned toward the one Eternal Power, waiting for the internal manifestations of divine life, under the conviction that through this medium is imparted spiritual strength, we shall assuredly realize the fulfilment of the promise given to those who wait upon the Lord; and we will also find that there is in us, though not of us, a vital force—a sustaining and guiding principle, which confers upon the dependent spirit strength to do or to bear,—a strength that is equal to any emergency.

A lively sense of the omnipresence of Diety,—a recognition of the Great Truth, that He is not only a Superintending God, but an indwelling Power, would greatly aid us in the maintenance of that introverted state properly called "silent waiting."

It is well to cultivate this sense of the omnipresence of Jehovah, that we may the more fully understand and appreciate the excellency of waiting upon Him, to obtain a knowledge of his will concerning us, and to receive the requisite strength for its fulfilment.

As we have said, this introversion of mind does not necessarily separate us from the outside world, but it preserves us from the evil that is in the world. It does not involve us in slothful inaction, it rather gives a healthy impetus to exertion, by conferring strength to do the work whereunto we may be called.

We greatly desire our young Friends may look at this subject in the light in which it is here presented. We would stimulate them to practice more earnestly and with greater constancy the holy exercise of silent waiting, not separating it from their every day life, but allowing it to sanctify all their pursuits and chasten all their pleasures.

It was said formerly "The ways of Zion mourn, because so few come up to her solemn feasts." Instead of giving occasion for this language, may there be a flocking to the Standard of Truth, even as "doves to the windows," and the encouraging language to our young friends is, wait upon the Lord, and your strength shall be renewed; you shall mount up as on eagles' wings; you shall run and not be weary; you shall walk and not faint.

A New Work.—The first number of "Natural History of Birds—Lectures on Ornithology, by Grace Anna Lewis," may be had of J. A. Bancroft & Co., Publishers, 512 Arch St., Philada. Price 35 cts. per No.

The merits of the author as an Ornithologist have been alluded to on previous occasions by us, and need not now be repeated. Prof. Cassin, of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Phila., has testified to the competency of G. A. Lewis as an exponent of her favorite branch of Science.

The subjoined extract is taken from the Preface of her work:

"The following pages contain the result of laborious investigations, and the interpretations which suggested themselves to my own mind. They were thrown into shape for the use of classes, and in their preparation the aim has been to present in the smallest possible compass, and in the least expensive form, the leading principles of Ornithology. In obtaining facts, I have gone to the highest sources at my command, and have sought to enrich my work with that which is excellent, only venturing on the new when it was impossible to convey my own convictions without it.

"Should my publishers meet with sufficient demand, they will proceed with the remainder of the work, which will be completed in ten parts.

"The first part, now published, treats of General principles, and is to be understood as introductory. The remaining parts will be devoted to the structure and further classification of birds; to their plumage, with its exquisite forms and colors, and the microscopic appearance of the *down* of the young; to their nesting habits, guiding instincts, songs, affections and migrations; to the relations of physical causes to the residences of birds; to their geographical distribution, and to their importance to the well-being of civilized nations.

"There will be added a briefly descriptive catalogue of the Birds of the Middle States, with many of the most beautiful and remarkable birds of the world; a glossary of Scientific terms; and a catalogue of a few of the most important Ornithological works, for the use of those who intend to prosecute the study."

The Deserted Meeting House.—A poetical effusion bearing this title was published in No. 28 of the Intelligencer. Our attention has been called to it by several friends as likely to give an incorrect idea in relation to Upper Springfield Meeting. That meeting, although composed of a small body of Friends, is regularly held in the meeting house represented as "deserted." And Upper Springfield Monthly Meeting, comprising three Preparative Meetings, meets there every month. We feel it due to Friends of that meeting, as well as to ourselves, to correct any false impression which may have been received.

We are told that the place, though not in good repair, is not in the dilapidated condition which might be inferred from the picture drawn by the writer, where he says:

"Its roofless sheds fast tumbling in decay,
Matched well the tottering graveyard fence hard by."

. . . . . .

"By none molested, visited by few,
With unresisting doors and crumbling wall,
The sacred awe its ancient memories threw
Alone remained to shield it in its fall."

New Meeting House.—We occasionally hear of the building of new meeting houses for our simple form of worship, and it is to be regarded as an evidence of religious life when a company of Friends are impressed with the importance of procuring a place where they can sit down in silence and wait for the arising of that Divine life and power which is the crown of every rightly gathered religious assembly.

A correspondent in Buffalo, N. Y., informs us that they have built a new meeting house, which was opened for public worship on the 23d of 8th month last.

Though the few Friends in that city have met for several years at a private residence, there has never been a meeting house belonging to the Society in Buffalo. On the occasion referred to, two Friends were acceptably engaged in the ministry, and the house was well filled with an attentive and interested audience.

The lot is 40 by 100 feet, and the building 26 by 43 feet. On the front is a marble slab with the inscription

Friends Meeting House.
1868

The whole structure is plain, neat, and substantial, and will accommodate about 200 persons. The hour of meeting is 10½ o'clock in the morning.

Married, on the 17th of Ninth month, 1868, at Fall Creek Meeting, Madison Co., Ind., according to the order of the Society of Friends, Jehiel F. Moore, of Richmond, Ind., and Sarah Tyler, a member of Fall Creek Monthly Meeting.

DIED, By the approbation of Salem Monthly Meeting, Ohio, at the residence of Dr. Eli Garretson, on the 29th of Ninth month, 1868, HARDING BAILEY, formerly of Bucks Co., Pa., to LUCRETIA MOTT GARRETSON, of Salem, Ohio.

DIED, on the afternoon of the 23d of Ninth month, 1868, MARTHA W., youngest daughter of Martha L. and the late William Jones, of Darby, Delaware Co., Pa.; a member of Darby Monthly Meeting.

——, at Jericho, Long Island, on the 7th inst., SAMUEL J. UNDERHILL, in the 72d year of his age.

FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

For the aid and elevation of the Freedmen will meet on Fourth-day evening, Tenth month 21st, at 7½ o'clock, at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room.

JACOB M. ELLIS, } *Clerks.*
ANNE COOPER, }

CORRECTION.

In the Intelligencer of 3d inst., in article on "Vital Religion," page 485, 2d column, 20th line, read "Peter" instead of "Paul," the text quoted being iii. Acts, 19. In No. 32, p. 497, 2d column, 5th line from bottom, for "friends" read "friend." Page 498, 2d column, last line, for "omnipotent" read "omnipresent."

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM

Resumed its meetings Third-day evening, 6th inst. Wm. M. Levick was called to the chair. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year; Secretary—Howard Gourley, Treasurer—S. H. Gartley, Executive Committee—Wm. B. Webb, J. S. Parry, M. D., Pusey P. Bye, Laura Evans, Deborah Comly and Anna M. Hunt.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer.

In your paper of 3d inst. is an essay of mine on Vital Religion, in which I have introduced some stanzas generally attributed to Addison, and I believe I erred in giving him credit for them. They commence thus:

"When all thy mercies, O my God."

On examining the Spectator, No. 453, whence they were taken, I find Addison does not claim them as his own, but they are marked with inverted commas as a quotation.

My attention was called to the subject by the subjoined article, copied by the "Independent" from the "Christian Witness."

S. M. JANNEY.

THE HYMNS OF MARVELL ASCRIBED TO ADDISON.

There are three hymns of considerable merit—one of which ranks among the first in our language—included in nearly every selection of hymns, that are commonly ascribed to the gifted editor of the *Spectator*, Joseph Addison, but which are undoubtedly the composition of Andrew Marvell. Our readers may be quite sure that, in attempting to make good our assertion, we have ample evidence to support it, for we have spared no pains or research to ascertain, as positively as the lapse of nearly two centuries will allow, who was the real author of those hymns. We are surprised to see that Roundell Palmer, in his *Book of Praise*," has fallen into the common error, although in so many instances he has diligently sought after the original MS. versions of the hymns inserted in his valuable collection. How the first compilers of hymn-books made the mistake is easily seen; but it is not so easy to exculpate them from the charge of carelessness and want of judgment.

The hymns to which we refer are those which begin severally:

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he will attend,
And all my midnight hours defend."

and

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!"

and

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame—
Their great original proclaim."

These hymns were first published in the sixth volume of the *Spectator*, the Saturday papers of which are known to be the contributions of Addison. Concerning the first of these hymns Addison writes: "David has very beautifully represented steady reliance on Almighty God in the 23d Psalm, which is a kind of 'pastoral' hymn, and filled with those allusions which are usual in that kind of writing. As the poetry is very exquisite, I shall present my readers with the following translation of it." To attribute the lines that follow this laudatory preface of the modest Addison would be to accuse him of gross conceit. The other hymns are referred to in a similar manner, he adding that they had "not yet appeared in print." To proceed to more substantial evidence, Captain Thompson was Marvell's first biographer; and with immense labor and some considerable expense he gathered together what was known to be in existence of Marvell's productions, and published the same in several ponderous quarto volumes. He read through nearly three hundred letters, which are addressed to Marvell's constituents, and which are still preserved in the town-hall at Hull, besides private epistles. Moreover, being well acquainted with Marvell's great-nephew, he obtained from him a manuscript volume of poems, bearing the date of 1676, two years before Marvell's death, and when Addison would be just four years old. It was supposed that he had begun to make a collection of his own works for publication when his untimely death prevented the plan from being executed; but, as his nephew says

"this MS. serves to detect the theft and ignorance of some writers."

How these hymns came into Mr. Addison's hands is not known. Probably they were remitted by correspondents, or even by some of Marvell's own relatives. Captain Thompson says: "There is very little difference between the two copies, unless in the spelling and a grammatical error, which Mr. Addison may have altered for the better." In the MS. they follow a well-authenticated ballad, written by Marvell, and presented with a gold box to the king by the city, the original ballad having more verses than that given in the state poems.—*Christian Witness.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

STERLING, *9th mo. 28th*, 1868.

To the Editor:—

The reading of the communication from S. A. Prophetstown has suggested to my mind that it might be interesting to the readers of the Intelligencer, if a few more words were added.

Sterling is the locality at which two out of three of the circular monthly meetings are held. There are a few Friends located in and near town who meet every First-day—except the one on which the other circular meeting is held. They have a comfortable room rented for the purpose; and though the number is small, I believe their motive is good, and that they are reaping the benefit of honest endeavors.

The company of Friends from a distance is cordially welcome, and if a few more concerned Friends could be induced to settle here, there might be a meeting permanently established. There is perhaps no more healthy locality in the State; business facilities are good and rapidly increasing. The town is situated at the rapids of the Rock River, where the extensive water-power is being improved by a number of flouring mills, foundries, and machine shops of different kinds. It is surrounded by a farming country equal to any in the west.

The "Chicago and Northwestern Railroad" passes through it, on its way to the Pacific.

I have mentioned some of the resources of the place for the benefit of any one who may think of making a home with us, and feel sure it will not be found that they have been overrated.

In Christian love I subscribe myself thy friend.

A RESIDENT.

A CURIOUS FACT.

Once a Week says: Here is a row of ordinary capital letters and figures—

S S S S X X X X Z Z Z Z 3 3 3 3 8 8 8 8

They are such as are made up of two parts of equal shapes. Look carefully at these and you will perceive that the upper halves of the characters are a *very little* smaller than the lower halves—so little that an ordinary eye will declare them to be of equal size. Now turn the page upside down, and, without any careful looking, you will see that this difference in size is very much exaggerated—that the real top half of the letter is very much smaller than the bottom half. It will be seen from this that there is a tendency in the eye to enlarge the upper part of any object upon which it looks. We might draw two circles of unequal size, and so place them that they should appear equal.

May not the true solution be that we are accustomed to see objects larger at the base than at the top, and that the eye discovers the want of symmetry when the figures are reversed?—EDS.

From the Christian Recorder.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

When the skies are growing warm and bright,
And in the woodland bowers
The spring time in her pale, faint robes
Is calling up the flowers;
When all, with naked little feet,
The children in the morn
Go forth, and in the furrows drop
The seeds of yellow corn;
What a beautiful embodiment
Of ease devoid of pride,
Is the good old-fashioned homestead,
With doors set open wide!

But when the happiest time has come
That to the year belongs,
When all the vales are filled with gold,
And all the air with songs;
When fields of yet unripened grain
And yet ungarnered stores,
Remind the thrifty husbandmen
Of ample thrashing floors;
How pleasant from the dim and dust
Of the thoroughfare aloof,
Stands the old-fashioned homestead,
With steep and mossy roof!

When home the woodman plods with axe
Upon his shoulder swung,
And in the knotted apple tree
Are scythe and sickle hung:
When low about her clay-built nest
The mother swallow trills
And decorously slow, the cows
Are wending down the hills,
What a blessed picture of comfort
In the evening shadows red,
Is the good old-fashioned homestead,
With its bounteous table spread.

And when the winds moan loudly,
When the woods are bare and brown,
And when the swallows' clay-built nest
From the rafter crumbles down;
When all the untrod garden paths
Are heaped with golden leaves;
And icicles, like silver spikes,
Are set along the eaves;

Then when the book from the shelf is brought
And the first-lights shine and play,
In the good old-fashioned homestead
Is the farmer's holiday.

But whether the brooks be fringed with flowers,
Or whether the dead leaves fall,
And whether the air be full of songs,
Or never song at all,
And whether the vines of the strawberries
Or frosts through the grasses run,
And whether it rain or whether it shine,
Is all to me as one;
For bright as the brightest sunshine,
The light of memory streams
Around the old-fashioned homestead,
Where I dreamed my dream of dreams.

—*Alice Carey.*

For the Children.

A CHILD'S HYMN.

Through the pleasures of the day,
When I read and when I play,
Let me ever keep in view,
God is seeing all I do.
When the sun withdraws his light,
And I go to rest at night,
Let me never lay my head
On my soft and easy bed,
Till I lift my heart in prayer
For my heavenly Father's care.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

We are apt to look at far-off events in very much the same spirit as we review our past lives; the brighter colors shine through the mists of time, and the dark spots are unseen or forgotten. The middle ages—the days of chivalry, as we are wont to term them—are popularly known chiefly through the poet and the romancer, and much of their so-called history is drawn from the half-fabulous pages of the old chroniclers. It is well to strip off the fanciful covering and look at some of the deformities which marred the race in the past, many of which it has outgrown. Thus may we see more clearly that "the world moves;" thus may we see, too, that there is little reason to mourn (as Horace mourned two thousand years ago) over the good old days which are gone, and the present degeneracy of mankind. A contributor to the *Cornhill Magazine* has collected some facts with respect to the olden time which are horrible enough, but may not be uninteresting:

"There were few things in those good old days that might not be rendered criminal according to the temper of the particular time and tyrant. Did a court physician fail to cure, they hung him up or cut him down, as happened to be most convenient; nor was he much better off when the utmost success attended his efforts. Cottier, the physician of Louis XI., atoned for the skill with which he had prolonged the hated life of his master with a fine of fifty thousand crowns—equal to as many pounds of our money. And doubtless he considered himself not all unlucky to escape so easily, for the two Augustine monks who undertook the cure of Charles the Mad, when every sensible practitioner shrank from the task, were beheaded and quartered on the next relapse of their patient."

To be rich in those days was not without danger. Rulers were importunate borrowers, and whether it were more dangerous to refuse, or to accede to their demands, may well have been a question:

"The good people of Ghent, having once upon a time lent Edward III. two hundred thousand crowns, ventured several years after to request payment, a proceeding so preposterously absurd that it drew roars of laughter from the Lords of the Council to whom the deputies applied. Nor was this by any means harsh treatment. The lively Duke of Orleans, having, in a fit of religious fervor, vowed to pay his debts, called his creditors together by sound of trumpet. He really was sincere, and made what he considered ample arrangements, but he reckoned without his host. The crowd, eight hundred and upward, that presented themselves at the appointed time, horrified him, and despairing of being able to satisfy them otherwise, he flogged a dozen or so by way of example, and dismissed the rest with hideous threats as to what would befall them should they still persist in teasing him with their paltry bills."

In a time when might made right, there was a constant conflict between superior strength and superior craft. The following incident of the biter bit loses no interest from any sympathy excited for the losing trickster:

"Henry of Transtamar having expelled his brother, Peter the cruel, the latter was returning to his dominions, escorted by the Black Prince and thirty thousand men. As Charles held the passes of the Pyrenees, both brothers applied to him—the one offering a couple of towns for free passage, and the other a large sum that the defiles might be barred. The offers were equally tempting, and Charles made up his mind to earn them both. He took the money, and then excused himself from obstructing the march of the invaders by hiring one Oliver de Mauny to waylay him, and clap him in prison. When the Black Prince had passed, the King of Navarre demanded his release. But De Mauny had profited too well by his employer's example to keep strictly to his bargain. He pocketed his hire, and then, affecting to consider the king as a true prisoner of war, refused to part with him except on the customary terms—a large ransom. Most people would have given way to anger under such

barefaced extortion; but not so Charles, who, thoroughly appreciating such a petty piece of perfidy, even when exercised on himself, chuckled over it with the greatest relish, and, in short, agreed at once to his very good friend's demand. The latter, perfectly satisfied with himself and everybody else, consented to accompany the Vile one to Tudela in order to receive his pay, which he did directly he entered the town—only it was on the scaffold, and from the hands of the hangman."

Office-holding was not used to be the easy and safe thing which it is now; yet we have never heard that office-seeking was at any time lessened on that account:

"Judicial mortality was rife among chancellors, constables, chamberlains, and other great officers of State. Indeed, no mediæval statesman was at all sure of dying quietly in his bed, unless he happened to be a dignitary of the Church. In that case, indeed, he was usually safe. Even Louis XI., much as he hated Cardinal Baluc, shrank from putting him to death. And, in time, this impunity of the clergy came to be so well understood, that every prudent minister took care to avail himself of it by purchasing a cardinal's hat, or, at the very least, a bishopric.

"Occasionally there were rulers who delighted to place people in such ticklish positions that any course of action might be interpreted into treason. . . . Certain citizens of Arras having requested permission of Louis XI. to visit the Court of Burgundy on business, Louis told them, in person, that he considered them quite capable of deciding that small matter without troubling him. Taking the King's reply for assent, they set out—twenty-three in number—on their journey; but before they had traversed a league they were stopped, brought back, and decapitated. One of the victims had not long before been appointed a counsellor of the Parliament of Paris by Louis, and now the ferocious tyrant caused the severed head to be invested with the usual cap of office, and deposited in its proper place among the members of that legal body, when assembled in their hall."—*The Methodist.*

GLOVES.

A recent visitor in France, who has had many facilities for seeing the manufacture of gloves, writes concerning the house of Laporte & Co., in Paris, the largest manufacturers of gloves in the world. This firm employs twelve thousand operatives, mostly women, and manufacture over a million pair of kid gloves annually. The cutting is all performed by machinery, and such mathematical accuracy is observed that every square inch of the kid is preserved for some portion of the glove. There was an old proverb that, "for a glove to be good and well made, three kingdoms must contribute to it—Spain to dress the leather, France to cut it, and England to sew it." But of late years all countries have yielded the palm in all these respects to France, and they now have as much the advantage in dressing and sewing as in cutting. The English, who make excellent gloves of heavy material, themselves admit their inability to compete with the French in the manufacture of kids, and largely import Parisian gloves for their own use.

A few years ago, all the cutting was done by scissors, but it is now done by machinery, the labor saved being almost incalculable, and the exactness secured adding greatly to the value of the production. The gussets and all the small pieces necessary for the formation of the glove must be cut from the same skin or one precisely similar, and in the work, it is said that a Frenchman will usually obtain one or two pairs more from the same skin than an Englishman, and as handsomely shaped as the rest. The improvement made by M. Jouvin, of constructing the thumb-piece, like the fingers, of the same piece with the rest of the glove, and therefore requiring no seam for attaching it, has been of great value. A toothed apparatus pricks the points for the stitches, and before sewing the seams the edges are placed in a vice with brass teeth, only one-twelfth of an inch long, between which the needle passes in successive stitches. The materials employed for this purpose include the skin of the chamois, kid, lamb, beaver, doe and elk. Even rat skins were occasionally used for the thumbs, when they were separated from the rest of the glove.

The use of gloves is of great antiquity. In Xenophon, we read of Cyrus going out without his gloves, and the Greeks and Romans used them in manual labor, probably for the protection of their hands. But in the middle ages they were considered as marks of distinction, and they only came into general use very gradually as civilization advanced. Queen Charlotte, wife of George III., was in the habit of taking snuff from a box for the purpose, and as she always wore white kid gloves, they were of course ruined each time that she so indulged, and were immediately replaced by a fresh pair.

In some of the modern European languages, a glove is termed a handshoe, and in the Psalms, where we read, "over Edom will I cast out my *shoe*," the word was sometimes rendered *glove*, alluding to the Oriental custom of contracting sales of land, by giving the purchaser a glove, by way of delivery or

investure. From this practice was probably derived that of throwing down a glove as a challenge, the acceptance of which was signified by the opposite party picking it up and throwing down his own. More recently the same ceremony was performed by the interchange of cards. Gloves were formerly much more highly regarded than at the present time, and though their manufacture has now reached so high a point, we value them only for their comfort and beauty, while the ancients held them in a figurative and poetical sense as the type of much that was precious to them. It was thus that in the times of chivalry the lady presented her knight with her glove as the highest pledge of her favor, and officials frequently did the same in conferring dignities. They were then, though doubtless rough in construction and devoid of elegance, frequently adorned with precious stones, and made with every possible expense. Even now in some Eastern countries singular customs are preserved in regard to them, such as taking them off before entering a private stable, or forfeiting them to the servants, and observing the same ceremony in hunting, at the death of a stag. Gradually time obliterated these ancient customs, and we come to value all material things for their real use and beauty, rather than for the figurative or traditional associations of former times.—*Public Ledger.*

RESPECT PAID TO WEALTH.

In reviewing the causes which led to the downfall of ancient Rome, in his work on the "Intellectual Development of Europe," the learned author, Dr. Draper, says: "*An evil day is approaching when it becomes recognized in a community that the only standard of social distinction is wealth.*" That day was soon followed in Rome by its unavoidable consequence —a government founded upon two domestic elements, corruption and terrorism. No language can describe the state of that capital after the civil wars. The accumulation of power and wealth gave rise to a universal depravity. Law ceased to be of any value. A suitor must deposit a bribe before a trial could be had. The social fabric was a festering mass of rottenness. "The people had become a populace, the aristocracy was demoniac, the city was a hell." No crime that the annals of human wickedness can show was left unperpetrated. It would shock the modesty and severely test the credulity of our readers merely to name them.

Has not this canker been making fearful progress among the Anglo-Saxons both of England and the United States during the past half century? It requires but a short memory to recall the simplicity of our forefathers, and to be able to contrast their individual and social habits with those of the present day. In every department of life the fondness for display and the social distinction based upon display is apparent, and nowhere perhaps more apparent than in the churches —those organizations of faith and discipline bound by the tenets of their reputed Head to dissuade from pride and worldliness. To what are the absurdities of Ritualism and the imitation of Romish ceremonies in the Episcopal Church attributable but to fondness for display? To what increased splendor and luxury of the meeting-houses of all Protestant denominations, and the great salaries bestowed upon their preachers? Compare the Methodist meeting-houses of to-day, with their bells, organs, steeples, pews, crosses, and other ornamentations, with the plain houses, wooden benches, congregational singing, earnest exhortations, and revivals of even twenty years ago. To the leading generation of that day, dressed in plain coats and bonnets, the familiar usages of the present time would have been gross abominations. We need not single out any sect, and certainly mean to make no invidious comparison by so doing, for *all* of the so-called evangelical societies are equally guilty, and all give evidences of the growing influence of fashion and wealth in modifying principle and discipline. The Quakers, and, perhaps, one or two other sects not numerically strong, are the only ones who make a virtue of resistance in this matter. The various religious denominations have become, according to their wealth in various localities, the arbiters of social distinction, and in their fashionable tendency seem to forget the mission of Christ, and that he came to the poor. A poor man's church would be, indeed, a novelty worthy of especial newspaper record and description. Societies aud orders, secret and otherwise, give evidence of the same tendency, and the accumulation of wealth amongst their members manifests itself in a fondness for display and ceremony in new and grand temples and rich regalia. This same spirit, thus shown collectively, permeates also the whole body of what arrogates to itself the title of "society." Here we find a strong neutralizing influence against whatever early lessons of self-sacrifice and reverence for genius and high integrity the novitiate may have received. To display these in the frivolous walks of high and fast life would be considered a mark of verdancy. The world manifests its respect for wealth by abundant outward marks of deference, and shows no appreciation of individual merit unless accompanied by individual success. Success is the criterion by which the world gauges its estimate of a man, but even the position acquired

by success in any occupation of art or of arms must be rendered permanent by the acquisition of wealth. The possession of power is the only thing which will compensate for its absence, and that gone the hero of to-day may find himself without a friend on the morrow. The desire for the attainment of social distinction begets a desire for the rapid accumulation of those means upon which it is based, and thus seduces men into over-trading and acts of official turpitude.

It is incredible that men should make the sacrifices, mental and bodily, which they do, merely to get the material benefits which money purchases. Who would undertake an extra burden of business for the purpose of getting a cellar of choice wines for his own drinking? He who does it, does it that he may have choice wines to give his guests and gain their praises. Where is the man who would lie awake at night devising means to increase his income in the hope of being able to provide his wife with a carriage and pair, were the use of the carriage the sole consideration? It is because of the *éclat* which the carriage will give, that he enters on these additional anxieties. The outward paraphernalia of wealth is necessary to bring to him that social consideration which is the chief stimulus of his striving after wealth, and the homage so universally given to it is a great cause of those dishonesties in trade and tricks and malpractices which have become so common as to be almost proverbial. To this cause we may ascribe the organized frauds upon revenues of the Government, amounting in the aggregate to more millions of dollars than the Government can collect. In treating of the blind homage to wealth displayed in English society, Herbert Spencer says: "Yes, the evil is deeper than it appears—draws its nutriment from far below the surface. This gigantic system of dishonesty, branching out into every conceivable form of fraud, has roots that run underneath our whole social fabric, and sending fibres into every house, suck up strength from our daily sayings and doings. In every dining-room a rootlet finds food when the conversation turns on So-and-so's successful speculation, his purchase of an estate, his probable worth—on this man's recent large legacy, and the other's advantageous match; for being thus talked about is one form of that tacit respect which men struggle for. Every drawing-room furnishes nourishment in the admiration awarded to costliness—to silks that are rich, that is, expensive; to dresses that contain an enormous quantity of material, that is, are expensive; to laces that are hand-made, that is, expensive; to diamonds that are rare, that is, expensive; to china that is old, that is, expensive. And from scores of small remarks, and from minutiæ of behaviour which in all circles hourly imply how completely the idea of respectability involves that of costly materials, there is drawn fresh pabulum."

Hence it is that men persevere in evil practices which all condemn, and purchase an homage which, if not genuine, is yet, so far as appearances go, as good as the best. This will continue and grow worse so long as people are esteemed for what they *have*, and not for what they *are;* and its growth involves social demoralization and national decadence. We should endeavor to resist, therefore, the establishment of a social standard so inimical to virtue, integrity, genius, and national progress.—*Exchange Paper.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

NINTH MONTH.

	1867.	1868.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	8 days.	12 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	0 "	2 "
Cloudy, without storms	13 "	5 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	9 "	11 "
	30 "	30 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1867.	1868.
Mean temperature of 9th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	68.21 deg.	69.20 deg.
Highest do. during mo., do.	86.00 "	83.02 "
Lowest do. do. do.	45.00 "	57.60 "
RAIN during the month, do.	1.72 in.	8.90 in.
DEATHS during the month, being 4 current weeks for each month	1112	1087

Average of the mean temperature of 9th month for the past *seventy-nine* years.	66.07 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1865	72.68 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1840	60.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.	1867.	1868.
Totals for first six months	30.20 inch.	26.31 inch.
Rain during Seventh month	2.38 "	3.51 "
" Eighth "	15.81 "	2.65 "
" Ninth "	1.72 "	8.90 "
Totals	50.11 "	41.37 "

But little to remark in the foregoing exhibit, except a great increase in the quantity of rain as compared with the corresponding period of last year, although the *aggregate* for the entire nine months is less; and a gratifying *decrease* in the number of deaths, instead of an *increase* as noted last month. It may be well to add that the *first frost* of the season, as we have it noted, occurred on the morning of the 18th inst.

While we of *this country* have been pursuing the even tenor of our way, not so in *South America.*

News received detail terrible earthquakes visiting the "cities along the coast of Peru and Ecuador, whereby *thirty-two thousand* lives were lost, and property valued at *three millions* of dollars was destroyed!"

Philada., 10th mo. 10th, 1868. J. M. Ellis.

At a festival party of old and young, the question was asked: Which season of life is most happy? After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of fourscore years. He asked if they had not noticed a group of trees before the dwelling, and said: "When the spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossoms, I think how beautiful is spring! And when the summer comes, and covers the trees with its heavy foliage, and singing birds are all among the branches, I think how beautiful is summer! When autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost, I think how beautiful is autumn! And when it is sere winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up, and through the leafless branches, as I could never until now, I see the stars shine through."—*Dr. Adams.*

ITEMS.

The Earthquake in South America.—The steamer which recently arrived at New York from Aspinwall, brings further particulars of the disastrous earthquake in South America. The loss of life has been terrible, exceeding by far the figures already reported. In Ecuador, it is stated, that of Cotacachi, a place of over 65,000 inhabitants, Ibarra, with 15,000, and Otavalo, of 10,000—three of the largest cities in the north of Ecuador—literally nothing is left but ruins; and of the 90,000 human beings who peopled these places it is feared over two-thirds have perished. Besides these large cities, it is reported that hardly a town or village in the northern part of the republic has escaped. In Peru the loss of life is placed at 4300. The destruction of property in the towns of this republic was immense, but owing to the time which elapsed between the rumbling announcing the earthquake and the shock, sufficient warning was given to the people to escape into the open fields, away from the falling houses. Chili appears to have suffered very slightly, the towns on the coast feeling the shock and being washed by the earthquake wave, but receiving no great damage. The distress in Peru from the destruction of provisions, and of the apparatus for condensing and storing fresh water, was very great.

Solar Engines.—It is announced that Captain John Ericsson, of Monitor fame, has discovered a method of utilizing the sun's rays so as to employ them as a motive power. At the late centennial anniversary of the Swedish university of Lund, Captain Ericsson made a communication that, as a result of his experiments, he was able to construct three "solar engines," of which the first was driven by steam formed by the concentration of the heat of the solar rays, and the other two by the expansion of atmospheric air, heated directly by concentrated radiant heat. He stated that, such is the enormous development of solar heat, that an area of ten feet square on the sun's surface will drive a real steam engine of 45,984 horse-power, demanding a consumption of more than 100,000 pounds of coal every hour. Capt. Ericsson's experiments, it is alleged, show that the concentration of solar heat on ten feet square (or 100 square feet of surface), develops a power exceeding one horse-power. The exact nature of the concentrating mechanism invented by Ericsson is not made public, but so thoroughly convinced of its practicability is the proprietor of the well-known Delamater iron works, that he declares, in a late scientific publication, that "before the termination of the present season bread will be prepared from flour ground by the power of the solar engine!"

Many substances show two totally different colors by reflected and transmitted light, giving rise to the so-called phenomenon of dichroism. This will be well illustrated by spreading in a glass plate a few drops of a solution of the double cyanide of platinum and magnesium, so as to form a thin crystalline layer. The light exhibited will be a brilliant green by reflection, and carmine rose by transmission. By placing the plate slightly inclined in the path of a ray of solar or electric light, two beams of colored light can be thrown on a screen side by side—one by reflection, the other by transmission.

The Cultivation of the orange in Florida is stated to be more extensive than can be inferred from the report of the Bureau of Agriculture. From 75,000 to 100,000 orange trees were set out last year, of which 30,000 were planted out on Flint river alone; and, in 1865 and 1866, at least 50,000 were transplanted and budded in East and Middle Florida. The price, instead of being $15 to $20 per thousand on the trees, as stated, should have been $25 to $30, and some choice lots sold as high as $35. The orange grows wild all over Florida, and good trees, when transplanted and budded, bear 500 to 2500 sweet oranges each.

Under the Sea.—The greatest depth to which a diver can descend with the present appliances, in safety, is about 160 feet, and for this a burden of one hundred weight must be disposed about his person. The average depth at which he can work comfortably is about ninety feet, which was near the depth at which the operations upon the *Royal George* were conducted. In water from sixty to seventy feet deep, the men can work for two hours at a time, coming up for ten minutes rest, and doing a day's work of six or seven hours.

An English diver, encased in one of Siebe's dresses, went down in the Mediterranean to a depth of 165 feet, and remained there for twenty-five minutes; and we have heard that Green, the American diver, inspected a wreck in one of the Canadian lakes at a depth of 170 feet; but his experience was enough to convince him that he could not work on it without danger of life.

At this depth the pressure of water on the hands is so great as to force the blood to the head and bring on fainting fits, while the requisite volume of air inside the dress to resist the outside pressure of the water is so great that it would speedily suffocate the diver. Means have been tried to obviate these difficulties, but for the present a limit has been set to the extent to which man may penetrate secrets of the deep. An ingenious Italian workman has brought to England plans for a sort of scale-armor dress which would resist the pressure of the water; but our submarine engineers think that would not obviate the difficulties arising from the limits placed to human endurance.—*Our Own Fireside.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 24, 1868. No. 34.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for entire Club. Single Nos. 6 cts
REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.
The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.
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REVIEW

Of W. Tallack's "Friendly Sketches in America," and "George Fox, the Friends, and the Early Baptists."

BY S. M. JANNEY.

(Continued from page 515.)

In the two works of W. Tallack now before us, there are some observations on the doctrines of Friends, the Separation of 1827–8, the subsequent divisions of the Orthodox Friends and the future of the Society in this country and in England, that may appropriately claim our attention.

In his "Friendly Sketches," after alluding to the several religious bodies in the United States who claim the name of Friends, he says:

"They all agree in maintaining the paramount importance of individual submission to the perceptible guidance of the Divine Spirit in each person. They all unite in a decided testimony against war, slavery and other popularly tolerated evils, as being incompatible with a perfect Christianity. All agree, too, in a high estimate of the character and precepts of George Fox, Robert Barclay and their associated early Friends. Each division of the Society also denies the right of any political authority to interfere in matters of conscience alone. Some of these views are also held by many of the other Christian sects who have never been associated with Friends. But there remain two other peculiar and very important principles which have specially characterized the Society of Friends from its commencement:—firstly, the adoption of silence as a basis of worship the most calculated to foster sincere individual prayer and reverent prostration of the soul before God; secondly, the practical and not merely theoretical adoption of the principle that a call to the ministry of the Gospel can alone come from the divine Spirit, and that unless this inward call be given, all other outward or intellectual gifts are incapable of qualifying for this office; and further, that ministry, to be entirely disinterested and pure, had better, except in peculiar cases, be gratuitous, and that the regulation of a ministerial call from God rests with the whole body of church members. These specially characteristic views of worship and ministry are still retained and highly valued by each division of American Friends, and these continue to distinguish them as a community who at least agree in holding some opinions decidedly different from those entertained by all other Christian sects of their country."

In the same work he maintains that George Fox and the early Friends, while advocating the doctrine of Christ's presence as an indwelling spirit, "left the other side,—the value of Christ's death on Calvary,—too much in the back ground." This view of the subject is more fully expressed in his work on

George Fox, the Friends, and the Early Baptists. Referring to the early experience of G. Fox, he says:

"In so far as George Fox thus placed his reliance on Christ only, he found peace and joy. But, nevertheless, he does not appear to have ever arrived at a *full* appreciation of the absolutely *free gift* of God's grace in Christ. He was enabled to lead a life of remarkable faith, prayer and earnest missionary zeal, but it always remained a weak point with him (as for the most part also with his followers till near the middle of the nineteenth century) that he too much omitted to set forth the readiness of the Lord Jesus to receive sinners *just as they are*, and to sanctify them also by successive daily supplies of spiritual strength entirely from Himself, and not from human strivings, other than the strivings of an empty broken heart confessing in fervent prayer its permanent and utter need.

"It is perfectly true that on occasion (and especially in the often quoted letter to the Governor of Barbadoes) George Fox acknowledged Christ's work of salvation and an atonement for sins wrought by the one sacrifice on Calvary, but if we regard the *general tenor, the prevailing tone* of his teachings, the full, free, open-handed gratuitous gospel was *not* preached by him or his early followers, in the manner which the general experience of evangelical Christendom has shown to be most successful in bringing peace and conversion to the sinner, or in the precise way by which the Apostlic churches wrought the great work of evangelization." . .

"His favorite style of preaching was, 'to turn men to the light within,' to 'Christ *in* them.' For he, and his first followers, held that every man has within him a 'universal and saving light,' sufficient in itself to guide to salvation. He taught that this 'light' was the 'primary rule of faith and practice,' and that the Holy Scriptures are *not* the primary rule, inasmuch as the Divine Spirit who gave forth the Scripture is superior to the latter.

"A very dangerous fallacy lay concealed at the root of this doctrine. Doubtless the Divine Author of the Bible is a higher authority than the latter; but if it has pleased Him to *ordain* the Scriptures as the chief and universal source of instruction and guidance for His children, they are a 'primary rule.' The guidance of the Holy Spirit is indeed infallible; but the early Friends continually ignored the fact that man's *perception* of the Spirit's guidance is very fallible; generally much more so in fact than his perception of the meaning of the Scriptures."

These alleged defects of the early Friends, he also attributes to those Friends in America whom, for the sake of distinction, he styles Hicksites. "The Hicksites," he says, "a body of American Friends, numbering about one hundred thousand, and professing a more enthusiastic reverence for George Fox and his cotemporaries than the "orthodox portion of the Society, *are largely justified in their claims to be the truest representatives of the Foxian Quakers.*"*

In these remarks of W. Tallack we have an evidence of that candor and independence which are characteristic of his writings. He does not claim, like most of the Orthodox Friends, that his views are coincident with those of the early Friends, but maintains that, in some points of doctrine, they were defective, while he, and other "evangelical" Friends in England, have seen further. This ingenuousness we cannot do otherwise than commend, especially when combined, as in his case, with Christian charity towards our section of the Society, which he does not hesitate to acknowledge as the most consistent in its claim to be called the Society of Friends, in the sense of being the most faithful and consistent followers of Fox, Penn and Barclay.

Tallack does not claim to be a Trinitarian in the full meaning of the term; he objects to the doctrine of *tri-personality* in the Deity, as held by J. J. Gurney, and favors the views expressed by William Penn that the Infinite One has manifested himself, as Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

In one point, which is considered by the evangelical party exceedingly important, he appears to agree with them, to wit: That the sufferings of Christ on the cross were *expiatory*. According to this view, the wrath of God was appeased and his justice satisfied by the infliction, upon an innocent victim, of the punishment due to our sins. In the first chapter of his work on "George Fox, the Friends, and the Early Baptists," he states that the Society of Friends unites in general with the main body of the church of Christendom, "in recognizing the unity yet triune *manifestation* of the Godhead; also, the Deity, *expiatory* atonement, resurrection and ascension of the Lord Jesus Christ, the everlasting King of his people."†

The term expiatory probably expresses the view of the atonement held by prominent English Friends, but it is not found in the Scriptures, nor does it express a Jewish or Christian idea.

Horace Bushnell, in his learned and able work on Vicarious Atonement, thus refers to the origin of this word:

"What is expiation? It does not, I an-

* Page 60—61. † Page 3.

swer, simply signify the fact that God is propitiated, but it brings in the Pagan or Latin idea (for it is a Latin word) that the sacrifice offered softens God, as being an evil or pain contributed to his offended feelings.". .

"Now it is in this particular idea of expiation, the giving an evil to the gods to obtain a release for other evils apprehended or actually felt, that the sacrifices of all the heathen nations were radically distinguished from the Jewish or Scripture sacrifice. And the Pagan religions were corruptions plainly enough, in this view, of the original, ante-Mosaic, ante-Jewish *cultus*—superstitions of degenerate brood, such as guilt and fear, and the spurious motherhood of ignorance, have it for their law to propagate. As repentance settles into penance under this regimen of superstition, so the sacrifices settled into expiations under the same."*

Catherine E. Beecher, in her "Appeal to the People," mentions Doctor Bushnell as "one of the most popular of all our religious teachers," and he still retains his connexion with a church called Orthodox. It may, therefore, be appropriate to quote further from his writings in order to show the drift or present tendency of religious thought. He lays down these propositions: 1. That no doctrine of the atonement or reconciling work of Christ has ever yet been developed that can be said to have received the consent of the Christian world. 2. That attempts have been made in all ages, and continually renewed, in spite of continally successive failures, to assert in one form or another, what is called the "moral view" of the atonement, and resolve *it by the power it wields on human character;* and that Christian expectation just now presses in this direction more strongly than ever, raising a clear presumption that the final doctrine of the subject will emerge at this point, and be concluded in this form.†

"By the previous exposition [Chap. vii.] Christ is shown to be a Saviour, not as being a ground of justification, but as being the Moral Power of God upon us, so a power of salvation. His work terminates, not in the release of penalties by due compensation, *but in the transformation of character*, and the rescue, in that manner, of guilty men from the retributive causations provoked by their sins. He does not prepare the remission of sins in the sense of a mere letting go, but He executes the remission, by taking away the sins, and dispensing the justification of life. This one word life is the condensed import of all that He is, or undertakes to be."

A writer in the Independent, referring to the different phases of belief now prevailing among the Presbyterians and Congregationalists, makes the following statement:

"According to Princeton, the Atonement is a peace offering to an offended Deity. According to Andover, it is an expedient of governmental policy. According to Dr. Bushnell, it is the method God takes of showing to men how much he is willing to do and suffer to save them from sin and death." "Dr. Bushnell, in his 'Vicarious Sacrifice,' adopts the theory that Christ's primary object in coming to the world was neither to render God propitious, nor to prepare under the Divine government a ground of forgiveness; but to seek and to save that which was lost. *He did not come to suffer, he came to save;* but he knew before he came that his coming would involve suffering."

There is at this time great earnestness of inquiry and investigation among religious teachers, accompanied by an increase of liberality and a diminished veneration for some of the old dogmas considered essential in a former age. No writer of modern times has exhibited this more fully than the late F. W. Robertson, whose discourses, delivered at Brighton in England, have now a wide circulation, and meet with much favor both in that country and our own.

Like Bushnell, he was decidedly opposed to the doctrine of the Evangelical party, that the crucifixion of Christ was an *expiation* for sin. He maintains, however, that it was in another sense vicarious, inasmuch as he "suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." He writes, "The Atonement of the Redeemer has reconciled man to God, and that by a two-fold step; by exhibiting the character of God, and by that exhibition changing the character of man."

The views promulgated by Robertson and Bushnell in relation to the Atonement are very nearly the same as those held by Fox, Penn, Penington, Whitehead and Barclay. They are gaining favor with many thoughtful minds, and will doubtless supersede the old dogma of expiation derived from the sacrificial rites of the heathen.

It is very remarkable that so many of the most prominent Friends in England have abandoned the faith of their fathers, and that they now, more than any other Protestant sect, insist upon the doctrine of satisfaction or expiation as essential to salvation.

"The early Friends," says Tallack, "were preëminent for advocacy of individual liberty. In George Fox's days, Friends were not expected to conform so precisely in little outward details of costume, nor were they so closely catechised to see whether they were 'sound' upon minutiæ of doctrine; but if they adopted

* Vicarious Atonement, pp. 486–7.
† Ibid, pp. 30.

the glorious, simple, fundamental principles of Christ's living, personal guidance of individuals and of the church, and our other leading doctrines, of silent worship and free ministry, then they were acknowledged as brethren and received the right hand of fellowship."*

(To be continued.)

TRUE POWER.

In crossing the steep railway grades of the Alps, the trains which have moved swiftly and easily over the levels are often impeded by a new difficulty. In climbing up the sides of the mountains, on the ascending grade, the weight of the train draws back the engine, which puffs and pants, and moves forward slowly, until it reaches the summit. But when this is turned, and the train moves over to the descending grade, an opposite difficulty is encountered—for now the train presses forward on the engine, and it loses its usual control of the train, and, with increasing difficulty, resists the pressure thus brought to bear. All the skill of the engineer is now required to check the descending force of the whole train. To avert the first of these difficulties, one of two remedies must be employed. Either to lessen the weight of the train, or to employ an engine of more power. More steam, more power, must be employed for safety, where the weight of the train is equal.

It is thus with man, in surmounting the dangers and difficulties of life. His great trouble arises, not from the want of more knowledge, but more self-control. It is just what all philosophy and all teachers of practical religion, like St. Paul, have groaned under and complained of. "The good that I would, I do not, but the evil that I would not, that I do." Man wants more power of the soul over the body and the intellect, both of which are ever treated by the Scriptures as about equally dangerous to the man, when not in their true and natural state of subserviency to the soul. The Saviour, therefore, represents himself as having come to bestow this new and superabundant life to the soul, in the power of religious principle. I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

The closer study of physiology within the last few years has been thought to establish the similar effects of physical and of mental exertion in producing exhaustion of power. Every action of the body, every emotion of the mind, every passion indulged, produce a similar effect in the wasting away of so much of the tissues of the body. But it is the soul-power in man that binds all together in one harmonious whole, and constitutes the true supremacy of his nature. He who is supremely governed by his bodily appetites and passions, becomes at once degraded and unmanly. But he who exchanges this for a mere supremacy of the mind, soon finds himself not less clogged and hampered, a slave to present enjoyment and fascination. But the soul, as distinct from the mere intellect, was intended to be supreme. It is this which constitutes the true image of the Creator, making his powers work all together and harmoniously. More abundant soul-power is that which confers true success. Through it the Spirit of God works with our spirit, so that man can do all things through being thus strengthened; he is never less alone than when alone, and this strength is even made perfect in felt weakness. The mother bending over her child sick with scarlet fever, may find none outwardly to help her, and have to watch on, as she has watched before; but as she bends in prayer, finds, though no outward circumstance be changed around her, more abundance of life and soul-strength to do and to endure. The man who has thrown away opportunities, and fallen into irregularities that he knows not how to overcome, or to face, may find in spiritual communion a new life and power of soul that shall strengthen him, and enable him to face and overcome the difficulties of life and of evil habits, as nothing else will. A superior strength of soul will cause him to rise above every trial and every difficulty successfully, or to descend a thousand trying and humiliating paths without danger. It is this more abundant life, which Christianity has conferred on man, that has made those nations and communities which most closely follow its instructions so far superior to all others. They grow in wealth, in numbers and in power. Their inventions and laws are studied and copied over the whole habitable globe, and their stability strengthens the race of man. They surmount difficulties successfully that would have overthrown them but for this more abundant life, which their religion (which is the science of life,) has bestowed upon them. —*Philada. Ledger.*

*Friendly Sketches, pp. 16—17.

FAULT-FINDING.—A man habitually finding fault, habitually on the alert to detect folly or vice, without even bestowing a thought on whatsoever things are true and lovely and of good report, is, as nobody would choose to deny, morally halt and maimed. One-half of his faculties, and the most powerful half, is paralyzed and useless. He is like land which produces nothing but thistles and brambles.

From the Evening Bulletin.

FREE SPAIN.

In the whirl of a most exciting political contest in this country, we are apt to give too little attention to the progress in Europe of what is certainly the most extraordinary revolution of modern times. But three weeks ago Spain groaned beneath the burden of a despotism, the iniquity and degradation of which was unparalleled in civilization. To-day she is free; and through her provisional government has adopted measures which will place her far in advance of her sister nations in everything that contributes to the moral and political welfare of the people. The Junta have issued a programme in which they propose to guarantee certain reforms, before they proceed to erect the edifice of a new government upon the ruins of the Bourbon monarchy. They will lay the foundations deep in the hearts of the people, and secure the stability of the superstructure by a regard for the rights of those who alone can uphold it. They promise first, to strip the executive of despotic power, and to distribute the authority among the people; they guarantee universal suffrage; perfect religious liberty; freedom of the press, without which there is no genuine freedom; the right of public assemblage; a system of general education, without which a people cannot endure liberty; the right of trial by jury; and the equality of all men before the law; the abolition of capital punishment; and the sanctity of private letters and domiciles.

If the Provisional Junta succeed in making these liberal provisions the basis of a new government, Spain will pass, with one giant stride, from darkness into light, and will expand under a system which has no parallel in Europe, and which is hardly equalled, in some of its provisions, in this great Republic. Whether this programme is carried out to its fullest extent or not, the mere series of propositions reflect the highest credit upon the wisdom and patriotism of those who conceived it. This is a sufficient assurance that the revolution derived its inspiration from a sincere love of country and liberty, and not from selfish ambition and a desire for personal aggrandizement. We cannot doubt the virtue and honesty of men who, placed in a moment in the possession of stupendous power, forget the suggestions of their own desire for advancement, compromise their differences, transform the government of a kingdom, and lift a whole people up to perfect liberty, without confusion, bloodshed or anarchy.

The wisdom of their present plan of reorganization will be perceived when we reflect that the system is to be adopted before the precise character of the new government is determined. The next Cortes, and the next Executive indeed, whoever he may be, will be created by the direct vote of the people under the system of universal suffrage. The almost inevitable result must be that the creature will be true to its creator, and that the Cortes will gain its inspiration to seek the largest benefit for the people from the fact that to them it owes its existence. It may be accepted as a rule that a people who are once endowed with the franchise, can never be compelled to surrender it or any part of it.

In view of the degradation and slavish submission of the Spaniards in the past, it has been gravely questioned whether they are prepared for this sudden elevation; and whether they can properly fulfil the high duties of citizenship. The supposition that they cannot, is plausible and popular. But the whole revolution is a surprise. Conjecture is at fault, and every attempt to predict the course of events has ended in bewilderment. We can only look at the present admirable results, and hope for the best. Oppressed and dismembered Italy sprang in a few years up to unity, and Austria in one year cast off her heaviest shackles, and compelled an odious despotism to become a liberal constitutional monarchy. Spain seemed one month ago more hopelessly enthralled than either of these, but now she has outrun them in the race for freedom. From these examples we may derive a hopeful augury of the Spanish future. Free from interference of any kind, Spain has her destiny in her own hands, and if she neglects to improve her grand opportunity, it will be her own fault, and her people will deserve their fate. The friends of liberty and progress, everywhere, hope that her course will be onward.

FAITH.

A faith which is true at heart, unites all who possess it by ties so strong, that whatever their names and parties, or however strong the winds and waves may seem that blow them asunder for a while, it is really astonishing how much and how nearly they come together again. When a fleet of ships have each a true compass on board, clouds may arise and isolate them from sight of each other, or from land; but they go on and cut their way through the fog truly enough, because each sails by compass, and when the fog lifts, it is found to have steered correctly and to have moved in company with the rest of the fleet. It is so with good men actuated by a common moral and religious principle. They are often much nearer to each other than they can see or feel or know at the time, and all quietly working towards the same

point, and with real unity of purpose. They walk by faith, not by sight; so they steer by compass. They may be penetrating a mine or a mountain, working underground, far apart, and from opposite directions; but true to the principles that guide them, they are constantly approaching and will meet in the middle. In our own day the efforts which are being made to bind together sects that have been estranged for centuries, prove nothing so much to the thoughtful mind as the strength and the durability of that love which true religion inspires, latent as at times it may seem.

From the Methodist.

DUTY IN THINGS INDIFFERENT.

Many become "stumbling-blocks," not from actual intention to injure others, nor from indifference to their welfare, but from forgetfulness of the relations they sustain to their fellows. If our religion permitted each to live for himself, there would be no reason for any to ask what the effect of his acts might be on others; if he pleased himself, no one else would have cause for complaint. But no one familiar with the sayings of Christ and the writings of the Apostles, need be told that Christianity compels its followers to look beyond themselves and to study the well-being of their fellow-men. Men who, with the selfish spirit of Cain, ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" can never be Christians. The genius of Christianity seeks to impress on every man the fact that he is one of a race, and that, in the efforts he makes to save himself, he must not forget others who are equally in need of salvation.

In nothing is this far-reaching principle of Christian morality more manifest than in the fact that some acts, which might be performed with a clear conscience as far as we are concerned, are, nevertheless, to be carefully refrained from, because of their effects on others. The great rule of duty is, that what injures another is not to be done, even though it might not harm us. Thus, there are circumstances in which our brother's conscience, as well as our own, becomes the rule of our action; so that it is not enough for a man to say of any given action, "I can do it conscientiously;" but it is his duty also to ask: "What effect will this have on the minds of others?"

This duty of thinking of others in those acts which we may do, or refrain from doing, as we see fit, and which we have therefore named in the head of this article "things indifferent," is a duty which finds its foundation in the most important ground of moral obligation. The common brotherhood of man urges it. God intended the human race to be one harmonious family; and we should, therefore, carefully avoid any act which may mar this desirable harmony. The principle of self-denial also suggests it. Whatever benefits may be derived, to ourselves or to others, from self-denial, we shall obtain by pursuing this course of carefully regarding the feelings and desires, and even sometimes the prejudices and weaknesses of others. The example of Christ furnishes us with a practical illustration of this principle: "Even Jesus Christ pleased not himself."

The Scriptures are very clear on this point; Paul especially dwells upon it in his numerous epistles. To the Romans he says: "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." "That no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way." It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth or is offended, or is made weak." "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." To the Corinthians he says: "When ye sin so against the brethren, and wound their weak conscience, ye sin against Christ. Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." To the Philippians he says: "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." Noble apostle! What a wonderful morality was this which he taught! He learned it not from Gamaliel, but from Christ; and right well did he illustrate it in his own life. He found special need of urging this high principle of Christian morality on those who, while they could with clear conscience buy, in the shambles, meat which had come from pagan temples, and take it home and eat it, at the same time offended the consciences of others who could not themselves act thus. His decision was, *Let it alone for thy brother's sake.*

We may find in every-day life frequent occasion to act on this sublime rule of Christian morals. It is our duty to think of others in every act of life. We may consider an act innocent, but what will be its effect on them? The vexed question of amusements, which frequently agitates the hearts of Christian believers, may find a partial solution by considering this principle. Admitting that one can engage with a clear conscience in dancing, and billiards, and cards, the question which Christian morality bids us ask is: "What is their influence on others?" Admitting also that one can drink intoxicating liquors as a beverage without personal harm, the question is: "Does not my example harm others?" If our influence is the means of

leading our fellow-men astray, the duty of abstinence for their safety is as clear as noonday.

THE CONTROLLING MOTIVE.

The most marked difference between the successful and the unsuccessful man, between the earnest and the frivolous, between the wise man and the fool, consists in the object which he seeks as the foremost one of his life. All truly great men in every department of life have been celebrated for seizing hold, first, of the strong points of everything they undertook, mastering those, and letting details follow and be provided for afterwards. The merchant does not stop to count the small change in his tills when his notes are coming due, but considers his heavier resources and his balance at his bankers, and if he neglect the great matters, all skill in petty details, all smartness in any special part will be lost. If we want to comprehend the prosperity or adversity of the English nation, as a whole, we do not wait to read through the newspaper gossip or the Court scandal, but look at the great trade and market reports and the price of Consuls, and these tell the whole story. So, in forming an estimate of character, we look at what a man seeks most assiduously, and the rest is soon learned. There is much truth also in the view that, whatever a man seeks first, he will accomplish, but in all things which he himself esteems secondary. he will have but secondary success. The coarse man, bent upon becoming what he calls "a gentleman," will, in the course of years, become somewhat refined; the ignorant youth, filled with a purpose to obtain an accomplished education, will often become eminent in his chosen pursuit, and he who is resolved to sacrifice all other things to obtain money, will generally succeed in accumulating it. So, if a man set his heart on effecting any reformation in his habits or morals, that which he desires first and above all, he will, in the course of years, secure.

It is, however, certain that there are many things that are best accomplished by not being sought first. The young man bent on fashion and style will not attain his object by expending all his salary on dress and show, but rather by energetically establishing himself in a business that shall supply him with ample means to gratify his desire. He who wishes to see his child become a ripe scholar will not best accomplish it by stimulating his young mind till he become the most precocious boy in some primary school, but by first cherishing a robust frame, for strength of mind will greatly depend on health of body. So he who would be a successful man of business, will not best effect his object by becoming initiated into all the tricks of traffic, but by cultivating within himself honorable principles, by cherishing justice, prudence and moderation in all his dealings.

The true rule is, and must ever be, to seek the life of duty first, and that will ensure the best real success as a whole in everything. There is an eternal law of right running through all actions, and a power resting upon all right doing that produces the best and most effective results with the least waste of energy. It is from this point of view that we may regard religion as an element of success in the matters of this life. It embraces the sum of all greatness and prosperity, by leading a man to seek first that which is most essential. It puts all things in the true order of their eternal importance. There are many persons who consider the Christian life very useful as a restrictive element, but not as a motive power; useful as a secondary agent, but not as the primary energy of life. They do not believe that it can be made the great end and object of the labors of the store and the workshop, the farm and the office. They would set apart religion as suitable for Sunday, but not to be mingled with every-day life, certainly not to be regarded as the great main-spring of all our actions. But true religion will teach a man to labor constantly, rich or poor, and as much in the duties of his occupation as in those of the church. It will teach him to pursue the right, no less in the workshop of the mechanic, or the office of the lawyer, than in the pulpit or the pew.

The man who binds to his heart the great principle of seeking first the life of daily Christian duty, and who cultivates and cherishes, at whatever cost, the supremacy of an earnest religious life, will find his happiness unchanging as the seasons, and steady as the course of ages. Though there may be some dark and dreary days, a bright sun is shining for him behind the darkest cloud, and as his days draw near their close, he will enjoy the fixed, calm happiness of the Indian summer, with all the clearness and serenity of an Italian sky.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Communications have appeared in the Intelligencer respecting the gradual declension of our meetings in many localities, especially in the rural districts, and the supposed causes thereof have been introduced for the consideration of those who feel a deep interest in the welfare of our Society. Among the many which from time to time have been feelingly dwelt upon, there is one that has for many years claimed my attention, especially when travelling through the Western States, and meeting perhaps with but one family, located

many miles distant from any other members of our Society. Children will have associates, and those associates are oftentimes not of the most elevated character. My convictions have long been established, that if parents who are desirous of changing their places of residence would consult their best interest, as well as that of those committed to their charge, they would upon no consideration be willing to isolate themselves from religious communion with those of their own people.

Friends' practice of encouraging their members to act upon individual accountability in consonance with the still small voice or light within, far exceeds that of those professions which direct to priestly power.

My advice to Friends who are seeking a home is to first ascertain the advantages which can be derived from locating in Ohio or Indiana; and if I were to establish the locality, taking all things into view, it would be at Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio.

Salem, Ohio. ELI GARRETSON, M.D.

EXCERPTS.

Or scraps from unpublished Letters recently received.

Let it be on our hearts as an indelible inscription, that our best interests will not be promoted by sailing too often on smooth water, with a gentle and prosperous gale. As well in the natural, as in the spiritual creation, were there no clouds or storms occasionally to intervene, calms and sunshine would afford less enjoyment; and were there no winter, "the singing of birds and the voice of the turtle" might become so familiar to the ear, as to cease to charm with their returning melody. Therefore, let us number all our blessings, and then cherish a disposition gratefully to acknowledge that the mercies of the benevolent Disposer, whose treasury can never be exhausted, are "new every morning."

It requires no small degree of discretion to avoid widening breaches, which, with prudence and forbearance, might perhaps in time be healed, or at least so managed as to produce little or no injury, except to the offending party; and towards these, a disposition which would rather compassionate than aggravate, should, with earnest endeavor, be cultivated and cherished. It wears well, and will bear us through all, *to the end.*

Happy will those be who are earnestly striving to get within the sacred enclosure, where nothing shall be able to hurt or to annoy. I am comforted in believing there have been seasons when strong desires have been raised in thy mind to become one of its inhabitants, and I affectionately wish that these desires, though often *feeble,* (for *so* they are with me,) may be again and again renewed and strengthened, until the possession of that inestimable peace which the world cannot give becomes thy portion here and forever! I sympathize with thee in thy trials. Let us be comforted in remembering that afflictions soften the heart, and have a tendency to prevent its being exalted above measure. Who, then, considering them as a salutary medicine, ought to wish for a total exemption?

I was satisfied in attending your meeting. If I can partake anywhere of that fountain, which, though often sealed to me, is inexhaustible, I am thankful to accept the refreshment which it never fails to afford, with reverence and gratitude, and when it is withheld, to be quiet in my allotment, and patient in waiting for its return. . . . .

While sitting by the side of our mutual friend ——, I felt towards him all the tenderness and sympathy which a heart not callous to the woes of others was capable of yielding, for that kind of sympathy which bears a portion of each other's burdens is among the precious gifts bestowed on man, in the exercise of which he is made instrumental in cheering his fellow pilgrims through the wilderness of the world, towards a better and ever enduring inheritance.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 24, 1868.

INDIANA YEARLY MEETING.—Through the kindness of two Friends who attended the Yearly Meeting recently held at Waynesville, Ind., we are enabled to furnish our readers with an account of the Men's Meeting. We regret that as full a report has not been received from Women Friends; we have heard, however, that their meeting was interesting and satisfactory.

The following is the substance of the information sent us, by which it appears that the interest manifested during the various sittings of the Yearly Meeting was of no ordinary character, and was not confined to the older class, but was shared by the young people, of whom many were in attendance.

The meetings for worship on First-day, in the morning and afternoon, were very large, the house being crowded on both occasions.

On Second-day morning, at the opening of the Yearly Meeting, the representatives were present except three, for the absence of whom reasons were given.

Minutes were read for David and Naomi Barnes, from Purchase, N.Y.; for Wm. B. and Louisa A. Steer, Va.; Thos. Foulke, N. Y.; Joseph Branson, Va.; Rebecca Wells, Ohio; Allen Flitcraft, N. J.; and Chalkley Gillingham, Va.

Epistles from other Yearly Meetings were read. One of our correspondents in alluding to the clear and pertinent language of some of them, remarks upon the advantages derived from a care in this respect in epistolary communications.

On Third-day, the 29th, the state of the Society was considered. Some interesting observations were made, particularly in regard to the attendance of meetings—on the nature of Christian love—dress and address—a salaried ministry, &c.

The minutes of the Meeting for Sufferings were read, also an interesting report on the subject of the Indians. A memorial concerning Lydia M. Janney, a minister, who died at the advanced age of 90 years and 8 months, claimed attention.

The public meeting on Fourth-day was a remarkably interesting one, the people manifesting great interest in the testimonies delivered. The afternoon was devoted to committees. In the evening a well attended meeting was held, by the appointment of the Friends from New York, at Harveysburgh, a village five miles east of Waynesville.

Fifth-day.—The committee appointed last year to revise the Discipline reported that they had made a revision of the whole code, and presented it in a condensed form. Some alterations were proposed. Women Friends being equally interested, it was concluded to open the shutters, that there might be a united action in the important matter. The revision and amendments were adopted, and 1250 copies directed to be printed. In the revised Discipline, Men's and Women's Meetings are placed upon equal footing. Marriages, where one party is not a member, if conducted properly, are not to be subject to disciplinary action. A small stone may be placed upon a grave in the burial grounds of the Society. This liberty gave rise to the expression of a diversity of views, some Friends considering it an innovation upon former simplicity; but feelings of condescension and brotherly love prevailed in a comfortable degree.

At the afternoon sitting, the committee having charge of the colored school reported attention to the subject, and recommended further care on the part of the Yearly Meeting, as in Indiana the colored people have no part of the public school fund. A brief and comprehensive epistle was forwarded to each of the Yearly Meetings in correspondence with that body. This sitting is reported as not having been as satisfactory as it might have been had more time been allowed, but some Friends felt it necessary to close the meeting on Fifth-day, and therefore too much, as is often the case, was crowded into one session, making the testimony pertinent, "He that believeth shall not make haste."

A sense of Divine favor, which had so graciously prevailed through the several sittings, crowned the closing period, and the meeting adjourned to meet at Richmond next year.

Three conferences on First-day schools were held in the evenings during the week of the Yearly Meeting. Several communications from similar associations belonging to other Yearly Meetings, and also from teachers, were read, showing that the cause was progressing, and Friends were encouraged to persevere in the good work.

From the reports of the First-day schools within the compass of Indiana Yearly Meeting, it appears that their number and influence are increasing. Many Friends who had stood aloof, doubtful of the propriety of the movement, had seen the effects to be a greater love for the principles of the Society, and an increased obligation to attend meetings both for worship and discipline, and they now do not withhold their approval.

It was a source of much gratification to observe the aged and the young meeting so harmoniously on common ground, thus breaking down the barrier which too often exists between the two classes, and preparing all for greater usefulness, both in our religious Society and in the world.

A mis-statement having been made in relation to Mary Mifflin's son, as published in the

31st No. of the Intelligencer, we give a correction furnished by a member of the family. A communication from a Friend of Baltimore on the same subject is also published.

"In the last No. of the Intelligencer we find a mistake relative to the account of our dear uncle, Wm. Husband, which we regret to see, and we think ought to be corrected. Uncle was sick several days or a week with fever, and could not have been at the afternoon meeting of the day on which he died. Neither was he an old man—only about 40 or 44. He was in prosperous business, and a man much esteemed and respected by friends and others where he was known. M. H."

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer.

An article sent you and published in a late No. of the Intelligencer, under the head of "Premonitions," I find is not strictly correct.

When Mary Mifflin resided in Baltimore, in a morning meeting, held corner of Fayette and Asquith Sts., she said in an earnest manner to some rich man present, who thought within himself, what shall I do because I have no room to bestow my goods, This will I do: I will pull down my barns and build greater, and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. I will say to my soul, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry." But God said unto him, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be?" She then said, "Thou art dust, and shortly unto dust thou shalt return." A great solemnity was over the meeting. As she was sitting in her chair, before afternoon meeting. a messenger appeared and announced the death of Wm. Trimble, who was considered an exemplary Friend, and owned many houses. Wm. Trimble left three sons, who under the will were heirs of his property. In a short time it was all dissipated.

Wm. Husband, son of Mary Mifflin, was a concerned Friend. Did not own a house, though he was wealthy. He died of yellow fever. Lived in the same house with his mother, and after his death she returned to Deer Creek, where she ended her days. He was an exemplary Friend, and I had the benefit of his concern for my welfare.

JOSHUA MATTHEWS.

DIED, on the 20th of Fourth month, 1868, from the infirmities of age, at his residence, "Willowbe" Pickering, Ontario Co., Ontario Province, C. W., NICHOLAS BROWN, in the 83d year of his age.

——, at Pendleton, Ind., on the 9th of Seventh month, 1868, SARAH ANN SWAIN, widow of Charles W. Swain and daughter of Jonathan Schofield, in the 58th year of her age; a much esteemed minister of Fall Creek Monthly Meeting of Friends. In the life of this beloved Friend was exemplified the reality and sufficiency of Divine Light and Power to lead, preserve, sustain and comfort under the vicissitudes of time, and to qualify for the discharge of the many important duties required of the dedicated servant of the Most High.

——, suddenly, on the morning of the 25th of Eleventh month, 1867, SAMUEL GATCHEL, in the 57th year of his age; he was a kind and devoted husband and father, and a consistent member of the Society of Friends. Though the summons came suddenly, he has left the consoling evidence that "his lamp was trimmed and burning."

——, on Third-day, the 13th inst., SARAH BEANS, widow of Mahlon Beans, in the 89th year of her age; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

——, on the 3d inst., at the house of her son-in-law, William Hazelton, near Mullica Hill, N. J., LYDIA ROBINS, widow of Abel Robins, in the 87th year of her age; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

THE CANAL OF SUEZ—THE GREEK CHURCH—WITH OTHER POINTS OF HISTORICAL INTEREST.

Jerusalem, 1868.

. . . . After leaving Cairo, our route led across the Isthmus of Suez to that city, where we saw the waters of Asia in the Red Sea. A railroad ride of four or five hours accomplishes what used to be a canal ride of as many days, and lands you at a comfortable hotel. At Suez you visit the dry dock and other improvements, forming the artificial harbor, several miles below the town, where water deep enough to float large ships enables them to discharge their cargoes. This is the point of embarkation of troops and supplies for the expedition to Abyssinia, nearly 1000 miles to the south, and you see large numbers of vessels lying in the roads receiving cargo. Ships of both the French and English steam lines arrive and depart to the eastern part of Asia, so that this little spot is now quite a stirring place and a busy centre of business. A canal, called the "Sweet Water," leaves the Nile near Cairo; one branch comes to Suez, one goes to Ismailia, and another to the sea at Port Said. The country through which it passes has no other water supply, either for the land or the village, and it is of course of the greatest importance to the region which it waters. The branch to Port Said consists merely of pipes, giving supply for drinking purposes, but the other parts are large enough for traffic, and are used for freight and passengers. This work was made by the company who are now constructing the Great Maritime Canal, from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, for the purpose of giving fresh water on the route of their great work, and was indispensable to their success. From Suez to Ismailia, about half way, or for a distance of 70 miles, the two canals are adjacent, and not more than from half of a mile to two miles

apart. We took a boat at Suez to go to Ismailia. It was about 30 feet long and 8 wide, with a cabin large enough to give sleeping room for four persons on the sofas at the sides. A table filled the space between, but no food was furnished on board. Two strong donkeys towed us at about four miles an hour. With favorable winds our speed was increased by sails. At Shalouf, we saw the works on the *Great Canal.* Most of the excavation seemed to be completed. The canal is 100 metres wide at the surface of the water, and 8 deep. We rode all night to Ismailia, where we spent twenty-four hours. This is a new town in the desert, built by the French Canal Company, as a central depot for their works, at a spot where a branch of the fresh water canal joins the larger one. The town is prettily placed on the north side of a salt lake, several miles across. It is regularly laid out; the streets are well paved with side-walks, and totally unlike anything an *Arab* town can boast. Here we took a small and comfortable steamer for Port Said, through the Maritime Canal, 70 miles. Most of the work in this great undertaking is finished, and the contractors are under a penalty of 500,000 francs per month to have it all completed by November of 1869. The portion cut out by hand is a narrow strip, to a shallow depth. Through this, water is introduced, and then are brought into play those wonderful appliances of art, to which it is said the success of this work is mainly due. Immense dredging machines, costing, I was told, 600,000 francs each, take up the earth from the required depth, twenty-five feet, carry it on an inclined plane for 150 feet, and discharge it, by means of water raised for the purpose, over the bank upon the surface beyond. Other dredges empty their buckets into huge iron vessels, which are provided with water-tight ends and sides, and are so buoyant that a constant stream of dirt and water thrown into them, fills them to overflowing and leaves the hold a solid mass of dirt and rock. A steam propeller forces the boat to one of the many lakes through which the canal passes, and the same power opening the bottom of the boat, allows the mud to fall out in a moment. With such appliances, which must have cost an immense sum of money, for there are great numbers of them in operation, there seems to be no doubt of the speedy completion of this great canal. There is so little difference in the level of the two seas, that locks will not be necessary—the difference only being one or two feet in 100 miles. Port Said looked very maritime with its numerous marts, shipping being mostly connected with the operations of the company, though some through cargoes are now being carried for the British Government. We waited here one day for the steamer from Alexandria to Jaffa, and felt the sirocco most uncomfortably. It blew fiercely all day, whirling the sand about like dry snow on our hills, and enervating our persons so that the least degree of exercise was distasteful. We feared that the violence of the wind would prevent the steamer from stopping here, but the wind lulled ere she came in sight, and we were on board the "Messagene Imperiale" by 6 o'clock P. M., of the 8th of April. This ended our travels in Africa. After three months spent in Egypt we quitted its sands with regret. Our days had passed in almost uninterrupted enjoyment. A climate far exceeding in regularity of temperature and moderate heat any we had ever met, uninterrupted clear weather, splendid sunsets, and moonlight and starry nights, as bright and brilliant as our frosty winters give, combined to render our life, as we floated along on the waters of the Nile, ever memorable and most peculiarly attractive. The morning after we left Port Said we reached Jaffa. A port without a harbor. Fortunately a light wind was astir, so that we could land in the row boats which came out to the ship and soon took us to the shore of Asia. Our Dragoman, a Greek, named Diamandi Georges, had pitched his tent on a hill adjoining the city and overlooking the sea, where we were soon refreshed by a lunch and cup of tea. The country around Jaffa seems rich and well cultivated. Oranges are abundant, and finer even than those of Sicily; lemons also abound; and the cactus, used as an hedge or growing wild, seems to be in its natural element. Such huge masses of cactus we had never seen. They almost met over head on some of the narrow lanes where they served as hedges. We were now only twelve hours' ride from Jerusalem. How strange it seemed, on the morning of the second day after leaving Jaffa, to be urging forward our horses in order to see the Greek fire at the Holy Sepulchre, a ceremony annually celebrated by the Greek church only on the day before Easter. We rode at once to the hotel, left our horses and soon reached the church. The court was full of soldiers, with fixed bayonets. Their presence is always deemed necessary to prevent the rival Christian sects from too great violence. The Greek and Latin churches are particularly hostile. Entering the front door with a throng of motley characters, we followed the stream around the Greek church, through an aisle as dark as midnight. Reaching a door leading to one of the galleries, we were stopped by the agreeable information that ladies could not possibly be admitted. Soon,

however, another gallery was found, from which a good view could be had of the temple containing the reputed Holy Sepulchre. In about an hour, the Greek Patriarch and his followers entered the church, and commenced their services by songs and clapping of hands of the most peculiar nature. Meanwhile the entire floor of the church was densely crowded with Greeks, of apparently the lower grades, each one provided with one or more candles, ready for lighting. The faithful believe that the fire descends from heaven and lights all the lamps inside the sepulchre, while the skeptics think it much more probable that the High Priest, who has alone the right of entrance, on this great occasion has the most direct agency in producing the conflagration. Certain it is, that at a given signal a light appears at a round opening in the walls of the sepulchre, and this is at once seized by an attendant, who rushes with it into an adjoining chapel. Suddenly Pandemonium breaks loose. The quiet crowd becomes a sea of fire, every one rushes to light his candle, and a perfect bedlam of noise and confusion follows. A candle lighted from this sacred fire is extinguished soon after and kept as a holy relic. Amid the wildest confusion, fanatics pass their flames over and across their faces, burning their hair in token of excessive faith. The scene would be ludicrous but for the place where it occurs. It is melancholy when viewed as an illustration of the theology of the Greek church. Next day, when the crowd was lessened, we visited the sights in this most noted of all Christian churches, and afterwards saw service in the Greek chapel, where the Patriarch of Jerusalem, a venerable old man, officiated. On entering the church you see a long slab of yellow marble, a few inches above the floor, with three tall silver candle-sticks at each end, and colored lamps suspended over it. Nearly every one on entering prostrates himself and kisses the stone, said to be that on which the body of Jesus was laid, previous to his burial, after having been taken from the cross. Turning to the right, you mount a flight of well-worn stone steps, in almost total darkness, and then you stand on the summit of Calvary, gaze upon the identical hole in which the cross was planted, and by its side look with wonder at the cleft rock torn asunder by the same mighty power which rent asunder the veil of the temple. Other less important wonders are shown on Calvary, when you descend a flight of stairs below the general level of the church into the church of the cross, where the pious St. Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, found the sacred relic buried in the soil. Three crosses were here, but which was the true one on which Jesus was crucified? This was a hard problem, but, it is said, a vision revealed a clue to the mystery. Three dead bodies were brought and each cross received its burden. Into one of them life returned at once; *it had been laid on the true cross.* Who after this could doubt? So rare a treasure was difficult to keep. To avoid the controversies sure to arise for its possession, the holy men to whom it was entrusted were forbidden even to name the place of its deposit, and in such safe custody it is still preserved. Mounting again to the church floor, you see a small yellow marble temple, twenty feet high, which stands directly under the great dome of the church. It is resplendent with gold and silver ornaments, lamps and candle-sticks. Bright and colored flames give a peculiarly rich and striking effect to the whole, and you stand gazing in wonder before the sepulchre of Jesus, the cave in which he was laid after his crucifixion. Entering the inner of two small chambers through a low doorway, you stand beside the spot—white marble covers it in front and on top from mortal eye, but the churches of Christendom vouch for its presence, and the worship of millions has consecrated the place. The Greeks, Latins, Copts and Armenians have separate chapels. The first is the only one at all rich. Its decorations are very fine, but gaudy as gilding and colored lamps can make them. At the church of the nativity, at Bethlehem, six miles south of Jerusalem, we were shown, in a vault or cave, where Jesus was born, close by that in which he was laid for a cradle, again, where he was worshipped by the Magii, but our guide, a Greek monk, did not have the fullest faith that these were the identical spots hallowed by such great events, or that Joseph slept hard by, when the angel told him of impending danger and bade him flee into Egypt. The road to Bethlehem shows in its midst the fount in which the messengers of Herod first saw reflected the star that guided them to Bethlehem. Rachel's tomb, closely guarded by the Mahometan, is also by the wayside, not in its original form, but said to be of undoubted authenticity. The Mount of Olives, with the foot-prints of Jesus marked in the rock from whence he ascended, the Garden of Gethsemane with the olive trees among which he used to wander still growing, and the tomb of the Virgin, were all visited, besides many other spots of more doubtful authenticity. The Mosque of Omar, to which Christians have but recently been admitted, and where now death awaits the Jew if found within its enclosure, is extremely rich in its interior decorations of

painted windows and mosaic walls. Next to the Temple of Mecca it is the most sacred spot to the Musselman, from containing a huge rock, which measures about 50 feet across and 5 above the floor, from which Mahomet ascended to the seventh heaven. The rock, as they tell us, rose several feet into the air, and has been held suspended ever since by super-human power. D. Fergusson says, "This is on the cave, beneath is the Holy Sepulchre, and the Mosque was erected over it by Constantine in the 4th century." A bath in the Dead Sea and a visit to Jordan and Jericho have also been accomplished. The bath was delightful and curious. You *could not* sink. I had great difficulty in keeping my feet down, and I actually sat in the water with head, hands and feet all above the surface. The water is so salt and acrid as to prevent your wishing to put your head under it a second time, but with this exception, one would not desire, and could not get a more delightful bath. Jordan was a rapid stream of dirty water, into which one had but little desire to plunge. St. John is said to have baptized Jesus at the spot we visited. A stony, rough mule-path is the best road leading in any direction from the Holy City.

We expect to leave to-morrow for Nazareth, Damascus, Baalbec and Lebanon,—a trip in the saddle of about three weeks. The children are first rate travellers.

THE BOOK-KEEPER'S DREAM.

BY J. W. EDDY.

The day had wearily worn to its close,
And night had come down with its needed repose,
As a Book-Keeper wended his way from the store,
Glad that his toilsome hours were o'er.

The night was cheerless, and dismal and damp,
And the flickering flame of the dim street lamp
Went out in the wild rough gust, that beat,
With furious speed through the gloomy street.

Tired and cold, with pain throbbing head,
He sank to repose in his lonely bed;
Still through his brain as the Book-Keeper slept,
Visions of Debtor and Creditor crept.

The great Balance-Sheet he had finished that day;
And Profit and Loss, in the usual way,
Showed how much money the merchant had made
Or lost in the preceding twelve months' trade.

And he dreamed that night that an angel came
With the Ledger of Life; and against his name
Were charges, till there was no room to spare,
And nothing whatever was credited there!

There was life and its blessings, as intellect, health;
There were charges of time, opportunities, wealth,
Of talents for good, of friendships the best,
Of nourishment, joys, affection and rest!

And hundreds of others, and each one as great,
All with interest accrued from the time of their date,
Till despairing of e'er being able to pay,
The Book-Keeper shrank from the Angel away.

But the Angel declared the amount must be paid,
And protested it could not be longer delayed;
The Book-keeper sighed, and began to deplore
How meagre the treasure he'd laid up in store.

He'd cheerfully render all he'd acquired,
And his note on demand for the balance required;
Then quickly the Angel took paper and wrote
The following as an acceptable note.

"On demand, without grace, from the close of to-day,
For value received I promise to pay
To Him who has kept me, and everywhere
Has guarded my soul with Infinite care!

"Whose blessings outnumber the drops of the ocean,
While living, the sum of my heart's best devotion;
In witness whereof, to be seen of all men,
I affix the great seal of the soul's Amen."

The Book keeper added his name to the note,
While the Angel across the Ledger page wrote
In crimson letters, that covered it o'er,
"Settled in full"—and was seen no more.

From N. Y. Evening Post of 6th inst.

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

We asked Mr. Cornell if he had revolved in his mind for many years the project of founding a great university, or if the plan had been presented to him by some fortuitous concurrence of circumstances. He replied that very much was due to the fact of his election as one of the trustees of the State Agricultural College at Ovid, and the discovery made at two meetings of the trustees of that institution of the great want of a suitable provision in our country for the education of young men in agriculture and the mechanic arts.

It was while attending a meeting of the trustees of the Agricultural College held in the city of Rochester, in 1864, that Mr. Cornell made the proposition to endow the College upon certain easy conditions. The circumstances were as follows: The trustees, under the presidency of Governor King, were assembled to hear the report of the Finance Committee. That report made a melancholy exhibit of the poverty, and, in fact, bankruptcy of the concern. All of the money hitherto raised had been exhausted in purchasing a site and in erecting one large edifice, and a heavy debt threatened to swallow up all that they had been able to accomplish. Mr. Cornell was a silent listener to this statement, and after various plans for relief had been discussed, he came forward with the proposition that if the trustees would sell out the present property, pay their debts, make a new start and remove the institution to Ithaca, he would, if half of the public land granted by the United States were confirmed to the College, give the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars towards founding the new University.

This noble gift at once relieved the trustees from all embarrassment, and the session

broke up with the appointment of another meeting in Albany, to which it was proposed to invite for consultation several friends of education who were not trustees.

At the Albany meeting the sentiment of all present was opposed to any division of the land grant. They decided to petition the Legislature to make a gift of the whole nine hundred and ninety thousand acres to one institution, rather than to fritter it away among the colleges of the State. Mr. Cornell then doubled his former offer, and said that if the State would grant the whole to the new University, he would give five hunded thousand dollars. It is not necessary to follow the history through the Legislature. It required all of the eloquence of Senator White, the personal influence of Mr. Cornell, and the unanimous expression of the friends of education everywhere, to carry out the scheme and thus open the way for Mr. Cornell to give away half a million dollars.

But after the grant had been made the heavy work of rendering it valuable to the College was scarcely begun, and it was here that the great business tact and equally large-hearted generosity of Mr. Cornell was of the utmost importance. The officers of the State could not locate the land; they could only sell the scrip; and if they were to throw the whole million acres of land-scrip at one time upon the market, the price would be run down to a mere nominal amount, especially in competition with all of the other States who were anxious to sell.

Mr. Cornell at once offered to take one hundred thousand acres at the then highest market price, and to give bonds for the faithful execution of the trust and for the payment to the College of every dollar he might in the future be able to obtain from the sale of the land. He then took upon himself the location of four hundred thousand acres, to be held for a rise, and as a fund for the future of the institution. To accomplish this, it was necessary to spend a whole summer in the wilderness, to employ skilful assistance, and to encounter great exposure and fatigue, as well as heavy expenses. The work was done as carefully as if it had been a private speculation, and thus the College has half a million of the best pine lands of the West upon which it can draw in the future, when their market value has been greatly enhanced.

Mr. Cornell tried to induce other wealthy men to purchase a hundred thousand acres at five dollars an acre (greatly above its value), and to wait for the return of their money till some time in the future when the lands would bring more than the five dollars. This would have been equivalent to a loan on the security of the land of half a million dollars; but a sufficient number of subsciptions to this stock could not be found, and the scheme fell through. As it was absolutely necessary to have some cash on hand, Mr. Cornell contrived to sell about four hundred thousand acres at nearly a dollar an acre, being the highest price obtained in any State. The proceeds of this sale were deposited with the Comptroller of the State in trust for the College.

It would have been well for the institutions of other States if they had been favored by the business energy and public spirit of some generous citizen in a similar manner. They would have been saved from forced sales, and often from a total sacrifice of what was intended as a magnificent endowment. There have been found plenty of men willing to buy the land, for their own private speculation, but no one who would give the profits to the colleges. These men have accused Mr. Cornell of privately speculating under the disguise of ostentatious charity. Probably a more unjust and iniquitous charge was never made against a great public benefactor. By paying half a million dollers to the College, Mr. Cornell obviated the necessity of sacrificing the lands; by purchasing a large portion and holding it for the benefit of the College, he put it in the power of the trustees to profit by the increase in the value of the property, and thus defeated the schemes of the speculators, who wished to effect a sale at a very depreciated price, in order to take advantage of the necessities of the College; and, to make matters doubly sure, Mr. Cornell has put himself under bonds never to receive a dollar from the proceeds of the sale of the land.

Since his original gift of half a million Mr. Cornell has conveyed to the trustees a farm of two hundred acres, with buildings; also the Jewett collection of geological and palæontological specimens; also other smaller cabinets; and he has founded a free public library, at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars, the large halls and lecture rooms of which can be used in the public exercises of the University. The total sum given by Mr. Cornell must amount at the present time to nearly a million of dollars; and the income of the University, at the time of its commencement, in October, 1868, will be about seventy-five thousand dollars per annum, with a very large amount of unproductive property held in reserve against future contingencies.

Having thus given a hasty history of the endowment of the University we come to consider the plan and scope of the institution.

Mr. Cornell expressed a comprehensive idea of a university when he said: "I would

found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study." It is intended to bring all things knowable within the reach of students, but for convenience of classification two general divisions of subjects have been adopted.

First. Special Sciences and Arts.

Second. Science, Literature and the Arts in general.

The largest hall now finished is near the Cascadilla Falls; it is two hundred by one hundred feet, with three stories and French roof, and built of excellent stone, quarried at the side of the foundations. The building will accommodate three hundred and fifty students with rooms and board.

A deep ravine passes close by the side of the building, over which a fine bridge, sixty feet in length, is now constructing. It is necessary to cross this bridge in order to reach the second building, which is distant about a quarter of a mile. The second edifice is also of stone, one hundred and sixty-five feet long by fifty-five feet wide, with three stories and a French roof. The material came from the College quarries; the dressings are of cream-colored Medina stone. The entrances will be elaborate and massive. The two ends of this building will be used for dormitories. Two students rooming together are provided with a study, two bedrooms, three large closets, fireplace, ventilating flues, and good substantial furniture. There is also an ash-shoot in each room, to obviate the necessity of carrying any sweepings or ashes through the building. There are elevators for coal, and there is plenty of water on each floor.

The central portion of the building is devoted to lecture rooms, and some of the rooms are temporarily used for the collections.

On the top floor is a large hall, capable of seating five hundred students.

A third building, exactly like this, is constructing, and will be enclosed by winter. The work upon it has been purposely delayed, in order to afford an opportunity to such students as are familiar with the use of tools to earn something towards their support.

A fourth building, of wood, intended as a temporary structure, will be finished in a few months. It is to be two hundred feet long, with wings, each one hundred feet, and will contain the laboratories and workshops.

(To be concluded.)

"A man in the common walks of life, who has faith in perfection, in the unfolding of the human spirit, as the great purpose of God, possesses more the secret of the universe, perceives more the harmonies or mutual adaptations of the world without and the world within him, is a wiser interpreter of Providence, and reads nobler lessons of duty in the events which pass before him, than the profoundest philosopher who wants this grand central truth."

KEEP IN THE SUN.

A writer in the Harper's Bazaar has the following sensible remarks on the health-giving properties of the sun's rays:

Every one is familiar with the process of growing celery. A deep trench is dug, in which the seed are sown or sprouts set, and with the growth of the plant the earth is carefully heaped up until the whole is nearly buried. By this means the light is excluded almost entirely, and the vegetable becomes the pale and tender esculent of our tables.

Paleness and tenderness are always the result of depriving an organized being, whether a plant or an animal of the light of the sun, but these qualities, however desirable in a sprig of celery, are indications of an artificial and unwholesome condition. The human being soon loses in obscurity his color and toughness, and, with them, brightness of intelligence and vigor of body. Children brought up in mines and cellars are blanched, dwarfed, stupid, liable to diseases of all kinds, and short-lived; and grown people, however vigorous they may have been previously, will soon, when deprived of light, become pale and feeble.

There cannot be a greater mistake than for our delicate dames, who pass so much of their lives indoors, to sit or lounge in dark rooms. They require all the sun's light they can get. It is true that whatever defects of toilet or complexion they may have will be better concealed from a chance visitor, but this small gratification is too dearly purchased at the cost of health.

The sunlight is not only essential to the preservation of the natural vigor of the body, but acts very beneficially as a remedy in disease. The French make great use of it, particularly in their hospitals. To the windows of these are attached inclined planes upon which the sick are laid, and exposed on every clear day to the sun's light. This has a more powerful tonic effect than all the iron, quinine, porter, wine and spirits which are so much used with us.

Weak and sick children are especially benefited by exposure to the sun's light, and mothers would do well to reverse their usual order to the nurse: "Keep in the shade." We say, and we have science and experience on our side, Keep in the sun.

If any one speak ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; if so, reform thyself.—*Epictetus.*

From the Country Gentleman.

WINGS OF BEES.

Here is something relative to the formation of the wings of the honey bee, which seems to have passed unnoticed by the bee experts of the country, probably I might say by the world in general—at least I never saw it spoken of in any work on bees. The propelling power of the honey bee consists of four wings, two on a side, and the peculiar construction of the wings is such that they can form two (one on a side) out of the four. Examining a cluster of bees, some could be seen with two broad wings, like those of a fly, while others would have the four. To solve the mystery, I placed a wing underneath a powerful microscope, which unfolded the mechanical means whereby the four wings were made two. The peculiar feature consists of twenty minute hooks upon each back wing, hooking upward, and a sort of ledge upon the underside of the front or large wing, which the hooks match into, forming one wing of two. Upon examination I found that queen, workers and drones all have the same number, and in the same relative position. The question is, do they avoid using the back wings, except in case of heavy loads, to preserve them from wear, (the wings of old bees become so worn and ragged that it is difficult for them to fly) or can they fly faster while empty with only the two forward wings? Be it as it may, I leave the question for conjecture.

Forestville, N. Y. M. S. Snow.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

Friends' Association for the promotion of First-day Schools within the limits of Baltimore Yearly Meeting will be held at Lombard St. Meeting-house, Baltimore, during the week of the Yearly Meeting, which convenes 26th inst. (The evening not yet determined. Eli M. Lamb, *Clerk.*

The Executive Committee of the General First-day School Conference, will meet at Baltimore during Yearly Meeting week.

Wm. W. Biddle, *Clerk.*

ITEMS.

Four hundred students have been admitted to the Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. No more students can be admitted to the Freshman class, except the State students in the agricultural, mechanical and engineering departments; and the higher class students will be received until further notice. Professor Agassiz has commenced a course of twenty lectures, three to be delivered every week.

An interesting discovery has just been made in Rome, in a cellar in the Vicola del Balestrari. It is a marble pedestal bearing an inscription to Hercules, by Silius Messala, who was Consul with Sabinus under the Emperor Caracella, A. D., 214. It has been excavated near Pompey's theatre, where under the Bisclone Palace, the great bronze Hercules now in the Vatican was found in 1864.

The Louvre was commenced by Francis I., in 1541; the Tuileries by Catherine de Medicis, in 1564. The Tuileries were united to the Louvre by Napoleon III., from 1851 to 1857. The orange trees, of which there are several hundred in the garden of the Tuileries, were placed there by Francis I., ind are now nearly 350 years old. They are noble trees, and still in a fine state of preservation. They are carefully removed to the hot-house upon the first approach of cold weather.

It is stated that the Queen of Madagascar has abolished idol worship, and though she has not yet embraced Christianity, the effect of her course is to give great encouragement to the missionaries.

The Hungarian Jews.—A German paper gives a curious account of the history and present position of the Jews in Hungary. In the eleventh century King Koloman issued several decrees allowing them to acquire land and regulating their commercial relations with the Christian inhabitants, and in the thirteenth they not only occupied important positions in the administration, but two of them obtained the title of Count. Bela II. (1251) gave them many valuable privileges; among others that of having their own courts of justice and of exercising exclusive control over their schools. He also decreed that when a Jew is the defendent in a civil or criminal action, the testimony of a Christian against him shall not be received unless it is confirmed by a Jewish witness. These privileges have been continued to the Jews ever since, notwithstanding the prejudice with which they have always been regarded by the lower classes in Hungary. Mattheus Corvinus appointed a Christianized Jew Ban of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia; and Ferdinand III. permitted the Hungarian Jews to hold a council at Nagy-Ida in 1650, which was visited by great numbers of their race from various parts of Europe and Asia. The number of Jews now in Hungary is three hundred and thirty thousand, and they have recently claimed to be placed in all respects on an equal footing with the Christians. This claim has been favorably received in the Hungarian Diet, where steps are being taken to give it effect. The Hungarian Jews have long ago given up the dream of a new Jerusalem; not one of them attended the Jewish meeting assembled in New York in 1824, for the purpose of establishing an independent Jewish state. In 1847 the great majority of the Jewish population of Hungary were active supporters of Kossuth, who, they hoped, would give them the same rights as those enjoyed by the Christians.

Ancient Architecture in India. The government of India has recently taken measures to preserve the numerous architectural remains which show the history of various peoples which have inhabited India for two thousand years. One of the early fruits of this organization hsa been the preservation of the Sanchi Tope in Central India. This Tope is one of the most ancient and remarkable Buddhist architectural remains in India, dating 250 B. C.; and recently an application was made to the Begum of Bhopal, in whose territories it is, by the French Consul-General, M. Place, to allow the principal gateway of the Tope to be carried off and set up in Paris.

But the Begum—who, being a Mohammedan, is indifferent to Buddhist buildings—before consenting to M. Place's proposal, offered the gateway to the Indian government to be sent to England. The government declined the gift, and recommended that the Tope should be properly conserved, and suggested that it would be quite sufficient for France and England to have casts of the gateway, which is of a highly decorative character.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 31, 1868. No. 35.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.

SINGLE NOS. 6 CENTS.

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

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REVIEW

Of W. Tallack's "Friendly Sketches in America," and "George Fox, the Friends, and the Early Baptists."

BY S. M. JANNEY.

(Continued from page 532.)

During a sojourn of four months in this country, in the year 1860, Wm. Tallack conversed familiarly with the members of the several organizations claiming the name of Friends, seeking for information from each section concerning the causes that led to the separation of 1827–8, and of the subsequent divisions among the Orthodox Friends. This course of impartial investigation was not satisfactory to some of the rigid sectarians in this country. Thus he writes: "When I mentioned to American Orthodox Friends that I was desirous of seeing a little of the Hicksites also, and of hearing what they had to say and show of their own side, I was strongly dissuaded, and told that it was considered derogatory for an Orthodox Friend to attend a Hicksite meeting, or associate with them, and that in fact it was positively a disownable offence. I was sorry to have to act differently from the advice of my kind friends, but replied, that we had an old English motto, 'Hear both sides,' and that I was resolved to act upon it."

It did not comport with his independent spirit to put himself in leading-strings, as most of the English Friends visiting this country have done, and his free inquiries resulted in obtaining much more reliable information than had been gathered by his brethren and sisters in religious profession. In his Friendly Sketches, under the head of "Hicksites," he gives an account of Elias Hicks, whose sincerity, purity and self-denying life, he fully acknowledges, but avers that "his views of Christian truth were of a very imperfect character," especially in regard to "the incarnation of our Saviour and of his sacrifice on Calvary."

This estimate of the doctrine of Elias Hicks is what we should expect from those who believe in *expiatory* atonement, and we do not blame them for expressing their honest convictions in a Christian Spirit. In the account given by W. Tallack of the causes that led to the separation in *Philadelphia* Yearly Meeting in 1827, he agrees substantially with the statements in my History of the Separation, which are generally founded on testimony given in a court of equity by witnesses of both parties, testifying under the solemn sanction of an affirmation. A few passages selected from Tallack's "Sketches" are here subjoined:

"In Philadelphia, there had grown, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, an increasing disposition on the part of the elders to consider themselves as a virtually irresponsible body, and as possessing executive disciplinary powers, separate from, or

co-ordinate with the authority of the main body of the members in the meetings by which they were appointed."

"Previously to the first great division of the Society in America into Hicksites and Orthodox, in 1827, there was, especially in Philadelphia, a class of Friends professing great zeal for the 'ancient testimonies' of their body, but exercising an undue influence in the disciplinary management of the Society, and by no means specially characterized by charity towards those whose views did not unite with their own.". . . . ." In fact, the meetings in some parts of America at that time, but especially in Philadelphia, were under the governing influence of a number of individuals having a close outward appearance of Quakerism, but practically denying its gospel power and love." P. 90—91.

In relation to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in 1827, he writes: "That large assembly, at its commencement, was divided on the question of the appointment of its clerk. The Orthodox section had nominated the clerk of the preceding years; but he was no longer acceptable to the majority of the meeting. Two-thirds were for a change, and one-third for continuing the old one. Seeing they could not agree, the Orthodox clerk declared himself the officially appointed one. Under the circumstances, it was proposed that the meeting should adjourn indefinitely; but the Orthodox would not agree to this, and proceeded to carry on the regular business of the Yearly Meeting themselves. The large majority were of Hicksite sympathies, but desired to be peaceable and patient.". . . "The result of their decision was to withdraw from a body where a minority of less than one-third assumed the preponderance and attempted to sway the whole."*

"Several English ministers also came to America during these conflicts, and it seems more than doubtful whether they did not rather add to the difficulties than lessen them. They were all very excellent Friends themselves, but it so happened that nearly all, except William Forster of Norwich, who pursued a conciliatory policy towards each division, had a full ordinary share of human frailty, and joined in various degrees with those actuated by party spirit."†

"It is probable that some of these worthy English Friends took a distorted view of things, from confining themselves too exclusively to association with those only whose opinions were accordant with their own previous views, and tinged, in addition, with much personal and party feeling. I was informed that through some of these visitors, a more rigid policy was in some instances adopted against the Hicksites, in the way of disowning more freely than would otherwise have been the case."*

In Tallack's "Friendly Sketches" there is a notice of "the spacious and very neat meeting house on Race Street," and of Friend's Central School. He says, "One of the Professors at Haverford College informed me that those of their students who came from this school were peculiarly well prepared for prosecuting higher studies." He observes that the system of doctrine held by our section of the Society "as seen in many or most of its professors, is in itself very distinct from infidelity, and possesses much that is both Christian and Friendly; but one of its special dangers lies in having broken down the walls of Bible authority and evangelical doctrine, which can alone place an effective barrier and clear distinction between spiritual liberty and sceptical license."†

This charge of defectiveness in doctrine is sufficiently rebutted by his assertion that the early Friends were in like manner defective; while at the same time he accords to them the highest praise for practical righteousness and a devotional spirit. In defence of ourselves we are content to reply, "That after the way that *they* call heresy, so worship we the God of our fathers."

In the years 1828 and 1830, the Yearly Meeting at Philadelphia, representing our section of the Society in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, addressed affectionate epistles to London Yearly Meeting of Friends, in which they expressed their adherence to the doctrines and testimony of the early Friends. In the epistle of 1830 is this declaration: "We are not sensible of any dereliction on our part from the principles laid down by our blessed Lord. The history of the birth, life, acts, death and resurrection of the holy Jesus, as in the volume of the book it is written of him, we reverently believe."

These epistles were not permitted to be read in London Yearly Meeting. From that day to this, Friends in Great Britain, departing from the characteristic fairness of Englishmen, have refused to "*hear both sides*," although they claim this as their national motto. Our overtures for a friendly correspondence having been rejected, and the misrepresentations of our adversaries accepted in preference to our own statements of our doctrines, we feel clear of blame in this matter, having no apology to offer, and being fully assured that the cause of Truth will ultimately prevail.

After the separation of 1827–8, the Ortho-

* Friendly Sketches, &c., pp. 146, 147.
† Ibid, p. 91.

* Sketches, &c., p. 150.
† P. 156.

dox Friends of the several Yearly Meetings on this continent appointed committees to meet in convention, who prepared and issued a "Testimony," in relation to their doctrines, which was signed by Elisha Bates, Clerk of the General Committee. This effort to promote uniformity of belief was unavailing, as all such efforts must be, when Christian love and charity do not prevail.

The division in their ranks produced by the opposition of John Wilbur to the doctrines of J. J. Gurney, was accompanied by feelings no less adverse to each other, than those manifested towards our branch of the Society. In Tallack's remarks upon "The Philadelphia Friends," he is very severe upon the Wilburite party, which has the ascendency in the Orthodox Yearly Meeting of that city.

"The disciplinary gatherings," he says, "of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting are so disunited and controversial as to have become almost proverbial. But the assemblies of the Evangelical brethren there and elsewhere are characterized by harmony and pleasantness."*

In another section of his Sketches, being desirous to do justice to all, he brings forward what he calls "the bright side of Wilburism," which perhaps is intended to apply to other sections than the meridian of Philadelphia.

"I may be mistaken," he writes, "but it is my real impression, that the Evangelical portion of our Society has by no means surpassed the Wilburite section in the special feature of religious depth of character. There is a danger of erring on each side, and it is far easier to lay down the formalisms of a minute peculiarity of dress or speech, than it is to take up in their place an increased adherence to the real simplicity, the spirituality, and the self-denial, which genuine Quakerism and Christianity inculcate."†

The position now occupied by the Orthodox Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia is very extraordinary. Having cut itself off from friendly intercourse with all other Yearly Meetings, it stands aloof, isolated and dissatisfied; still engaged in controversial warfare; deeply exercised on account of the shortcomings of other religious bodies, and apparently unconscious of its own.

(To be continued.)

If a seaman should turn back every time he encounters a head-wind, he would never make a voyage. So he who permits himself to be baffled by adverse circumstances, will never make headway in the voyage of life.

*Friendly Sketches, &c., p. 90.
†Friendly Sketches, &c, pp. 119, 120.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE NATURAL MAN.

The following reflections were revived by reading the essay on "The Natural Man," which appeared Ninth month 26. They are offered for insertion in the Intelligencer, not in desire for debate, believing it to be of great importance in the present day for professing Christians to cease from controversy on religious opinions and doctrines, and centre in faith in God, doing all that in sincerity of soul we believe He requires of us,—keeping the first and greatest commandment, to love Him above all, and to be led and governed by His Spirit. Then we shall realize, and in our daily life and conversation manifest the fruits of His Spirit,—"love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." These are "the weapons of our warfare, that, as the apostle Paul says, are not carnal, but mighty through God, casting down imaginations and every high thought that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God." Thus love casts out hatred, meekness casts out pride, gentleness overcomes anger,—impatience,—and every Christian feeling or virtue casts out its opposite in the human mind. The query may arise, How shall we attain this high state? The reply is, by taking up our daily cross to every inordinate desire of "the natural man," saying, "Not my will, but thine, O God, be done." Many that have passed away have left on record their experience of the necessity of the daily cross, and many now know that if they are worthy to be called the followers of Christ, they must live a life of self-denial, as he testified. Most surely did He who is all goodness, love and power make man and pronounce him good. All the propensities of man's human nature while under the divine government are good and necessary for him, while in this lower world. Man is a wonderful being, constituted of "body, soul and spirit," as said an inspired writer; and well may a modern poet say,

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
. . . . . .
Distinguished link in being's endless chain,
Midway from nothing to the Deity."

He has a body, intellectual reasoning powers, and propensities that belong to "the natural man," but over and above all, an immortal soul, pure and guiltless, but liable to become impure and unholy by yielding to the strong self-will of our human nature. We see that a desire to procure a portion of this world's treasure is necessary and good for us, but if indulged beyond the limit marked out by our Creator, this propensity becomes avarice and covetousness. What frauds, injus-

tice and cruelties have not even professed Christians resorted to, to get money! Love of the approbation of our fellow creatures is good, but oh! how watchful and prayerful ought we ever to be, that this desire does not become pride, ambition and haughtiness, wishing to be exalted and called of men Rabbi. Thus we might enumerate all the propensities of "the natural man," good in themselves, but necessary to be limited and restrained by that power and wisdom that is profitable to direct in all things; because the improper indulgence of them brings all the sin and wickedness we see in the world, and the soul becomes unfit for sweet communion with our Father in heaven while here on earth, and for joy and felicity through a never-ending eternity. But He who gave laws to every part of His works necessary to carry out the purpose and move in the sphere He designed, also gave man, the highest and noblest of His creatures, a divine law, to enable him so to live as to glorify his Creator, and dignified him with free agency, leaving him at liberty to choose whether he will sow to the flesh, and of the flesh reap corruption, or sow to the spirit, and of the spirit reap life everlasting. The Divine Law Jesus called "the Spirit of Truth;" one of the apostles calls it "the light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world;" and another speaks of it as the "Grace of God, that bringeth salvation and hath appeared unto all men;" and Geo. Fox called it the "Light within." It is the fundamental principle professed by the Society of Friends, which "our forefathers taught practically," as well as by word and doctrine. It needs no philosophy to explain or illustrate it; it is simple, plain, but powerful, easily understood by those who are obedient to its teachings. It is to this government the prophet alludes when he says "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, the leopard shall lie down with the kid, the calf and the young lion together, and a little child shall lead them." Another prophet says, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder," &c. &c. If we are wise enough to choose that the government shall be on this only begotten Son of God, he will regulate all our feelings into perfect order; even our good benevolent feelings, figured by the lamb and the kid, need to be regulated by this Divine Teacher, lest we go beyond the bounds of true wisdom. Let us no longer consult with flesh and blood, or with our reasoning powers, but feeling our own frailties, as no doubt Paul did when he said, "In me there is no good thing," as God is good, let us confide in him, and all Scripture passages necessary for us to understand will be opened to us, and we will give Him the praise, for it is His due henceforth and forever. R. H.

From Reformers and Martyrs.

BY WILLIAM HODGSON.

HENRI OF LAUSANNE.

About the same time that Peter de Bruys came forth as a preacher of reform in the south of France, a youth of powerful talents and great mental activity, named Henri, incited by similar views, made his appearance in the district of Lausanne, in Switzerland. Neander's Life of Bernard of Clairvaux* thus delineates his extraordinary course, and the results of his teaching:

"He had been a monk in some monastery of the Cluniac order, probably devoted to the cloister by his parents, and brought up there. The diligent and devotional perusal of the Scriptures had opened his mind to the truth, which he ardently embraced in all its purity." [Rather too strong an expression of Neander's, considering all the circumstances.] "The picture of the apostles travelling in poverty through the world, for the purpose of publishing the truth; that of the affectionate fellowship of the primitive Christians, who, connected by no outward ties, lived together in the bond of a common faith and a mutual love, excited a holy enthusiasm in his soul, causing him to regard with still greater abhorrence the vices of his times and the corruption of the church, which had so widely departed from the apostolic model.

"Weary of the constraints of conventual life, and convinced in his own mind that he was in no wise bound by human ordinances, and the obligations grounded upon them, he abandoned his convent, in order to publish the pure doctrines of the gospel among the people, who were totally deficient in clear religious knowledge; to rebuke their vices from the Bible, and to exhort men to contrition and repentance. He himself always appeared in the garb of a penitent, meanly clad, and wearing a flowing beard. He went barefoot even in winter, carrying a staff before him, to which a cross was fastened, as a token that his object was to exhort men to follow the cross of Christ. On his arrival in any town, he took up his lodgings indifferently with any of the townspeople, and was satisfied with the meanest fare. He possessed all those qualities calculated to make a powerful impression on the people. His person was dignified and commanding, his voice loud and sonorous, and the effect of his discourses was heightened by the eloquent expression of a keen and flashing eye. His manner was like his character, impassioned, his words flowed with a natural eloquence, warm from the heart; and

*English translation by M. Wrench. Lond., 1843.

he was perfectly familiar with the texts of Scripture with which his representations were enforced. The fame of his sanctity and learning was soon spread abroad in that country; and young and old, men and women, came in throngs to confess their sins to him, and went away declaring that they had never before seen a man in whom authority and kindness were so admirably blended, at whose preaching even a heart of iron might readily be moved to repentance, and whose life might serve as a model to all monks, hermits and priests.

"In the year 1116, Henri sent two of his disciples, arrayed in the garb of penitents, and bearing the standard of the cross, to the city of Maus, to announce his arrival to Bishop Hildebert, and to obtain his permission to preach there. The people, to whom Henri was well known by reputation, and who had for a long time been anxiously desiring an opportunity of seeing and hearing him, received his messengers as angels. At this era it was not unusual for monks to travel from country to country, preaching repentance. Hildebert therefore deemed Henri to be one of these, for he was not yet regarded as a heretic. His discourses had been directed rather toward practical Christianity than to dogmatical subjects. He had attacked not the doctrines, but the vices of the church. Hildebert was one of those better bishops, who had the interest of religion at heart, and it was thus a personal gratification to him to welcome a man who, possessing such power of influencing the mind, made use of it to incline the heart to good. The bishop was also wise enough to perceive that, by refusing him admittance, he should only exasperate the people, and render himself obnoxious to them. He therefore gave a gracious and hospitable reception to Henri's messengers, and although he was himself on the eve of a journey to Rome, he left orders with his archdeacons, among other charges, to give free admission to Henri in his absence, and to allow him full liberty of preaching. His orders were observed, and Henri soon produced the same powerful impression at Maus that he had done elsewhere. Many of the inferior clergy, less influenced (than those of a more elevated position) by self-interest, were attracted by his discourses, and convinced of the truth of his allegations relative to the corruption of the church. They listened with the most eager attention, and were moved to tears by his words. Henri had hitherto acted wisely in bringing forward the truths of the gospel, and had attacked vice only through the medium of these truths, without personality. But the heat of youth now urged him to a series of passionate sallies against the clergy."

[Or was it that his zeal was enkindled against their vicious course, and he could not refrain from exposing the falsity of their pretensions?] "And these, as is always the case, found the readiest reception from the people. The clergy became hateful and despicable in their eyes. They refused to have any intercourse with them. And it was only the protection of the nobles that sheltered the priesthood from their threatened vengeance. On one occasion, when some of the clergy came to remonstrate with Henri, they were so roughly handled by the people as to be too happy to escape in safety. Not daring openly to proclaim the sentence of excommunication which had been pronounced against him, they sent it in writing by one of their members."

This remarkable document ends with the expression, that if he should presume to continue to scatter poison, he is excommunicated by the authority of Pope Paschal, the successor of Peter, the first of the apostles, and a desire that in the dreadful day of judgment Henri may be overtaken by the eternal curse of the Almighty!

Henri refused to receive the document, not recognizing the authority of the tribunal whence it issued, nor the truth of its assertions.

Neander continues: "That Henri, who believed it to be his duty far rather to obey the voice of God, by which he felt himself called, than the commandments of man, should utterly have disregarded this intimation, was but natural; and he went on laboring as before. His influence and authority continued to increase in the city. His word became law. Gold and silver he might have had at his pleasure. Had Henri been nothing more than a covetous and ambitious demagogue, he might easily have availed himself of his influence to enrich himself, and to usurp the government of the city, by arming the people against the nobility and the priesthood. But he made use of his power only to realize his own ideas, and accepted only so much of the offered gold as he required for the execution of his plans. His first object was the establishment of Christian brotherly love and fellowship, in opposition to the prevalent corruption of morals and self-seeking worldliness. Women who had lived unchastely were to cut off their hair, and burn it, together with their garments, in public, in order to deter others from similar courses by this disgrace. Regarding celibacy, and the difficulties thrown in the way of marriage by the canonical impediments, as the most obvious sources of the prevailing dissoluteness of manners, he looked to early marriages as a means of improving the moral condition; and therefore he him-

self solemnized several marriages between the youths of the city, without respect to the canonical hinderances; which, in his opinion, were grounded on human tradition only. He believed marriage to be of perpetual obligation, and separations between those whom God had joined together inadmissible on any grounds. The woman took an oath before Henri, that she would preserve inviolable fidelity to her husband for life, and that she would renounce all pomp of dress—in this age the source of the most lavish expenditure. No considerations of property were in future to influence the matrimonial connection. Neither gold nor silver—neither dower nor possessions—ought to be the objects sought in each other by those whom God had brought together in a holy union. The distinctions occasioned by worldly possessions should be removed by Christian love. He therefore, in opposition to the existing custom, celebrated marriages between the free and those who had served as bondmen,—clothing the latter out of the fund he had formed with the money which had been given him.

"This was all beautiful and sublime, as flowing from a heart that had its home in a better world. It would have been well if such a community as Henri represented to himself could have existed in a world so beset with corruption and variety of hinderances; or if he could have looked into the hearts of those whom he thus united.

"The news of Hildebert's return from Rome induced Henri to withdraw to some of the neighboring castles, from whence he continued his labors. The bishop made his entrance into the city, followed by a brilliant retinue. But he found that a great change had taken place, and when he would have given his blessing to the people, they contemptuously rejected it, exclaiming, 'We desire neither your learning nor your blessing. Let it fall to the ground. For we have a father and a priest who surpasses you in dignity, in sanctity of life, and in learning—him your clergy despise as a blasphemer. We feel that he lays bare their vices with a prophetic spirit, and rebukes their errors and excesses from the Holy Scriptures. But vengeance will swiftly overtake them, for having presumed to forbid the holy man to publish the word of the Lord.'

"It was a task of much difficulty to restore peace between the clergy and the highly exasperated people; but Hildebert's prudence and gentleness contributed greatly toward effecting it. A demagogue, who had been indebted for his reputaion solely to those arts by which the hearts of the people are to be won, would have been quickly forgotten. The foundation of Henri's influence lay deeper. After the lapse of years, and the dissemination of the most scandalous reports concerning the life of the 'heretic,' his memory was still affectionately cherished in the minds of the people.

"Henri now turned to the south of France, and at Poitou, Bordeaux, and other cities, he produced a powerful impression. Coming farther south, he fell in with Pierre de Bruys, *a* man who was actuated by a like spirit; they united and labored in common. After the death of Pierre de Bruys, Henri became the leader of the sect, and made journeys throughout Provence, Languedoc, and Gascony. The bishops who presided over these provinces, and had been earnestly exhorted by Peter of Clugni to suppress the prevailing heresies, now strove, by every means in their power, to possess themselves of the person of the leader; and at length, in the year 1134, the Bishop of Arles succeeded in securing Henri, whom he took with him to the Council then held at Pisa. Here he was compelled [it is said] to retract all the errors of which he was accused.

"We must have a more accurate knowledge of the circumstances of the case, before we can venture to determine whether Henri really betrayed his convictions; for we learn from ecclesiastical history how little to be trusted are the statements of adverse partisans. He was there given over to the custody of the Abbot of Clairvaux; but we soon find him again at liberty, probably owing to the negligence of Bernard, whose attention was at that time absorbed by greater matters, the restoration of peace to the Italian church.

"It was in the mountainous country about Toulouse and Albi that Henri now made his appearance. The nature of the country rendered it a safe asylum to the secretaries; and the great feudatories who were seated there, instigated either by the preaching of Henri, or by their own hatred of the ambitious clergy, found many adherents both among the inferior burghers and among the handicraftsmen, especially the weavers. His opponent Bernard has left the following picture of his influence: 'The churches are without congregations, the congregations without a priest. The priests are no longer treated with the reverence due to them. The churches are avoided as though they were synagogues. The sanctuary of the Lord is no longer held sacred; the sacraments are no longer reverenced; the festivals no longer observed. Men die in their sins, and souls are hurried before the awful judgment-seat of God without having been *reconciled to Him by penance*, or strengthened by the supper of the Lord. The way to Christ is closed against the children of Christians; the grace of baptism is denied;

and those whom the Saviour called to Him with fatherly love, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me," are no longer permitted to draw nigh unto heaven."

What should we now say of the professed minister of Christ who would substitute reconciliation *by penance* for reconciliation by Christ, and who would assert that the denial of baptism by water had closed the way to the Saviour and to heaven?

Neander proceeds to say that, "alarmed at the growing influence of Henri, whose doctrines were spreading more and more widely in the south of France, and who was now openly protected by several of the principal nobles, in particular by the Count of Toulouse; Pope Eugenius, who was at that time residing in France, dispatched the cardinal bishop Allerich of Ostia, accompanied by other bishops, into the south, with instructions to suppress the sect. The legate, knowing Bernard's power over the minds of men, persuaded him to join the expedition, and to him the cardinal was indebted for the final success of his efforts." "Bernard's arrival and preaching wrought a powerful effect in the city of Toulouse (and Albi), and Henri and his adherents were forced to make their escape."

"It was in the castles of the nobles that the Henricians now found their chief security; for Bernard had persuaded most of the people to unite in a league against the "heretics;" by which they bound themselves to exclude them from the rights of burghership, and to renounce all commerce with them." "He urged them to pursue the 'heretics,' till they had utterly driven them out of their borders; 'for,' said he, 'the sheep are not safe while there are serpents in their neighborhood.'" And while exhorting them to practise hospitality, he added the warning, "Receive not any strange or unknown preacher, unless he be sent by the pope or by your bishop; for there be preachers, who, assuming the appearance of piety, and renouncing its ways, introduce profane novelties in word and thought, mingling poison with honey."

"Henri himself was captured shortly after these transactions, through the exertions of the bishops, and led in chains before Pope Eugenius, at the Council of Rheims. But at the intercession of the Archbishop of Rheims his sentence was mitigated to perpetual imprisonment in some convent, where he soon afterward died," in the year 1148.

The things to be desired for man in a healthy state are, that he should not see dreams, but realities; that he should not destroy life, but save it; and that he should be not rich, but content.

EXTRACTS FROM SERMONS OF F.W. ROBERTSON.

I do not say that a man is never to re-examine a question once settled. A great Christian, whose works are popular, has advised that when a view has once been arrived at as true, it should be, as it were, laid upon the shelf, and never again looked on as an open question; but surely this is false. A young man of twenty-three, with such light as he has, forms his views: is he never to have more light? Is he never to open again the questions which his immature mind has decided on once? Is he never in manhood, with manhood's data and manhood's experience to modify or even reverse what once seemed the very Truth itself? Nay, my brethren—the weak pride of consistency, the cowardice which dares not say, I have been wrong all my life, the false anxiety which is fostered to be true to our principles, rather than to make sure that our principles are true,—all this would leave in Romanism the man who is born a Roman. It is not so. The best and bravest have struggled from error into truth: they listened to their honest doubts, and tore up their old beliefs by the very roots.

Distinguish, however. A man may unsettle the verdict of his intellect; it is at his peril that he tampers with the convictions of his conscience. Every opinion and view must remain an open question, freely to be tried with fresh light. But there are Eternal Truths of Right and Wrong, such as the plain moralities and instinctive decencies of social life, upon which it is perilous to argue. There are plain cases of immediate duty, where it is only safe to act at once.

The Truth is made up of principles,—an inward Life, not any formula of words. God's character—spiritual worship—the Divine Life in the Soul. The words which I speak unto you, they are Spirit and they are Life. How could Pilate's question be answered except by a *life?* The Truth, then, which Pilate wanted—which you want, and I want—is not the boundless verities, but Truth of inward life. Truth for me: Truth enough to guide me in this darkling world; enough to teach me how to live and how to die.

HEALTH AND MONEY.

There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money; money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious, when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.

SCRAPS FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

When my spirit is agitated with various perplexing concerns, (and small matters *now* have that tendency,) the reading of some of these good letters have an influence on my mind like that produced on Saul by the sound of David's harp. . . . . .

What a mercy it is that when there is so much wickedness and abomination abounding in the earth, there are so many standing, as it were, in the gap, and interceding for the fruitless fig trees! I have been led into these reflections on reading ——'s letter and pausing to contemplate on that Almighty Power which makes a willing people, and on the sympathy into which congenial minds are led for those who are rightly engaged in laboring for the salvation of mankind.

Whether on the mountain or in the valley, in suffering or rejoicing, in life or in death, the feet of these dedicated servants are beautiful to the beholder, because they trace the path which leads to "the city of the saints' solemnities," the New Jerusalem, the quiet habitation, where their feeble and trembling hope shall terminate in the full fruition of joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Thy affectionate note called forth all the gratitude my heart was capable of feeling, and there was consolation in knowing *thou* wert animated with the fresh evidence that Almighty Power is round about for the support of those who trust therein. Oh! this *fresh* feeling, how necessary it is; for although by the exercise of our rational faculties we come to the conclusion that what has been will probably be again, yet this, like the light of the moon, only prevents our being in utter darkness, and falls far short in its effects of the warming, revivifying light of the sun.

Allow me, my beloved friend, to revive a Scripture declaration which I have felt to be impressive to both of us. "The Lord loveth an early sacrifice;" not only that which is made in early youth, but that obedience which is yielded to the first offerings of light upon the mind. The duty of a faithful servant to an earthly master may teach us a lesson in this respect; with the dawn of day he rises at the *well-known* call of his master and prepares himself for labor; when the increasing light enables him clearly to distinguish objects, he goes forth to his allotted toil with a cheerful alacrity inspired by the freshness of the morning, trusting that as he serves a kind master, his hours of rest and refreshment will be provided. Thus his work keeps pace with the day, and at night how sweet is the rest which he enjoys. Oh! were all thus faithful both in the field of their own hearts and in the cause of Truth, would not the wilderness become an Eden? But let us not lose time in mourning over the sad reverse, but rather welcome the chastisements which, as we co-operate with them, will at last correct our slothfulness, and teach us to render the obedience of love.

Although there has been no expression of it, yet often of late has the feeling of *encouragement* flowed sweetly towards thee, earnestly desiring that thou mayst continue to pursue a calm and steady, but still *onward* course, submitting cheerfully to every dispensation; believing, as I do, that a blessing is in store for thee, even that which thou hast learned to desire above all others, the blessing of a mind wholly governed by the divine influence.

We are told that no good thing will be withheld from those that love God; when, therefore, any laudable or innocent wish of the heart is withheld, we are to conclude that the thing is *not good* for us.

I have often thought of the allusion thou hast sometimes made to thy being unable to retain much of the instruction derived from books; may not this be designed to teach thee that the strength and enlargement of the mental faculties depends less upon additions to the store of knowledge, than upon the faithful *exercise* of those faculties? Though there is no particular feeling that thou art remiss in this particular, yet I would affectionately encourage thee to imitate the wise merchant, who grows rich by the active employment of his capital, rather than the miser, who accumulates by adding to his useless hoard.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 31, 1868.

THE "NATURAL MAN."—We were gratified with the suggestion of a correspondent in No. 30, that our pages should sometimes be used to inquire into the meaning of current phrases which have been adopted without examination, and which often tend to convey and perpetuate a fallacy. We agree with the writer that remarks on such subjects, made in the spirit of meekness and love, would promote enlargement of view, and even tend to growth in the spiritual life. For members of a Society which holds so prominently the importance of using *plain language*, such an investigation seems to be a duty. The use of *thee* and *thou* to a single person is but a small part of our testimony to "plainness of speech." This includes the use, on *all* occasions, of that language which is best adapted to convey our meaning, and the

consequent avoidance, as far as possible, of that which is ambiguous or undetermined.

In response to the query, What is the "Natural Man," we have received several essays, and while these vary with regard to clearness of statement, they are mainly in harmony with the one which appears in this number.

Adam Clarke defines "The Natural Man," as the term is used in 1st Cor. 2d chap. 14th verse, to be "The *animal* man; the man who is in a mere state of nature, and lives under the influence of his animal passions." "One who lives for the present world, having no respect to spiritual or eternal things."

This explanation of the Apostle's meaning would probably be satisfactory to all; though it might be doubted whether the word "natural" was the best one to convey the meaning intended. The words "nature" and "natural" are, however, used in Scripture in different senses.

Our correspondent asks what are the faculties *inherent* in man's nature, and whence their origin? The latter part of the question is soon answered; they are from God. To answer the former part fully, would require a treatise on physical, mental and moral philosophy. But it may be briefly stated thus: What are familiarly known as the animal propensities, man shares in common with the brutes, and they are necessary to the preservation and continuance of his animal body. There are also parts of that nature which man shares with the lower animals which may be denominated affections, because they seem to rank higher than mere animal propensities, such as the love of offspring, gratitude for kindness, the love of approbation, &c. But here the resemblance ceases, for it is the *reason* of man (using the term in its widest sense,) which distinguishes him from the lower animals and makes him a self-conscious, responsible, immortal being. To enumerate all these rational faculties is unnecessary. Among them are the ability to trace effects to their causes, the tendency to venerate or worship, the perception of right and wrong, the feeling of benevolence, the appreciation and love of the beautiful, and many others. A little reflection will show us that all these faculties, the highest as well as the lowest, are capable of being perverted and abused. Ignorance or erroneous teaching may direct the veneration to inferior objects and cloud or pervert the conscience. The love of the beautiful may be indulged to the exclusion of more important objects, and even benevolence may be led astray.

Though these propensities, affections and faculties act and react upon, and to a certain extent may be said to control each other, yet it is evident that they all need a higher control, and this brings us to the province of the spiritual man. "That is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, (animal) and afterwards that which is spiritual." The animal propensities are the first to show themselves in the child, needing the control of the superior wisdom of the parent. But when the human being has comprehended the meaning of the words "ought to do" and "ought not to do," the germ of the spiritual man is manifest; though not until the will and the affections have consciously chosen the good, and refused the evil, can it be said to be developed.

As the outward sun is the source of light, heat and sustenance to the animal man, so is the spiritual sun the source of light, heat and sustenance to the spiritual man; and the advantage to be derived by both will be in proportion as they are brought within the sphere of its influence.

Many wise and good men, both in ancient and modern times, have believed that reason alone was capable of directing and controling the lower affections and propensities, while no doubt many of these were acting under the guidance of a divine illumination, though they denominated it "reason." Others, Socrates and Plato for instance, recognized the guidance of a power within and above themselves. It is an interesting question whether the Society of Friends, who hold, in theory at least, the doctrine of this "inner light," sufficiently recognize its nature. If in its earliest stage it is a "germ," does it not require favorable circumstances to develop it? Are we waiting for the sun of heaven to shine upon it before we have prepared the soil, plucked up the weeds, and removed

every obstruction? Does not the spiritual babe which is to grow into the spiritual man require to be nourished, trained and taught? and are we earnestly inquiring what are the best means to this end?

MARRIED, at Bloomfield, N. J., on Fifth-day, Tenth month 15th, 1868, according to the order of the Society of Friends, EMMOR K. JANNEY, of Philadelphia, to MARY R., daughter of Giles H. Coggeshall of the former place.

——, By the approbation of Salem Monthly Meeting, Ohio, at the residence of Dr. Eli Garretson, on the 29th of Ninth month, 1868, HARDING BAILEY, formerly of Bucks Co., Pa., to LUCRETIA MOTT GARRETSON, of Salem, Ohio.

[This marriage, by mistake, two weeks ago was put among the deaths.]

DIED, at her residence, in Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa., on the 19th of Ninth month, 1868, MARY DAWES, in the 87th year of her age; a member of Makefield Monthly Meeting.

——, suddenly, at his residence, North Street, Cayuga Co., New York, on Tenth month 5th, 1868, CALEB MANCHESTER, in the 81st year of his age; an Elder of Scipio Monthly Meeting. He was beloved and respected by all, and will be much missed in our Society and the neighborhood generally.

——, on the 14th of Tenth month, 1868, at his residence at Locust Grove, Harford Co., Md., JOHN LEWIN, for many years a useful and respectable citizen, in the 92d year of his age; a member of Deer Creek Monthly Meeting. He passed through many trials, and often remarked, "Death has no terrors for me, I have outlived them all" He was sensible of the approaching change to the last, and, with a Christian hope, quietly passed away, in the full confidence of being received by his Heavenly Father.

——, in Baltimore, Md., on Fifth-day morning, 10th of Ninth month, 1868, HANNAH L., wife of George A, Pope, and daughter of Richard K. Betts, of Philadelphia.

THE LARGEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

A very erroneous idea is indulged in by many people, in relation to the largest city in the world. Many confidently assert that London is far superior, both in size and the number of its inhabitants. Such is not the case. Jeddo, the capital of Japan, is without exception the largest and most populous city in the world. It contains the vast number of one million five hundred thousand dwellings, and five millions of human souls. Many of the streets are twenty-two English miles long.—The commerce of Jeddo far exceeds that of any other city of the world, and the sea along the coast is constantly white with the sails of ships. Their vessels sail to the southern portion of the Empire, where they are laden with rice, tea, sea-coal, tobacco, silk, cotton, and tropical fruits, all of which can find a ready market in the north, and then return freighted with corn, salt, isinglass, and various other products which have a market in the south.—*Exchange Paper.*

THE INDIAN TROUBLES.

Letter from Bishop Whipple to the Indian Peace Commission.

At Thursday's session of the Indian Commission, in Chicago, the following letter from Bishop WHIPPLE, of Minnesota, was read:

TREMONT HOUSE, Oct. 7, 1868.

GENTLEMEN: I write to you freely, as to a Commission appointed by the nation to examine and redress the wrongs which have been inflicted upon the Indians, who are the wards of the Government.

Your commission was appointed at the earnest request of Christian men, who have vainly attempted to secure justice to the Indians. To you we all look, and of you the nation will require a strict account. I feel more keenly this history of shame because it casts a foul blot on the nation's honor; because I believe God is just, and will require that we shall reap exactly what we sow. The sad experience of a century ought to teach us that where robbery and wrong is the seed, blood will be the harvest. I am aware of the fearful clamor of vengeance which rises along our border. I know by the bitterness of our own experience the horrors of savage warfare. I have too many friends in nameless graves to offer one plea for savage violence. But even this does not and cannot release the claims of justice, of humanity, and our fear of God. We are writing history, and as true as God's words are true, if we continue the course we have followed, His curse will fall on us and our children.

There is no question that our Indian system is a blunder more than a crime, because its glaring evils would have been redressed if it had ever been calmly considered. We recognize them as nations; we pledge them our faith; we enter on solemn treaties, and these treaties are ratified as with all foreign Powers, by the highest authority in the nation. You know—every man who ever looked into our Indian affairs knows—it is a shameless lie. The treaties are often conceived in fraud, and made solely to put money in some white man's pocket. We then send them agents, knowing at the time we send them that they must steal; that they cannot and will not live on their pittance of salary. The agent and employes are appointed as a political reward for petty services.

Then follow frauds in contracts, pilfering in annuities, violations of solemn pledges, frequent removals, the savage left without law to protect him, with no incentive to labor, with harpies to plunder, vice and crime holding a carnival of death, until, maddened with frenzy, he wreaks his vengeance on the innocent people of the border.

Then follow our vain attempts at redress

Instead of calmly looking at the causes of the war and redressing wrong, we Christian men wage a blind war, often destroying our own friends, and it has happened that we have wantonly murdered helpless women and children. We spend millions, we kill ten of our own people to one Indian, and finally settle down on the devil's own idea that our only hope is in extermination. There is one Being that can exterminate, and a nation with half a million of graves over which the grass has hardly grown ought to learn this truth.

I admit all that you can say of the difficulty; but I do know that, if we give God the will, He will find us the way. The army may, and must, protect our people. It is a false protection if they repeat the scenes which have taken place, and which only serve to arouse into ten-fold more of hate all the passions of a savage race. In many instances, if time were given, or if friendly Indians were employed, murderers would be given up by the Indians themselves: and if not, we should only war on the guilty.

The people know that it is cheaper to feed than to fight the Indians. There is a great heart in the Saxon race which, although slow to act, will redress wrongs. The Indians can be taught to labor; they can receive the gospel. I know of no instance among our own race of greater fidelity than that of some of these poor Indians during the war.

I will not detain you longer. If you will allow me I will forward to you, in writing, the details of the history of the Sioux war, and the operations of the Indian system in Minnesota, which I made verbally to-day.

Permit me to assure you of the sympathies, aid and prayers of many who pity the helpless, and who believe their cry ascends to God.

Yours, respectfully. H. B. WHIPPLE.

From The American Naturalist.

DEATH OF FISHES IN THE BAY OF FUNDY.

BY A. LEITH ADAMS, M. D.

Among all the fluctuations of opinion respecting the nature of the causes to which the phenomena of the physical sciences are referrible, none in so short a period of time have undergone greater changes than we see represented in the history and progress of Geology. The first observers, more engaged in the discovery of appearances than in seeking to divine their causes, were led, by the wonderful but imperfect scenes constantly opening out before them, to infer, that the mysterious and extraordinary assemblages of strata and organic remains therein imbedded were owing to causes in every way distinct, both in kind and degree, from the laws which now govern the material universe. But the gigantic strides made in this science during the last half century have induced philosophers to conclude that throughout the vast periods of time of which geology takes cognizance, there has never been any intervention to the working of fixed and invariable laws of change. The elevation of land, distortion and dislocation of rocks, together with their assemblages of organic remains, were considered by the early observers to have been brought about by sudden and violent oscillations of level, earthquakes and diluvial agencies far exceeding both in extent and intensity any similar phenomena of which history has preserved records. But the modern progress of enlightenment has greatly modified such opinions, and now geologists, not content with the speculations of their predecessors, are earnestly endeavoring to interpret the GREAT STONE BOOK by comparing the former mutations in the earth's surface with those of our own times, and thus the science is being gradually divested of the supernatural appearances and fanciful conjectures, which, for many years, not only encompassed but also retarded its advancement. Even the simple enumeration of the discoveries which of late years have brought about this grand revolution in the thoughts and opinions of the modern school of geologists would far exceed our limits; we will therefore elucidate the subject by an example which came under our own notice, and attempt to show the reader that many similar appearances among the rock formations may possibly have been occasioned by similar causes.

In the Bay of Fundy, opposite the Island of Grand Manan, there is a large gap in the coast-line named Passamaquoddy Bay, into which several fair-sized rivers drain. One, called the Magagudavic River, is reached by means of a long fiord of several miles in length. At a short distance westward, there is a small creek named Anderson's Cove, formed in the trappean rocks of which the coast-line is composed. These beds are considered by geologists as belonging to the Devonian or Old-Red Sandstone formations of Southern New Brunswick. Anderson's Cove is, in fact, the sea-ending of a ravine down which runs a small stream into a very muddy lagoon of upwards of 1,300 feet in circumference. The latter is oval in shape, and communicates directly at high tide with Anderson's cove by means of a narrow and rocky channel, filled with masses of amygdaloid trap, fragments of which are mixed with the mud forming at the bottom of the lagoon. There is a beach of sand in front of the lagoon, besides a sea-wall formed of sand and masses of rocks and stranded logs of wood

Piled in disorder along the shore; so that, excepting during furious gales, the only direct communication with the lagoon is by the passage just mentioned. During high tide the waves rush up this channel with force, stirring up the mud of the lagoon, when the water in the basin frequently assumes almost the consistency of pea-soup. Thus the lagoon is a shallow morass of blackish water at low tide, receiving a constant supply of fresh water from the stream which is depositing its debris on the slimy bottom; moreover, land-shells and other organic remains are being conveyed by the stream or washed by the rain into the basin, whilst on the other hand the powerful tidal wave of the Bay of Fundy brings up quantities of marine Mollusca, Radiata, etc., remains of which strew its bottom and sides. Such, in all probability, has been the usual state of matters in this quiet corner of the bay for unreckoned ages, broken only at long intervals by occurrences such as we shall now describe.

On the 24th of September, 1867, a very heavy gale from the west blew directly into Anderson's Cove, and more especially on the entrance of the lagoon at the eastern end. The result was, that the mud become disturbed to an unusual extent, and the amount of the water in the area was doubled in quantity. During the gale enormous numbers of dead fishes were seen floating on the surface of the turbid waters of the morass, and on the following morning, when the hurricane had subsided, a spectacle presented itself, baffling anything of the kind observed by the residents on previous occasions. The entire lagoon, from its entrance to the limits of the tide, was covered with dead fishes. The species, with the exception of a few mackeral and New York flounder, was found to be the young of the American herring (*Clupea elongata*) averaging about six inches in length. This fish is said to spawn in the neighborhood, and usually large shoals had been observed for some weeks previously in and about Anderson's Cove. The author chanced to be in the vicinity about a fortnight after the occurrence just mentioned, and, when on his way to the scene of the disaster, was made uncomfortably aware of the proximity even at the distance of two miles, by an intolerable stench from decomposing fish, contaminating the atmosphere in every direction for five miles around Anderson's Cove. The smell was found to emanate not only from the latter, but also from the fields around, where many cart-loads had been deposited by the farmers; nevertheless, the quantities of rotting fish around the margin of the lagoon seemed very little diminished by the amount taken away for manure, not to mention what had been consumed by the flocks of gulls and crows which were feeding sumptuously on their remains.

After skirting the shore of Anderson's Cove we reached the entrance of the narrow, tortuous passage leading to the lagoon; here the first traces of the disaster were manifested by enormous quantities of fishes, impacted between and among the fallen masses of rock, which were literally besmeared all over with the crushed flesh and bones of herrings, whilst the sides and bottom of the lagoon were covered with their entire and mangled remains, forming heaps several feet in depth, more especially in places where there had evidently been eddies, whilst the limits of the tide were distinctly marked by a pile of their bodies which fringed the basin of the lagoon. On the muddy bottom they lay as thick as herrings in a barrel, interspersed with remains of crabs, lobsters, sea-mussels, and other shells, together with enormous numbers of the dead bodies of star-fish, etc.

A friend, who resides in the neighborhood, suggested that the shoal had been chased into the inclosure by sharks, or other predaceous fishes, and were subsequently suffocated by the muddy waters of the lagoon. But the mangled remains in the passage and shallow water in Anderson's Cove, together with the fury of the gale, rather seemed to indicate that the vast assemblage, getting into shallow water, and under the influence of the breakers, was driven pell-mell up the passage and against its rocky sides into the lagoon, where the survivors perished from the combined fury of the waves and the muddy waters. During our examination of the bottom of the lagoon it was apparent, even in the short space of time that had elapsed since the gale, that many of the fishes had been completely covered over by mud conveyed or re-disturbed by every tide, and deposited also from the water-shed around the morass. No doubt at that rate the whole of the organic remains, before long, became buried in the soft mire, and perhaps some geologists, in the far distant future, will be speculating on the cause or causes which brought about such a vast congregation of marine and land animals in so limited an area, just as he now theorizes on the probable causes of those vast assemblages of fossil animals he is accustomed to observe in many rock formations. For we have only to suppose one or more geological epochs to have passed away, and a slight elevation of the land, when, if a section were made of the spot where this lagoon now stands, there would be found an alluvial deposit on the surface, succeeded by a sedimentary stratum containing fragments of the

Devonian trap-rock of the neighborhood, accompanied by the vast assemblage of organic remains just described, and followed, perhaps, by similar objects at greater depths, succeeded, no doubt, by traces of the Glacial epoch, which are so vividly portrayed on the surface of surrounding country at the present day; and lastly, the old Devonian conglomerate in which the lagoon now stands. And whilst each will supply memorials of its own peculiar but relatively distant epochs, none will furnish more lasting and wonderful phenomena than the deposit which contains the fishes destroyed during the gale of the 24th of September, 1867.

Occurrences similar to that just described are apparently not common, at least along the coast of the Bay of Fundy, but enormous shoals of herrings and other fishes are met with at stated seasons, so that the accident of the 24th of September might occur again anywhere under the same favorable conditions. Moreover, it may be pretty confidently surmised, that the fish stranded in the lagoon were but a very small portion of the original shoal which entered Anderson's Cove, and thus, supposing the locality had been many times larger, there would have been no diminution in relative density of the dead fishes on its area.

Another example is recorded in the Journal of the Geological Society of London.* Thousands of dead fishes, thrown on the coast of Madras, were afterwards enveloped in sand and mud along with other marine animals and plants, so as to form a densely packed stratum of fishes, etc., of unknown breadth, but extending for a vast distance along the coast-line. The fishes were supposed to have been destroyed by the enormous fall of rain from the south-west monsoon, rendering the sea-water less saline. Be that the cause or not, it is by such facts as these, compared with similar phenomena of by-gone epochs, that the geologist is enabled to arrive at just conclusions, and it is in this way that the science of geology is progressing.

* June, 1862.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT.

"Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said the morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will inquire, inquire ye: return, come." Is. xxi. 11, 12.

"Watchman on the rampart standing,
Vigil keeping through the night,
Tell me, is it near the dawning—
Are the shadows taking flight?"

"Tell me, is "all well," O Watchman,—
Shine the stars with steady light?
Are the angry storm-clouds scattered,—
Burn the watch-fires on the height?"

"Long and sad has been my vigil,—
Slowly creep the hours away—
Full of gloom this dreary darkness,
Watchman *is it* near the day!"

"Nay, the darkness is but deepening—
Lo! the midnight draweth near—
Every beacon light hath faded—
Not a ray the gloom to cheer!"

"And the angry storm-clouds gather,
Hiding moon and stars from sight—
And the blast on sounding pinions,
Rushes onward in its might,"—

"Rushes onward, bringing terror
And destruction in its train;
Is thy day's work all accomplished—
Hast thou garnered in the grain?"

Or, hast thou some task neglected,
Till the day has taken flight?
That the darkness thus appalls thee,—
Brings dim phantoms to affright.

"Yet despond not, weary watcher!
Though the night is long and drear—
Soon the storm will spend its fury
And the dark clouds disappear!"

"Patient keep thy lonely vigil,
Watching for the dawning day,
For the night at length will vanish,
And the "shadows flee away!"

A. R. P.

Selected.

LINES SUGGESTED BY ATTENDING A SILENT MEETING OF FRIENDS.

The very place seemed holy, as from the busy street
Of the dusty, noisy city, I turned my weary feet,
And entering the meeting-house, I found assembled there
A number of the saint-like ones engaged in silent prayer.

Oh, that deep and solemn stillness, that there did brood around,
More holy than the voice of priest, or organ's sweetest sound,
It seemed to me that angel forms were floating through the air,
And I filled the void with faces which once assembled there.

You may talk of grand cathedrals with a lofty gilded spire,
Of the solemn pealing organ, and the chanting of the choir,
But give me that patient watchfulness, that sweet sublime reproof,
That is found in waiting on the Lord in spirit and in truth.

The aged ones with folded hands seemed waiting one and all,
To catch the welcome signal, their Father's looked-for call;
But as he yet allows them a little time to stay,
They with a blessing strengthen those who've just began the way.

In them there's no presumption, no showy forms of pride,
For in their humble worshiping *all* forms are laid aside,
And though no human voice is heard by those assembled there,
The Lord Jehovah listens! and records their silent prayer.

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

(Concluded from page 543.)

Between the two stone buildings a large central building, substantially fireproof, is soon to be erected. It will be in three sections, the middle one hundred by sixty feet, four stories high, with large halls for the museum and library, and for the collections. In the ends will be the permanent lecture-rooms, so arranged that the apparatus or specimens wanted for instruction can be readily carried from the cabinets. There will be a fine tower in the centre, in which will be placed a chime of bells, the gift of friends of the College.

There are several farm buildings, barns, dwelling houses, &c., and it is the intention to put up cottages for the professors hereafter. Considering the short time that has elapsed since the organization of the University, the work accomplished is truly marvellous, and the first day of the institution will find it ready to start in all departments.

The library is one of the most extensive and valuable in the country. Very full lists were prepared by the professors and bibliographers in all departments, and these were filled last summer and the books have already arrived.

Among the books can be enumerated complete sets of the *Comptes Rendus* of the French Academy; the annals of all the learned societies, and the leading journals in French, German and English; all of the publications of Morel, in France; of Levy, of Ernst and Korn, in Berlin; of Cæsar Daly; all of the leading publications on architecture, engineering, mining, physics, chemistry and natural history.

In history the library will probably be as rich as any in the land, as it will receive Mr. White's own private collection of ten thousand volumes, which is known to be well selected, and will be supplemented by whatever is wanting in this direction. The Russian and French governments have contributed largely to this department. There are complete sets of the London *Times* to 1830; the *Examiner*, *Blackwood*, *Saturday Review*, all complete to date. Mr. MacMillan has presented a complete set of his publications. The English government has given all of the scientific and technological works of the Patent Office, with the maps and specifications.

As a proof that the classics are not to be neglected, the trustees have purchased the library of the late Dr. Anthon, and also the philological library of Professor Bopp. Although the library has been brought together rapidly, it still contains the best books in all departments of letters, arts and sciences.

A friend of the University has offered to give $30,000 towards the erection of a library building, and another gentleman will give books costing a like sum. It will thus appear that this branch of the University is not likely to suffer.

The various professors in the experimental departments made out complete lists of the apparatus they deemed essential for instruction, and Mr. White, during a recent tour in Europe, was able to have all of their orders filled. The best optical apparatus made by Duboscq was secured, also balances from Deleuil; the famous accoustical apparatus of König, the best things from Desaga, of Heidelberg, Nöllner, of Darmstadt; also a complete set of mechanical models of Schrœder, in Darmstadt, and all of the models made by the brothers Rigg, of Chester, under the direction of Professor Willis, of Cambridge; and one hundred and eighty-seven models of ploughs, by Dr. Rau, of Carlsruhe, and the English diagrams of the Kensington Museum.

For Anatomy and Physiology, Mr. White purchased the entire collection of Anatomie Clastique of Auzoux—the model of a horse alone costing fifteen hundred dollars.

For instruction in Geology Mr. Cornell purchased and presented to the University the valuable collection of palæontology of Colonel Jewett; in addition to this there will be a full set of duplicates from the state cabinet.

In mineralogy the trustees have recently purchased the cabinet of Professor Silliman. This cabinet contains many specimens from original localities, and is the result of many years of careful selection on the part of the distinguished chemist from whom it has been secured.

It would carry us too far to specify in detail all of the implements of instruction that have been brought together at the Cornell University. The trustees do not pretend that the collections are complete; but it must be said for them that they have made a good use of their time. It is a rare thing for an institution to commence its first term with such a thorough equipment as will be possessed by the Cornell University on the day of its opening.

MANUAL LABOR.

Since the publication of Mr. Cornell's letter upon this point, more than two thousand letters have been received from young men who are anxious to acquire an education while they are supporting themselves by working at their trades. Some of these, who possess sufficient elementary training to enable them to enter the lowest class, can be furnished with occupation a part of the time, provided they are mechanics. Others can be

employed on the college farm. Everybody knows how difficult it is to acquire lessons and perform manual labor alternately; and if the manual labor is performed, to have it of any value is still more rare. A mechanic when he is learning his trade receives very small wages, and such wages are usually conditional upon his remaining a sufficient number of years to make suitable return for the outlay. It is questionable whether a student can become sufficiently skilled to render his labor of much value.

If the element of gain be left out of the question it puts the matter in a new light, and it is here that the Cornell University will be distinguished from all others. The plan is to establish machine shops, with a good engine, planing tables and all kinds of saws, so that the students can copy some of the numerous models imported for instruction. By making mechanical models, and by preparing apparatus, the students can learn very much, and the institution can save itself from loss by selling many of these articles to other colleges. The machine shop will be presided over by a competent engineer, and students will be permitted to work in it under the same regulations that now obtain in the chemical laboratories.

The introduction of practical instruction in chemistry was attended with great difficulties, but it is now universally adopted. The introduction of practical instruction in physics and mechanics in suitable shops will also require some experience, but when once fairly begun, it will prove as successful as our laboratory instruction now is. The success of the undertaking at the Cornell University will be looked for with great interest, and may lead to a change in the methods of instruction in other institutions.

Twenty resident and seven non-resident professors have already been appointed. They have been selected, after careful scrutiny, from a long list of candidates recommended by the best authorities of the country. They are generally young men with a good many years of hard work in them. All of them have had more or less experience as teachers, and they represent in their religious faith all of our leading Christian denominations.

By the charter of the College, no religious denomination can ever be permitted to obtain control, but religious exercises of the chapel will be conducted by a chaplain to be selected for the purpose. The students will be expected to attend chapel just as they are in all colleges.

The price of tuition will be thirty dollars a year, and the students will be charged the actual cost price of board in the hall.

The inaugural exercises are to take place on the 7th of October. It is expected that these exercises will be attended by many distinguished men of letters and science, who have been invited. The regular duties of the College will commence immediately after these ceremonies, and it will then be determined what number of students will present themselves for admission. The number of applications has been very large, but as many will not be able to pass the examinations, it is not anticipated that more than four hundred will be entered now. One student will be received gratuitously from each Assembly district in the State, who shall be recommended by the supervisors after a competitive examination.

We have thus presented an outline of what has been accomplished at the Cornell University. The institution will start under most favorable auspices, and with the hearty sympathy and best wishes of the whole country. The princely generosity of Mr. Cornell must command universal admiration, and the admirable executive administration displayed by President White will be counted a happy augury of the ultimate success of the University.

THE ANXIETIES OF LIFE.—Only a weak person can sink under the weariness and anxiety of life. The most gloomy and joyless position in life has its points of light, if one will but see them. In every care and trouble we may most surely find within ourselves the springs of consolation. If our surrounding circumstances disturb or vex us, let us seek for some plan of freedom and an inward rich life within ourselves. To learn to think is to learn to live and enjoy.

A CONVENTION OF WOMEN IN GERMANY.

On the 17th of this month the women of Germany are to hold a conference at Stutgard, but not for the purpose of discussing the question of suffrage. The points they intend to discuss they have brought together in the following programme:

1. To find out the best ways and means to teach young mothers how best to regulate the physical education of their children.

2. The establishment of small museums of literature, art and industry. These museums would not merely contain the best works of literature and art especially adapted for women, but they would principally be a kind of schools or academies. Places for meetings, lectures and the like, in which topics, such as the education of children and matters of domestic interest, should be treated by competent women and men, if these can be prevailed upon to assist in the movement. There would also be Sunday Schools for women and

girls of all clases, savings banks, supply associations, offices for those that wanted places, &c.

3. The commencement of a reform in dress, chiefly directed against the vagaries of fashion, and the best ways and means to carry out this reform effectually. As a basis for this reform the following points have been accepted:

a. That nothing be declared "old-fashioned" which has once found itself useful and appropriate and becoming.

b. That nothing new be adopted unless it has proved itself to be both to the purpose and answering the demands of good taste.

c. That all garments and objects of toilet that are hurtful to health be put away.

d. To inquire whether a large saving might not be effected in things of dress, so that the expenses might be made more appropriate to the income.

4. The transformation of benevolent female institutions into "self-supporting and earning female institutions."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Dr. CHALMERS beautifully says: "The little that I have seen in the world and known of the history of mankind teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsations of joy; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; health gone, happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it comes."

Oaths are vulgar, senseless, offensive, impious; like obscene words, they leave a noisome trail upon the lips, and a stamp of odium upon the soul. They are inexcusable. They gratify no sense, while they outrage taste and dignity.

Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks in the mind.

ITEMS.

There was a severe earthquake in San Francisco on the morning of the 23d inst., which threw down several houses in the lower part of the city, and damaged many buildings in other portions. Five persons were killed and thirty injured by the falling walls and chimneys, and about one hundred buildings more or less damaged. Severala dditional shocks occurred on the two following days, the 24th and 25th inst. Great excitement prevailed, causing a partial suspension of business, The loss is variously estimated at from $300,000 to $2,000,000. Considerable damage was also done throughout the State by the previous shocks, except in the southern portion, where the disturbance was slight.

According to a decree of the Spanish Provisional Government, all children born of slaves in the Spanish colonies, after the 17th of this month are to be free. Thus does the revolutionized and liberal government of Spain prepare to follow in the steps of revolutionized and liberal America. When the present generation of slaves die, slavery will be wholly abolished in Cuba and Porto Rico.

CALIFORNIA.—It seems hardly possible that twenty years ago California was comparatively an unknown land, and that since that time not only have hundreds of thousands flocked to it for gold, but that its wealth as an agricultural country should cause it to be full of attraction for even a larger portion of the community. With its excellent climate, the Pacific Railroad constructed across it, and its fertile soil, California is one of the most promising countries in the world. Farmers who went there in the early days of the State looked forward to gaining enough by toiling in the gold fields to compensate them, and after a few years they hoped to retire with wealth sufficient to repay their exertions. But recently, agricultural labor has proved in many cases so much more remunerative, that many find the crops more to be depended upon than the product of the mines, and wheat, barley and corn more valuable than gold. In 1867, for instance, eight millions of bushels of wheat, exported, brought thirteen millions of dollars in cash. There were besides seven millions of bushels for home supply. This, with nine million pounds of wool and two million bushels of potatoes, were not a bad yield for a young State like California. The mildness of the winter also renders stock raising easy and profitable. Twenty-five millions of vines show that grape growing is quite as lucrative. The produce of 1853, from mining alone, was sixty-five millions of dollars, while in 1867, only twenty five millions was the amount of gold yielded; but this falling off has been far more than made up by the increase in agricultural produce. Rice, cotton, tobacco and silk are among the articles the culture of which has commenced, and there is no limit to their production. With a territory seven hundred miles long and two hundred and fifty miles broad, forming a State of about a hundred and sixty thousand square miles, and having three times as much arable land as the whole of Great Britain and Ireland, and nearly as much as the whole territory of France, California is sure to attract a large agricultural population. All kinds of fruit and vegetables can be raised, and from twenty-five to eighty bushels of wheat per acre is the yield of enclosed fields.

Already her manufactures are estimated at thirty millions of dollars per annum, and their amount is constantly increasing.—*Phlada. Ledger.*

THE PRODUCT of printed cotton cloth in the United States in 1826, it is stated, was about 3,000,000 yards. In 1836, it reached 120,000,000. In 1855, there were twenty-seven print works in the United States, which produced in the aggregate 350,000,000 yards per year. This amount, at an average of ten cents per yard, was worth $35,000,000. In 1854, our exports of printed goods amounted to $3,000,000. Our imports of printed cottons in 1856 reached $19,110,752. Our exports in 1857 were only $1,785,685 worth. The total production of printed goods in 1860, according to the census of that year, was $7,748,644. There are six million cotton spindles now in operation in the United States, of which over two million are running on cloths for printing, and produce 450,000,000 yards.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 7, 1868. No. 36.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.

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REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

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REVIEW

Of W. Tallack's "Friendly Sketches in America," and "George Fox, the Friends, and the Early Baptists."

BY S. M. JANNEY.

(Concluded from page 547.)

There are several more topics of interest embraced in Wm. Tallack's work entitled "George Fox, the Friends, and the Early Baptists," which I propose now to consider. The first is the view he takes of the sphere of woman in the gospel ministry. He says: "George Fox and the Baptists before him rightly recognized the importance of the exercise of spiritual gifts by women. Both the Old and the New Testament recognize the gift of ministry to these; but they explicitly limit the place of its exercise. Paul says: 'I suffer not a woman to speak in the churches.' There was no female apostle, nor any female missionary, sent forth by our Saviour or by the Apostles as a *public* preacher. But doubtless many good women were qualified by the Holy Ghost to minister edification and consolation in the more *private* circles of the church, and by household visitation or family influence. The Friends (including G. Fox) appear to have greatly overlooked this scriptural *limitation* of woman's ministry. They have rightly permitted it a place in the church, but have often suffered from giving it too great liberty beyond the biblical examples and rules respecting it."*

This doctrine seems to me to be at variance with the broad ground taken by the Apostle in his Epistle to the Galatians, where speaking of those who are "the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus," he says: "There is *neither male nor female*, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." The expressions requiring women to keep silence in the church, and not to teach or usurp authority over the man, which are found in Paul's Epistles, (1 Cor. xiv. 34, and 1 Tim. ii. 12) should be construed in accordance with the general principle that spiritual gifts are bestowed upon both sexes, as prophesied by Joel in the name of the Lord, and rehearsed by Peter on the day of Pentecost. "On my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my spirit, and they shall prophesy." Accordingly we find there were in the Apostles' days women who prophesied in the church; that is, they spoke "to edification, exhortation or comfort."

As Paul, in his first Epistle to the Corinthians, gives directions respecting the manner in which a woman should pray or prophesy, it is obvious that he did not intend to prohibit the exercise of this gift in places of divine worship. There were, doubtless, inquisitive women at Corinth who disturbed the church by asking questions in their meet-

*P. 166.

ings for worship, and they were enjoined to ask their husbands at home.

It is maintained, however, by some of the English Friends of the present day, that although *prophesying*, under the influence of Divine grace, was permitted to women, they were prohibited from *teaching* in religious assemblies, which requires a different gift. In a work entitled "The Sure Foundation," by W. C. Westlake, Honorary Editor of the Friends' Examiner, published in London, there are two foot-notes expressive of his opinion on this subject.

In the first note, on page 26, he quotes from Locke on the Epistles of St. Paul as follows: "The women in the churches were not to assume the personage of doctors, or speak there as teachers; this carried with it the appearance of superiority, and was forbidden. But this subordination to man, which God, for order's sake, had instituted in the world, hindered not, but that He might make use of the weaker sex to an extraordinary function whenever he thought fit." The second note, on page 63, is here subjoined, to wit:

"The difference between preaching and teaching is a very important one. The former is regarded by Friends as a special mission to special congregations; and the latter is the imparting to the ignorant around us those *general* truths which, in the providence of God, we have been permitted to lay hold of. The fact that, under the gospel, women are allowed to preach, *but not to teach* (vide note, p. 26) also shows the fundamental distinction that exists."

This distinction between the gifts of preaching and teaching, has of late years claimed much more attention among the English Friends than it formerly did, and they appeal for authority to the Apostle Paul. In his Epistle to the Ephesians, after alluding to the spiritual gifts conferred by Christ, he says: "And he gave some apostles; and some prophets; and some evangelists; and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." And in the Epistles to the Romans, he writes: "Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith; or *ministry*, let us wait on our ministering; or he that *teacheth*, on teaching."

This diversity of spiritual gifts has always been recognized by the Society of Friends, but the gift of teaching has chiefly been exercised in our meetings for discipline. We know that many who do not claim to be ministers, speak in such meetings very pertinently and acceptably on our principles and testimonies, and they sometimes exhort to faithfulness in an edifying manner. We have also some exhorting elders who speak or teach occasionally in our meetings for worship.

It is the opinion of W. C. Westlake, that the neglect of the gift of Teaching has been very injurious to the Society of Friends. Thus he writes: "The devoting our intellectual and physical talents to the service of Christ is an acknowledged duty; and whilst other sects have erred in allowing the office of preacher to sink down into the lesser one of teacher, the Friends have unduly relied upon the former to the almost entire exclusion of the latter. Both are clearly of divine appointment, and any church ignoring the existence of either, or confusedly mingling them together, must become dwarfed and suffer loss."*

Admitting that the gift of teaching is distinct from that of the ministry, the question arises, Is it not sometimes conferred on women? And if they have it, shall they be prohibited from its exercise in public? The objection most generally urged against it, rests chiefly on the two texts before cited, in one of which the apostle required the women of Corinth to keep silence in the churches, and in the other he forbade women to teach. It is written, however, that when Aquila and Priscilla had heard Apollos teach in the synagogue, "knowing only the baptism of John," they took him unto them and expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly. Hence it appears that a woman was engaged, with her husband, in *teaching* a Jewish convert who was "an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures."

It may be replied that this was private instruction and not public teaching. The objection then rests on the *publicity* of the teaching, which was thought unbecoming for a woman. This is indeed the whole gist of the matter. It may not have been *expedient* for women to become public teachers among the Greeks, who thought it indecorous for one of that sex to appear unveiled in public places. Their women occupied an inferior rank in society, and those of *pure character* were much secluded from the public gaze. Paul said of himself, "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient." He might, therefore, on the ground of expediency, discourage women from appearing as public teachers of Christian doctrine, although some of them prayed and prophesied in the congregations of believers. It does not necessarily follow that it is *now* inexpedient for women to teach religious truth in public, if

*The Sure Foundation, p. 63.

they are qualified for that service, since many of their sex are engaged, without a breach of decorum, in teaching publicly the physical sciences.

The Epistles of Paul were doubtless adapted to the condition of the churches to which they were addressed, but some of his instructions were limited in their application to that age and country. For instance, he discouraged marriage, and advised people to follow his own example of celibacy, alleging as one reason for it, "I suppose therefore that this is good for the *present distress.*" Foreseeing calamities at hand, he thought it was not expedient *then* to marry; yet in warning the churches against false teachers that would come "in the latter times," he describes them as "*forbidding to marry* and commanding to abstain from meats."

The views I am controverting have been brought forward by English Friends at an unpropitious time; for both in their country and our own, the tendency of the age is, not to contract, but to enlarge the sphere of woman.

Wm. Tallack expresses very decidedly his opinion, that the Society of Friends will not become extinct; and that a further reduction of its numbers would not materially impair its efficiency, provided only that its principles are maintained.

After alluding to "the individualizing and perceptible guidance of the Holy Spirit," as "the great doctrine which George Fox and the Friends have specially borne testimony to," he thus proceeds: "There is still an unabated need of the continuance of this Quaker testimony." . . . . . "But *that* Society may be now in danger of lowering its high and noble standard. There is now a peril before it, of seeking to assimilate its principles too much to those of other sects for the sake of proselytism or church extension. May this hitherto eminently useful body be preserved from losing its remarkable power, by a vain attempt to grasp at numerical extension! Such an attempt *must* be futile; for Quakerism (as all its history and experience prove) *is utterly unfit for the many.* The great mass of mankind *cannot* and will not be imbued with it, because it is too restraining and too eclectic for them. Its special formation consists in indirectly *influencing* the world for good through the medium of a comparatively few disciplined independent spirits, calling no man master in a religious sense, seeking the glory of God and the welfare of their fellowmen, but relying for aid in each of these two objects upon the promptings and heaven-given power which the cultivation of prayerful individual responsibility peculiarly cherishes by its more practical realization of God's own government in the soul."*

A different view of this subject is presented by W. C. Westlake. In his well-written work called the "Sure Foundation," he says: "If Quakerism be not really adapted to the spiritual wants of all, then George Fox was under a delusion in promulgating a faith which was not 'simple Christianity,' but one suited only to a certain class; but if, as there is abundant evidence to prove, from the past histories of thousands, and from living evidences now around us, it does meet the wants of the humblest and least educated, as well as the learned, the wealthy and the profound thinker, no abstract ideas upon toleration, or the universality of grace, can remove the weight of responsibility which rests upon every strict Friend to invite all men to share his special privileges.

"No statement of mine can exaggerate the change in practice between the first Friends and their representatives of the present day. In the early life of the Society every member was engaged, either publicly or privately, in teaching the truth to those without the pale; hundreds of converts from amongst the dissolute and the good, were annually made; but the impression is now so engraven upon the minds of its staunchest and strictest supporters, that the main work to do is to hedge in those who are already members, and to keep themselves a separate as well as a peculiar people; that no alarm from the watch-towers has yet been sounded sufficient to shake that civil compact of worldly advantage which narrows the entrance to their community. My conviction is, that this entire change in the object of Quakerism is a principal cause of its decline. Laws framed upon a desire to keep up something of a Jewish theocracy, and an hereditary and distinct race, will only produce an increase of pharisaic strictness and outward profession, and members will be judged by their external consistency instead of by their sincerity of heart.

"No people can become great by themselves; the help from without, exciting and adding to the energy within, is needful for the growth of every community. Unless, therefore, the Friends abandon the doctrine of fortifying their own citadel by the erection of bulwarks, fences, privileges and protection, and go back to the good old open and world-wide principles of Fox and Barclay, they will justly suffer from that greatest of all church privations, the loss of converts gathered from every hand."†

Here are two conflicting views presented

*G. Fox, &c., p. 188.
†Pp. 60, 61.

for our consideration. According to the first, it is assumed that a select body of consistent Christians, carrying out in practice the principles of Truth, can gain few proselytes, and will fulfil its mission by influencing other denominations that are better adapted for operating on the masses. According to the second, if Quakerism is not adapted to the masses of mankind, to the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, it is not that "simple Christianity" which Christ and his Apostles preached, and which gathered all ranks to its standard, but chiefly the poor.

It must have occurred to most reflecting minds among us, that when the poor and the friendless need counsel and aid they apply with confidence to Friends, and are seldom disappointed; but they show no inclination to join our ranks, although some of them attend our meetings. This is especially the case with the colored people. They consider the members of our Society their best friends, but they seldom attend our stated meetings for divine worship, and almost invariably seek elsewhere for religious fellowship. It would be well for us to reflect upon this subject, seeking for divine aid to remedy our deficiencies and to fulfil our religious duties.

Both Tallack and Westlake are of opinion that the system of birth-right membership ought to be abolished. By the former it is spoken of as "a strikingly inconsistent anomaly which has greatly injured Friends as a body;" by the latter it is considered "contrary to the fundamental tenets of the Society." They suggest that the children of Friends should be carefully educated and kept under the care of the Society until they are of a suitable age to decide for themselves whether they will be members or not.

In view of this proposition, Westlake writes: "Were all the children of Friends expected, at a certain period of life, to investigate for themselves the ground of their educational faith before becoming full members of the church, it might not only strengthen the body by separating those who prefer remaining probationers or half-members, but also induce a closer study of the lives and principles of Friends, and lead to an honest examination of many things which are now received on tradition, or on the faith of others. Church fellowship being clearly ordained in the New Testament, entails upon every Christian the duty of attaching himself to that community in which his convictions are most nearly professed; but it was not formerly required that a convert to Quakerism should subscribe to any tenet. The applications for membership have been, and now are, materially affected by an expected conformity in non-essentials, as well as fundamentals; such requirement is not in accordance with that gradual growth unto perfection that is a distinguishing mark of the Christian's path, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."*

These views are well worth considering but I am not aware that there is, in birthright membership, anything inconsistent with Friends' principles. We believe the words of our Saviour, who, speaking of little children said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." A state of innocence, however, is not as high and steadfast as a state of tried virtue,—a union of the soul with God by regeneration.

There is one conclusion which observation and reflection have established in the mind of many Friends. It is the necessity of providing more religious instruction for our junior members and other young persons who attend our meetings, than they have hitherto received. The gift of teaching, which is undoubtedly conferred upon many, has been sadly neglected; a part of the flock has been scattered, and some remain in a state of indifference. The First-day schools established among us within a few years past have had a tendency in some places to remedy this evil. I trust that there is an increasing zeal in the occupancy of spiritual gifts. May we ever remember, that though Paul may plant and Apollos water, God only can give the increase.

In closing this review of William Tallack's writings relating to Friends, I must not omit to notice the interesting account he gives of the various benevolent and Christian labors in which the English Friends have been and are now engaged. I honor them for their noble charities, and their Christian zeal in relieving the indigent, instructing the ignorant and elevating the degraded. "Herein is my Father glorified," said our Lord and Master "that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be my disciples."

EXTRACTS.

If there be any part of our nature which is essentially human, and to effect the excision of which would destroy its humanity, it is the craving for sympathy. The perfect one gave sympathy and wanted it. Gave it, as every page will show; wanted it—"Could ye not watch with me one hour?" "Will ye also go away?" "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" Found it, surely, even though his brethren believed not in him; found it in John, and Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus.

Here we are in a world of mystery, where much is difficult and dark; where a hundred

*The Sure Foundation, pp. 78, 79.

arring creeds declare themselves the truth, nd all are plausible. How shall a man de- ide? Let him *do* the right that lies before im: much is uncertain—some things, at least, re clear. Whatever else may be wrong, it nust be *right* to be pure, to be just and ten- er, and merciful and honest. It must be ight to love and to deny one's self. Let him o *the will* and he shall know. Observe; men egin the other way. They say, If I could ut believe, then I would make my life true. f I could but be sure what is truth, then I ould make my life true. If I could but be ure what is truth, then I would set to work o live in earnest. No; God says, *act*—make he life true, and then you will be able to be- ieve. Live in earnest, and you will know he answer to what is Truth.

Let a child's religion be expansive, capable f expansion, and as little systematic as pos- ible; let it lie loose upon the heart like the ight soil, which can be broken through as the eart bursts into fuller life. If it be trod- len down, hard and stiff in formularies, it is nore than probable that the whole must be urst through and broken violently and hrown off altogether, when the soul requires oom to germinate.—*F. W. Robertson.*

The following communication, which ap- eared in a late number of the British Friend, s adapted to the comprehension of all, and xhibits in its true light that form of Chris- ianity denominated Quakerism, as distin- guished from other religious professions. We would commend it to the consideration of all, as a plain and faithful exhibit of the distin- guishing characteristics of the Society of Friends. EDS.

QUAKERISM (SO CALLED.)

From the frequent (and some of them) un- christian attacks, which have of late been made on the Society of Friends, and on the character and writings of its founders, by per- sons of other religious communities, as well as by some who once professed membership with us, it might naturally be inferred that the re- ligious system called Quakerism has produced results eminently prejudicial to the spiritual and moral interests of man. The impression on my own mind having always been the re- verse of this, I have been led strictly to re-ex- amine the constitution of the Society, in re- spect both to its scriptural foundation and its practical tendency; and I have been con- firmed in the belief—that true Quakerism comes nearer to true Christianity than any other profession with which I am acquainted. The following is a summary of the principal reasons which have led me to this conclusion, and to the preference I give it:—

Because its predominant religious character is especially based on the spiritual *as well* as outward offices of the Redeemer; and reli- gious truth considered more a matter of expe- rience than of speculation; hinging more upon holiness of heart and life, than upon subtleties of doctrine, on which the most sin- cere, learned, and pious men have so differed.

Because it appears to me to embrace in Faith and Practice all that is essential in true Christianity, as recorded in the New Testa- ment, without subjecting itself to ceremonial rites, not intended as of perpetual obligation, and which have been the occasion of such endless contention and bitter animosity amongst the professors of Christianity—effects at variance with the genuine spirit of the Gos- pel and detrimental to its interests.

Because Spirituality is the distinguishing principle of its Worship, which is considered a concern between the soul of man and his Maker alone, and is therefore not necessarily dependent on any man, nor on time, place, or other outward circumstances.

Because I think its Discipline is consistent with the order of the Gospel, and accordant with the Christian duty to watch over one an- other for good, comprising a superintendence of the religious, moral, and temporal welfare of individual members, and tending to strengthen and edify the Body.

Because I think it estimates the Holy Scriptures more correctly than is generally done, inasmuch as it maintains that what has been divinely revealed through them by the Holy Spirit, cannot be rightly understood ex- cept through its aid, and is of too high and holy a character to be treated as a common topic of investigation, or made a theme for acrimonious disputation. It reverently and thankfully receives the sacred writings as re- corded communications of God to man, and as being confirmed to our own minds, not by the authority of any man or synods of men, but by the immediate testimony of the very power which imparted them.

Whilst reverently ascribing whatever is good among us to the efficacy of Divine Grace, it is allowable, when the religious principles of the Society are misunderstood and assailed, to refer for evidence of their Christian soundness, to that which was de- clared by our Redeemer to be the true test of principles, namely, their fruits: thus in respect to the Society as a body, it appears to me to be in advance of other Christian communities on several important practical points—such as its testimony against a worldly and merce- nary system of ministry and church govern- ment—against war, slavery, and oaths—in

all which views many serious and reflecting people now participate. I also think that the care and interest manifested towards its poor, is in a greater degree congenial with the Spirit of the Gospel than that generally practised; and that even in respect to simplicity of language, dress, and manners, its profession is more in accordance with the New Testament than what is commonly adopted. With regard to individuals who compose the Society, there is doubtless much to be lamented: all are liable to the frailties and imperfections of our nature, but I am persuaded that a large proportion of the faults among us arise from a *deviation from our principles.* On the other hand, when these have been rightly understood, sincerely adopted, and faithfully adhered to, love to God and man has been a prevailing bias of the mind;—piety, benevolence, and integrity, conspicuous traits of character. And with thankfulness be it spoken, that through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, numerous have been the instances where such have finished their earthly course in peace and joy.

Finally, it is as plain to me as any mathematical demonstration, that if the principles and practices of the Society were generally adopted, the condition of mankind would be infinitely improved. That they make little progress in the world, only shows that they are not *attractive*, but is no proof of their being erroneous, since it is declared that "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called;" and that "Straight is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth to life, and few there be that find it."

A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

JANE STUART.

A curious and interesting entry occurs in the *Friends' Register of Burials at Wisbeach*, respecting Jane Stuart of that place. The following is a copy of the register:—

J. S. { "Jane Stuart departed this life on 12th of 7th mo., on first day, about one o'clock, ye 14th, aged 88. King } 1742

Supposed to be descended from James 2nd; she lived in a cellar in the old Market Wisbech—the house has been rebuilt by Chs. Freeman"—

Respecting this extraordinary individual, the following notices appeared, forty years ago, in vols. xxviii. and xxix. of the *Monthly Magazine* or *British Register;* at that time one of the most influential periodicals of the day:—

(From the Monthly Mag., 10th month 1, 1809.)

EXTRACTS FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MAN OF LETTERS.

A natural daughter of King James II. was convicted of *Friends'* principles, and imprisoned for the same with Thomas Ellwood, &c. Upon her being engaged to a young man for marriage, and the day fixed, as they were on the road the coach overturned, and her intended husband was killed, and his brother broke his leg. She staid in London, and nursed the young man till he recovered; when assuming some habit of disguise, she travelled on foot to the Isle of Ely, and inquiring at some Friend's house for employment, the master asked her, "What she could do?" she answered, "She was willing to put her hand to anything." He then said, "Canst thou reap?" She replied, "She could hardly tell; but, if he pleased, she would try." So he sent her into the field; and before evening, she discovered herself to be so great a proficient at reaping, as to be called "Queen of the Reapers." She constantly attended the adjacent meeting; and, observing a rock hard by, she either put up with a natural cave in the rock, or had a cell made herein, where she lived quite recluse, spinning for her employment. She told Sarah Taylor that she "enjoyed such contentment and peace, that she would not leave her cell and spinning-wheel to be Queen of England." She had been at most of the European courts, particularly the Hanoverian and Prussian; and the Pretender being her supposed brother, she once travelled by chaise into Scotland to see him.

(From the Monthly Mag., 2d Month 1, 1810.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Sir,—Jane Stuart, the extraordinary character of whom some account is given in the *Monthly Magazine* for October last, supposed to be a natural daughter of King James II., after renouncing the world, and splendor of courts, resided at Wisbeach in Cambridgeshire. It is to be regretted that few memorials remain of her; but two ancient and respectable inhabitants, now deceased, have related to the writer of this the following incidents:

"When she first came, she sought employment by standing (as is usual with laborers, at this day, who want work) on or near the foot of the bridge, where, in hay-time and harvest, the farmers resort every morning to hire. She selected for her abode, a cellar, in a part of the town called the Old Market, where she spun worsted; to dispose of which, she regularly had a stall on the market-day. Being once thus employed, she recognized, by the arms and livery, a coach and attendants going to the principal inn (the 'Rose and Crown,') near to which her stall stood; upon which, she immediately packed up her worsted, retired to her cell, and carefully concealed herself. The owner, who was said to be the Duke of Argyle, endeavored to find

her; but without effect. The house under which she lived, has since been rebuilt; and part of it is now occupied by the Lady Mary Knollis, aunt to the present Earl of Banbury. She constantly attended, when in health, the meeting of the Society of Friends, in Wisbeach; was humble and exemplary in her conduct—well esteemed by her neighbors—invariably avoided all conversation relative to her family connections; and when, in the freedom of intercourse, any expression inadvertently escaped, leading to an inquiry, she stopped short, seemed to regret having disclosed so much, and silenced further research. She read the New Testament in Greek; but even this circumstance was discovered accidentally, by an unexpected call. She was fond of birds, which were frequently allowed to leave their cages and fly about in her apartment. When near eighty, she had a new set of teeth. She died (according to the Friends' register) the 12th of 7th month, 1742, aged 88, and was buried in the Society's graveyard, at Wisbeach; where, out of respect to her memory, box has been planted round her grave, with her initials, age, and date; which still remain to mark the spot of her interment. Yours, &c., A."

The box-planting on the grave is yet preserved; and is trimmed short, so as still to exhibit the initials, &c.—*Armistead's Miscellany.*

SCRAPS FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS RECENTLY RECEIVED.

When our motives and well-meant actions are severely judged, it requires nice steerage, lest in our remonstrances we are betrayed into a wrong spirit, and may have cause to regret that we ever made the attempt to justify ourselves. I feel a comfortable hope that as we are watchful, not only with respect to what may be right to do under the circumstances, but as to times and seasons, we shall be favored to work through with more satisfaction than in moments of discouragement we had dared to hope for. Our anticipations of trouble often exceed the reality, and it is the part of wisdom to endeavor to live every day in a state of resignation to passing events; and we may be comforted in the persuasion that no duty will be required of us which it is impossible for us to fulfil.

The young people who have just entered into the solemn covenant of marriage have my cordial wishes for their comfort; and though the prospect as to the things of this world is not very promising, yet if they do but set out right, and persevere in the right way, they may hope for the Divine blessing *on a little*, which is far better than an overflowing abundance without it. As we advance in years, our desires are more fervent that this inestimable blessing may be increased to ourselves and to our children. Without it, what a dreary blank would this world be, with all it has to give!

I have been viewing thee, my beloved friend, as somewhat in the situation of Peter, when in the *love* inspired by the sight of his Master, and the *faith* which arose in his heart at seeing him walking upon the sea, he said, "Bid me come unto thee on the water." Now hast thou not in faith taken a few steps on this unfathomable ocean of love? And thou art now beginning to be dismayed. But ask thyself this question: What has enabled thee to take even these few steps on an element in which thou couldst not support thyself? Surely nothing short of that arm of power which is still able to support thee. That arm will be again stretched out, and in the humble confidence inspired, thou wilt hear the almost upbraiding language, "Oh! thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

I had been musing in sympathy with thee, and earnestly desiring to be the messenger of encouragement, when this circumstance of Scripture occurred to my mind with a vividness and force which induced me to think it applicable; perhaps it may help to "elevate the eye of hope."

We can neither point out the path of duty to each other, nor remove the causes of affliction, but we may encourage to heed the one and assist to bear the other. This is a great privilege, because it binds us together in that love which is unquenchable.

What an argument in favor of social connections is the observation that by communicating our grief we have less, and by communicating our pleasures we have more.

WAITING FOR THE FRUIT OF ONE'S LABOR.

John Andrew Lickefett one day entering into conversation with an honest peasant, asked him, what he was about? The man replied, "I am ploughing, but do not immediately bring the harvest wagon into the field!" What a strange answer you give to my question," said Lickefett. The farmer replied, "first I plow, then I sow, and then I leave the springing up and ripening of the seed to God. You want to plough, sow, and reap at the same time. You should leave the time of gathering in the fruit to God, and wait in patience for the harvest." This reply was a word in season, for Lickefett, being a young man, was too urgent to see immediate fruits of his labor. He often related this incident whenever any of his fellow-ministers complained that they saw no results of their

work.—*Translated from Burk's Pastoral Theology, by S. R.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 7, 1868.

BOOKS FOR FARMERS.—This is the title of an article to be found in the present number, taken from "The Cultivator and Country Gentleman." The advice contained in it need not be confined to the class especially specified; though having been written for an Agricultural work, the cognomen appears appropriate. From the same paper we have given extracts from "Letters to Farmers' Daughters," which we commend to the attention of "Daughters" generally.

Farmers, in common with society in general, have more enlarged views in relation to literary requirements than formerly, but there is still a want of energy with many to bring into action the convictions which have been sealed upon the mind, as the subject has been presented by those who are laboring for the good of their fellow-beings, and more especially for the rising generation. Not a few parents, however, who have felt the need of mental culture have directed their attention to the best method of obtaining for their children the requisite means for the true development of the powers with which they have been gifted by a beneficent Creator.

In the proper cultivation of these gifts lies one of the most efficient remedies, as we think, for the evils which we hear referred to, when the annual query respecting the frequenting of "places of diversion" claims attention in our disciplinary meetings.

The acknowledgment that Friends "are not quite clear" in this respect, has become so common, that we sometimes fear there is danger of forgetting the deep concern which prevailed, when such departures were regarded as of rare occurrence. The avenues which are continually opening for the acquirement of scientific and literary information, render it comparatively easy for the guardians of youth to direct the feet of the children into these paths of comparative safety—where the taste for ennobling pursuits may be fostered, and, as a natural effect, the desire for superficial pleasures gradually lessened. We believe that the young mind has but to partake of the superior enjoyments to be derived from the former, to convince the understanding of their superiority over the sensual gratifications that, like the prismatic colored bubbles of earlier childhood, when they pass away leave behind them nothing of value.

NOTE.—We refer J. S. D. to the printed notices which have been repeatedly given to contributors, that we cannot return rejected manuscripts.

This decision has been arrived at through necessity, and not in an unkind or disobliging spirit. It is the prevailing custom among publishers, and ought not to be regarded as a personal reflection or injury. "Reminiscences" over the signature of C. E. D., while of private interest, is not fitted for the press.

MARRIED, on the 15th of Tenth month, 1868, according to the order of the Society of Friends, J. GIBSON McILVAIN to ELIZABETH M., daughter of the late A. R. McIlvain, of Chester Co., Pa.

——, on the 15th of Tenth month, 1868, at Mt. Washington, Md., according to the order of the Society of Friends, JOSEPH J. JANNEY, of Forest Hill, Harford Co., Md., and ANNA M. TOWNSEND, daughter of Samuel Townsend, of Baltimore, Md.

DIED, on Fourth-day, the 7th of Tenth month, 1868, SAMUEL J. UNDERHILL, a highly esteemed member of Jericho Monthly Meeting, Long Island.

——, on the 13th of Ninth month, 1868, of bilious typhoid fever, at the residence of his parents, Eli and Sarah A. Nichols, of Centre Monthly Meeting, New Castle Co., Del., AMOR NICHOLS, in the 23d year of his age.

——, at her residence, Hookstown, Baltimore Co., Md., on the 29th of Eighth month, 1868, SARAH ROBERTS, wife of Caleb Hoopes, formerly of Chester Co., Pa., and daughter of the late David and Sarah Roberts, of Lower Merion, in the 62d year of her age. While we bow in submission to the Divine will, we desire to place upon record the sad bereavement we have met with in the death of our dear sister. It was our privilege to be with her at the closing scene, when a messenger was summoned to bear her calmly and peacefully to the crown which we believe awaited her. Kind and courteous, she had the esteem of all who knew her, and has left an example worthy of imitation.

——, at his residence in New Rochelle, on the 2d of Tenth month, 1868, JOSEPH SCHUREMAN, in the 61st year of his age; a member of Purchase Monthly Meeting, N. Y. In the death of this dear Friend the family circle has sustained an irreparable loss. He was a consistent member of Society, a loving father, a good neighbor, and we may truly say was beloved and respected by all who knew him. His home was ever open for the reception of Friends, and his kindness and hospitality will long be remembered.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

Committee of Management will meet on Fourth-day evening, Eleventh month 11th, at 8 o'clock, in the Library Room, Race St.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

FIRST DAY SCHOOLS.

The Executive Committee of the Association of Friends within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet at Race St. Monthly Meeting Room on Seventh-day morning, Eleventh month 14th, at 11 o'clock. Business referred to the committee by the late meeting at Wilmington will be considered.

PHEBE GRIFFITH, *Clerk.*

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL MEETING.

A Conference of Friends will be held in Race St. Monthly Meeting Room on Sixth-day evening, 11th month 13th, 1868, at 7½ o'clock, for the promotion of the First-day School cause within the limits of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING.

From an account furnished by a Friend in attendance we extract the following:

Baltimore Yearly Meeting convened at Lombard St. Meeting-house, 10th mo. 26th, 1868. The attendance was considered larger than usual. Meetings for worship were held in both meeting-houses on First-day morning and afternoon and on Fourth-day, and at Lombard St. house on First-day evening; all of which were well attended, and were favored seasons. Appointed meetings were held among the Methodists on Fourth-day evening; for the colored people on Fifth-day evening, and at Old Town Meeting-house on Sixth-day evening.

The following friends were in attendance with minutes: Andrew Dorland, Thos. S. Foulke and John D. Wright, Ministers from N. Y.; Ann Weaver, Susan N. Williams, Benjamin Tomlinson and Louisa A. Wright, Ministers, Charles Teese and William Webster, Elders, and Eleanor Mather and John G. Williams, members from Penna., besides a number in attendance from other Yearly Meetings without minutes.

Two visits were paid by Women Friends to Men's Meeting, and a Minister from New York in like manner felt his mind drawn to the Women's Meeting.

Reports were received from all the Quarters except Prairie Grove. By these the Meeting was informed of the action of the Quarters in regard to visiting their respective meetings and members, as recommended last year. With the exception of Centre Quarter, in which way did not open for such action, all had labored in the way recommended. An interesting report on the subject from Nottingham Quarter was sent down in the Extracts.

The report from Prairie Grove, received by the Women, was read for the information of the Men, but not being addressed to their meeting it could not be officially received. It gave a full account of the visits paid to Friends; not only to those who were members of the different Meetings, but also to those Friends who had settled within a circuit of, perhaps, 100 miles, and where Meetings will probably be established. The fact, that as Meetings were discontinued in some localities they were being organized in others, was considered an encouraging evidence that we were not losing ground in this respect.

Epistles were received from all the other Yearly Meetings in correspondence with this.

A very interesting report on Indian affairs was read and will be published in the Extracts.

In considering the State of Society many pertinent remarks were made. The attendance of our religious Meetings, and the cultivation of love one for another, were especially urged upon Friends. In regard to plainness of attire, it was said, that although the peculiar garb of Friends may not be plainer than that worn by others, yet the dress of many of our worthies, was plain and simple, and such a dress was often a protection to the wearer in resisting the temptations by which he might be surrounded. The duty of adhering to the plain language was also appropriately enforced.

The importance of providing suitable literature for our young children was adverted to. It was thought that, if we would preserve them from pernicious publications, we must furnish them with the proper kind of literary food, which the Society ought to be able to do. The talent and pecuniary ability is within our borders if there was sufficient interest to use the means at our disposal.

The testimony against Intemperance was dwelt upon and the vast amount of grain used in distillation was mentioned, and the need of our maintaining this testimony with faithfulness was urged. The use of tobacco was likewise spoken of, and the experience of several Friends present who had been addicted to it was given in opposition to its indulgence.

The Committee on revision of Discipline reported that way did not open to propose any change at this time.

A Committee was named to attend to the distribution of the income from the education fund in preparing young persons for teachers.

Throughout the meeting a devotional feeling was manifest, not only in the older but also in some of the younger members, and this, together with the testimony of a Friend, who had attended all the other Yearly Meetings and witnessed similar evidences of a revival amongst us, gives encouragement to

believe that, although the fathers are passing away, there will be successors raised up to forward the work which they have labored to promote.

(From another friend we have an interesting account of one of the meetings of the Committee on Indian Affairs.)

"An Orthodox Friend from Kansas, who had been much with the Indians, kindly consented to meet with the Committee and give such information as he had. He confirmed what we have so often heard, that the Indians were in no case the aggressors; that the abuses practiced upon them were continual. He also stated that it was a mistaken opinion that the Indians had great hardihood and ruggedness of constitution; that he looked upon them as delicate, and their want of knowledge of the laws of health was one cause of their diminution of numbers. In the chase they were eager and would endure great fatigue, but warm and exhausted they would throw themselves on the ground, take cold, and die of consumption, which swept away great numbers.

"They express great surprise at the size of the families of the white race, and that they do not lose their children. With them it is common to lose most of their children, in many cases all of them, from diseases which they do not understand how to treat rightly. These were the Kew Indians. Among the Cheyennes the Friend said he had known several instances of aggression on their part, but they were in no way vindictive when parrying off their attacks."

(When the Extracts are received, other matters of interest, not embraced in these accounts, will be furnished.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Abstract of a Lecture delivered before Friends' Social Lyceum, Philada., Tenth month 20th, 1868, by J. G. H.

I have been invited by the Executive Committee of our Lyceum to come here this evening and lecture for an hour, but not longer. Approving highly of short talks, I have accepted the invitation, though doubtful about contributing much to the entertainment of this really well-read and well-lectured audience. Oh! this wearisome necessity for so much talk! how it does still continue to afflict mankind! We seem to fear silence as children fear the dark. If talking alone would make men wiser, surely every head would wear a crown; if talking alone could make men good, the earth would have swarmed with angels long before the coming of Christ.

Have we ever asked ourselves the question, what it is men and women want? Is it amusement or is it instruction? Let any person, competent for the work by a life of study, announce his or her readiness to teach men how to be wiser or better, and how difficult it is to get an audience that will pay. But a Prima Donna from the old world, who walks the stage with fashionable though indelicate gestures, can fill the Academy of Music for forty nights in succession at a dollar a seat, and realize a fortune. One evening this summer I was passing the building in Chestnut Street occupied by the Christian Association. Over the door, in letters of light, I learned a lecture would be given there, *seats free*; not one was going in at the door. On the opposite side of the street was the theatre, and hundreds were rushing up its steps, at fifty cents a head. The money spent annually in Philadelphia and New York for amusements would endow a first class University in each city. Truly, the heart of humanity *is* sad, and it therefore seeks amusement; it is also very ignorant, but it calls that ignorance bliss, and thinks it is happy. This thought, suggested by the occasion, deserves following out, but it is not my purpose to do so now.

The proper subject for this evening will be *little things*. Rather unpopular I know it is to say much about little things, because most of us love big things. We accept magnitude, in place of quality; noise, instead of the gentle voice of melody. We use big words to express very little thoughts—if, haply, we ever do think—and we mistake them for wisdom; forgetting it is the "little word, act or look, when the heart is sore, that *lingers*, like the fragrance of the rose, long after the vase is broken." The little grain of wheat, that feeds its millions, receives its life from a little drop of rain, and the pebble which a little child casts into the still lake, rolls its out-circling wave against every rock along its borders. Little things are the daily stitches Time weaves in the flimsy fabric of our common lives. I cannot, therefore, offer apology for my subject, but shall proceed to illustrate it in such a way as to give most satisfaction to the members of the Lyceum. The immeasurably great affects my mind, not more overwhelmingly than the immeasurably little, for they are both alike but toys in the fingers of that Hand which we call Omnipotent. I hold in my hand many hundreds of the smallest flowering plant in the world, and, by means of our gas-microscope, I shall project their shadows on the screen so that all may see. Thirty of these little plants will cover a line only an inch long, and yet, when magnified fifty thousand times

they look as large as saucers. It has no root; it has no stem: and we shall learn it is without many parts which commonly make up our idea of a plant. The true ideal of anything is always wrapped in a simple thought, and it is so with our plant. In shape it is globular and oval, not discoid; with one diameter a little longer than the other. Like little green canoes they float on the quiet water, elevating one side a little above the surface, and this upper side, turned towards the air and light, is perforated with two or three very minute stomata. Other plants often have many thousands of these organs in one square inch of their surface, but our plant gets along very well with a smaller number, though, if it offered space enough, one million of *its* stomata might lie in the surface of one square inch. In structure it is simply cellular, without wood cells, ducts or spiral vessels. The epidermis is made of cells generally hexagonal in shape, and very thin, and in these surface cells little granules of chlorophyll lie quite thickly, thus obscuring a clear view of the interior, which is composed of larger cells having between them many spaces filled with air. When it has fruited this air escapes, and the beautiful green grains disappear from the cells, leaving the structure pale and clear as glass; but it is the paleness of death, for the plant now drops to the bottom, and passes out of life's wonderful circle of changes.

From the surface of each little plant may be seen projecting a short distance a filament, slightly divided at the end; this is supposed to be the stamen; and also near it, but separate, is another projection a little depressed at the free end; this is supposed to be the pistil; both, however, pass down to the centre of the plant, whence the new generation commences to grow. As the young plant in the centre of the parent enlarges, a funnel-shaped depression opens in the parent plant, the wide part on the circumference, the point reaching the centre, and from this funnel the young plant emerges, in all respects resembling its parent.

I have said nothing about petals, nor corolla, nor perianth, nor calyx, for they are all absent in our plant. No florist, therefore, will transplant it to decorate his bouquettes, neither will he steal its fragrance and sell it for gold. Rapidly, and probably in this manner, does our smallest flowering plant multiply itself through the season, and we may find all stages of its growth in a quantity not greater than would lie on our little-finger nail. Botanists call it Wolffia Columbiana, from John F. Wolff, who first described it.

Little things may convey to us impressions of pain as well as impressions of pleasure. I shall throw on the screen the figure of a mosquito. It measures nearly ten feet from the ends of its wings to its slender toe-nails. No bird that flies in the air, no fish that swims in the sea, is more delicate or beautiful in organization than this insect. A human hair is larger than its leg, and yet in that leg are joints, muscles, nerves and blood-vessels. Its wings are covered with membranes more delicate than any art ever made, and fringed with feathers which softly fan the evening air, and fill it with music which excites rather than soothes the sick one's pillow. When seen in a strong light, its head is a gem, reflecting purple and golden rays from many hundred crowns—indeed a marvel of beauty—filling us with wonder, and revealing, a little, the splendid realities hidden, sometimes, in little things. In this gorgeous head is built a suction engine, that works without noise or clatter, but not without feeling. A spider's web is a cable compared with its stings, and yet these stings are palpably barbed at the ends to stir up our blood, and make the crimson current flow more freely. If the hands and face be washed with a dilute solution of carbolic acid in vinegar or water (ten drops to the ounce) these insects will not annoy us, but seek more agreeable company.

We associate with little things, sometimes, many pleasant memories. The Quaker lady (Houstonia Cerulea) which I now throw on the screen, is one of those fond recollections we yet see blooming along the path our childhood trod. In the early summer days it comes, in company with the Columbine, (Folly's flower) and often tints the meadows in "whole blocks." Children, who always turn impulsively towards whatever is beautiful, love to play where this flower grows. At the base of the screen we see the ovary containing the seeds; this is enclosed in the calyx; the stamens and pistil, divided at the top and holding many pollen grains, we can clearly see. The tubular, monopetalous corolla, divided in four lobes, displays every spiral vessel in natural position, and spotted all through them are numerous bundles of crystals. In the vegetable kingdom, like it is with ourselves, some orders only wear the jewels, but there is this distinction. Nature modestly hides her jewelry in the interior, while we hang it from our ears and our noses, and ring it on our fingers, and think it looks best in such positions.

Some mosses are very little things. I shall project on the screen the Bartramia Pomiformis. We see it just ten feet high, though our specimen measures only half an inch. How its beautiful green leaves nestle

at the bottom among the dark roots! From the remains of the pistillidum we see the stem ascending to carry on its summit the little capsule to contain the spores. The operculum fits tightly all round, but in our illustration it is raised a little on one side to show its seam of attachment. We see also the columella, in the centre, around which the golden spores cluster. In mosses we obtain illustrations of the *typical leaf* and the *typical stem*, or of the stem and the leaf reduced to their simplest elements.

I will put on the screen the capsule of Mnium—another little moss—in order to see its double peristome. Surrounding its capsule at the top are two rows of delicate hair-like organs, most beautifully banded and colored. These organs seem to guard, with sleepless vigilance, the mouth of the capsule, in which the spores lie. If we hold the living moss in our hand and breathe *ever so lightly* on it, these guardian fingers close over the orifice, thus keeping all harm away from the spores; but presently they open again, like a minute but delicate flower, and thus these little sentinel fingers, in shower and in sunshine, all round the world, keep unslumbering vigilance over mossy urns.

"Mosses will not be gathered like the flowers for chaplet or for love-token; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the weary child its pillow. And as the earth's first mercy, so are they its last gifts to us. When all further service is vain from plant or tree, the soft mosses take up their watch by the head-stone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their part for time, but these do service forever. Trees for the builder's yard—corn for the granary—but mosses for the grave."

From The Little Christian.

YOUR MISSION.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high;
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready at command;
If you cannot towards the needy
Reach an ever-open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Oft the careless reaper leaves;
Go and glean among the briers,
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting,
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it any where.

THE BROOKLET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GŒTHE.

Thou brooklet, silver-bright and clear,
Forever past me swiftly flowing,
Musing, upon thy banks I stand,
Where com'st thou from and whither going?

"From the deep, dark rock my waters break:
Mid flowers and moss my course I take;
And in my mirror reflected lies
The friendly image of mild blue skies.

"With merry thoughts I've sported hither;
They lead me on, I know not whither;
But He who called me from my source,
He, I believe, will guide my course."

From the Cultivator and Country Gentleman.

BOOKS FOR FARMERS.

It is said that this is a wonderful age. The assertion may be true, but it seems to me to be a great egotism. To those individuals, I think, who have this "wonderful" age for their hobby, may be applied the words of the Latin poet—"*Decipimur specie recti.*" They are "deluded by a seeming excellence." It is true, that, both in science and art, vast and important strides have been made with the progress of discovery and invention, but it is equally true that in morality, in fashion, and even in the practical departments of life, great and disgraceful evils remain uncorrected—a reproach to Christianity, and a shame to mankind. But I do not wish to enter upon an exhaustive discussion of all of these—I wish to speak of one in particular. It is the great want, in the house of farmers, of good reading matter adapted to rural life.

It will be seen at once that this is an evil from which may spring many others. It is, therefore, one which, in an agricultural community, should be first assailed by those interested in the welfare and elevation of the husbandman.

I am not one of those who assert that "a great book is a great evil." It is, in my estimation, the noblest monument of human genius. But it is very necessary that, as farmers have not often the means with which

to obtain a liberal collection, those works should be selected, that, in the life which they lead, are best suited to their own improvement and to that of their children. Were such works placed within the reach of their sons and daughters, we should hear less complaint of their desire to leave rural for city life. But it is too often the case that farm houses are almost entirely devoid of good and useful books. The family Bible, a few mangled magazines or crumpled newspapers that were long since out of date, and two or three soiled, greasy novels complete the catalogue. These are the only means that the father can afford his children for the improvement of the intellect! *His* idea of a smart child is one who will drudge day after day the year round, and not utter a complaint. He holds that what is said in books about farming is not "worth a row of pins," and accordingly rejects all new theories without even examining them, and adheres to the system of farming, (if it may be called a system,) that was carried on by his forefathers.

As long as such men will attempt to keep their children down, they must expect to see them becoming restless under the growing conviction that they were created for a higher destiny than that of a mere "drudge," and at length leaving their homes to seek it out. They need not grumble at this; there is no such thing as keeping the human mind at a stand-still. It *must* move on!

But let the farmer give to his children useful and entertaining books—books valuable both in a moral and practical sense—and he will reap the full reward of his wisdom—their gratitude and the pleasure of beholding and of profiting by at least a portion of the good which will result from what he has done. Let his children have such books as will open to their minds the mysteries of the noble science and practice of agriculture, as developed by the experience of others, and, instead of growing up with a dislike for it, they will love it. Let them have books fitted to awaken an interest in every natural object which they perceive—books which will lead them to further inquiry into the great principles of nature, and, above all, to reverential thoughts of the great Creator of all. OBSERVATOR NATURÆ. "*Elms.*"

From the Cultivator and Country Gentleman

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO FARMERS' DAUGHTERS.

LITTLE THINGS.

"Here a little and there a little."

"A thing is great or little, only to a mortal's thinking."

"He that scrutinizeth trifles, hath a store of pleasure in his hand."

MY DEAR GIRLS—A beautiful writer has said, "If the angels look down from Heaven, and behold any natural object with delight, it must be girlhood;" and yet, if they are not gifted with prophetic vision, they must tremble with fearful solicitude, while they gaze delighted.

While taking my pen to address this branch of girlhood, I am conscious of a thrill of mingled pleasure and anxiety at thoughts of your freshness and promise, and the responsibility of one who undertakes to write you letters of advice, encouragement and warning. And here let me say, the writer is one of you. Brought up as a farmer's daughter, and later a farmer's wife, she cannot but know something of the cares and annoyances, as well as pleasures and delight of the farm life. To aid you in viewing rightly your varied privileges, obligations and necessities, in life's varied departments, is my present object; so, with a cordial greeting, I propose to talk to you in this letter about "little things."

Few lives are remarkable for great things, but are made rich, and fruitful, and blest, by little duties well performed, little joys oft repeated, little troubles beaten off before they sting; or life may be to us poor, and barren, and wretched, by little cares neglected, little kindnesses omitted, little sorrows nursed, and little pleasures unappreciated.

It is only by the "here a little, and there a little," of patient study, between times, that many in your position attain mental culture, or find time for personal and home adornment, for the cultivation of those tastes peculiar to woman, and by the neglect of which she does her home, her parents, brothers, and husband, a cruel wrong.

The little word, spoken hastily last week, has grieved a patient mother ever since; or a little favor asked by father, or a young brother, and through neglect unperformed, has added a line to the brow of the one, and planted a sting of injured feeling in the breast of the other. A little hour, wasted yesterday, might have carried a sunbeam into the darkened room of some pale sufferer, or renewed strength and courage to some over-burdened neighbor.

Perhaps some eye may scan this page, to whom life seems but one weary round of trifles; to whom the days are but a treadmill of unappreciated, unrequited labor. To such I would say, fight against despondency: look up, and count the stars set in the dark of your sky; resolutely treasure the little blessings of existence, and never forget to "commit thy trifles unto God, for to Him is nothing trivial." * * * * * *

To be idle is to be miserable. No one has a right to be idle, though he be heir to millions of wealth. Neither mind nor body can be truly healthy without a thorough, sys-

tematic habit of industry. Life is full of temptations to the indolent, that the industrious know nothing of. Dr. Holland says truly that he who has nothing to do is the devil's playfellow! He has no choice in the matter, for he can find no sympathy anywhere else. The good, and decent, and truly great, have not a minute to devote to such. Industrious habits bring many casual payments, among which are health, self-respect and the regard of those whose esteem we value. Sleep waits not to be wooed, and temptation flees to idle haunts; and a bond of sympathy rivets the industrious to all grand movements of the times.

My dear girls, have you some fair goal to which you aspire, of wealth, culture, education? Improve, then, the moments: fritter them not away in idleness, dissipation or fruitless repining. Set your face as a flint toward that to which you aspire. *Dig* for your treasure Make circumstances bend to your will, instead of being controlled by circumstances, and you will achieve a victory all the more complete and brilliant for conquered difficulties.

I have said in a previous letter that no woman has a right to be dependant, except when sick. It is just as ignoble in woman as in man. An independence, reliable and self-supporting, should be acquired by every woman, that, when adversity or need comes upon her or her dear ones, she may, like the pine on the Alpine glaciers, strike her roots into the rock crevices, and when the winds and snows and storms assail, strike down her anchoring roots the deeper. Thus fortified, she will be able to brace herself to meet the severest emergencies.

Let me advise you, then, whether rich or poor, needed at home or otherwise, to learn something in the way of business which shall make you independent. You will make none the less suitable wives and daughters. Dignity of character, with resolute action and will, with strong internal resources, are as much needed in wives as in husbands.

Great men are found in all paths of life; so may women be, provided they do not drop their womanly instincts. I would not have woman forget her chief end and object in lite, but rather fit her for it, and crown her with all the dignity and power of a true womanhood.

Indolence will not make a woman womanly, neither will ignorance of business and the world. The history of every country should have as much to record of its women as its men; but this can never be till she buckles the armor on anew for the duties and privileges of life.

Finally, if I had a voice that could reach girlhood, in its wide realm of promise, I should say that its *first* work is to form a fitting character, with which to do the great work of woman. Dear girls, collect your precious "*little things*," in the shape of minutes, words, efforts, tastes, &c., and sum them up, if you will. If not, know they are recorded on high, for good or ill, for joy or sorrow. Truly your friend,

T. S. H.

HANDINESS.

HENRY WARD BEECHER UPON THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BOYS.

Mr Bonner: I mean, by-and-by, to write you something in favor of extending the sphere of labor in which women may support themselves. But just now I wish to urge the importance of extending the education of men to manifold minor offices of usefulness. Handy and handiness expresses a peculiar aptness in small matters, versatility and tact. American boys who are brought up to labor are usually distinguished for the knack of turning their hand to anything. No one, in this country, ever dreams of confining himself to a single manual craft. For, though he may pursue but one regularly, yet he knows a great deal about many: and, at a pinch, a mason will be found plastering, painting, or carpentering. It is not uncommon to find a man who builds his own house, and performs the several parts belonging to all the trades which concur in house-building. "Jack of all trades and good at none," has been held in terror over men for I don't know how long. Yet, in America, the maxim has been held fairly trodden under foot, and is practically disowned. My father-in-law was a physician. He bought a farm; and few farmers in that town excelled him. He had also a small smithy where he mended his tools, shod his horses, and performed no small amount of smith's work.

He seldom sent a harness off from the place to be mended, and much of the cobbling was done in the house. His children were all brought up to turn their hand to anything. It is true that by this course no one could attain to supreme excellence in any one of all the departments. But that is not necessary. For the ordinary purposes of life, general handiness is better than skill in any one thing. If hard times befall one trade, a Yankee betakes himself to another. He looks about to see what things are thrifty, and puts his hand to them without waiting for a seven-years' apprenticeship. In old times, when men had few means of incitements to intelligence, long apprenticeships might be needed, and in some callings they still are. But a reading, thinking, courageous man, with confidence in his powers, can

do a hundred things well enough for ordinary purposes without serving any appreticeship, except with his eyes—learning as he goes along.

To a large extent this *handiness* is likely to be confined, however, to our laboring classes. The children of wealthy parents, and boys who are set apart for some learned profession, are seldom expected to deal with anything but *ideas*. When they grow up, if they fail in the particular calling to which they belong, they become helpless, and feebly strive to get along, with poor success, until kindly death has compassion on them.

Every boy, no matter to what he aspires, should be taught while young the use not only of implements for the farm, tools for the shop, the management of animals, etc., but he should be taught, as well, many parts of domestic economy. Every boy should know something about *sewing*, *cooking*, and the management of a house.

As autobiographies are in fashion, I will insert a chapter of my own. When I was about eight or nine years old I took care of a cow, a horse, and the pigs, split and brought in the wood, and did considerable housework. The confinement of the district-school was exceedingly distasteful to me. To sit for hours with a spelling-book or reader, without an idea, forbidden to whisper, and made to drone and drudge, was so irksome that, when I was nine years old, I petitioned to stay at home. I was told that I should grow up ignorant and stupid. Very well, ignorant and stupid I would be. Not thinking that I would agree to it, my mother said that I might stay at home if I would do the housework. I jumped at the chance! A long checked apron was made for me. It was my duty to set the table, to wait on others during meals, to clear off the things, shake and fold the table-cloth, wash the dishes, scour the knives and forks, sweep up the carpet, dust the chairs and furniture, and, in short, to do the whole of a second girl's work. With such relish did I pursue my tasks that my mother could not withhold her commendation, though she was always sparing of praise. To these tasks I soon added the hemming of towels and napkins, and, of coarse fabrications—bags, ticks, and such like. During this period I also continued my stable-work. Being healthy and vigorous, I enjoyed the training, and was never half so good a boy, at home, as during the six months thus employed. Nor would I for any consideration spare the knowledge I then obtained. It has been of incalculable value to me all my life. I have never been afraid of breaking down and having nothing to do. The world is full of business, if a man has a head and hand to do it with. I am not naturally expert in manual craft, yet there are few things that I cannot do after a manner.

While women are emerging from the household, and learning trades, professions and arts, men should learn more of domestic craft, and thus, both the one and the other, will get along in life easier and better.

Nothing is more piteous than the too often seen helplessness of educated and refined people brought suddenly to poverty! Education should beget practical facility. Too often it is a mere exercise of the brain, in which the hands have no participation. When thrown out of their regular callings, hundreds of people are as helpless as a ship on the dry ground. The worst of it is, that nobody can help any one who cannot help themselves. Imbecility in practical affairs leaves one to hang like a dead weight around the neck of those who would aid him.

It is foolish for one to say, "My children will never need such manual craft; they are to have wealth and influential connections." In the ever rolling flood of society in America nobody's children are secure against going in their turn to the bottom. If they can neither swim nor wade they must drown. Boys should be educated to use their eyes and hands in the expectation that at some day they may depend wholly on them for support.—*N. Y. Ledger*.

HOW THE SCOTTISH SHEPHERDS EDUCATE THEIR CHILDREN.

Colonel Maxwell and M. Sellar, British Commissioners engaged in an inquiry into the state of education in Scotland, report that there are no classes who display more anxiety for the education of their children than the shepherds of Scotland. "In nine cases out of ten," they say, "the shepherd's house is far from any road; it may be separated even from a pathway by a river, or a mountain, or a morass, hardly passable in summer for children, but impassable in winter. Yet it is a very uncommon thing to meet a shepherd who is unable to read and write, and their children are always taught, by some means or other, at least the elements of education." Last summer M. Sellar met two little children, a boy and a girl, aged nine and eleven, in the middle of a wild moor in the Highlands. They were five or six miles from their father's house, who had an outlying herding some seven miles from any road, and eight or nine from any habitation. He asked them where they were going. They said it was Saturday, and they were going home from school, five miles off, and had to be back again early on the Monday morning.

He went a little way with them and met

their father and mother coming to meet them. The shepherd told him that they went every Monday to board with another shepherd for the week, and that he and the other herd kept a lad between them to educate their children. This lad cost him £3 10s. per annum, and he had to pay the weekly board for his children besides. He "did not know what that would be, but the other shepherd was a reasonable man and would not charge more than he could help. And you see, sir, we must give them what we can when they are young, as they must do for themselves very early. The lad does not take them far on; just reading, writing, and a little counting. If they get that well, and maybe a little bit of sewing for the lassie, that's all the schooling I care for; but they must get that, or they will never be anything but herds all their lives." This is no isolated instance. We heard of several other cases where education was procured at great personal sacrifice by shepherds for their children.—*N. Y. Post.*

Lose an hour in the morning, you may search for it all day, and never find it.

BE pure, but not stern; have moral excellences, but don't bristle with them.

On what, in weakness, has been sown,
Thy blessing, gracious Lord, bestow;
The power is thine, yea thine alone,
To make it spring and fruitful grow:
Do thou the plenteous harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

ITEMS.

It is currently believed, especially in New England, that Dr. Samuel Hopkins, minister of Newport, R. I., was the first open advocate of the abolition of slavery in this country. But John Woolman, the Quaker preacher of New Jersey, began his labors in 1760, at the Yearly Meeting in Newport, talking very plainly with the families whom he visited concerning their slaves, the wickedness of slaveholding, and the terrible consequences which it would inevitably bring upon posterity. Just a century was required to bring about eman cipation. Dr. Hopkins was settled in Newport in 1770. Still earlier, in 1716, the Friends' monthly meeting in Nantucket recorded that "it is not agreeable to truth for Friends to purchase and keep slaves."—*N. Y. Independent.*

FEMALE SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND.—The women of England are exerting strenuous efforts to secure the right to vote, and are making themselves otherwise conspicuous in politics. For not only have fifteen or twenty thousand women demanded to be registered as voters, but appeals from them are inserted in the English papers to vote for certain candidates. Ladies of high rank, like Lady Foley and Lady Amberly, are among the callers of political meetings, and, it is stated, appear on the platform. At Manchester, 5750 women claimed the right to vote, and the revising barrister, whose office it is to decide upon the qualifications of electors, delivered a well-considered opinion upon the subject. His examination of the different acts of Parliament goes back as far as 1430, when the statute passed in the eighth year of Henry VI, Chapter 7, limited the franchise in counties to "people" residing and dwelling in the same counties, and possessing freehold land of the annual value of forty shillings. The advocates of female suffrage contend that the change of the words "male person" into "man" indicates an intention on the part of Parliament to confer the elective franchise upon all qualified persons, irrespective of sex; but the revising officer at Manchester decided that, as it could not be shown that women had ever voted in England, so important an innovation as female suffrage must be clearly and unequivocally established, and in the absence of evidence of any such intention on the part of the Legislature, he rejected the claim of the 5750 women to be placed on the list of voters. It is asserted, however, that about one thousand women will vote at the coming election for members of Parliament. The exercise of the right of suffrage by this small number of females has resulted from the action in a few districts of the revising barristers, who refused to strike out from the lists the names of the women who claimed that the word "man," in the election laws, included adults of both sexes. This course, it is suggested, was adopted in order to bring the question before the House of Commons, to be decided in the case of a contested election. Anticipations are also indulged in that, unless Parliament shall definitely exclude women, at subsequent elections unmarried women will hereafter enjoy the franchise on equal terms with the men.—*P. Ledger.*

A TREATY WITH MADAGASCAR.—The President has promulgated a treaty between the United States and Madagascar, the object of which is to enter into more close commercial relation and friendship between them; hence it is solemnly declared that peace and good friendship shall exist forever without war.

ITALY.—Advices from Italy bordering on the southern slope of the Alps, report that serious floods and inundations have taken place in that region in consequence of the heavy rains that had fallen during the Ninth month. On Ninth month 27th, a terrific storm occurred, causing tremendous avalanches, which swept away entire villages and heavy torrents of water which broke down the roads. The valley of the Ticino was devastated, the soil having been carried away down to the solid rock. The road over St. Gothard pass was destroyed as well as the causeways and bridges over the Little St. Bernard and the Splugen. The Simplon road, for many miles, was covered with water several fathoms deep. In North Italy, the only practicable road is over Mount Cenis.

STERLING.—This word is said to be an abbreviation of Easterling. In the time of Richard I. money coined in the eastern parts of Germany was much esteemed in England on account of its purity, and was called Easterlings. Some of these men, skilled in alloys and in coining, were sent for to bring English coin to perfection; and since that time this coin has been called for them *sterling.*

THE smoke from the recent volcanic eruption in the Sandwich Islands was said to have been seen one thousand miles from the Islands, and at half that distance was so dense that officers of ships were prevented from making astronomical observations.

A NAPLES despatch of the 14th says that the eruption of Mount Vesuvius was increasing in intensity, the flow of lava was more copious, and the action of the cone vigorous.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 14, 1868. No. 37.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.

SINGLE NOS. 6 CENTS.

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*
Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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From the Lives of some of the Reformers and Martyrs.

GERHARD GROOT.

MUCH of what we know of this pious and benevolent man is from the warm and loving pen of Thomas à Kempis, with the addition of some other information collected recently from various sources by C. Ullmann.*

Gerhard Groot was born in the year 1340, at Deventer, in the Netherlands. His father, Werner Groot, was sheriff and burgomaster of that town. Of a feeble constitution of body, but endowed with superior mental powers, after receiving the rudiments of his education at school, he was induced by an ambition for knowledge to place himself, when about fifteen years of age, at the University of Paris, where he remained three years. He graduated as Master in his eighteenth year, and, at the desire of his father, returned home, furnished, it is said, with a good knowledge of the studies in which he had been engaged, but "with his youthful mind somewhat unhappily engaged with the curious and illicit arts" of magic—a strange sort of knowledge for a student at that far-famed academy. He afterward further pursued his studies at Cologne, became a professor there, and obtained several preferments.

Though he had thus entered the clerical ranks, yet, having ample pecuniary means, and his mind unrestrained as yet by subjection to the cross of Christ, but, on the contrary, enamored with the delights of the world, he seemed likely to pursue the usual path of self-indulgence. "He took part in public amusements, treated himself to the richest food and most costly wine, dressed his hair, wore gay clothes, a girdle with silver ornaments, and a cloak of the finest fur.* With prominent intellectual acquisitions, he was then a man, according to the prevailing spirit of the times. But soon deeper and more serious sentiments awoke within him." While present one day as a spectator at some public game, an unknown person said to him, "Why dost thou stand here intent on vanities? Thou must become another man." But he was still more shaken by some expressions of an old Parisian acquaintance, Henry Aeger, who, meeting with him at Utrecht, took the opportunity to "admonish him with deep earnestness on the vanity of earthly things, and on death, eternity, and the chief good." This, it is added, struck the right chords in Gerhard's heart—no doubt reached the witness for truth in his own conscience—and, overcome with emotion, he promised that, with the help of the Almighty, he would renounce the world and change his course of life.

From that time he became indeed "another man." He "renounced the use of the

* "Reformers before the Reformation," Vol. 1.

* Thomas à Kempis, *Vita Gerhardi Magni.*

emoluments of his prebends," and even of his patrimonial inheritance, "burned his costly books of magic, shunned all diversions, put on plain gray clothing, and calmly braved the derision which this conduct brought upon him." He gave up his lectures and orations, retired into the seclusion of a monastery, and there spent three years in serious reflection, reading the Holy Scriptures, and practising rigorous penitential exercises. He passed a considerable portion even of his nights in watching and prayer, abstained from many things usually considered lawful, and thus endeavored to bring his body into subjection to the spirit. "His object," says Thomas à Kempis, "was first to learn for himself, what he was afterward to teach others."

It seems that he now refused to become a priest. He said, "I would not, for all the gold of Arabia, undertake the care of souls even for a single night." He would only consent to be ordained a deacon, in which office he would be at liberty publicly to instruct the people, without the pastoral care and responsibility. He then came forward as a Christian teacher of the people; and Ullmann says of him at this time, that "after obtaining from the Bishop of Utrecht a license to preach over the whole of his diocese, Gerhard was seen, as of old Peter de Bruys and Henry of Lausanne, and as in more recent times George Fox, William Penn, and others, in mean attire, travelling through towns and villages, and everywhere exhorting the people to repentance and amendment, with overpowering eloquence. As depicted by Thomas à Kempis, he labored in the spirit of John the Baptist, laying the axe to the root of the tree, and by preaching the law and repentance to his cotemporaries, now more and more generally sinking into wickedness, he again prepared them for the reviving gospel. His discourses, listened to by the great and the humble, by clergy and laity, went to the heart. It was not merely the copiousness and easy flow of his eloquence that struck the hearers, but a very different thing. Here was a preacher who spoke, not because it was his professional duty, nor for the sake of the pay (it is expressly mentioned that he received no pay from them to whom he preached, nor sought any temporal or ecclesiastical benefit), but freely and gratuitously, and because impelled by the zeal of love—a preacher in whom it was impossible not to mark deep concern and intense seriousness, and who sealed, by the actions of his life, the sentiments taught him by his own experience." He did not address the people, as many did, in the Latin language, which was foreign to them, but in the dialect of the country. Hence, in many places in Holland, where he first preached in Low Dutch, the whole population, it is related, neglecting their meals and most urgent business, thronged in such multitudes to hear him, that the houses of worship were not able to contain them, and he was compelled to bring his audience into the open air. He frequently preached twice a day, often for three hours at a time, and the result was not mere wonder and transitory excitement, but actual conversion and permanent amendment. Many were induced, says a cotemporary, to renounce a worldly life, to devote themselves to God, to restore stolen property, give up usury, and live in chastity and temperance.

But he was by no means ignorant that the suspicions and hatred of the monks and common clergy followed him wherever he went. He had attacked unsparingly the corruption of this class, especially the manners of such as led impure lives; and this aroused many bitter enemies to him and his doctrine. The Bishop of Utrecht was at last prevailed upon to withdraw his license to preach; and though Gerhard modestly protested against this prohibition, yet on its being insisted upon, he avoided appealing to the indignant feelings of the people, and submitted to the mandate.

His exertions for the good of his fellow-creatures were now turned into a somewhat different though a congenial channel. Being thus prohibited from continuing to preach publicly to the people, his mind was directed to the education of youth, and, the art of printing not being yet known, to the copying of books of piety. In the year 1378, when about thirty-eight years of age, he paid a visit to the monastery of Grünthal, of which the aged John Ruysbroek was then prior. He was particularly struck with admiration in witnessing the social life—the family spirit—which prevailed among the canons of that religious house. They seemed to him, in their simplicity, to realize the idea of a brotherhood rather than of a monastic institution; and Thomas à Kempis says that, impressed by the edifying and simple life of Ruysbroek and his brethren, Gerhard thenceforth felt himself determined to form an institution of a similar kind. But this particular prospect was frustrated by his early death. He extended his journey to Paris, where he expended a considerable sum in the purchase of books for the instruction of youth. He then returned to his native town of Deventer.

He had always been fond of the society of young men. In Deventer there was a considerable school; and many of the youth who frequented it attached themselves to Gerhard Groot; who advised them about their studies, maintained with them scientific intercourse, read with them good books, entertained many

of them at his table, and procured for them the opportunity of bettering their pecuniary condition, by earning a little money in useful employment.

Gerhard himself had quite a solicitude for the multiplying of copies of good books, especially of well-written copies of the Holy Scriptures. "Hence," says Ullmann, "he had long before employed young men under his oversight, as copyists, thereby accomplishing the threefold end of multiplying these good works, giving profitable employment to the youths, and obtaining an opportunity of influencing their minds. The circle of his youthful friends, scholars, and transcribers, became from day to day larger, and grew at length into a regular society. Having thus in part owed its origin to the copying of the Scriptures and devotional books, the society from the outset, and through its whole continuance, made the Holy Scripture and its propagation, the copying, collecting, preserving, and utilizing of good books, one of its main objects."

Young Florentius Radewins, then Vicar of Deventer, one day said to Gerhard: "Dear master, what harm would it do, were I and these clerks, who are here copying, to put our weekly earnings into a common fund and live together?"—"Live together!" replied Gerhard; "the mendicant monks would never permit it; they would do their worst to prevent us."—"But what," said Florentius, "is to prevent us making the trial? Perhaps God would give us success."—"Well then," said Gerhard, "commence; I will be your advocate, and faithfully defend you against all who rise up against you." In this manner they formed themselves into a private society; and, as their manner of living in community was imitated, they grew at length into an extensive confederation, under the designation of "The Brethren of the Common Lot."

Thus was Gerhard Groot instrumental in founding an association which afterward, ramified through many parts of Germany and the Netherlands, exercised a powerful influence for good in the promotion of a pious education of youth, and in preparing the minds of the suceeeding generation for the Reformation of the sixteenth century. These societies had in them something akin to those of Monachism, but without the vow, and without much of the superstition and mere legal performances, especially without the idleness and awful corruption of morals which had then fastened upon a very large proportion of them; on the contrary, they formed a union of brethren endeavoring after the apostolic pattern according to their apprehension of the primitive church, and combining for the cultivation, not of absolute recluseness, but of practical piety and usefulness to their fellow-men. Ullmann says they procured for themselves the means of a simple livelihood, partly like the Apostle Paul, by manual labor, and partly by receiving voluntary donations; which, however, none of the brethren were permitted to solicit, except in a case of urgent necessity. In this, too, they were clearly distinguished from the mendicant monks. To insure their common subsistence, and in token of their fraternal affection, they had introduced the principle of a community of goods. In most cases, each member surrendered what property he possessed, for the use of the society. But there seems to have been no strict or general law on the subject; all was to proceed from individual freedom and love. The object of the societies was the exemplification and spread of practical Christianity. This they endeavored to accomplish by the moral rigor and simplicity of their manner of living, by religious conversations, *mutual* confessions, admonitions, lectures, and social exercises of a devotional nature. For the promotion of the same object outwardly, they labored by transcribing and propagating Holy Scripture and other religious treatises, but most of all by the instruction of the people and the revival and improvement of the education of youth. In the schools of most of the large towns such wages were exacted from the scholars as only the more wealthy could pay; while the style of instruction was nevertheless very defective. The schools of the monks were equally unsatisfactory, very superficial, and often coarse and superstitious. "The Brethren of the Common Lot," says Ullmann, "on the contrary, not merely gave instruction gratuitously, and thereby rendered the arts of reading and writing attainable by all, both rich and poor; but, what was of most consequence, they imbued education with quite a new life and a purer and nobler spirit." Gerhard's views of school learning for the masses were, that it should be simple, practically useful, carefully guarded, all consistent with the doctrines of Holy Scripture, and all with a view to self-acquaintance, improvement, and progress in true piety; and these institutions thus arranged, constituted a turning point in the general system of juvenile and popular education; the beneficial results of which soon displayed themselves so convincingly, that Brother Houses were erected in a short time in different places in Holland, Westphalia, Saxony, etc.

Their practice of mutual confession to one another gave an indirect yet a very decided blow to the prevalent superstition of priestly confession and absolution. They also carefully avoided the use of oaths in their speech, preferring a simple affirmation or negation.

Their efforts were directed to the great object of promoting prudence, rectitude, and the utmost conscientiousness, not merely in regard to actions, but even to the most minute word or expression. They introduced a much more substantial and correct method of teaching Latin and Greek than was then common in the schools, and were so successful in this, as to train and send forth some of the most eminent of revivers of ancient literature at the close of the fifteenth and commencement of the sixteenth century. The use of the *mother-tongue* in religious matters, as practised by them, was a very important step in advance, greatly promoting the circulation of the Bible in the language of the people.

Gerhard was still a member of the Romish church, and probably attached from education to many or most of its doctrines. Yet was he a reformer in very deed, and helped essentially to pave the way for entire emancipation from its corruptions. He insisted earnestly upon the diligent use of the Holy Scriptures, and aided, as we have seen, in the multiplication of manuscript copies of them, which was no small labor. In the Scriptures, he sought chiefly that doctrine which is vital and efficacious, considering Christ as the root of life, and the sole foundation of the church. The primitive church was in his eyes a model of perfection; and in it he found a piety and zealous fervor, which, in his own days, he no longer beheld. While upholding the system of priesthood, he desired its reorganization on a genuine spiritual standard, and labored to correct its corruptions as then existing. But he lived not long enough to carry all his purposes into practice. Toward the close of his life, but whether after he was attacked with his last sickness we are not informed, he often expressed a desire for death. Once, when longing after eternal life, he said to one of the brethren: "What have I any longer to do here on earth? Oh that I were with my Master in heaven!" In the year 1384 the plague visited the town of Deventer, and attacked one of Gerhard's friends. He hastened to his help, having some skill in medicine; but was himself smitten with the disease. And now, when he felt death obviously approaching, he met it with exemplary resignation, saying, "Lo, I am now summoned by the Lord. The hour of my departure is come." To the brethren who stood weeping around his bed, and lamenting the anticipated loss of so valued a preceptor, he said: 'Set your confidence in God, my dear friends, and fear not what the men of this world may say. Be steadfast; for man cannot prevent what God has determined to accomplish." And commending his beloved pupil and friend Florentius to their confidence, he calmly breathed his last, in his native city, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

He bequeathed his library to the Brother House at Deventer. Besides this he left no property, except some old furniture and clothing; having long disentangled himself from all the encumbrances of worldly affairs.

God is liberal, but not squandering. Do but unfeigningly serve him, set about it in earnest, and comfort will flow in upon thee; and, as it never yet failed any man, so it will be sure, not only to answer, but to far exceed thy largest expectations.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE NATURAL MAN.

The following thoughts are suggested by the inquiry of "S." in the Intelligencer of Ninth month 26th, as to whether there were any really good endowments in the natural man, so called, or whether the expression "natural man" is not a fallacy.

He who is infinite in wisdom created all things, both man and beast, and gave the command, "Be fruitful and multiply." He also gave the law of their lives which should enable them to make obedience a delight. God's creation, as we behold it in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, is but an outward expression of Himself. It may be called His living word or wisdom. In each of these kingdoms He may be said to have repeated Himself, His own character, love, wisdom, power, culminating in man the most perfect image and likeness of Himself, and unto whom it is said, He breathed a two-fold nature, "the breath of *lives*" (not life, as in the common translation.) Man, although given a nature in one respect in common with other animals, yet is endowed with immortality. Having a mind capable of recognizing in the outer creation the wisdom of God, he was enabled to believe in Him. All around him, "In the heavens above and in the earth beneath," he read, and by the voice within he heard, "Because I live ye shall live also;" "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

God's love is not simply the love of creation, but there is equally manifest in His work, the love of caring for it—of preserving it from harm. It would seem necessary, then, that the whole animal creation, even below man, should not only be endowed with a desire to procreate its kind, but that there should also be added the love of caring for its offspring, and of shielding it from danger. Without this love in man and beast the work of creation could not have been called "good." This love was a need, and hence was given. It has continued a common

heritage with the evil and the good, the virtuous and the profligate. The ferocious as well as the kindly beast of the field possesses it. Many suppose that if Adam and Eve had not sinned they would not have produced offspring. This must be a fallacy from human reasoning, for we find the law given them on their creation, "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth." By their disobedience they brought upon themselves the penalty "in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children," but of necessity the love of offspring was preserved, and the love growing out of this, needful also for preservation,—the love in families, one toward another; extending from the same hidden law of necessity for the preservation of communities, to mere acquaintances and friends; hospitalities to strangers also, from a feeling of reciprocal need. Hence we find men and women who make no pretence to Christian conduct—no acknowledgment of God—of heaven—of eternal life, or even of natural honesty,—yet love their children, their relatives and friends, and are moved with pity for the suffering stranger. The Christian man labors and toils in love for his family; so does the vile man for his. What would become of the human race if this were not so? This principle seems to have been permanently implanted in the mere earth, man, and in the animals below him, and because needful, as we have seen, for the common good. Notwithstanding this seeming natural goodness, however, every reflecting and observing man of experience well knows that in this mere natural love and kindness common to all men there is nothing stable; like "Reuben the first-born, having the excellency of dignity and power, yet is unstable as water." Man simply as an intellectual animal is subject to fits of anger—to prejudice and to feelings of revenge for injuries—before which passions his *seeming* goodness, his love and friendship, vanish like smoke before the tempest; even relatives often become envious of one another,—the friend betrays or abandons his friend to gain some selfish end. This nature element in Peter denied "the Christ," and in Judas it sold and betrayed Him. This nature, filled with the cunning of the serpent, can assume much piety, while perhaps it is computing its gains. While giving its tenth, it may be counting upon its hundred-fold return. It may even assume to preach the gospel for the same end, and by its subtle reasoning justify the act.

Notwithstanding, however, that these natural affections in man are unreliable when temptations come, yet they are good on their own plane, and may be looked upon as the remains which are to be "strengthened" by heavenly influences, lifting up by a new birth into a higher and more unselfish life, which the inner or

SPIRITUAL MAN

seeks to lead him into a position where self-love is denied to be the true law of life, where, instead of loving his own children simply because they are his, he is taught to love all children and all men as the offspring of a common Father who is "God over all." The spiritual man struggles against his lower nature and its selfish motives, and seeks to implant those which are Christians, or Christ-like; in other words, motives of action the very reverse of self-love with its often *seeming* goodness. He cultivates the love of doing good to others simply for their good, and of harboring no thought of reward either from God or man. Looking ever to the light within, the spiritual man strives to be guided by that; taking no credit to himself, he acknowledges that "there is none good but one, that is God;" that all that is really good is from His spirit. He who is thus led must needs meet with sore trials from his fallen selfish nature or life, which had so long learned to delight in the kingdom of this world. Remembering the crucifixion, he becomes mindful of the words of the spiteful crucifiers: "He saved others, himself He cannot save." Fearful words, full of deep truth, revealing as they do the law of Christ's coming, whether to the outer world, or subjectively in the hearts of His people. "The disciple is not above his master;" and so it may be said of the Christian, "he saved," or must seek to save "others, himself he cannot save." Self-love, or the love of the natural man, must needs give way to the higher spiritual law which calls for sacrifice. This higher nature in man, when it has established the law of divine love in the heart, has indeed obtained the "pearl of great price." Then he loves his fellow men as Christ loves him, and in the end the natural part in him is so brought into subjection by habit and practice, that it is as it were created anew, and delights also in doing good without the hope of reward. When this state is attained, as it may be, the conflict is ended and there is peace; the six days of labor is past, and then comes the Sabbath of rest, perhaps seldom attained to fulness in this life.

When the good Thomas Shillitoe was travelling in his labor of love, while in Holland (I think) visiting the outcast and the vile in the prisons, devoting his life simply to the good of others, a person who had always contended that all that any man ever did, or would do was influenced by some selfish end, when he witnessed the utter abnegation of self which this servant of the Lord mani-

fested in his effort to do good to the meanest and the lowest, he gave way and publicly acknowledged that he had been in error, for here, said he, is a man sacrificing his own selfish interests out of pure love for the good of others.

Yes, he too was following the higher law, applicable to the Great Teacher: he loved to save others without regard to self. 'Casting himself, as he said at one time, upon the great ocean of God's love, he sought to save others, knowing that the same love which gave him the work to do would care for him.

We may suppose that while these two "*lives*" or natures in the beginning acted in harmony for good, man listened to the voice of God in the Garden within his own breast, obeyed that voice, and so dwelt in peace; for where there is implicit obedience to divine law there is peace of mind, which is an Eden indeed, whether on earth or in heaven—in man or angel. It seems to the writer that in the natural man merely there is no genuine good, only that which, judging by appearances, *seems* good. It is simply the man's own, and not to be relied on. The good of the spiritual or internal man we call good, because from the Lord in him. The ejaculation of Fenelon is full of meaning, "Pray Thou in me O God." JAMES WHITE.

Newark, O.

I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing that I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I will not pass this way again.

"THE NATURAL MAN."

In the "Intelligencer" of Ninth month 26th a correspondent asks some questions in relation to the "natural man," which I think may be answered from the Scriptures of truth, and the writings of early Friends.

Question. "Who was the Creator of this 'natural man' in whom no good dwells?"

Ans. "So God created man in his own image; in the image of God created He him." Gen. ii.

"Now some may say, 'Then how came in the curse and imperfection, and the bondage and curruption, that maketh both the creation, and man and woman thus to groan?"

"I say, as long as man and woman stood in God's counsel, and in obedience to His word, and wisdom, and power, by which all things were made and created, they stood in the perfect, good and blessed estate, and in the dominion, in God's righteous holy image and likeness, which did neither corrupt nor burden themselves nor the creation, but stood blessed and perfect in their good estate, which God, who is the only God, had placed them in."

"And likewise, all the creation stood in its blessed and good estate, as God Almighty had made it in, who is good, and made all good, perfect and blessed." "And the Lord gave a general liberty to man and woman, and a dominion; and said, 'Freely ye may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden,' and limited them only from eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil; saying, 'In the day that ye eat thereof, ye shall surely die.'"

. . . "'And when the woman saw it was good for food, and pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also to her husband, and he did eat thereof.'"

. . . "So the Lord drove Adam and Eve out of the garden, and sent them forth to till the ground, from whence they were taken; so that there was no place for them that had disobeyed the voice and transgressed the command of God, to remain in the garden and paradise of God."

"And God placed churubims and a flaming sword, which turns every way, at the east end of the garden, to keep the way of the tree of life; so that man and woman cannot come in again to the garden of God and tree of life, but by those churubims and through this flaming sword." *George Fox's Works*, Vol. 6, pp. 4 to 7.

Thus we see though God created man and placed him in paradise, he lost this blessed estate by his own disobedience, and so continued not as God created him.

Question. "What are the faculties and dispositions inherent in that nature, and whence their origin?"

Ans. "All Adam's posterity (or mankind) both Jews and Gentiles, as the first Adam (or earthly man) is fallen, degenerated, and dead; deprived of the sensation (or feeling) of this inward testimony, or seed of God; and is subject unto the power, nature, and seed of the serpent, which he soweth in men's hearts, while they abide in this natural and corrupted estate; from whence it comes, that not only their words and deeds, but all their imaginations, are evil perpetually in the sight of God, as *proceeding from this depraved and wicked seed.* Man, therefore, as he is in this state, can know nothing aright; yea, his thoughts and conceptions concerning God and things spiritual, (until he be disjoined from this evil seed, and united to the Divine Light) are unprofitable both to himself and others. Hence are rejected the Socian and Pelagian errors, in exalting a

natural light; as also the Papists and most of Protestants, who affirm that man, without the true grace of God, may be a true minister of the gospel. Nevertheless, this seed is not imputed to infants, until, by transgression, they actually join themselves therewith; for they are by nature the children of wrath, who walk according to the power of the Prince of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience, having their conversation in the lusts of the flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh, and of the mind." Prop. iv. *Barclay's Apology.*

"Though we do not ascribe any whit of Adam's guilt to men, until they make it theirs by the like acts of disobedience, yet we cannot suppose that men, who are come of Adam naturally, can have any good thing in their nature, as belonging to it; which he, from whom they derive their nature, had not himself to communicate unto them." *Ibid.*

Question. "Benevolence, leading to unselfish aid to the destitute and afflicted, and to a charitable feeling towards the erring; human love uniting together families and friends, and sacrificing personal ease and health for their benefit; the power of admiration for the useful and the beautiful in the various departments of the outer world, and an appreciation of life's privileges, are not these among the many endowments of the 'natural man,' and are these evil?"

Ans. "If therefore we may affirm that Adam did not retain in his nature (as belonging thereunto) any will or light capable to give him knowledge in spiritual things, then neither can his posterity. For whatsoever real good any man doth, it proceedeth not from his nature, as he is man, or the son of Adam, but from the *seed of God in him,* as a new visitation of life, in order to bring him out of this natural condition; so that, though it be in him, yet it is not of him; and this the Lord witnessed, Gen. vi. 5., where it is said 'he saw that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually;' which words, as they are very positive, so are they very comprehensive. Observe the emphasis of them: First, there is 'every imagination of the thoughts of his heart;' so that this admits of no exception of any imagination of the thoughts of his heart. Secondly, 'is only evil continually;' it is neither in some part evil continually, nor yet only evil at some times; but both only evil and always and continually evil; which certainly excludes any good, as a proper effect of man's heart naturally. For that which is only evil, and that always, cannot of its own nature produce any good thing. The Lord expressed this again, a little after, chap. viii. 21. 'The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth.' Thus inferring how natural and proper it is unto him; from which I thus argue: If the thoughts of man's heart be not only evil, but always evil, then are they, as they simply proceed from his heart, neither good in part, nor at any time. But the first is true, therefore the last. Again, 'If man's thoughts be always and only evil, then are they altogether useless and ineffectual to him, in the things of God.

"But the first is true, therefore the last." *Barclay's Apology.*

SCRAPS FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I hope the serious impressions which have been made upon our minds, through our late trial, may never be obliterated. We have been all mercifully cared for by a gracious Providence, who has not withheld from us the "oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

"He knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust," and having in wisdom prepared this cup for us, he condescends to accept our feeble efforts, when faintly pressing towards a calm and quiet acquiescence in all his righteous dispensations. And may we ever strive to bear in perpetual remembrance that his Will is our sanctification and redemption, that so, in yielding thereto, we may be enabled in confidence and gratitude to breathe in secret the language of the inspired prophet, "Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us, for thou hast wrought all our works in us."

We often hear of the immediate communication by the Eternal Father of his will, and we profess to believe we do thus receive a knowledge of it. I have often felt that it would be well for us to inquire whether this belief is so active as to influence our daily life and lead us to seek that close companionship with the Father which is graciously offered, or whether it is only passively recognized, being allowed no bearing upon our everyday movements. Did we, my friend, fully realize a personal interest in this as well as other Gospel truths, we would more often find our spiritual life ministered unto and our strength renewed than we now do.

It may be well for you to know that your column of "Scraps from unpublished Letters" gives general satisfaction, if I may judge from what I have heard expressed.

When correct sentiments on matters pertaining to individual religious experience are thus given to us in familiar language, they take closer hold and produce deeper thought and feeling than when they are spoken of as though they were separate from our everyday life. We know that the moments of this

everyday life make up the sum total of our existence; therefore, everything that helps us or strengthens us in the fulfilment of our everyday duties, and the cheerful endurance of our everyday trials, is of value. There are many of us who sometimes feel that no others are tried as we are, and that we can hardly hope for the sympathy or fellow feeling of those whose allotment in life differs so widely from our own; therefore we are encouraged when able to trace some similitude between that which we have known and the experience of the wise and good, and we feel the more closely bound to these in a feeling which acknowledges one great Father, whose superintending care is over all his works, and without whose notice not even a sparrow falleth to the ground; and is not even the least child of His rational family of more value than many sparrows?

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 14, 1868.

THE WRITINGS OF ANCIENT FRIENDS.—From an esteemed young friend we have received copious extracts from Fox, Barclay and others on the subject of the "Natural Man." As these extracts all appear to have the same bearing, we deem it sufficient to select from them such as are most to the point. We wish our young friend had given his views freed from the ambiguity which attends many of the phrases used by primitive writers. We mean not by this remark to ignore the writings of ancient Friends. But it is generally conceded that one reason why they are not more attractive to the young, is, because of the multiplicity of words frequently used to express their views, and that some important points of doctrine are clothed in language that is susceptible of different interpretations.

By those experienced in the school of Christ, these difficulties are readily overcome, and such find in them a correspondent testimony to that which they have received through conviction. While, therefore, the writings of early Friends are of great value, our knowledge of the existing feeling in relation to them, with a large majority of our young people, induces the desire that the important testimonies which Friends uphold, and the Christian principle which lies at the basis of their religious profession, should be placed before them freed from these objections. We believe were this the case our children would be more favorably impressed with the simplicity of the Truth, and they would not have to feel their ignorance, as some of them often do when queried with by other professors of religion as to the belief of the Society of Friends.

CORRECTION.—In the list of the minutes of Friends who attended Indiana Yearly Meeting, the name of Chalkley Gillingham occurs. This was a mistake; it should have been Chalkley Lippincott, from Pilesgrove Monthly Meeting, N. J., companion for A. Fliteraft.

DIED, on the 29th of Eighth month, 1868, at Yardleyville, Bucks Co., Pa., JOLLY LONGSHORE, in the 82d year of his age; a member of Makefield Monthly Meeting of Friends.

——, on the 14th of Ninth month, in the city of Chicago, at the residence of his brother, Lawrence Young, EDWARD YOUNG, in the 67th year of his age. After a protracted illness of five months he quietly passed away, with a full assurance of a blessed immortality.

——, on the 25th of Ninth month, 1868, at the residence of her son, Timothy B. White, in New Brighton, Beaver Co., Pennsylvania, SARAH WHITE, a member of the Society of Friends, in the 97th year of her age. She was the daughter of Timothy Balderson, of Bucks Co., and was a native of that county, but has resided in this place for the last twenty-five years. Industry, frugality, kindness, benevolence and temperance, were conspicuous traits in her character. Since the infirmities of old age became apparent, she lived retired and quiet, and it is believed she could adopt the language of Solomon, "Better is a dry morsel and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices with strife. Her end was quiet, and apparently peaceful, without pain or emotion.

——, on the morning of the 28th of Tenth month, 1868, at her own residence, LYDIA LOVE, for many years an esteemed member of York Meeting, Pa.

——, on the evening of 11th of Seventh month, 1868, HERBERT, infant son of Arthur B. and E. N. J. Farquhar, of York, Pa.

——, at her residence, in the town of Washington, Dutchess Co., N. Y., on the morning of the 8th of Eighth month, 1868, SARAH, widow of the late Stephen Thorne, in the 94th year of her age; a consistent member of Nine Partners Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 5th of Eleventh month, 1868, SAMUEL H. PAXSON, in the 57th year of his age; a member of Middletown Monthly Meeting of Friends.

FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

For the aid and elevation of the Freedmen will meet on Fourth-day evening, Eleventh month 18, at 7½ o'clock, at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room.

JACOB M. ELLIS, } *Clerks.*
ANNE COOPER, }

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, Eleventh month 20th, at 3 o'clock, at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room.

THOS. GARRIGUES, *Clerk.*

GREAT hearts, like the ocean, never congeal.

TRAVELS IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

DRESDEN, Oct. 8th, 1868.

Your letter, interesting as usual, met me at St. Petersburg. It surprised me with the assertion that until recently you had not heard of our visit to Greece. We were there to great satisfaction. The country is very unsettled, and to go far from Athens in any direction, is deemed unsafe, without a military escort. With modern Athens we were surprised. Its neatness, cleanliness, regularity and order were in strong contrast with the opposite qualities of Constantinople, from which place we had just arrived. The great attraction and charm, however, were in the ruins of the Acropolis and the country around. To stand on the spot where Paul stood preaching to the people of Athens, with such surroundings as were offered by the Ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, those before named and others of almost equal interest, was sufficient to arouse deep feelings. It is at such times and in such companionship one feels his deficiency in historic lore. Every inch of ground, before, behind, on every side, was so rich in great events, that ignorance of them deprives me of a vast field of enjoyment. This is also the case over almost all Europe, where the centuries of occupation have brought so many succeeding races and dynasties to rule over and to ruin the land on which you stand. One well read in the history of Germany alone, has a feast prepared, the richness and value of which can only be appreciated after travel. You have, I think, heard of our visit to the North Cape, in search of "that sun which never sets." My childish imagination used to be excited by stories of Arctic travel and the wonders of the region "where days and nights of half a year" were said to be the ordinary events of time. What was then heard of by me with doubt, has now been realized, and a day of half a year has become so familiar a feature in our experience as almost to pass like those ordinary periods and changes of times which a life renders commonplace. We reached Norway about July 1st, after the sun had begun to descend; but as we went northward rapidly, much faster indeed than was neccessary to overtake his retiring steps, we gradually advanced into a region of light, that became brighter and brighter every twenty-four hours, until even the birds of the air knew not *when* to rest their tired wings, and the sun's bright disc descended not into the great Northern Ocean. For days we were under continual sunshine, but unfortunately a screen of clouds intervened, preventing that ocular demonstration of the fact, that was alone wanting for the perfect enjoyment of our trip. As great a degree of light at midnight as at noon was evidence enough of the actual presence of the sun, to satisfy us of the fact, and to find the fowls roosting at mid-day, shows the bewilderment of the poor creatures, at what even their instinct had not taught them to understand. We were charmed with Norway. In many particulars we found it as attractive, and in some points more so, than even Switzerland. While deficient in great individual mountains, such as excite the awe of those who travel in the latter country, it abounds in waterfalls far superior in height and volume,—in fiords of wonderful beauty and rocky grandeur,—in vast and beautiful glaciers,—in a country not overrun with travellers, and a people not yet contaminated by intercourse with the civilization of England and America. Our country people have the reputation of spoiling Europe for travel. From our observation I fear too much truth in the reproach. Many Americans come abroad prepared to spend large sums of money, and shun every approach to an economy, which all others on the continent practice as an ordinary duty. The coast of Norway is guarded by a belt of mountainous islands, which, running parallel with the shore and but a short distance from it, protects the traveller from the storms which may be raging on the open sea. We were glad and surprised on the way to St. Petersburg from Stockholm to find such a barrier extending along the southern coast of Finland, and with the islands lying midway across the gulf, forming an excellent protection should storms sweep over the sea. It was our good fortune to escape rough weather and reach the great city of the north in good condition. With Stockholm we were disappointed. We thought Hamburg a finer city. The situation of H. is good and the environs delightful. A beautiful lake stretches to the west for 50 miles, diversified with islands almost countless in number, of all sizes and shapes, and thickly covered with evergreen trees of large size. Though not so high and rocky as are those on the Norwegian coast, these islands are picturesque, and add much to the beauty of the surrounding district. On our way to Russia, we stopped at the old Finnish towns of Abo, Helsingfors and Vibourg. They are not remarkable for any great peculiarities—were quiet, comfortable-looking places, the people of which seemed disposed to take life easy. This province of Finland was annexed to Russia about 1815, but still retains the feelings and attachments which originally bound them to Sweden. St. Petersburgh was hardly safe with Finland in the hands of an enemy, and it became, I suppose, a mili-

tary necessity to have a change of rulers. We had heard so much of the brilliant appearance of the City of the Czar as approached from the sea, and seen by the setting sun, that here we were again doomed to disappointment. The Church of Isaac, with its grand gilded dome, the spire of the Admiralty and a few other striking objects met the eye, but the distance over which the city is scattered makes its many spires and domes seem comparatively few and unimportant. The public buildings, however, quite recompense you for the other deficiencies, and probably present in a small district of the city a greater number of grand houses than the streets of any other city can exhibit in the same space. The Russians are fond of display. The establishment of their government departments is one of the opportunities which they use to exhibit the wealth and resources of their government. When all these bureaus are gathered together around such a palace as that of which St. Petersburg justly boasts, externally, the impression is very grand. With the interior of the palace we were less pleased, as every thing looked too faded to fill our idea of Russian grandeur. The Hermitage, an immense building adjoining the palace, was built by Catherine II., and contains a very fine collection of paintings, ancient and modern, the relics of Peter the Great—very numerous and interesting—and a vast number of curious and valuable treasures collected by Catharine and her successors. It forms a gallery of great interest, showing so clearly the direction in which that celebrated man directed his thoughts and employed his leisure, as to form quite a history of him. His canes, whips, knives, tobacco boxes, rings, pins and other jewels, every sort of clothing, the simple household utensils, the various valuable gifts presented to him by his distinguished cotemporaries, in fact almost everything that a peculiar man would be likely to have gathered together, is here before you. The workbenches, turning lathes and various machines with which he occupied himself, and many of the curious results of his industry, are shown you. Such an unique collection is not often open to the traveller. While we admit disappointment at our view of St. Petersburg, we acknowledge the pleasure derived from the closer inspection of its houses during our walks and drives. The streets are wide, clean and well lighted, though not paved with much care. Through the principal streets two wooden tracks are laid, each nearly as wide as the carriage track in our great Chestnut Street, and guards are constantly employed to keep the carriages on their proper courses. A wide space between and on each side of these wooden roads is paved with stones, and of course is but little used. It is wonderful that accidents are not more frequent in wet weather, when these wooden blocks are slippery and horses are driven over them at a speed we would think dangerous to others in our quiet city. The Russian is fond of fine horses, evidently, as the number in the streets that are strikingly showy is larger than I have ever seen elsewhere. The carriages, on the contrary, are generally quite plain—those used by gentlemen, apparently for business in riding to and from their offices, resembling a sulky body mounted on four wheels. We found the jewelry of this city extremely rich and costly. In the Church of Isaac, which is built in the form of a Greek cross, in the centre of a large and fine platz on the river side, you have a specimen of what Russia can produce in the way of minerals. Without much decoration this great building produces a profound impression from its great size and fine proportions. Surrounded and resting upon three great courses of Finland granite, highly polished and arranged like gigantic steps leading to its walls, the building rises up before you in its simple beauty. The interior is rich in fine colossal mosaics, malachite and lapis lazuli, of which, it is said, that 40,000 pounds of the former have been used in covering the ten pilasters that serve to support the screen. Profuse as seems to have been and as really was the use of malachite and lapis lazuli in this building, it must be borne in mind that these stones are worked as veneers and mosaics, being cut in thin strips about thirty to the inch, and laid in small pieces on the surface previously prepared for them. This treatment of the stone is applied in all cases where a large surface is exposed to view. Harper's Guide tells us of the solid malachite columns of this church, which are really veneers of stone upon hollow iron pilasters, but this deviation from fact is a trifling error in a book so abundantly supplied with remarkable statements. Moscow is very unlike St. Petersburg. It is Asiatic in its character and almost barbaric in its peculiarities, with dirty, ill-paved and badly-graded streets. The fronts of the stores are covered with the gaudiest colors and the most attractive titles that their owners can devise. Of course our first visit was to the Kremlin. We went through Napoleon's apartment and stood upon the roof whence he had gazed upon the devoted city. We saw the great bell, twenty feet high and the same in diameter, weighing 444,000 pounds. It lost a *small* piece in falling from the tower, and left a hole by which a person can enter upright through its wall of two feet in thick-

ness. The bell tower, at whose base this great bell lies, contains thirty-four bells, of ages extending back as far as the year 1550, and of all sizes from 65 tons down. Some are silver and of beautiful tone, but most are of the ordinary bell-metal. On reaching the top of this tower, a view bursts upon you, such as no other spot in Europe can produce, and yet, strangely enough, it is only a view over a city, through whose dirty, ill-paved, neglected streets you have reached the Kremlin. No grand mountains with snowy peaks are around you—no beautiful lakes reflect their varied colors—no charms of nature attract and interest the eye. It wanders over nothing but the roofs of a city, whose outline is broken by the domes and spires of its churches. But, where the soft shades of green blend together the hard shapes of these house tops, and almost a thousand minarets, spires and domes, blazing in gold or studded with golden stars upon a ground-work of the deepest blue, meet the eye wherever it may turn, there needs not much imagination in the beholder to see the wondrous beauty of the scene. Surely no other city that we have visited can claim a place for competition with Moscow. In the Royal Palace is a suite of three rooms, or rather halls, which, for magnificence, surpass any we have seen in any other European Palace. The first, dedicated to the military order of St. George, is 200 feet by 68, and 58 feet high, in white and gold, and containing on white marble tablets the names of persons and regiments, decorated with the order and inscribed in gold. The second hall, in pink and gold, dedicated to the order of St. Alexander Nevsky, is 103 feet long, and of the same height and width as the first. The third is the hall of St. Andrew, the senior order of knighthood, established by Peter the First, 1698. The arms of the provinces of Russia appear on the walls, which are hung with blue silk. The Emperor's throne is at the end of the hall, which is 160 feet long. and is lighted by 2095 candles. From here it was but a short distance to the famous riding school, capable of exercising three regiments of infantry and two of cavalry at a time. So we rode there to see a room said to be the largest covered by a roof, without other than side wall supports, that is now in existence. It measures 560 feet in length by 158 in breadth and 42 in height. At the museum we were interested in an ethnological collection, representing the costumes, occupations, &c., of all the races and tribes found in Russia, both European and Asiatic. It was well arranged, and deserved much more time than we could devote to it. We had hoped on entering Russia to be in season for the great fair of Nijni Novgorod, but found it had closed ere we left Sweden. One cannot see everything in Europe, even in so protracted a tour as ours, so we returned to St. Petersburg, and being duly discharged by the functionaries, were permitted to travel on to Warsaw. The country through which we passed, like that toward Moscow, possesses not the slightest interest. It is level, unproductive, thinly settled, and showing such villages as make you glad there are not more to be seen. They look more like the negro quarters in our Southern States than any other collection of houses, and the people, except in color, did not seem to have much advantage over their dark-skinned brothers. The palace, which frequently rose up in the background, completed the picture, and told the story of degradation and subjection. On reaching Warsaw, we felt, for the first time, what a nuisance the passport system is. We had congratulated ourselves on having entered Russia without any trouble at the custom house, and in St. Petersburg and also in Moscow we merely handed our papers to the hotel porter, who had them "seen" to go to and fro and to remain in the different cities which we visited. But, before leaving the cars at Warsaw, our passports were required, taken, with many others, into a department where they were all carefully examined by a lazy official, while the crowd of travellers, weary with thirty hours travel, waited impatiently. They were again taken from us at the hotel, but returned before we left. On going to the station, they must be again produced, examined by a stupid fellow who could not read a word therein, and presented at the ticket window, before the pasteboards could be got. After all this flummery we were allowed to depart, and we were not sorry to leave a spot so trodden down by military despotism. During our visit to Warsaw we saw the interesting objects of history the city offers, though it has but little of beauty and few attractions. The Russian Emperor was expected the night of the day we left, and bunkum loyalty was excited to greet his arrival. I found that the aversion of the Poles was strong as ever to their master, and that Austria's moderate policy was likely to make trouble in Russia. On leaving for Berlin, we found mounted Cossacks stationed all along the road to the frontier; when our train met the Emperor, the guards closed our car windows, while the trains were stationary, but we had a good view of the Czar. . . .

Do but the half of what you can, and you will be surprised at the result of your diligence.

SICKNESS.

By C. N. D., Chicago.

A stranger guest unbidden crossed my threshold,
And he was most *unwelcome:*
I had striven long to drive him from my door,
Had struggled with him *vainly*,
But he entered in as one who had a *right*,
In spite of my remonstrance.

With him came long weary days,
And painful, feverish nights,—
Nights that semed more like weeks
And brought no rest,
But restless tossing, frightful dreams,
And all the vagaries of an unsettled and bewildering mind,
Diseased by a sick body.

Anon the house grew still, and soft, slow steps,
Low tones, and anxious looks betokened
That he the stranger guest
Had filled the house with *fear*,
And they who loved me trembled
Lest he might unbar the door
To e'en a darker, sterner guest than he.

But that guest came not—*he was* warded off,
Or rather *he was not sent:*
My time had not yet come—to die;
And, finding I could not drive
My unbidden visitor away,
I took him to my heart,
And patiently I listened to his teachings.

Then his brow grew luminous with holy light,
His burning eye kindled in my cold heart
The sacred fire, fed by God's Holy Spirit,
And the blessed words that fell upon my ear,
Strengthened and soothed me,
Then I recognized God's messenger.

Oh sickness! Thou dost often seem to us
A messenger from God,
And though thou comest unbidden and unwelcome,
Men may hardly know what they do owe to thee.
How often dost thou disenchant them
With the things of earth!
Inspire them with the hopes of heaven!

The grovelling cares of life awhile are laid aside,
And all its noises hushed;
Its endless discords, fret and chafe no more;
But the calm peace, first-born of *weakness*,
And seeming most like apathy, settles around,
And they *rest* from all their toils, from all their fears.

When health and strength return again,
Then comes to them *this strong conviction*,
That He who suffered the temple that their souls inhabit
To be so shattered,
And can raise it up strong, vigorous and upright,
To its own fair proportions,
Will never see the symmetry of their fair souls destroyed,
Although their *growth* may be impeded.

That *He* can unravel the entangled thread
Of human life, and of it weave
A garment fitting for his sons to wear;
That He can make *rough* places *smooth*,
Rough natures polished,
Events, *relations*, that now seem most hurtful,
Means, to the one great end
Of fitting our immortal souls *for Heaven*.

Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE INDIANS.

At a late meeting of the Government Peace Commission, held in Chicago, the following resolution, to be reported to Congress, was passed by a vote of two to one:

"*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this Commission, the Bureau of Indian Affairs should be transferred from the Interior to the War Department."

If Friends are willing that the three hundred thousand Indians within the Territorial Government of our country should be inhumanly butchered by our troops, as they have heretofore been, as is abundantly shown and proven by the reports of the Commissioners on Indian Affairs, and by the records of the Indian Office, they have only to be quiet and let the matter progress as it appears to be progressing; but if Friends wish to prevent such barbarous cruelty as would disgrace a nation of savages, now is the time to act, by conferring with the members of Congress who represent them, both Senators and Representatives, before they leave their homes, and particularly with their Senators who make and confirm treaties with the Indians. Let every Friend who has an opportunity speak to the Senators and Representatives before they leave their homes to come to Congress, that they desire that justice should be done to the Indians, in the fullest sense of the term, and that they desire to be furnished with all documents in relation to the Indians that they can have sent to them. Also that they and their friends will look with deep interest on all the acts and proceedings of Congress in this matter. In my judgment the magnitude of this subject will warrant Quarterly, Monthly and Particular Meetings in appointing committees to visit and confer with the Representatives from the districts in which they live, and the Senators from the State, and to confer with them upon the importance in every point of view of the Government doing full and complete justice to the Indians. By doing this the servants of the people will learn the wishes and views of their constituents while at home, where they can calmly consider the matter; and they will be far more likely to regard and consider the wishes of the people they represent than they would otherwise be. The enormities and atrocious murders of hundreds of confiding defenceless Indian women and children by our officers and soldiers, for which the people are both morally and pecuniarily answerable, will, I think, fully justify Friends in calling public meetings of the people in their several localities, and considering the subject and expressing their views in the matter; and also to pass resolutions directing their Representatives and instructing their

Senators in Congress to use their utmost efforts to have the Government do full justice to all the Indians. Such meetings might properly appoint committees or elect delegates to wait on the members of Congress that represent them, and urge them to attend to this matter. JONATHAN DENNIS, JR.

Washington, 11th mo. 4, 1868.

The purport of remarks of Hon. N. G. TAYLOR, *President of the Indian Peace Commission, and Commissioner of Indian Affairs, at the late meeting of the Commission at Chicago.*

The question being on the resolution of GENERAL TERRY, *proposing to recommend that "The Indian Bureau should be transferred to the War Department,"* Mr. TAYLOR *in substance said:*

In what I have to say upon this question it is assumed that the proposed transfer means that in future all our "Indian Affairs" are to be administered by the Army, under the direction of the War Office.

I object to this resolution because—

1*st. Its adoption by Congress at once creates a necessity for maintaining a large standing army in the field.*

With the restoration of all the states to their peaceful relations to the Federal Government and the return of their populations to industrial avocations and prosperity, if peace is maintained, as at present, with all foreign powers, our military establishment should soon be reduced to a peace footing, its material returned to industrial and producing employments, and the people, to the extent of many millions of dollars annually, relieved of taxes now raised and expended in the support and pay of the army.

I apprehend that neither Congress nor the country will be willing to transfer the Indian Bureau to the War Department merely to *create necessity to keep up the army and, with it, the taxes.*

I object—

2*d.* Because *our policy towards the Indian tribes is peace, and the proposed transfer is tantamount, in my judgment, to perpetual war.* Every body knows that the presence of troops with the avowed purpose of regulating affairs by force, the sound of the bugle, the drum, the fife, the glitter of military insignia and regulation arms, arouse feelings of hostility and beget sentiments of resistance and war even in the most civilized communities. How much more intense and bitter are the feelings of hostility naturally engendered in the bosoms of the free, wild savages, barbarians, and semi-civilized Indians by the presence of soldiers who they know are sent to force them into subjection and keep them so? To their ears the sound of the drum, the fife and the bugle, the tramp of cavalry and the boom of the morning and evening gun are the infallible signs of oppression and war, and the very presence of armed and uniform soldiers in their haunts and hunting grounds provokes and inflames the profoundest feelings of hostility and hate.

If our legislators desire chronic war. with additional expenses of $50,000,000 to $150,000,000 annually, on account of Indian affairs, the transfer is, it seems to me, a logical way to the result.

It ought to be noted and remembered in this connection, that in the British North American Possessions, as I am informed, no soldiers have ever been kept, except a few at Fort Geary and on the Pacific, and they not in reference to Indians. Under civil management the British Indian affairs have been so conducted as to secure and maintain unbroken peace.

3*d.* Because it is inhuman and unchristian, in my opinion, leaving the question of economy out of view, to destroy a whole race by such demoralization and disease as military government is sure to entail upon our tribes.

I know no exception to the rule that the presence of military posts in the Indian country is speedily subversive of even the sternest ideas of Indian domestic morals. Female chastity, the abandonment of which, in some tribes, is punished with death, yields to bribery or fear; marital rights are often disregarded, and shameless concubinage, with its disgusting concomitants, in many instances, spreads its pestiferous stench through camp and lodge. The most loathsome, lingering, and fatal diseases, which reach many generations in their ruinous effects, are spread broadcast, and the seeds of moral and physical death are planted among these miserable creatures.

If you wish to see some of the results of establishing military posts in the Indian country, I call your attention to the six or eight hundred of half-breeds, till recently loafing around Fort Laramie; to the posts along the Missouri; to Fort Sumner, in New Mexico, before the Navajo exodus, and to all our military posts in the Indian country. If you wish to exterminate the race, pursue them with ball and blade—massacre them wholesale, as we have sometimes done, or, to make it cheap, call them to a peaceful feast, and feed them on beef, salted with wolf-bane—but, for humanity's sake, save them from the lingering syphalitic poisons so sure to be contracted about military posts.

4*th.* Because you have tried military management of Indian affairs and it has proven a failure, and, in my judgment, must, in the

very nature of things, always prove a failure. Soldiers are educated and trained in the science of war, and in the arts of arms; civilians are taught in the science and arts of peaceful civilization.

In lifting up races from the degradation of savage barbarism, and leading them into the sunlight of a higher life; in unveiling to their benighted vision the benefits of civilization, and the blessings of a peaceful Christianity, I cannot, for the life of me, perceive the propriety or the efficacy of employing the military instead of the civil departments, unless you intend to adopt the Mohammedan motto, and proclaim to these people, "Death or the Koran."

I take it, the great mass of our people, and of their Representatives in Congress, desire peaceful relations with our Indian tribes, mean to continue to recognize their natural rights as our fathers have done, and do not desire their violent extermination. If so, I submit, the peaceful, therefore the civil, and not the military agencies of the government, are better adapted to secure the desired ends.

But if it is desired and intended to exterminate them, would it not be better first to count the probable cost?

On the peninsula of Florida, the government tried to subjugate only—not exterminate—a few hundred Indians. How long did they bring all the skill and courage of the army, with the help of bloodhounds to bear, in accomplishing the object, and at what cost?

For seven years we fought them, and at a cost of, perhaps, $50,000,000, certainly not less than $35,000,000, to say nothing of life sacrificed, and still there are several hundred Seminoles in Florida who claim to be free. Now, if it required the army of the United States seven years, at a cost of $35,000,000, to subjugate 1,500 Seminoles, on the little pent-up peninsula of Florida, how long will it take, and at what cost, to exterminate over 300,000 Indians, occupying and roaming over the plains and mountains of the interior, an area of over 200,000 square miles.

(To be concluded.)

The family of mankind is an aggregate of individuals, and when any admit that endless misery will be the allotment of a part, they will do well to remember that it is possible they themselves may be of the number. Some have contended for this particular tenet as earnestly as if their own salvation and happiness entirely depended on proving that others will be miserable *ad infinitum!* But it is questionable whether any one ever really believed it to be true, who did not imagine himself secure from the danger.—*Geo. Dillwyn.*

PERSONAL FITNESS FOR CHRISTIAN WORK.

Much of the Christian work of our day is done under a pressure too great to allow that deep searching of heart and inward preparation which are the surest guarantees for real efficiency and permanent success. It is true, no Christian may wholly excuse himself from active effort on behalf of others by the unsatisfactory state of his mind and heart; it is true that few better modes of preparation for work than work itself can be found. But it is also true that the personal character, as changed by grace, is the essential foundation of all true Christian usefulness.

Indeed, every Christian character possesses an absolute intrinsic worth, apart from all useful effects it may have upon others. And every man's first and nearest duty and privilege is to build up his own character in the beauty of holiness. All pretended schemes of usefulness which would hinder this process should be unhesitatingly repudiated. To say simply that a man is born only to be useful to others, is to deny his inner worth, and to put the greatest possible obstacle in the way of that usefulness. Only the man who is mainly trying to grow better himself, is fit to make others better. He who keeps not his own vineyard, is poorly qualified to take charge of the vineyards of others.

The man who would lead others to holiness must have in himself a high sense of the value of holiness. He must himself hunger and thirst after it. He must have waged battles in his own heart to gain what measure of it he possesses. His hostility to sin must be radical and deep, springing from the near view of it furnished in his own experience. In short, he must be a truly regenerate man. He must have root in himself, otherwise the most promising schemes he may lay and the greatest zeal he may show in executing them will be nothing but the showy, weedy growth of a shallow soil, which will wither in the season of temptation. . . . .

It is not to be denied that a man who is much occupied by the business details of our working organizations, who gives much of his wealth to the various forms of Christian enterprise, who even distributes the printed page, and utters weighty and eloquent words from the pulpit, may do all this without a particle of those personal, spiritual qualifications, which are necessary to the success of the work as a spiritual undertaking. There must be heart, soul, sincerity, devotion, self consecration in the minister and the Christian worker before they can really hope to achieve anything for the cause of Christ. Without doubt, much of the zeal we witness in the favorite methods of activity in our day needs a deeper basis of personal religion. Great and cheer-

ing as are its results, they would be far greater if all engaged in them could reach a higher degree of spirituality and self-consecration. Modes of activity are means of grace of the highest order, but only to such as carefully cherish the spark of grace within, and that keep with all diligence the fountain head of all right feeling and action, "the heart—out of which are the issues of life!"—*American Presbyterian.*

For the Children.

THE HAROLD BLOCKS.

BY VERNON H. JONES.

One night at the Potsdam Farm the younger boys and girls of the Holmes' family were made exceeding glad by a parcel which had been sent them from New York. Before Mother Holmes opened it she gave all a chance to guess at its contents. The parcel was square and flat, about two inches high, and perhaps ten inches square. What a game of guessing was played for ten minutes around Father Holmes's table! The guesses would stock the shelves of a toy and variety shop for the Christmas holidays. At length the string was untied, and the coarse paper wrapper removed. A square box, with sliding and gayly painted cover, was opened and upset, and, lo! the table was fairly strewed with Harold blocks—the same my little reader has played with many an hour.

In Plainfield, New Jersey, there live two kind men—brothers—who spend a great deal of time in divising simple amusements for little folks. They have a pleasant shop, in which, with saws and planes and turning lathe and paint, they make blocks, balls, boxes, and divers other toys. Right warm-hearted men they are, and right well they know how to charm the hours of childhood. The Harold Building Blocks are especially fine. Sixty-four of them are in a box. The six sides of each block contain letters, figures, and pictures; so that you can arrange numbers, spell words, turn the whole box into a museum or menagerie, or combining the colored sides, form most beautiful mosaics—stars, diamonds, squares, checkered figures of various kinds, and of all colors.

The blocks really flashed on Farmer Holmes's table that evening, they were so new and fresh and bright. Never were girls and boys much happier. The company consisted of Nellie and Nancy and John Holmes, their cousin Sarah and Willie Mason, from the village, and the Blodgett boys, Tom and James, who had come in for an hour this evening.

First they picked out the letters of the alphabet, and spelled easy words. Sarah Mason gave James Blodgett five blocks, and told him to make a word out of them. So James put them together thus, MEJAS, and thought they must stand for some Mexican chief. Sarah laughed, and he tried again: EJMAS. Again Sarah laughed at James's stupidity, and Nancy took the letters and spelled James. So they spelled words for some time.

The blocks were then distributed to the company, each having about nine. A neat village soon stood on the table; they called it Harold, in honor of the inventor of the blocks. John Holmes made three cozy cottages out of his nine blocks. Nellie built one beautiful house. Nancy Holmes and Thomas Blodgett put up theirs together, and with eighteen blocks put up a church with a tall spire. James built a corner store, a hardware store he called it, and turned the "saw" and the "hammer" sides of his blocks toward the streets for a sign. Will Mason put up a great hotel. Sarah turned her blocks into a railroad train, and pushed it through the streets of the little block town, puffing and whistling, greatly to the amusement of the citizens of Harold.

All at once John Holmes took a notion to start a new thing in the village, so he took down his cottages and built a museum and menagerie. One side of several blocks contain pictures of various animals, lions, horses, sheep, goats, elephants, foxes, birds, etc.; these John arranged in a sort of round room, calling each block a cage. This was called Harold Museum.

After all this some one shot a marble into the town, then another and another, till the little place was "desolated by war," as they called it.

Next the company studied the colors of the blocks, and made one beautiful mosaic pavement. Soon after Mother Holmes came in, and in her quiet way began to play, and putting the blocks into the box spelled out the following sentences: TIME FOR BED. GOOD NIGHT. BE GOOD. So the hint was taken, and after a hearty good-night the company broke up. And watching the joy of the evening, I said:

1. Might not many homes be made more attractive to children by the introduction of such simple amusements from time to time?

2. And might not this be done in our humblest and poorest homes by a little economy and self-denial? Think of cigars and pipes and chewing tobacco and ask this question.

3. And might not a little surplus change in our pockets thus invested now and then bring gladness into homes where there is too little gladness to be found?—*C. W. Advocate.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

TENTH MONTH.

	1867.	1868.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	6 days.	14 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	3 "	1 "
Snow, includ'g very light falls	0 "	1 "
Cloudy, without storms	9 "	9 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	13 "	6 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1867.	1868.
Mean temperature of 10th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	51.65 deg.	54.00 deg.
Highest do. during mo., do.	78.00 "	77.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	41.50 "	34.50 "
RAIN during the month, do.	4.32 in.	1.73 in.
DEATHS during the month, being 4 current weeks for 1867 and 5 for 1868	913	1137

Average of the mean temperature of 10th month for the past *seventy-nine* years.	54.62 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1793	64.00 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1827	46.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.	1867.	1868.
Totals for first six months	30.20 inch.	26.31 inch
Rain during Seventh month	2.38 "	3.51 "
" Eighth "	15.81 "	2.65 "
" Ninth "	1.72 "	8.90 "
" Tenth "	4.32 "	1.73 "
Totals	54.43 "	43.10 "

The above exhibit records deaths for five weeks for the month this year; deduct one fifth to make the comparison fair with last year, and the excess for present year is only three.

There was also a great increase in the number of days on which rain fell, with less than half the quantity. While as respects the temperature, it is lower in all its phases for the month, as well as a trifle below the average for the past 79 years.

"Indian summer," as descriptive of a certain kind of balmy, delicious weather, is frequently quoted, and probably by the majority of persons assigned to the month under review. The writer is one of those who believes that, if there is any month to which it especially belongs, it is the one we are now passing through (eleventh)

Certainly we have had but a poor specimen of it this year, and it is to be hoped it is yet to come.

Philada., 11th mo. 4th, 1868. J. M. ELLIS.

ITEMS.

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU reports that the expenditures in South Carolina during the past year were $195,000, besides $289,000 used in buying subsistence stores issued to planters with a lien on their crops. Bonds were taken from the planters for this last amount, nearly or quite all of which will be collected before New Year's. The crops this year are tolerably good, and all who were industrious have now abundant means of support. The planters are learning to treat their hands better, and there is not much trouble between employers and employed. The freedmen are in all material respects much better off than they were last year. The total number of sick treated during the year was 55,900, of whom one-fifth were whites. Great attention has been paid to school matters. The number of teachers is 123; pupils 6698. The bureau has spent $50,000 on school buildings during the year.

A NEW PLANET has been discovered in the constellation of the whale, by Professor Watson, of Michigan University. He says it resembles a star of the tenth magnitude, and was situated in right ascension 15 deg. 20 min., and in declination zero degrees and 32 minutes north. Its daily motion is 45 seconds of time retrograde in right ascension, and 3 minutes of arc south in declination.

IT IS reported that in the South the schools and colleges for both sexes are at present more numerously attended than in any previous year. At the University of Virginia there are over 500 students. At Washington College there are nearly 400, and at the Virginia Military Institute over 250. Emory and Henry, in Washington Co, opened its fall session with nearly 300. Hampden Sidney has nearly or quite 100. Randolph Macon at the latest accounts had about 75, and daily accessions were being made. Richmond College has largely over 100.

A LAMP, which is said to have the power of transmitting light through the animal tissues, was recently exhibited at a meeting of the British Society for the Advancement of Science. The inventor (Dr. Richardson) says that the idea of effecting this transmission of light originated with Dr. Priestly, who had observed that on passing the discharge of a Leyden battery through his finger the member became luminous. By this lamp, it was asserted that the motion of the heart and of the lungs had been observed while these organs were under the influence of ether. The bones in the arm of a child also were seen, and the movements and outline of the heart through the chest.

COAL IN RUSSIA.—The foreign scientific journals report that, recently, large and most important discoveries of coal have been made in Russia. The mines of one district alone, are, according to the Saint Petersburg journal, Golos, capable of supplying annually 400,000 tons for one hundred and fifty to two hundred years. Since 1864, there have been surveyed in the valley of the Don forty-four beds, the aggregate quantity of which is estimated at more than eighteen billions of tons. The Golos asserts that the mineral wealth of Russia far exceeds that of England, and, at the same rate of production, would last for two centuries after the English mines had been exhausted.

THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT, in evacuating the Italian provinces, agreed to restore the various pictures and objects of art and antiquity, that had previously been removed by the princes who had ceded the territory to Austria for a pecuniary equivalent. At first the Austrians exhibited some reluctance to carry out the agreement, but in consequence of the expostulations of the Italian Government these works of art are now being sent back. The Duke of Modena, it is stated, has just restored to Italy a most valuable collection of coins and medals, 14,000 in number. In this great collection, Cavedoni, the first numismatic scholar of Italy, found the materials for a great variety of essays and dissertations, published by him during his long life, and which are now to be collected and republished at the expense of the Italian Government.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 21, 1868. No. 38.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.
SINGLE NOS. 6 CENTS.
REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.
The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.
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Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
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BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING.

The Extracts from Ohio and Baltimore Yearly Meetings have been received. In looking over them we find that through private sources we have already given to our readers such portions of them from Ohio as are of especial interest. From Baltimore, we subjoin the report of the Committee on the Indian concern, that of Nottingham Quarterly Meeting, and the minute embodying the exercises of the Yearly Meeting:

In accordance with the advice of this meeting last year, several of the Quarterly Meetings appointed Committees to visit in Gospel Love the subordinate meetings and isolated Friends, and their reports now received give evidence that the labors of these Committees have been blessed.

It was directed that the report of the Committee appointed by Nottingham Quarterly Meeting, and forwarded in the report of that Quarter to this meeting, be inserted in our extracts. It is as follows, viz:

To the Quarterly Meeting:

DEAR FRIENDS:—The Committee appointed by the advice of our last Yearly Meeting, to visit in Gospel Love the Subordinate Meetings, and the isolated members as way might open, *Report:* That notwithstanding many of us have felt the want of a proper qualification for this important service, we have been made willing to submit, and have attended all the meetings.

In regard to visiting isolated Friends, it was concluded not to discriminnte between families, and we have therefore visited nearly all the members belonging to the Quarter, and although we have found weakness to prevail to some extent, yet we have been encouraged in believing that the care and concern of the Quarterly Meeting has been appreciated by most of our members.

The visits of your Committee have been received in much kindness, and a concern manifested that we may more generally be careful to live the life of the righteous in our common walks of life, and be better prepared to attend all our religious meetings; that we may again be permitted to dwell under that canopy of love which so manifestly lived in the hearts of our predecessors.

The Committee are more than ever convinced of the important duty of a more social and religious intercourse amongst our members, and feel a concern to recommend to all of us, prayerfully to seek for a qualification to be useful to and encourage each other to a more faithful attendance of our religious meetings, not only on First-days, but also those held near the middle of the week. Truly the harvest seems to be plenteous, but the laborers are too few; pray ye therefore that the Lord of the Harvest will quality more laborers.

We are not willing to dismiss this important subject without expressing to you, dear Friends, the deep concern we feel that you, who have been placed as watchmen and watchwomen over the flock, may humbly seek wisdom and strength of your Heavenly Father, "who giveth liberally and upbraideth not," to enable you not only to keep your places in the life and spirit of the truth, but that you may stand as way-marks for those of less experience; and finally, dear Friends, let us encourage each other to seek the truth do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God.

Signed by direction and on behalf of the Committee by

DAVID PYLE,
MARY C. CUTLER,
NAOMI P. BONSALL,
THOMAS P. KING,
DAVID G. McCOY.

The following report was received from the Committee on the Indian Concern, which was satisfactory to the meeting, viz:

To Baltimore Yearly Meeting:

The Standing Committee on the Indian Concern report that they have continued their labors through the past year, in endeavoring to promote the interest and welfare of our Red Brethren, with unabated industry, endeavoring to embrace every opportunity which offered of being serviceable to these people.

It is gratifying to be able to state, that the Indians on the Cattaraugus and Alleghany Reservations in Western New York, which were, for so many years, objects of our peculiar solicitude and care, are now in a contented and prosperous condition, gradually gathering around them the conveniences and comforts of civilized life, and exhibiting an exemplary and commendable progress in civilization and enlightenment.

A member of our Committee, in course of a religious visit to that part of New York, was at the Cattaraugus Reservation last Sixth month, and visited some Indian families, and three Indian schools, with much interest and satisfaction. The "Asylum for Orphan and Destitute Indian Children" was in good condition, and has about one hundred scholars, boys and girls.

For many years after Friends commenced their special intercourse with these Indians, it was an object of deep concern and labor, that they should devote themselves to agricultural pursuits, so that instead of the precarious dependence for subsistence for themselves and their families upon the buffalo, the deer, and the bear in the forest, they might have cattle, sheep, and swine, in their fields at home, whence they could be certainly and readily obtained. Promotive of this object, a family of Friends resided upon the Reservation for a number of years, whose kind offices are still retained in affectionate and grateful remembrance by some of those who were recipients of them.

During the past season, an invitation was extended to the Committee to visit the Reservation, and witness the progress they had made in this direction, at an Agricultural Exhibition to take place about the first of Tenth month. The invitation was accepted, and a delegation was appointed to attend the exhibition on behalf of the Committee, and also to visit the Asylum for Orphan Indian Children.

The report of that delegation gives a very encouraging picture of the condition of these Indians, and of the progress they are making in this interesting and fundamental branch of industry. There were on exhibition fine specimens of working oxen, steers, and fat cattle; improved breeds of sheep, both fine and long wool; horses, swine, and poultry, all raised by Indians, and which would have been creditable to any farming district. There were excellent specimens of winter and spring wheat, Indian corn, oats, barley, barley oats, buckwheat, and seeds of millet, timothy and clover; a choice and abundant collection of fruits, as apples, peaches, grapes, etc., and all kinds of vegetables, and farm and garden products generally, of superior size and quality.

The female department, too, indicated great and unlooked for progress. Here were butter, cheese, wheat bread, corn, Indian and graham bread, pound and sponge cake, maple sugar, honey, a great variety of preserves, and everything in the domestic line, all prepared by our Red Sisters, and of very nice appearance and excellent quality. There was also a great variety of needle-work, embroidery, knitting, and bead-work, indicating much advancement in ingenuity, industry and taste. Indeed, in every department, the variety and quality of the articles collected, would have done credit to any similar county exhibition by the whites, and afforded interesting practical evidence of the great progress these people have made in agriculture and its kindred industrial pursuits, and demonstrates the gratifying fact of their being fully able to stand alone and do for themselves, and that our Red Brethren and Sisters, as a race, are capable of unlimited advance in civilization and enlightenment.

In the visit of the Delegation to the "Thomas Asylum for Orphan and Destitute Indian Children," they were highly gratified with the comfortable and neat appearance of these interesting objects of charity; the large, pleasant, and well ventilated dormitories; the light

and well arranged school room, and the successful recitations of the children in the great variety of exercises on which they were examined, including, among others, spelling, reading, geography, history, anatomy and physiology. The correctness and precision of the answers given by the children, the distinctness of their articulation, the exactness with which all spake together in those exercises conducted in concert, the sprightliness of the children, and the manifest mutual confidence existing between them and their teacher, were highly gratifying to the delegation, and very creditable to the teacher, and to all concerned.

In aid of this interesting institution, the Committee, from the time of its first establishment, have contributed a small sum annually, from the Indian Fund, which renders this somewhat detailed account of it seemingly proper.

It is deemed to be only an act of justice, to state in this connection, that this Institution, and much of the progress which these Indians have made, are mainly due to the indefatigable and self-sacrificing efforts of Asher Wright, and Laura Wright, his wife, who have resided on the Cattaraugus Reservation for 37 years past, and devoted themselves zealously to the interests and advancement of these Indians, giving up the enjoyments of refined society, which they are so highly qualified to appreciate and to adorn, for a life of hardship, privation and labor, in the civilization, enlightenment and religious improvement of these oppressed and greatly wronged people.

The condition of the Indian Tribes West of the Mississippi river, we regret to have to state, is still attended with great unsettlement, injustice, and suffering, from which we unhappily can see no immediate prospect of relief. The Committee have been vigilant of current events, and have permitted no known opportunity of being serviceable to them to pass unimproved.

The great excitement and unsettlement which existed among the Indians in Minnesota and Wisconsin, during the summer of last year, consequent upon the wanton destruction by the Government troops, in the Fourth month, of the village of the friendly Cheyennes and Arapahoes, seemed to disqualify them for making their usual preparations of food and shelter for the winter, or of seed to plant in the spring. The winter, as we were informed, proved to be the severest that ever occurred in that country since its first settlement by the whites. Many Indians, too, were forced to go upon new and distant Reservations, late in the season. The consequence was, that much distress and suffering was experienced, and many deaths occurred amongst them. Friends were appealed to in the early winter, to lend their aid towards mitigating the sufferings and privations of these Indians, and Friends of the six Yearly Meetings responded to the appeal by sending to the different settlements of the Indians, ten boxes, one of which weighed over 550 pounds, of seed, blankets, clothing, cloth, needles, threads, etc., and $253,50 in money and drafts, with which to procure seed corn and potatoes to plant in the spring, and any surplus to be expended in clothing and blankets for the Indians. Accounts subsequently received, represented great gratitude among the Indian Chiefs as they became informed of what had been done, by the well-timed kindness and liberality of the Friends.

Since the attention of the Committee was first particularly directed to the subject of the Western Indians, these people have never been in a more unsettled and critical condition than they are at this time, nor one in which it is more difficult to see what course to adopt, for their protection and improvement, or how to approach them with a hope of being serviceable to them.

Local benefits might possibly be conferred upon them, to a limited extent, but, unless the *general question* is met by some *system* which promises permanent protection and improvement to the whole race, local benefits must be of comparatively little value, liable at any time to disruption and scattering, like that which attended the settlements made by our Yearly Meeting years ago at Wanpaghkannutta in Ohio, and the one in Minnesota at the outbreak in 1862, where the whole settlement was scattered, the labor of many years to all appearance lost, and some of the elements of the settlement transported to the upper Missouri, where men, women, and children, died in numbers, from hardship and starvation.

Owing to conduct which we cannot justify on the part of some of the Indians, within a short time past the current of public sentiment is, in many places, setting strongly against all the Western Tribes. The cry of extermination is loudly and extensively raised. This is most unjust and inhuman. On making inquiry upon the subject at the Indian Department at Washington, the Committee were assured by the acting Commissioner of Indian affairs, that the cause of the present Indian difficulties west of the Mississippi, originated entirely from the failure on the part of the General Government to make timely appropriations to carry out existing treaties and engagements made with those Indians, to supply them with food. The Indian Department, earnestly, though unavailingly, urged upon Congress the importance and pressing necessity of making the needed ap-

propriations, predicting the disastrous consequences which would ensue, and which sorrowfully have ensued from this not being done.

The Indian, the Commissioner said, is governed very much by his stomach; if that is full, he is quiet and peaceable; when it is empty, and he can satisfy it in no other way, *he will steal.* The white people have driven off all the buffalo, which the Indians reverently think the Great Spirit made for them to live upon, and all the larger game, and the Government fails to supply them with food, as it had promised to do, and no alternative is left them but to *steal* or *starve.* When a train comes along, they ask for provisions to satisfy their hunger. If these are granted them, they are contented; if refused, they attempt to take them by force. This generally brings on a fight, and all its attending calamities. The same cravings of hunger induce them to drive off cattle and other stock. It would have been cheaper for the National Government, the Commissioner said, to have boarded all the Indians at a first-class hotel in the city of New York, than to have incurred the expenses arising from the neglect to furnish them with the necessary food on the plains, which could have been done at comparatively so small a cost.

The outrages of which we have recently heard, the Commissioner said, have been committed by comparatively a small number of Indians. About two hundred Cheyennes, twenty Sioux, and four Arapahoes. He thinks some of the orders which have been issued in regard to them are harsh and cruel. While he would favor the punishment of the guilty parties, he regards it no more just to punish a *whole tribe* for the acts which have been committed by these few, than it would be to punish all the inhabitants of Washington or Baltimore for the depredations of a band of rioters in either city.

Although no opening for active usefulness towards the Indians of that country appears at present to exist, yet the duty certainly rests upon us, and we feel its weight, to be vigilant in observing the course of events, and when an opening presents, no matter where, in which we can see a probability of beneficial labor, to be prepared immediately to enter upon the important engagement.

As it has been several years since this Committee was appointed, and some who were then placed on the appointment have been removed by death, and the health of others will not permit them to perform the duties entrusted to them, the Committee would suggest to the Yearly Meeting the propriety of making a new appointment at this time.

Signed by the Committee.

The committee appointed at a former sitting to endeavor to embody some of the exercises of the Meeting, now produced the following minute, which was approved, and directed to be inserted in our printed extracts, for the benefit of our absent members, viz:

Soon after our assembling together, the meeting was brought under the solemnizing influence of Heavenly love, and many testimonies were borne to the sufficiency of Divine grace to deliver us from evil and establish us on the rock of eternal truth. To love God supremely and our neighbor as ourselves, is the fulfilling of the law; for to love God, is to love goodness, purity and truth. In this state of mind the public worship of the Most High is felt to be not only a solemn duty, but a blessed privilege. To meditate on His providential government and on his goodness and mercy as manifested in the life and character of his beloved Son Jesus Christ, is an exercise well adapted to create in us pure desires and heavenly affections, for "we beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

An earnest desire has been felt that those of our members who are, or who may be called to the gospel ministry, may be obedient to the call; watching unto prayer, and humbly following the guidance of the Heavenly Shepherd, "who putteth forth his own sheep and goeth before them." "There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit; differences of administration, but the same Lord; and diversities of operations, but the same God that worketh all in all." We believe that all the faithful servants of Christ are called to some service in the Church, and that their growth in the spiritual life depends upon their fidelity to their religious convictions. Those who are faithful in the little which may be committed to them, will be made rulers over more; and all such will at last be rewarded with the welcome assurance, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

From the evidence manifested at this time, we believe a renewed visitation of Divine love has been extended to our younger members, towards whom we look for a succession of testimony bearers in the Church. Much counsel was given on the subject of the religiously guarded education of our children, and parents were encouraged to be more faithful in the discharge of the important duties which devolve upon them in training the young and tender mind in accordance with the scriptural injunction, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." In order to promote this very important end, it is believed

by many that First-day Schools will prove to be efficient aids in imparting religious instruction to the young, and an earnest concern is felt that they may be so conducted as to promote the cause of truth.

It is an acknowledged duty of parents to guard their children from the contamination of evil examples, but this alone, without religious instruction, will not avail to preserve them in purity, for in the pursuits of business they must mingle with the world, and nothing short of well grounded Christian principles can withstand the seductive influences that await them on every hand. It was the prayer of the Divine Master on behalf of his disciples,—not that they should be taken out of this world, but preserved from the evil.

The reading of the Scriptures in the family circle, accompanied by retirement of mind and waiting upon God is felt to be a salutary practice, and in addition to this we have been earnestly recommended to provide for our children suitable reading to improve their minds and promote their spiritual progress.—The earnest inquiring minds of the young will prompt them to seek for knowledge; and where suitable mental food is not provided, they will often be induced to partake of that which is unwholesome or poisonous.

A tender solicitude was expressed, that in dealing with those who have transgressed our rules of Discipline, the spirit of meekness and restoring love may be manifested. We were reminded of the instructive language of Him who "came to save that which was lost." "How think ye? If a man have a hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains and seeketh that which is gone astray? And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep than of the ninety and nine which went not astray."

The desolating effects of intemperance and the immense consumption of grain in the distillation of spiritous liquors—thus converting the staff of life into an instrument of death—was brought to our view, as an incentive to maintain a faithful testimony against the use of intoxicating drinks.

A concern in relation to the use of tobacco was introduced by the reading of the epistles, and Friends were exhorted to abstain from a practice that is not only useless, but generally injurious to health. The lamentable fact that so much labor is expended and so great an extent of valuable land occupied in its production, is a source of sorrow to many Christian minds. There is reason to apprehend that this practice tends to strengthen those carnal appetites which war against the soul, and we were reminded of the apostolic injunction, "Whether ye eat, or whether ye drink, or whatsoever ye do, let all be done to the glory of God."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE FREEDMEN.

The following, not having been given by your correspondent in the statement furnished of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, is forwarded, as it may be interesting to Friends, viz.:

A Friend stated he had felt it his duty to remove from Pennsylvania and settle among the Freedmen in the lower part of Virginia, and he expressed the hope that Friends would not flag in their efforts to relieve this class of our countrymen, in whose welfare they have so long professed much concern.

He remarked that the colored people were willing and anxious to work, but that it was very difficult for them to get it to do, inasmuch as their former masters and those who sympathize with them are so exasperated by their having been enfranchised and endowed with the privileges of citizenship, that they refrain as far as possible from employing them. Consequently many are in want of food, and much suffering the ensuing winter will very probably be the result.

These poor creatures, he said, frequently importuned him for employment even at very low wages; and if those suffificiently interested, and who possessed the means, would purchase tracts of land in the South, lease them out in smaller tracts on such terms as would facilitate the acquirement of homesteads by the Freedmen, and give them a chance of laboring for themselves, much good might be done.

Other Friends, who either were laboring among the Freedmen or were conversant with the facts, corroborated his statement of the sorrowful condition of affairs among them.

It was suggested that as there is a scarcity of labor in other sections, if arrangements could be made to transport them to such localities, it would be an advantage to both the employers and the employed.

In reply to this suggestion it may be said, that unless those requiring farm laborers have tenant houses for the accommodation of their families, it will be as difficult to carry out as was a similar effort in Philadelphia a year or two since.

Few persons are willing to take into their dwellings men with their wives and two, three or more children, and unless they can be accommodated together, (separation being in their minds connected with slavery,) the arrangement will not prove satisfactory.

T.

FORGET others' faults: remember thine own.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

BALTIMORE FIRST-DAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

On Second-day evening of the week of the recent Baltimore Yearly Meeting this association met in Lombard Street Meeting-House. The attendance was large, although many who were actively interested in the movement were prevented from attending by an important Committee of the Yearly Meeting being in session at the same time. Interesting Reports were read and verbal statements made in regard to the schools at Baltimore, Goose Creek, West Branch, Dunning's Creek, Prairie Grove, Wapsinonoc and other places, including those held among the Freedmen near Woodlawn, Virginia.

In regard to the latter class, a Friend expressed the hope that they would not be overlooked, but that they be invited to attend these schools.

Remarks were made by a number of Friends, urging that in the management of these schools, dependence should not be too much on ourselves, but we should look to that source whence all good cometh; and if this was the case, a blessing would rest upon our labors.

Encouragement was given not to hesitate on account of the small number of children who might attend these schools, but to labor as way should open.

An interesting epistle from the Indiana Association was not received in time for the meeting.

LOVING WORDS FROM LIFE.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Dear Christian Friends,—The importance of the above words has lately come before my mind with great power, and I have been led to inquire whether, as Christians, we sufficiently estimate their force. They are several times quoted by our Saviour as being *more* binding on his followers than they were under the old law. He amplifies and enlarges upon them, showing how the term "neighbor" was no longer to be restricted to a man's friends, but, in the true character of Divine love, was to be extended to those whom we might even consider our enemies. The apostle Paul refers to it as the very fulfilling of the whole law. Now, dear friends, let us try to ascertain what this "loving our neighbor as ourselves" really means. I am convinced that, if we could only carry it out in the spirit in which Christ intended, we, as Christians, should have a power for good in the world, which as yet we know nothing of. We are apt to forget the fulness and strictness of Christ's law, which in spirit far exceeded the old law. For whereas comments upon the old law taught only the importance of doing good to those who loved us, and were kind to us, the Saviour in his Sermon on the Mount tells us that in order to be the children of his Father we must bless them who *curse* us; we must do good to those who *hate* us; and pray for those who treat us with *spite* and *persecution*. O, friends! which of us can say that we keep *this* law? And yet there is but one alternative—if we keep it not, we *cannot* be the children of God.

Would it not be well if we more frequently applied this test—"as thyself"—in our daily dealing with our neighbors. Which of us would say an unkind thing concerning ourselves? And yet how many unkind remarks are constantly escaping our lips in reference to others! Would we willingly say anything of ourselves which would in any measure tend to lower us in the estimation of those around? And yet do we not often make slighting and disparaging remarks about our neighbors! If we would honestly apply this test—"*as thyself*"—before allowing ourselves to give utterance to the rising thought, how much condemnation should we not save ourselves. How many a neighbor would be spared the sting of wounding words—words which we can never recall, however long we may live to regret them.

"As thyself." How does David, drinking into the true spirit of a future dispensation, describe the perfect man? As one who "taketh not up a reproach against his neighbor." Which of us would take up *any* reproach against ourselves, and go about with it, and spread it wherever we went? Not one of us—the thought is too monstrous. And yet how we catch up a reproach against another, and talk about it, and make much of it, as if it gave us pleasure instead of that real pain which it would give if we loved our neighbor as ourselves. I remember being much struck with the meaning of this passage some years ago when a circumstance presented it to me in a light in which I had not before seen it. A Christian had got into a quarrel with one of his neighbors, and in the heat of passion had allowed himself to say many things which, as a Christian, he never ought to have said. At length God led him to see that in giving way to unkind speaking he was failing in love to his neighbor, and with the straightforward manliness which a true Christian will always exhibit, he expressed his regret that, unlike the perfect man of the Psalmist, he *had* "taken up a reproach against his neighbor." The practical application given to this passage came to me with great force, and has often since checked the inclination to repeat, or "take up" something to another's detriment.

But let us consider Christ's law yet a little further. I have known Christians who seemed to think that if a man ceased to be classed amongst their *friends* they were at liberty to say all the evil they could of him without any breach of Christ's law of neighborly love in so doing. But O, dear friends, look again at the Sermon on the Mount, and say if that be Christ's teaching. Shall we say that because we no longer call a man by the name of friend, we are therefore no longer called to the exercise of love towards him? God forbid! Is not love the only redemptive power in the world; and, as the author of *Ecce Deus* so beautifully puts it, Does not love mean the cross, sacrifice, even death itself if need be? Christ loved *us* in the full meaning of all that, and shall not we love one another? Did Christ love us and die for us *because* we loved him? Nay, but rather we only love him because he *first* loved us. O, if we had this love of God in our hearts, we should not "bite and devour" one another! If the love of *self* were extinguished within us, our only desire would be to win souls to Christ; and we should never expect to do that by talking against them, however much we might think they deserved our censure. Do you think this winning souls to Christ means only by preaching, or house to house visitation? I tell you we are winning souls every day and hour of our lives; or else we are *driving souls away*. Take care, my Christian friends, in deepest love I urge you to take care, that you are not unthinkingly doing this latter. Remember no amount of fault-finding, no amount of evil speaking, however *true* we thought it was, EVER YET WON A SOUL TO CHRIST. *But it has driven many a one away.* May God save us from having the blood of such souls upon *our* consciences!

My dear friends, whilst we live in this present world it must needs be, alas! that offences come. But now I would earnestly say to each one—If thou hast by some device of Satan become offended by or with thy neighbor; if thou art not feeling true, earnest love for him; or if thou thinkest that he has despitefully used thee, then remember our dear Saviour's precept, and PRAY FOR HIM. Pray; pray on till thy heart is so filled with the love of God towards him, that thou art ready for any sacrifice for him; nay, if needs be, that thou wouldst give up thy very life, if that would save his soul. This Christ-like love alone is worthy the name of love; all other or lesser form of love has still *self* clinging to it.

If we are the true followers of Christ, our only anxiety will be to do good to others. In relation to our neighbors, the question will not be whether *we* can derive gratification from intercourse with them, but can we do them any good? Can we love them for God, and by the exercise of *patient love and influence* win them to Christ? There may be a great deal in them which is objectionable to us; but if we are Christians, we shall look beyond this and see that which they *may* become. This is how Christ has looked on us. He saw what his love might develop within us, and has not his long-suffering and patience towards us been infinite? And shall not we, who have had so much forgiven, love much? Christ has borne with our waywardness and shortcomings, and shall not we have forbearance one towards another? We know not the secret struggle, the earnest wish there may have been to do right, even when outwardly we only see the wrong. And perhaps many a time when the poor weak human heart has just been about to choose the good and trample under foot the evil inclination, our want of patience, or our hasty unkind word, has been the means of turning that struggling heart back to the evil. O, awful responsibility! How shall we account for the souls which we *might* have helped and yet have hindered. Think you that we shall ever regret having spoken too many kind words? ever regret having loved our neighbor too much? When the day comes that we can never speak to them again, shall we then regret the loving, kindly, helpful, sympathizing words we may have ever said to them? Will not our sorrow rather be, that we ever spoke an unkind or unloving word? When death comes, will it be a happy reflection to know that some want of love on our part has added to the sorrow even of one of the *least* of God's children? Has it, may be, caused *sin* in some tossed and struggling fellow-creature's soul? —sin which but for our unkindness had been stifled ere it saw the light! Dear Christian readers—for these words are addressed to those who profess to follow Christ—I entreat you to pause and think before you again allow yourselves in one unkind word or action towards any human being. Think what the ultimate result may be. Again, I beseech you to remember that love is the *only* redemptive power in the world. And if your sacrificing, self-denying, constant, patient love may but help in the salvation of one human soul, thus far are you brought into ONENESS with the Great Sacrifice. Can this perfect law of love be carried out by us? In one only way will it be possible; we must be *crucified* with Christ. Then, and then only, when *self* is dead within us, can the full resurrection of *Christ* within us take place; and it is only the Christ *in* us who can love

our neighbor as ourselves. Yield up *self* then to die upon the cross; an agonizing death, but to be followed by a glorious resurrection. Let us never rest as Christians till with us to *live* is to *love*, more true in the spiritual life than in our natural life, where this great truth is typified.

If we feel, as I hope we many of us do, that heretofore we have come short of this perfect law of liberty, let us begin prayerfully afresh our Christian course in this respect. If we have said *anything* unkind, or harsh, or evil of our neighbor—let the provocation be whatever it may—let us with the noble manliness of a Godlike Christianity go to him, and express our sorrow. Let us tell him that God has shown us more of what it is to love, and that from henceforth, God helping us, we mean to love him and all mankind as Christ did. And thus going forth armed with this mighty power of love, we shall spread our Redeemer's cause more than if we could preach with the tongue of men and angels, for our daily lives will be, in deed as in word, an exhibition of his great law—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."—*British Friend.*

SCRAPS FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I am rejoiced to think that there will be in Friends' meetings in your city a succession of standard bearers in the cause of Truth. I thought, when I was there, that many of the younger class were under religious impressions that would, if attended to, lead them to forsake all and follow Christ. If they are only earnest and devoted servants of the Most High, I do not consider it needful that they should follow exactly in the footprints of their predecessors in all things. "The life is more than meat and the body is more than raiment."

This morning, after making my invalid charge comfortable, my thought reverted to thy little "Watchword," and on turning to the day, and attempting to read it to him, it was so sweetly appropriate, that the heart overflowed at the eyes, and thou wert united in a mental aspiration of thankfulness to Him, who, though He permits us to be tossed and tried for a season, gives us also times of refreshment from His presence. My patient requiring attention, I felt excused from meeting this morning, and found something of dear old John Roberts' experience, who, as he quaintly expressed it, though he could not go to the Church, the Church came to him.

I think, dear, it is an *ideal* person thou loves n thy friend, and that thou only sees my i*ossibilities.* Well, that shall be an incen- ve to strive after it, and in the meantime to have patience with myself. I think I should have called to see thee this afternoon, but our little Bible class meets. Oh, for a grain of ability to minister to the state of these seeking minds. I fear there is not faith enough to ask for it. If thou feels the ability, wilt thou ask? We are certainly measurably dependent, even on the atmosphere, for the ability to think, or, in a measure even, to love. Under the bracing influence of ocean air, I begin to anticipate with pleasure a return to home duties, when, not a week since, the thought of them was oppressive. We are enjoying a lovely bright Sabbath, after several days of storm and rain, accompanied by a wind which made walking on the beach too tiresome to be undertaken except by the robust, and have just returned from a gathering of the "two or three," in the chamber adjoining ours, which is occupied by an invalid, who has been lying on her back for five years. She was brought here on a couch for the benefit of the sea air several weeks ago. Her companion thought it would be comforting to her to have us sit down with them in the quiet. The meeting consisted of six. The silence was very impressive, and we were not without a little vocal ministry, though that of the poor invalid, voiceless as it was, lying there cheerful and patient, was perhaps the most instructive.

Second-day morning. Another bright, beautiful, cool day. I expected to finish my letter yesterday afternoon, but find interruptions here, as elsewhere. What strange creatures we are. When at home, engrossed by our cares, we fancy that in a quiet place like this, we should have leisure and inclination for mental employments; but we soon find dissipation and indolence creeping over us, and learn at last that it is not in outward circumstances, but in the ability to control them,—or rather, to control and govern ourselves—that our true strength consists. I think I am learning this, but does it not seem strange that we learn so many of our lessons so late in life, that we have but little time left to practice them. This brings us inevitably to the conclusion that there is an after scene in which we shall find that the toil, the struggle and the sufferings of this life have tended to build up a higher nature.

He who always finds fault with a child, who is never satisfied with what he does, who scolds, and frets, and complains, let him do as he will, breaks his spirit, and soon destroys, in the delicate textures of his soul, all desire of doing well. The child, in despair, soon gives over every effort to please. He becomes sullen, morose, stupid, and indifferent to all the motives that can be presented to him, and

to a great extent indifferent as to what he does, since all that he does meets with the same reception from the parent."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 21, 1868.

We must again remind Friends it is important, when a notice of a marriage is sent for publication, that the name of the Meeting be given under the care of which it has been accomplished.

MARRIED, on the 21st of Ninth month, 1868, according to the order of the Society of Friends, at Friends' Meeting-house, in Yarmouth, Elgin Co., Province of Ontario, EDWARD G. SCHOOLEY to REBECCA, only daughter of Asa L. and Lovisa Schooley, all of the above place.

——, on the 8th of Tenth month, 1868, at Westfield, Preble Co., Ohio, according to the order of the Society of Friends, LEWIS GILLINGHAM, son of Chalkley and Kezia Gillingham, of Woodlawn, Va., and ESTHER H., daughter of Abner S. and Esther W. Scott, of the former place.

——, on Fifth-day, Eleventh month 12th, 1868, at the residence of the bride's parents, according to the order of the Society of Friends, WILLIAM P. LIVEZEY, to MARY C., daughter of Isaac Garretson, all of Whitemarsh, Montgomery Co., Pa.

DIED, on the 16th of Tenth month, 1868, at his residence, New London, Chester Co., Pa., DAVID FELL, in the 76th year of his age. He was a member of New Garden Monthly Meeting.

——, on the morning of the 10th of Eleventh month, 1868, at the residence of his son-in-law, Ellwood Michener, in New Garden Chester Co., Pa., GEORGE F. GILPIN, in the 74th year of his age.

——, on the 13th inst., JOSEPH ZORNS, in the 72d year of his age; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Green St., Philadelphia.

——, on the 27th of Tenth month, 1868, at the residence of his parents, Henry and Angelica S. Cowgill, Fredonia, Kent Co., Del., JOHN HENRY C. COWGILL, aged 34 years.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

The 5th Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of *Swarthmore College* will be held at Race Street Meeting-House, Philadelphia, on Third-day, the 1st of Twelfth month, 1868, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

EDWARD PARRISH, } *Clerks.*
2t EDITH W. ATLEE, }

The Board of Managers of *Swarthmore College* will meet on Third-day morning, Twelfth month 1st, 1868, at 10 o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting Room, Race Street Meeting-House, Philadelphia. A general attendance is requested.

2t EDWARD PARRISH, *Clerk.*

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The adjourned First-day School Conference of Friends within the limits of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting will be held at Race Street Meeting-House, on First-day, Eleventh month 22d, 1868, at 3 o'clock P. M. All who feel an interest in the cause are invited.

LUKENS WEBSTER, *Clerk.*

THE HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM COLORED PERSONS, 340 South Front Street, Philadelphia, is now very much in want of funds, and any contributions, either in money or provisions, will be thankfully received,—the latter at the home. Money should be forwarded to the Treasurer, Samuel R. Shipley, 111 South Fourth Street, to the President, Dillwyn Parrish, 1017 Cherry Street, or any other of the managers.

"VITAL RELIGION, AND THE MEANS OF PROMOTING IT."

An essay, bearing the above title, written by our friend S. M. Janney, at the request of Friends' Publication Association, and which appeared in the Intelligencer a few weeks since, has been issued by the Publication Association in a neat pamphlet form, and is for sale by its agents, as will be seen in their advertisement.

This useful essay should be widely circulated, and it is hoped Friends will feel sufficient interest to aid in doing so. The Association expects shortly to issue works of usefulness to our Society as well as others, and hopes to be encouraged by contributions to the funds, which are now very low.

THE INDIANS.

(Concluded from page 590.)

Again, in April, 1867, we commenced a war with the Cheyennes, the same with whom we are now at war, by burning their peaceful village on Pawnee Fork, and continued it until peace was made in the following October. In six months war, we killed, as the Indians alleged in council, six Indians, and burned a few skin lodges, at a cost to us of several million dollars, and of the lives of, perhaps, over 300 citizens and soldiers, not to mention the destruction of immense amounts of property. Extermination by arms is simply an absurdity, unless we could get the Indians under the protection of the flag, in large masses—surround and butcher them, as at Sand Creek. But, admitting they deserve extermination, without mercy, and that we might ultimately achieve the glorious consummation, it seems to me pretty evident that the grandeur of the result would bear no proportion to the fearful sum of the cost.

But we can have chronic war by using the appropriate means, and I think my knowledge of Indian character and history warrants me in assuring you that the most successful means that can be adopted, is the transfer of Indian affairs to the military department, not because our military authorities desire, or would willfully seek such a result, but simply because the presence of soldiers to force subjection, and the presence of military authority and power in their midst would, as it always does, and always did stir into activity and desperation all the passions of the Indian that impel him to war.

6th. Because the conduct of Indian affairs is, in my judgment, incompatible with the nature and objects of the military department.

The policy of our government has always

been to secure and maintain peaceful and friendly relations with all the Indian tribes, and to advance their interests, by offering them inducements to abandon nomadic habits and the chase, and to adopt the habits and methods of civilized life. To carry this benevolent and humane policy into practical effect, we have stipulated to settle them upon ample reserves of good land, adapted to pastoral and agricultural pursuits; to subsist them as long as requisite; to supply them with all necessary stock and implements; and teachers to instruct them in letters, in the arts of civilization, and in our Holy Religion. But all these things pertain properly to civil affairs, not military. Military officers will doubtless display wonderful skill in the erection of forts, in the handling of arms and armies, and in the management of campaigns, but I should prefer, I believe, a practical civilian in the erection of corn cribs, or hay racks—in the manœuvering of ox teams, and the successful management of reapers and mowers. A well-trained lieutenant will doubtless perform admirably in drilling a squad in the manual of arms, but I doubt his capacity, as well as inclination, to teach Indians the graceful and efficient use of the hoe, or the mattock, or to successfully instruct naked young Indian ideas how to shoot in a mechanical, literary, or scientific direction. You wish to make your son a farmer, a mechanic, a minister; you do not send him to be educated at West Point, but somewhere else to be taught as a civilian. Will you send professional soldiers to teach the wards of the nation agriculture, the mechanic arts, theology, and peace? You would civilize the Indian! Will you send him the sword? You would inspire him with the peaceful principles of Christianity! Is the bayonet their symbol? You would invite him to the sanctuary! Will you herald his approach with the clangor of arms and the thunder of artillery?

The nation thinks of the War Department as the channel through which the chief executive directs the movements of our armies, and manages all the military business and interests of the nation, not as the overseer, guardian, teacher, and missionary of the Indian tribes; it regards our officers and soldiers as its sword to repel and punish its enemies in war, to guard and secure its honor and interests whenever necessary in peace, but not as its superintendents, agents, agricultural and mechanical teachers of peaceful Indian tribes.

7th. Because the transfer would be offensive to the Indians. I have seen many tribes within twelve months, and consulted with their chiefs and warriors publicly and privately, and without exception they have declared their unwillingness to have the military among them.

If we would promote peace and avoid war, I am satisfied there should be great respect paid to the wishes of these people in this matter. I believe there should be no soldier in the Indian country in time of peace.

As a rule, with rare exceptions, if any, *Indian tribes never break the peace without powerful provocation or actual wrong perpetrated against them first.* So that if they are properly treated, their rights regarded, and our promises faithfully kept to them, our treaty engagements promptly fulfilled, and their wants of subsistence liberally supplied, there is seldom, if ever, the slightest danger of a breach of the peace on their part.

If for want of appropriations, the Indians now at war had not *had their supplies of subsistence unfortunately stopped this spring*, in my judgment *the Cheyennes and their allies would have been at peace with us to-day.*

Respect their wishes, fulfil our treaty stipulations promptly and faithfully, keep them well fed, and there will be no need of armies among them.

But violate our pledges; postpone, neglect, or refuse the fulfilment of our treaty engagements with them; permit them to get hungry and half starved, and the presence of armies will not restrain them from war.

8th. Because in our report of 7th January last, this Commission, after full examination of the whole question, unanimously recommended that Indian affairs should be placed, not in the War Office, but upon the footing of an independent department.

I believe our facts were then correct, our reasoning and conclusion sound, and that to go back now upon that report and repudiate our own deliberate and unanimous recommendation will subject this Commission to just and severe criticism, and exhibit an instability and puerile vacillation discreditable to ourselves and little calculated to elevate us in the confidence and respect of Congress and the country.

Those who recommend and those who vote for this resolution have, doubtless, reasons satisfactory to themselves for this change of front, but I confess no such reasons have addressed themselves to me, and I adhere, therefore, to the unanimous recommendation of our January report.

I think I can readily understand, however, why my colleagues of the army might desire the transfer. It is but natural they should desire it. *It is the history of power to seek more power*, and the dispensation of patronage is power. Besides, it is but natural, that gentlemen educated to arms and of the army should desire to see the aggrandizement of the

army. But when the necessity for armies ceases, "Othello's occupation will be gone," and that happy time, I trust, is near at hand, unless *some necessity may be created*, such as THE TRANSFER PROPOSED WOULD CREATE, to keep the army indefinitely in the field.

In view of the magnitude, complexity, and delicacy of our Indian affairs, in view of the importance to our national treasury and to our national character and reputation, as well as to the welfare of our 300,000 Indian population, of establishing and maintaining peaceful relations with them, it does seem to me that our "Indian Affairs" deserve to be placed upon the footing of a separate department, equal in dignity and influence, because equal in importance with every other department of the government.

In conclusion, permit me to add, that in the transfer to the War Department of Indian affairs I can perceive no good to be accomplished, either to the country or to the Indians, but I am entirely convinced that the change would prove greatly disastrous to both.

But if you beat me here, gentlemen, as you probably will, seeing that the military outnumbers the civilian element in the Commission present, I will appeal to Congress and the country, and convince them, if I can, that your proposal is wrong.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

No. 18.

All the schools under the care of *Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen* are now in active operation, and the following short extracts from letters recently received from our teachers are confirmatory of several interesting and important points, viz.: The earnestness with which these teachers resume their arduous duties; the alacrity with which their pupils embrace the opportunity to renew their efforts at study; the powers of *retention* that many of them exhibit; the willingness of the freedmen to render pecuniary aid when able; and, lastly, the need that still exists for the fostering care of their friends.

VIRGINIA SCHOOLS.

CATHARINE E. HALL, at Vienna, thus writes: "I am glad to say that my schoolhouse is at length completed, and is as comfortable as I could desire. It has a new shingle roof,—is plastered,—ceilings and all; and with new desks, a good stove, and my twenty-six pupils, *I anticipate a really good comfortable time this winter*. It is useless to ask the colored people here to contribute anything towards the *support* of their school, for they cannot pay for the house. Major Hine has given them the land, and furnished in money what was deficient in the appropiation made by Col. Lee. If it had not been for the persistent efforts of Major H., nothing would have been done. These people are poor, easily discouraged, and withal a little indolent; and though I sometimes think it is hard work to keep up the interest amongst the *parents*, the *children* are bright, and glad to come to school, and there is much to hope from them.

MARY E. MCBRIDE has reopened the school at *Fairfax Court-House* with *thirty-one* pupils, even at this early date, all of whom except *three* are between six and sixteen years of age; and yet she has three in the *Young Ladies Advanced Reader*, five in the *Fourth Reader*, three in *History*, &c., with *not one in the alphabet*.

HARRIET JENKINS, a colored teacher at *Falls Church*, reports that school reopened on the 1st of last month, and remarks: "The attendance is good, and the number is increasing. Their progress in studies is rapid; most of the pupils are very anxious to improve in book learning, and also in *manners*. I am sorry to say that I fear it will be out of the question further to raise any money in support of the schools, for they seem to be too poor even to support their families comfortably."

She also applies for some *grammars*, as she has several scholars "*ready for them.*"

SARAH E. LLOYD, at *Woodlawn*, seems much encouraged with her school. At the time of writing she had *twenty-five*, and "more coming in every day. I think I have every prospect of a full school as soon as the crops are secured."

NELLY A. HURLEY, our new teacher at *Gum Springs*, (in place of former teacher resigned,) appears to be much pleased with her position; writes for more books, and thinks some collections can be made in aid of the school. *Eighteen* of her pupils are under sixteen years of age, with *only one* in the alphabet.

SARAH ANN STEER, at *Waterford*, gives some account of renewing her labors, remarking, "I reopened my school with *twenty seven* pupils. All seemed glad to get back to school again, and resumed their lessons, with few exceptions, *where they left off*. I allowed some of them to keep their books during vacation, and I think it was an advantage, as they tried hard to study and read a little, as they said, so as not to forget all they had learned. I hope we will be able to keep the school up this winter. The colored people think they can raise *fifteen* dollars per month. They have enough now on hand for *three months*. Some of them are really anxious to do all they can, and I think it is best that they

should, though many of them are very poor, and even a small sum is not easily spared.

"I have a sewing class one afternoon in the week. Some of the little girls are learning to sew quite well. They are at work on a part of the material sent last winter by one of our Philadelphia friends, and which we had not time to make up then. I cut out a number of garments that I am anxious to have finished by Christmas, if possible, so that they can be given out at that time."

JENNIE SPEAR, at *Manassas*, (in place of former teacher, resigned,) writes:

"I am very much pleased with the school, and feel more as though I was 'doing something' than I have for a long time. The scholars are attentive and anxious to learn, and I find them easily governed by kindness and by appealing to their better feelings; they seem to have been so used to unkindness or neglect that some of them *appear* at first rather hardened, but a few words fitly spoken will melt them to tears almost instantly.

"We have started a Sabbath School, and though small yet, I feel confident that we will have quite a large one this winter. They have pledged themselves to raise *fifteen* dollars per month, and I think have signed a paper to that effect;—but nothing has yet been paid."

In acknowledging some words of kindness and encouragement addressed to her, she remarks: "These are times when we feel the need of friends, and any one looking upon the great work which you are doing here and elsewhere, could not look upon a member of your Society in any other light than as a friend. May God bless you all, and the time soon come when those who would degrade us for teaching "*negroes*" see the great and mighty results in a more civilized spirit."

ISADORE BRINKERHOFF has also reopened the school at *Herndon*, and has now the full complement in numbers that she closed with last season. She writes very encouragingly, remarking, "In spite of all the scoffs and sneers around us, we are progressing rapidly, and every day I pray God to give me strength to carry on his good work, which I commenced with so much fear. But I have been successful far beyond my expectations.

SOUTH CAROLINA SCHOOLS.

The three schools at *Charleston* have also recommenced, but as the climate forbids their being reopened until one month later than those in Virginia, of course we cannot hear from them until next month.

After correcting a typographical error occurring in our last compilation, where the word "*foreshadowed*" (in reference to *anticipated* funds) was made to read "*foreshowed*,"—and directing the attention of Friends to the earnest appeal made to them for aid, which has been extensively circulated, and which, it is hoped, has claimed the attention (*informally, at least*) of Monthly and Preparative Meetings generally,—we conclude for the present.

Philada., 11th mo. 18, 1868. J. M. E.

LIVING WATER.

"But whoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but it shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

All my way was parched and dreary!
Only weeds,
Covered with the dust of travel
'Mong the creeds,
Grew along its arid length,
And I faltered, lacking strength.

Wandering on in earnest seeking
Where to dwell,
Came I to the Master, sitting
On the well;
'Twas the well of living water
Whence he drew
Full supplies for all who sought Him,
Cool and new.

From its living depth He brought it
Bubbling up,
And to me, who faintly sought it,
Gave the cup.
Life was in the draught he gave,
Springing life to help and save.

All my way grows green and blooming
As I go,
For the streams of living water
Onward flow;
For the understanding, wealth—
For the will, the glow of health.

Thirsting traveller, do but try it,
Still it flows—
Still the Master, sitting by it,
Holds to those
Who in earnest quest would sup
Living water in the cup.

From the arid deserts turning,
Pause and drink;
Calm the striving—cool the burning
At its brink.
Here find healing and repose
Where the living water flows.

—*Christian Journal.*

THE CLEAR VISION.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I did but dream. I never knew
What charms our sternest seasons wore.
Was never yet the sky so blue,
Was never earth so white before.
Till now I never saw the glow
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,
And never learned the bough's designs
Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Did ever such a morning break
As that my eastern windows see?
Did ever such a moonlight take
Weird photographs of shrub and tree?
Rang ever bells so wild and fleet
As music of the winter street?
Was ever yet a sound by half
So merry as yon schoolboy's laugh?

O earth! with gladness overfraught
No added charm thy face hath found;
Within my heart the change is wrought,
My footsteps make enchanted ground.
From couch of pain and curtained room
Forth to thy light and air I come,
To find in all that meets my eyes
The freshness of a glad surprise.

Fair seem these winter days, and soon
Shall blow the warm west winds of spring,
To set the unbound rills in tune,
And hither urge the bluebird's wing.
The vales shall laugh in flowers, the woods
Grow misty green with leafing buds,
And violets and windflowers sway
Against the throbbing heart of May.

Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own
The wiser love severely kind;
Since, richer for its chast'ning grown,
I see, whereas I once was blind.
The world, O Father! hath not wronged
With loss the life by thee prolonged;
But still, with every added year,
More beautiful thy works appear!

As Thou hast made thy world without,
Make Thou more fair my world within;
Shine through its ling'ring clouds of doubt,
Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin;
Fill, brief or long, my granted span
Of life with love to Thee and man;
Strike when Thou wilt the hour of rest,
But let my last days be my best!

GRASS.

BY HUGH MACMILLAN.

'If God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to morrow is cast into the oven; how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith?—LUKE xii. 28.

We are told that "the invisible things of God, from the beginning of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." From the very first, a spiritual significance was embodied in the physical forms and processes of the universe. Nature as a whole was meant to be for man the vesture of the spiritual world. There are close natural affinities between the things that we see around us and the mysteries of our own life and of God's relations to us. Our familiarity with these things, as objects of use and profit in daily life, may hide their higher meaning and importance from our view; the blinding effects of sin may so veil them that they may suggest nothing to our minds; but they are nevertheless, by a necessity of their nature, continually testifying to us of the unseen world; and he who studies them aright will be delighted to find in them pictures of heavenly truth, shadows and reflections of eternal realities. Our Saviour's parables lifted the veil from the face of nature, revealed to us the exact relationship between the natural and the spiritual world, and connected the things of sense with the things of faith, from which sin had divorced them. And the analogies in what we usually call Christ's figurative language are not really metaphorical, but exhibit the perfect insight of our Saviour's mind into the purposes and ends of that material world which was created *by* Himself and *for* Himself, as a magnificent diagram to illustrate His spiritual lessons, and show forth His glory.

No natural object gathers around it so many scriptural associations, and suggests so many spiritual analogies, as the grass of the field. The wailing sibylline voice, borne on every breeze, has never ceased to echo over the earth, "All flesh is grass." This burden of Nature's prophecy is true literally as well as metaphorically. It is one example among innumerable others of what has been often observed, that the poet is the real philosopher, and the truest language necessarily what we call figurative. The lesson which the perishable form of the grass teaches, is rendered more impressive still by the enduring part which its structure performs in the economy of nature. It is the first organized agency that extracts, by its living energies, nutritious particles from the hard inorganic soil. In its tissues the dust of the earth first becomes vital. Day and night, season after season, it is unceasingly purveying for the wants of the animal kingdom, gathering the materials of nourishment and strength from the air and earth, reducing the impalpable and evanescent forces of light, heat, and moisture, into solid and enduring forms, which can be eaten and transformed into complicated organisms and vital powers. Man cannot live upon grass, properly so called. He cannot derive a direct subsistence from it. The experiment was once made in notable circumstances, but it turned out a deplorable failure. During the disastrous campaign of Napoleon's army in Russia, the soldiers, in the absence of all other food, were obliged to boil and eat the common grass of the field, which they dug out from beneath its covering of snow and ice; and in every case where this wretched food was partaken of in sufficient quantity to allay the intolerable cravings of hunger, delirium and raking pains were the results. But, though grass eaten directly would prove injurious to man, inasmuch as his digestive organs are not adapted for its assimilation, it forms the support of domesticated animals, which he rears exclusively for their use as human food. The materials of his structure are first derived from the air, earth, and water, by means of grass; they are still further organized and prepared by the agency of gramnivorous animals; and they reach him at last in a proper condition for his nourishment in the shape of animal food. The grass

of the field is thus indirectly, but most truly, man's stay and support.

But there is a way in which even directly grass forms human food. The stem and blades, and other inferior parts of the vegetation, are intended for the support of the inferior animals: but the fruitful ear, the more highly-organized seed, the crown and consummation of the plant, the "flower of grass," into which its vital powers and nourishing qualities are drawn up and concentrated, is reserved for food to man. We must not forget that the various kinds of cereal grain—such as corn, wheat, rice, and maize—are the produce of true grasses; and that, while the straw and fodder are given to the beasts of the field, the nobler structure of man is maintained by the nobler part of the grass, which extracts virtue out of the sunshine and dew, and out of the intangible forces which play beneath the varied skies of summer and autumn, and presents it in the simple form and peculiar mode of combination which is essential to healthy nutrition, to glow within our veins and animate our nerves. How strange to think that the most highly organized of the inhabitants of the earth, created in the image of God, should thus depend for his subsistence directly and indirectly upon the lowest and simplest of all herbs. He is not nourished, as we should antecedently expect, by the palm-tree, or the fruit-tree, or by plants which bear some relation in size, grandeur of form, and complexity of structure, to himself—but by the humble grass of the field, the first vegetable which clothes the naked bosom of the earth. The two extremes of creation are thus, as it were, brought together, forming a remarkable contrast to each other, and yet clearly proving the wonderful system of relations which unites together all parts of the universe—the highest with the lowest, the mightiest with the most minute. Reflections like these give a new and striking significance to the words of the apostle, showing them to be not merely figuratively, but also literally true—figuratively, *because* literally true—"All flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass." All flesh fades like the bright green evanescent blades of grass, from which all flesh is formed; all the glory of man vanishes like "the flower of the grass," out of which that glory sprang.

One of the most beautiful parables of our Saviour is that in which He teaches the lesson of human dependence upon Divine care: "If God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Nature in summer impresses this parable upon our minds. The lesson of Jesus is illustrated and enforced by the silent but eloquent beauty of the May fields. An emerald rainbow of mercy is then around the warm, quickened bosom of the earth, assuring us that He who clothes the naked soil will clothe us too. Nay, we see the very process by which the Divine covenant is being fulfilled going on day after day under our eyes. We see the flax extracting from the earth the materials of those fibres which are to be woven into garments for us. We see in our pasture-lands the sheep converting, by some mysterious vital action, the grass which they eat into snowy fleeces to keep our bodies warm. Our food and raiment come from the same humble source; and the grass may, therefore, well be employed to teach us our frailty and dependence upon God for our temporal blessings. We know that the same law which regulates and limits the supply of our *food* from the grass, also regulates and limits the supply of our *raiment* from the grass. We are apt to think that, by aid of our vast mechanical appliances, we can produce the materials of clothing in unlimited quantity, but the slightest reflection will convince us of the fallacy of this idea. Wool and flax are in reality as difficult to produce as corn; nay, more so for, while they are equally subject to the vicissitudes of the seasons—to blights, and storms, and diseases—they cannot, like the corn, be produced in every country, being confined to certain regions and peculiar climates. The annual stock of clothing materials, like the annual supply of food, is sufficient only for the annual consumption of the human race; so that, year after year, we have to work for our raiment as we have to work for our meat. We can no more accumulate and lay up in store our wool and flax than we can accumulate and lay up in store our corn. Unless immediately used, the moth will corrupt the one, as the mildew will destroy the other. And in all this we have a most convincing proof of the beautiful harmony that exists between the moral and the physical laws of the universe. He who "causeth the grass to grow for the cattle," and by this agency brings food and raiment out of the earth for man, has commanded us to "take no thought for the morrow." And the limitations which He has imposed upon the production and preservation of our food and clothing, the only true riches of the world, teach us most impressively that "by taking ever so much thought we cannot make ourselves independent." We are brought back from all our vain efforts and covetous desires after an inexhaustible store of life's necessaries, from the faithless faint-heartedness which is too often the principal motive in the pursuit "of the phantom independence," to a simple, child-like trust in Him who hath promised to feed

and clothe us as He feeds and clothes the grass of the field.

(To be continued.)

For the Children.

A SEA FLOWER.

Would it not be curious, little people, to think of flowers growing on the rocks under the deep sea?

Well, strange as it seems, if you could take a peep into the blue depths some sunny morning, you would see what you would be certain were flowers of the loveliest colors and shapes.

These are in fact, however, animals, and they have mouths, and eat meat and drink water as well as you.

One of these exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, and is about as large as a German aster, looking, indeed, very much like one.

Imagine a very large, double aster, with ever so many long petals of the most delicate shade of light green, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, like those of the aster in your garden, but wave about in the water, while the opelet himself generally clings to a rock!

How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it could eat any thing grosser than dew or sunlight. But those beautiful waving arms—as you may call them—have another use besides looking pretty. They have to provide food for a large open mouth, which is hidden deep down amongst them—so well hidden that one can scarcely find it.

Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fishlet touches one of their rosy tips he is struck with poison, as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him, and he is quietly drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and seen no more.

Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.—*Children's Hour.*

HOW BANK-NOTE PAPER IS MADE.

One of a series of articles on "Curious Manufactures," published in the Philadelphia *North American*, is a description of the manufacture of bank-note paper. The writer says:

"There are but three mills in America making 'bank-note paper,' and but one that invariably makes it of the highest standard of excellence. Time was that rigid restrictions were thrown around the production of this material. Mr. J. M. Wilcox, at Glen Mills, some distance from Philadelphia City, makes most of the bank-note paper used in this country, and a great deal that is ordered from abroad. He inherits a business that in the time of his grandfather was conducted only under the eye of an agent of the government. When an order came for a supply an agent came with it. Of the portion of the mill in which the work was done he took possession. He supervised the entire process, from the maceration of the pulp to the cutting of the sheets. Every spoiled sheet was accounted for, and the scraps and cuttings were invariably gathered up and carried away by him. When the amount required was finished, no more paper could be had except through the authorized source. This caution is now done away with. Any man may take the best or the poorest paper that he can, and sell it to whom he pleases. The counterfeiter has a vast deal of trouble with his plates, but with his paper very little.

"The American National, the Continental, and the British American engraving companies buy the paper and print the notes, charging the parties ordering a fixed price per sheet. The usual size for bank-note paper is 14x17 inches the sheet, each sheet making just eight notes. The material of the paper is wholly linen. It was once made of silk, not by machinery, as it now is, but by hand. It was not an object to bleach it. This very article is written upon a venerable sample of pinkish paper, in which may be seen threads of scarlet pulp in which the dye has been purposely left undischarged. Machinery now does all this work. The material is linen, imported from Ireland expressly for the purpose, and the paper is therefore white as snow. The material was formerly made expressly for bank-note paper, for the Messrs. Wilcox, direct from the flax; but the linen factories—of course at a high price—keep up the supply from the cuttings of their products. Miscellaneous rags come from continental countries—Italy, Spain, and the neighboring kingdoms chiefly; but these people do not wear linen, and consequently do not have linen tatters to dispose of.

"A disclosure of the minutiæ of making this precious paper would be a violation of confidence. The mills are situated upon a limpid creek in Swanbury township, Delaware County. They produce all kinds of fine and collar papers; but this especial manufacture comes under the head of 'curious,' and therefore receives our attention. It is interesting all through; for the linen taken into the fourth story of the building by one uninterrupted process, all done by machinery, is delivered in sheets from the cutting machine upon a show-white table, in front of

a girl dressed as carefully as if at a ladies' tea-party, who packs it into wrappers for delivery. American government and bank paper needs to be good. It is longer in use than any other paper money in the world. It could not be so if it were not the best. The bank of England does not a second time issue the same note; ours go from hand to hand, sometimes until their identity is almost obliterated. Neither English nor French bank-notes are nearly so well-looking as ours. Neither the paper nor the engraving approximates in excellence to the work done for our own banks and our own government. The paper from Glen Mills is always the same, whether the price of material and skilled labor decline or fall. The Eastern makers (of whom there are two) differ from the Philadelphia mill in furnishing the article in proportion of excellence to the price they agree to take for it.

"Mr. Wilcox recently delivered a lot of paper to the office of the American Bank Note Company in this city, ordered for the printing of its paper money by the little kingdom of Greece. Every sheet bears in inerasable and uncounterfeitable letters a specific mark, made in the pulp by the delicate wire sievin on which it is dried. If this were introduced by banks in general, counterfeiting would be virtually impossible. The writer is told that the Treasury Department is reducing to pulp and again working over its worn out and cancelled paper. To make bank-note paper three things, or rather four things are necessary: A considerable capital; absolutely pure water, that must be even then filtered to be fit for use; elaborate and especial machinery; and last but not least, an intimate and perfect knowledge of the business. Hard water, though coming from crystal springs that weep from rocky moss-clad walls, won't do. These springs are glorious institutions for pic-nic parties, make capital punch or lemonade, but they won't make linen into pulp. In these mills the soft pellucid water of the creek is carried to the apex of the building, where a ten thousand gallon tank is never empty, and each drop undergoes filtration that gives it all the softness and all the purity of the distilled water on the shelf of the apothecary."—*Anti-Slavery Standard.*

ITEMS.

The Freedmen's Bureau, according to the report of General Howard, just made, has expended $3,977,000 during the last official year. Gen. Howard says that there is no necessity for continuing the Bureau beyond First month 1st; 1869, at which time it expires by Congressional limitation. He, however, recommends the continuance of the Freedmen's Hospitals at Washington, Richmond, Vicksburg and New Orleans, the estimate for all of which amounts to only $90,000. The educational work, and that of aiding freedmen to collect their claims as already provided by law, should continue till further action is had by Congress. The school expenditures during the past year were $2,000,000, of which the freedmen paid 360,000, Northern benevolent societies, $700,000, the Bureau $94,000.

The Indians.—A gentlemen of Cleveland, Ohio, has issued a circular, asking aid to assist the Indians in making their own blankets. This gentleman has travelled among the Indians, and has noticed their love for bright colors, and their desire to be taught to weave on hand-looms. He asserts that when the Indian women adopt such employment the men will see the utility of wool growing, which will then become their occupation among the valleys and mountains of the far West. Through such industrial pursuits the Indians, it is believed, can be induced to supply the wool needed by the manufacturers.

The territory of the United States, including the recently acquired colony of Alaska, it is stated, extends over four million square miles. The public lands, excluding Alaska, cover 1,465,468,800 acres, or 2,289,795 square miles. Alaska, including the barren rocks and ice fields, covers 369,529,600 acres, or 577,390 square miles, the two together making 1,834,998,400 acres, or 2,867,185 square miles. The population of the United States is estimated at present to reach thirty-nine million souls, and in 1870 will increase to forty-two millions.

The International Military Commission now sitting in St. Petersburg, to take into consideration the proper measures for mitigating the horrors of war, was convoked by the Emperor of Russia some months ago. All the governments of the civilized world were invited to send delegates, but the United States has not thought proper to be represented.

One of the most wonderful cities in the world is Bankok, the capital of Siam. On either side of the wide, majestic stream, moored in regular streets and alleys, extending as far as the eye can reach, are upwards of seventy thousand neat little houses, each house floating on a compact raft of bamboos, and the whole intermediate space of the river is one dense mass of ship-junks, and boats of every conceivable shape, color and size.

The Lava thrown out by Mount Vesuvius during the present eruption has been subjected to analysis by an Italian chemist, and found to contain the following ingredients: Silica, 39 parts; lime, 18; alumina, 14; magnesia, 3; protoxide of iron, 13; potash, 1; soda, 10; water, 2. The specimen, therefore, closely resembled the common glass seen in wine bottles. Lava, though varying considerably in color and solidity or friability, and occasionally containing little groups of crystalline minerals, would seem to be a sort of rough natural glass or earthenware mainly produced from sand, chalk, clay, and similar common earthy substances.

The sales of retail liquor dealers in the United States, during one year, amounted, according to the report of Commissioner Wells, to $1,483,491,865. Of this sum New York is credited with $246,617,520; Pennsylvania, $152,663,495; Ohio, $151,73,4875, and Illinois, $119,938,915. When to this enormous amount of nearly fifteen hundred millions of dollars is added the value of the time wasted in the consumption of ardent spirits, and of the property destroyed by intoxicated persons, it is asserted that the savings from the disuse of alcoholic drinks would extinguish the public debt in one year.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 28, 1868. No. 39.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO EMMOR COMLY, AGENT, At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum, $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.

SINGLE NOS. 6 CENTS.

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*
Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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From the Journal of the Life and Religious Labors of John Comly.

REFLECTIONS, ETC.

Fifth Month 22, 1831.

However far I may have fallen short of perfect obedience and conformity to the will of God, as made known to me, the bent of my mind has been to serve him faithfully in my "day and generation." The duties which I owe to my sovereign benefactor, comprehended in the substance of love to God and man, although in some sort reckoned of two kinds, are all one in principle; because our duty to God includes all our relative and social duties one unto another, that are consistent with his will and law. Hence, I conceive that in faithfulness and obedience to my God, I am under obligations to fulfil all the duties of civil or social life that are subordinate to the duties and obligations immediately existing between myself and the Supreme Being; and these latter form the proper province of what is called conscience. Whenever the social duties, (as they are commonly estimated,) or the inclinations of the natural mind, come in contact with the obligations required by the immediate manifestation of the Divine will in the soul, a conscientious scruple is produced in the mind; a doubt of the rectitude of conformity to rules, orders, customs, or laws in civil society which contravene the immediate requisition of the law of God written in the heart. Where this is the case, the mind or will is free to choose; and on this freedom and power of decision our accountability rests—our conscience *accuses* or *excuses* us: that is, the Divine principle, gift, or witness in the soul, condemns or justifies the act or intent of such election, or such an exercise of the will.

In a state of perfect obedience, the conscience is pure; because the Divine law operates unobstructed, and stands preëminently the rule of action. When inclination, example, or custom is sometimes yielded to in the decisions of the mind, as to its course of procedure, the conscience becomes weakened or defiled. And when, for a series of time, the manifestations of the Divine law are thus disregarded or disobeyed, and a conformity with corrupt examples, customs, and principles is adopted, as the choice of the will, the conscience becomes *seared*, or callous to the impressions of the law of God written in the heart. Hence, a state of *hardness of heart* is induced through continued disobedience, and *darkness, blindness* and *insensibility* of the purity and happiness resulting from the Divine order, government, and approbation, ensue, as the dreadful consequence.

From this (to me plain and simple) view of the subject, the expression attributed to the Almighty maker and benefactor of the children of men—"My spirit shall not always strive with man"—is understood as applicable to the understanding and perception of minds thus darkened and hardened through

disobedience, until not only *some* but "*every* imagination of the thoughts of the heart" becomes "*evil*," and that "*continually*." In this state, though light always shines, man perceives it not; though God is always good, man knows it not, nor feels nor perceives the influence of his goodness and love, though omnipresent.

The supreme Legislator, Governor, and Preserver of the Universe, perfect in *wisdom* and *goodness* as in *power*, always adapts his laws to the states and conditions of his creatures. Perfectly happy in himself, his beneficent goodness is ever diffusing happiness among the creatures of his hand; and this is the end and object of every dispensation of his laws in the government of them, or communicated to them for their observance. Hence it was, in giving his law from Mount Sinai to the people of Israel, through the ministry of Moses, that both the revelation and the adaptation thereof were according to the state and condition of that people. They could not bear or endure the awfulness of the Divine majesty, immediately communicating his will to them, and therefore asked for the mediation of Moses to declare it to them. Goodness and mercy ineffable condescended to their low estate—to their weak condition—and gave them laws, and orders, and rules, adapted to their low and weak condition; but the end and object of this manifestation of kindness and wisdom, was to advance their happiness, by preparing them to receive and enjoy the increase and fulness thereof, through obedience to his manifested will. Hence, the apostle says, "The law was our schoolmaster, to bring us unto Christ." And that very law referring to the coming of the Messiah, as a Prophet whom God would raise up among that people, says, "Him shall ye hear in all things whatsoever he shall say unto you."

If we look at the circumstances and state of the Israelites, when Moses delivered to them the law which perfect Wisdom and Goodness adapted to their *low*, *weak*, and even *hardened* condition, we may see a wise reason in the administration of Providence for suffering or bearing with many things in that people, and giving them ordinances accordingly; which as they gradually advanced under the tuition of that schoolmaster, they afterward would have no need of, and their obligations would consequently cease. The law would be repealed because fulfilled, and therefore obsolete.

Thus when Christ, the great Prophet, came, he referred to the law given through Moses, and owned and honored it by his fulfiling it; but showed the people, in various instances, that it was not adapted to an advanced state of greater perfection and light, which through obedience to that law, as a schoolmaster, they were capable of attaining, and which he instructed them in. Thus, he says, "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill"—a positive law, contained in what is called the Decalogue, or laws written by the finger of God himself, on tables of stone. Now let us mark the advanced state of the human mind which Jesus addressed, when he not only confirmed this law but referred to the causes or feelings that would induce a violation of it, and taught the necessity of subduing those passions or lusts which occasioned killing; that thus the root being taken away, the fruit would cease; that the gospel principle of love being embraced, would effectually eradicate hatred; the law of mercy and forgiveness of injuries would supercede the *lex talionis*, which, because of the hardness of their hearts had been suffered in their low, dark, and carnal state; when it was said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemy;" and when, for the same reason, they were permitted to exact an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, &c. How different the benign principles that qualify men to "*Love* their enemies, *bless* them that curse, *do good* to them that hate, and *pray* for them that despitefully use and persecute." And yet these latter are the *positive laws* of Christ, him whom we call Master and Lord, and who himself says, "Why call ye me Master and Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

When we examine the principles on which the precepts or laws of the Gospel of Christ are obviously founded, and compare them with those which are cognizable in many of the precepts or laws of Moses given to the Jews, we perceive the advanced state of society in the time of the promulgation of the doctrines of the gospel. But obedience was requisite, in order to produce the happy effects in the human family which Divine wisdom and goodness contemplated by sending his Son, a "Light into the world, that whosoever believeth in him should not abide in darkness"—should not remain, abide, or continue under the comparatively dark, hard, or weak state to which the law of Moses was administered.

Hence, again, may be noticed the circumcumstance of superiority in the laws of Christ to those of Moses, in promoting the happiness and comfort of society, if we advert to a conversation of the former with some of the Jews, on the subject of divorcement. They adduced the law of Moses as of high authority; the statute book was plain and clear. But Jesus told them the existing cause why Moses gave that rule to them; it was in adaptation "to the hardness of their hearts," that

ıe Divine Lawgiver suffered or permitted ıem to put away their wives, no doubt to revent greater evils in their dark, hard, car- al state. "But in the beginning it was not ɔ," said Jesus. In the institution of marriage y God himself he joined male and female ɔgether in the law of pure love; and while hat remained, there was no putting away, or jealousy, nor evil passions, to destroy the appiness which Heaven intended. Jesus Christ, the great Prophet, was sent of the Father, to turn the minds of the people rom the darkness, blindness, and hardness of eart that had been induced through disobe- ience, to the Light, Law, and truth of God, which would restore them to a state of har- nony, and peace, and happiness; in which ll the relations of social life might be as ıelps to forward and increase the sum of real ınjoyment, even in this life.

Among these relations stands conspicuously he intercourse of man with his follow-men ɔy social converse; or the communication of deas, of feelings, and of information, by words ınd gestures--or what is understood by natural ɔr artificial language. Nor was this impor- ant subject over-looked in the laws of God o his creature man. Moses delivered to the Israelites positive and plain precepts, adapted o their understandings, respecting the use of language, in their intercourse one with anoth- er. The most obvious principle inculcated is he *speaking of truth.* Hence, all deception and falsehood were forbidden. And here, again, the low, weak, and darkened state of that people was considered and permitted for a season, in suffering them to use oaths for the confirmation of what was asserted for truth. This would be natural in a state of distrust and jealousy. For where mutual confidence is wanting suspicion arises, and the fear of imposition or falsehood instead of sincerity and truth. "For the hardness of your hearts, Moses gave you that precept," might be applied to many parts of that system of government; and among the rest *swearing* was suffered to remain, "until the times of reformation," but the law guarded carefully against deception and fraud by perjury, which it would seem that people were prone to in the selfishness of their dark state.

When Jesus Christ, the Divine Lawgiver, came, he adverted particularly to this subject, as it stood in the statute book of Moses. Perjury or false swearing had been expressly forbidden by Moses, and Jesus forbids *all* swearing. The darkness and hardness of their hearts being removed by light and knowledge, the people, at least some of them, were prepared to understand, that speaking the truth, in sincerity, precluded the necessity of oaths. Mutual confidence being restored by the principles of truth, sincerity, candor, and honesty ruling in the heart, the old law that admitted oaths to *end strife* became obsolete; and hence, in a state of advancement in society, the law of Christ was given: "Let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay." And the reason is obvious, because all additions in order to make truth more true, or "whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil." Truth is truth, and needs no addition, though the same may be repeated. Thus Jesus frequently used the expression, "Verily, verily"—that is, truly, truly—"I say unto you." But he never used an oath to confirm his testimony. He set us an example as well as gave a law, that we should follow his steps in speaking truth from the heart, in letting our communications one to another be simply affirmation or negation, in sincerity, in candor, and in truth. All additions come of evil, or arise from an evil root in the mind, and are expressly forbidden by the law of him who declared himself to be the *Truth.* So his disciple James understood and repeated the Divine command—"But above all things, my brethren, swear not." Make this your highest point of proof that ye are Christians, by obedience to your Master's command—"above all things, swear not;" but let your yea be yea, and your nay nay. Let your assertions and testimonies be true, and add nothing by way of endeavor to make them appear more true; for all oaths, and every modification of oaths, never can add value to simple truth, and the disposition to enforce it only weakens its testimony. Hence the caution of the apostle, "lest ye fall into condemnation" for the *evil* of these additions.

"Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" is a rebuke adapted to mankind on this subject as viewed and acted on by the professed followers of Christ. Is the state of human society, called Christian as low and degraded, as dark and hard now, as that of the Israelites just emerged from their bondage in Egypt? Has no advance been made by the coming of Jesus Christ, a light into the world? Is all the example, the experience and wisdom of former ages lost in this one case only? Are Christians still jealous, distrustful, and void of confidence in one another? Are sincerity and truth, though the very basis on which Christianity stands, so very rarely found as the predominant principles of mutual intercourse between man and man, that his yea is not worthy of credit, his testimony not accepted without an oath or affirmation, to give it currency in the laws of what is called a Christian country? Do these laws recognize two kinds of truth in our communications; one superior to the other, or more true than the other?

Does the swearing or affirming witness consider himself, on all other occasions, at liberty to equivocate, evade, or utter falsehoods to his neighbor? Or rather, do not these laws which require swearing tacitly declare that all men are unworthy of credit, except when brought under the influence of oaths?

In these remarks I consider every thing that is *more* than simple, plain, true declaration, as of the nature of oaths; as included in the Divine prohibition; as evil in the sight of immaculate Purity, who reads the heart, and scans its motives as well as actions, words, and thoughts.

When the passions of human nature remain unsubdued, there is a ground that bringeth forth briers and thorns in society. Wars, fightings, quarelling, contention, and strife spring up among mankind, and obtain luxuriant growth in those fleshly lusts that war against or destroy the peace of social life and the happiness of the soul that is under their baneful dominion. It was while men were under the dominion of these lusts and passions a law was given them that suffered the use of oaths in order to end strife. But when the cross of Christ slays the enmity in man, strife ceases, because its roots are eradicated; and oaths are useless, or worse than useless, for Christ is the end and abrogation of that law which required or permitted oaths. And every practical believer in Christ will manifest that he is governed by the spirit of Christ, which is the Spirit of Truth; and from the principle of truth in the heart he is under far stronger obligations to speak the truth on all occasions, than all the penalties of perjury, or the supposed sanctity of oaths or affirmations, or any other asseverations or imprecations, can possibly produce.

OUR PART AND GOD'S PART.

God acts efficiently by the Holy Spirit; he acts by the Spirit in conferring every divine gift; but for the divine action all that we could do would be in vain. There is no natural way by which we could, without God, come to these higher states of experience. It is true that in the economy of both nature and grace we need the co-operative influence and power of that Spirit working in us to will and to do God's pleasure. But we have our work to do, as well. There are steps of education within our reach, and our duty and business is to perform the part which is for us to do, with the consciousness that when that is done there will be given, without favor or exception, to every man who earnestly desires the presence of Christ, that efficient and co-operative influence and presence of God that will make his efforts successful. The controversies that made such broad distinctions between man's agency and God's grace have passed away, and I think we are coming to a more salutary condition of thought and belief in this regard. It is becoming better and better understood that there is no inconsistency in the teaching that man can work out his own salvation, because it is God that worketh in him, and they both work together in doing the same thing. The elm-tree does its part; it is a different part from that which the sun and clouds do; they do their several parts; they perform very different functions from those performed by the elm-tree. It requires the clouds, full of moisture, and the sun, full of warmth, to develop the tree; and yet if there were no seed there would be no elm. As the seed cannot make the elm-tree without the sun and clouds, neither can the sun nor the clouds make an elm without the seed. The sun, the clouds and the seed each does its own work in its own sphere. As it is in nature, so it is in grace.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A FRAGMENTARY OFFERING.

In a late issue of the Intelligencer, one of a series of interesting articles, prepared by our friend S. M. J., has recalled some of the social lessons and events of the past. There is an actual diversity of gifts: no two persons are alike, either in form or in experience. Truth, like a pearl with many faces, may have rays from the Sun of Righteousness, so falling upon each, as to produce all the varied reflections which combine in the bow of promise; but when a part is veiled, there must be distortion. Testimonies of plainness in speech are doubtless given to be borne at home and among our own people; and why should they be feared or avoided elsewhere, since there can be no condemnation to those "who live godly in Christ?" Less than 100 years ago, many ministering Friends, and among them frail and delicate women, went to the most remote settlements, fording rivers in inclement seasons and penetrating unpeopled wilds. How is it now, when, with few privations, our farthest bounds may be visited? A true Friend, living in this Western country, remarked that her family for fifteen years was unvisited by any of our ministers; but finally, as if in answer to her heart's desire, two came, and declared the Truth to her neighbors. Another, a young man, who had a right of membership, said, at the close of a Friends' appointed Meeting, "It is thirteen years since I have been at one of our meetings, and it is so much better than anything I have known here." The writer accompanied three Friends on a religious

visit to a small city in the interior of this State, where a few professing with us reside, and among them a widow. To one who gave her notice of the meeting, she replied, "I have been eighteen years away from Friends, and do not now feel that I have any interest in their meetings." She was told that it was to be held near her residence, and the Friends would be pleased to see her, if she were disposed to come. After the little company had been gathered, perhaps half an hour, she came in, and such was the effect of the word spoken, combined, it may be, with her early memories, that, at the close of the opportunity, her inmost soul seemed to overflow with joy. I have since heard that she is one of the few residents there who desire to meet together for worship. Many other like cases might be cited as occurring among the scattered sheep of our fold, were more needed to prove that there is soul hunger where few hear the famished cry. How many poor souls, living in outward isolation, can say "even bitter things are sweet." We read the minutes of the Yearly Meetings, as copied in the Intelligencer, and infer from the numbers who visit those focal points, that the Lord still has servants among His people; then may we not wonder why some of them have not heard the cry that has gone up unto the Lord of Saboath? Have we not occasion to fear, from the portent of the times, that, through an indulgence in personal ease, the heritage will be overgrown with tares. Vigorous, triumphant life, in all its varieties, produces strong and vigorous members. When the life is low, the body is weak. What gathered us to be a people long ago, and what has kept us through all our trials and vicissitudes? Nothing less than the Power of God. There is evidence, and with it hope, that the Good Shepherd has not forsaken the lambs who are scattered from the fold, and that He sometimes leaves the ninety and nine to go and seek even one.

O servant! may He say of thee, "Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me." He came to seek and to save that which is lost. As thou art His servant, such will be thy mission. Like the evening repeating the joy of the morning, under the same inspiration, mayst thou, as a son of another century did, feel and record—

"My life, if Thou preserve my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be,
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee."

Prophetstown, Ill. S. A.

The more religion is freed from complexities and mysteries, the more real and valuable it is.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A HINT.

'Tis early morning; the bells, with their soft chimes floating upon the air, announce that another *Sabbath* has dawned upon this fair city. A little later, and multitudes of people, expensively appareled, pass to and fro. Do they in their respective places of worship each receive the pure and simple teaching of the devout Nazarine?

But what means this group at the street corner? a little farther, another, and another. Is there no food for these neglected children of want and crime? What means it that within these costly edifices, whose gilded spires glitter in the sun, there is nothing to allure and elevate this portion of God's heritage. Have *we*, whose lives are more favorably circumstanced, no duties to perform toward such as these? The thought impressively suggests itself that suitable food might be furnished, if some of our young men and women would volunteer to instruct them in the elements of science, illustrated by attractive experiment; thus call their attention to Nature in her beautiful teachings, and from thence to the Great Architect, interspersing therewith such moral lessons as their receptive capacities would admit. A germ might thus be planted that would bud and blossom and bear good fruit;—a good work would certainly be commenced, a new field of labor opened, and the qualified laborer receive the comforting assurance of well done thou good and faithful servant. E.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ELIZABETH BAILEY.

Departed this life, on the 29th of Tenth month last, Elizabeth Bailey, relict of the late George Bailey, in the 83d year of her age; a member of Baltimore Mo. Meeting.

Having been blessed with an evidence that this dear Friend has obtained the Christian Crown by having taken up the Christian Cross, we feel no need of any endeavor to soothe our own feelings, or evince our respect and reverence for her memory by a eulogy upon the dead; but we deem a little testimony to this truth should accompany the notice that tells of mortality's fate, that dust has mingled with its mother dust. Her life and death showed forth the efficacy of that Christian faith which we as a people profess—as through its supporting power she was enabled to bear with pious resignation the vicissitudes of a lengthened probation and to hold out to the end. She welcomed the Pale Messenger, as sent by her merciful Care-Taker, in his own good time, to sever the only tie which bound her to suffering, and secure her eternal reward.

She had not a birthright membership in

the Society of Friends, but was early in life led by convictions upon her own mind to join herself thereto, and was ever after deeply concerned to live consistently with the principle she professed. Being introduced into a living experience of the blessing of prayer, and availing herself of the precious privilege of entering into her closet and shutting the door and praying to her Father in secret, the promise was realized, and she was "rewarded openly" with ability to exercise those Christian virtues which enlarge and dignify the sphere of woman. She was truly exemplary as a wife, not only studying the highest interest of her husband, but also looking well to the ways of her household and eating not the bread of idleness, and, as a mother, it can truly be said "her children rise up and call her blessed." When expressing her gratitude for the preserving care she had witnessed through the operation of the blessed Truth in her own soul, she said, whilst her countenance was animated with love and hope, "I have asked for my dear children the same blessing, and I have faith to believe it will be granted, and I humbly trust my precious family may be gathered in the arms of Redeeming Love, which have so long sheltered me."

She was a faithful attender of her religious meetings while ability of body was granted her, and in them she was sometimes constrained in gospel love, with great humility and tenderness, to speak of the mercy and goodness she had been favored to experience in the path of obedience to that inward Teacher "that teaches as never man taught." When nature's infirmity prevented her mingling in social worship, her deep interest in society was in no wise abated, and a short time before her death, she spoke with the most encouraging accents of the prospect she had of a renewal of the visitation of redeeming love which awaited her people; when there would be called in from the "highways and hedges" valiant soldiers of the Cross of Christ, whereby the ancient standard would be raised and the blessed Truth as it is in Jesus be preserved. We are willing to trust the view was not given for her joy alone, but that those who are still left in probation and feel the necessity of following in the same path of self-denial she was constrained to walk in, may be favored with a like hope, and being encouraged to faithfulness in their individual calling, realize the same rejoicing, even to the end; for can we not adopt the language,

"What though oft depressed and lonely,
All our doubts are laid aside,
When we but remember only
Such as these have lived and died."

USES OF MORAL EVIL (SO CALLED.)

The tempest and the thunderbolt hav their place and purpose in the arrangemen of nature as surely as the bright warm sun and the clear sky. So moral evil is not a accident; but while it agitates the depths o society, it is yet, in the economy of th Divine Government, made subservient t good. Moral evil springs from the defectiv exercise of those faculties which, as they wer originally planted and balanced in the natur of man, were good. The Ancient Philosophy made the observance of the golden mean t be the essence of all virtue, and a course th extremely opposite of many great sins may be just as far from the right as the extrem of indulgence. Thus, while idolatry is wrong its extreme opposite, indifference to all wor ship, is equally culpable; and while stubborn ness is to be condemned, the plasticity whic renders a man as easily turned from virtu as from vice, is even more despicable. S the excess of a virtue is often a sin. Th venerative disposition which prompts men t revere goodness and worship God is th noblest faculty of the soul, and most elevate him above the brute; but, cherished ex clusively and excessively, it has produced gloomy asceticism most pernicious to society Self-respect, commendable and essential to manly character, when carried to excess, pro duces pride and haughtiness; and self love which is necessary to an existence, indulge to an extreme, produces selfishness. Relaxa tion, useful and needful in itself, when un restrained, produces idleness; and busy in dustry, so valuable to all, may, if too closely followed, endanger life and health. In th same manner, much of the error in the world is the abuse of some truth. The most subtl sophistry is not the most barefaced and com plete departure from truth, but that state ment which, conveying one false impression has yet in other respects the nearest possibl approach to veracity. Almost every erro wide-spread and popular, is the distortion o some truth, and the wildest scheme that im agination ever engendered has some realit in its foundation.

While in the moral nature of man there i not a feature which can be spared, withou destroying the harmony of the whole, ye there is no element that, distorted or averte from its harmonious action with the others may not rend in pieces his whole moral frame-work. It is generally taken for grant ed that all the elements of nature, howeve useless or hurtful they may appear, wil prove necessary and good in creation some where; and it is a fair and reasonable in ference that the elements from which moral evil is deduced are all in themselves good

were framed for purposes of good, and are capable of producing good. Every element of true humanity will prove beneficial to the world at large, just as the lightning, though it may kill the rash man who draws it down upon him, clears the air which millions breathe. Could we to-day banish from man's nature all those elements from which he could contrive to bring about his own ruin, the world would be worse off than before, because we should have rooted out the principles of all the highest virtues, the most original properties of that nature which is intended to reflect Deity in every feature and expression.

While these considerations may rightfully comfort and encourage all who look sorrowfully and, perhaps, despairingly, on the evil around them, they cannot, if rightly viewed, lead any to think lightly of the evil of sin because it may be overruled for higher good. Fire warms him who uses it, but none the less burns him who abuses it; and there is death in prussic acid, though extracted from the peach. Let none break down the walls between virtue and vice, or tamper with the distinction between right and wrong. Nothing is more certain than that each individual will reap the ligitimate fruits of his own conduct, though the effects of it upon the world at large may be differently shown. —*Ledger.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

HUMILITY.

Of all the Heaven-born virtues, not one in the Christian character is more attractive than Humility. Neither is there one more needful to attain, to become acceptable in the sight of our Heavenly Parent. We are taught in Holy Writ, "The humble he will teach of His ways;" also, "He that exalteth himself shall be abased, but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Does it not behoove us, then, to prostrate ourselves before the Mighty God? and be willing to bow at His footstool, that as worms of the dust, feeling our own insufficiency, we may supplicate for His assistance, that He may give us strength to subdue our proud hearts.

The talents He has bestowed upon us, as well as earthly blessings, demand our gratitude, as boons from His Almighty Hand. Instead of having a tendency to exalt us, we should keep in mind, that in the possession of superior mental endowments our responsibility is increased, and we should be prompted to use them, not for our benefit alone, but as good stewards, for promoting the interest and happiness of our fellow-beings.

As we come into possession of this Christian virtue, which sets gracefully on either young or old, it will lead us in the paths of peace, away from the storms which assail us whilst soaring for the pinnacle of fame, or in pursuing the empty honors of a transitory world.

The bright examples of the meek and lowly followers of the blessed Jesus have often, unconscious of their power, exerted an influence more potent in awakening the hearts of individuals to righteousness than sermons could achieve. Like the starry hosts, these gentle spirits move silently and quietly in their spheres, ever obedient to the Divine law, and filling up their measure in the appointed time.

11 mo. 1st, 1868.

Let us look up! In the dark hour still shines
The light. In all our time of trial still
O'erflows the fountain of the Infinite Love.
A heaven on earth, this light and love in our
Sad hearts shall build and glorify; and we,
In the far land we long for, shall be joined
In worship and in blessed work with those
We weep for now,—and with "the shining ones"
Who sing the praises of the Lamb around
The everlasting throne.

SCRAPS FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

"Silver or gold have I none, but such as I have, give I thee." Although under feelings which call for the acknowledgment that in my treasury there is neither silver nor gold, yet, my much loved friend, I feel constrained to hand forth of such as I have. But I have mentally queried, has a simple evidence of the affectionate remembrance of a child the power to bear up, to strengthen or animate the heart of a parent?—of one who at times has to feel a going down into the deeps, secretly travailing for the prosperity of Zion? However this may be, I may freely acknowledge that for some *weeks* past I have been with thee *almost always*, and have we not together sat in solitary places, where, had it not been that in the plenitude of Divine Goodness there were felt at seasons the incomes of love, flowing even as a stream, there would have been cause for the acknowledgment that "Faith wavers and Hope well-nigh expires."

When we call to mind the excellency of the principle, acknowledged by us to be a sure director, and when we remember that it is universally dispensed to all the rational family, and that it is to the goodness of the Father that we are indebted for the riches of this "unspeakable gift," is there not room for humble confidence, yea, and for a lively hope, that He, who hath thus remembered his creature man, thus blessed him with the free gift of grace, will in the plenitude of His love, in his great goodness, incline the hearts of His children yet more and more to gather

unto it, counting it their choicest treasure, their chief good?

When at seasons I am permitted to feel the refreshing influence of heavenly love, the language of my spirit is, under a sense of its exceeding excellency, "Why unto Thee will not all flesh come?" Thus, then, my friend, the exercise, the travail of love is, that those who profess a submission to the guidance of the Divine Spirit, may so walk, that others who may yet be resting in the barrenness of empty profession, may, through their example, be led to gather home, and in retiredness of spirit seek after that knowledge of the Lord and of his Christ which is saving. But with these there is a veil thrown over the beautiful simplicity of Truth, the excellency of the Inspeaking Word, as a safe guide, a sure director, by the inconsistent walking of some of its professed advocates, even of some who profess to stand upon the holy ground, of being led and guided by the Divine Spirit manifested within man. I feel, I increasingly feel the weight of responsibility attending me, as one thus professing and knowing my own weaknesses, desires the aid of the spirits of those whose establishment is more sure, who have known a coming more fully under the regulating influence of the Divine Mind. As such an one, I turn to thee, and while my heart gratefully acknowledges the care heretofore extended, I would that thou be not weary of well-doing, but continue to counsel, withholding not the word of caution or reproof should it arise. How is it, my dear friend, have discouragements prevailed? Hast thou felt as if thy labors of love were of no avail, and art thou seeking to withdraw from the field? Some of us could say no, no, indulge not such a feeling, for although the evidences of thy care be not very apparent, yet I trust some are treasured up to bring forth fruit in due season. As one of thy children, I can fully acknowledge a grateful sense of the favor of being permitted to share with others thy regard. May I again ask that if the spring of communication arises and the stream flows hitherward, thou mayst not stop its progress, but remember that in the ordering of best wisdom the heavenly heritage is often watered by means of individual faithfulness in little things.

While the belief is afforded us that there is a superintending power equal to the fulfilment of his own gracious purposes, and that to those who confide in Him, all things, moral and political—yea, *all things* without exception—work together for good, we may rest in hope, nor fear the worst that can happen. Oh! for the disposition in which is furnished a qualification thus to aspire. "How excellent is thy loving kindness, O Lord! therefore the children of men put their trust in the shadow of thy wings." My present impression is, that the mind of David was thus quickened, and to feel something of the same Spirit, is at this moment refreshing to thy affectionate friend.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 28, 1868.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—We regret the necessity of so often repeating the request that marriage notices must clearly state that they have been accomplished *according to our order*. The information that they have been "by Friends' ceremony," or at "a meeting convened for the purpose," does not meet the request so often made, as in either case the requirements of Discipline may not have been adhered to. A marriage, if accomplished according to our order, must be under the care of a Monthly Meeting—the name of which meeting we desire may always be furnished.

MARRIED, on the 23d of Ninth month, 1868, by Friends' ceremony, at a meeting convened for the purpose, at the residence of the bride's father, T. SHEPHERD WRIGHT and EMMA M. MASON, both of Woodlawn, Va.

——, on the 15th of Tenth month, WM. P. MOORE, a member of Milford Monthly Meeting, Ind., to TERESA E. MYERS, a member of Green Plain Monthly Meeting, Ohio.

——, on the 15th of Tenth month, 1868, according to the order of the Society of Friends, WM. P. JONES to HANNAH MARGARET, daughter of John Thomas; all of New Garden, Chester Co., Pa.

DIED, on Seventh-day, the 14th inst., at the house of Jesse G. Webster, Hulmeville, Bucks Co., Pa., HANNAH WILLIAMS, in the 89th year of her age; a member and for many years an esteemed elder of Abington Monthly Meeting.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

The 5th Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of *Swarthmore College* will be held at Race Street Meeting-House, Philadelphia, on Third-day, the 1st of Twelfth month, 1868, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

EDWARD PARRISH, } *Clerks.*
2t EDITH W. ATLEE, }

The Board of Managers of *Swarthmore College* will meet on Third-day morning, Twelfth month 1st, 1868, at 10 o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting Room, Race Street Meeting-House, Philadelphia. A general attendance is requested.

2t EDWARD PARRISH, *Clerk.*

If my foresight were as good as my hindsight, I should not make so many mistakes.—*Dutchman.*

From the Methodist.

RELIGION FOR THE BODY.

We may laugh as we will at what is called "muscular Christianity," and at the strange antics of some of its advocates; but, after all, there is a basis of truth underlying it, which we do well to consider. There is an affected contempt of the body manifested by many, as though it were of no special importance in carrying out the great ends of life. The soul being considered of paramount value, they fancy that the body may be neglected with impunity, forgetting that the body is a part of the man, and that religion, being designed to affect the whole man, should have its proper application to the body as well as to the soul. We cannot live long in an ideal world. We may have refined feelings, and cultivated tastes, and heavenly desires, and in our imaginations look down with proud disdain on mere earthly interests; but our visions will soon be broken by the dull realities of life, and hunger, thirst, pain, heat, cold, remind us that we are of the earth, earthy. How humiliating it must be to the pride of savans and sovereigns, that, after all their fancied superiority to the unlearned and the plebian, they have the same low bodily wants to satisfy; that, differ as they may from these in learning or in station, their bodies are just alike, having the same organs and the same wants!

A feeble body is not essential to piety; much less is it a religious duty to neglect the body in order to save the soul. All that is said in the Bible concerning fasting, self-denial and conquest of appetite, is for the benefit of the body as well as for the good of the soul; and, in addition to the moral value of obedience to these precepts in the triumph which such obedience gives, the soul is benefited by having a better body in which to serve God and bless man. It must not be forgotten, that we can do more for the cause of Christ, and deal heavier blows for humanity, with sound bodies than with diseased. The good have often wept because, from feebleness or disease, they have been compelled to stop short in their works of usefulness. We may perhaps be referred, by an objector, to those numerous instances of true heroism in which men, in spite of physical feebleness, have done much for the good of the world; but will any pretend to deny that these very men would have done more if their bodily strength had been greater? Their energy and zeal were not the result of physical weakness, but were manifested in spite of it.

Health is a part of the capital which is given us when we are set up in the business of life; and, like any other capital, due care must be had that it is not squandered, but rightly used. The curb of self-denial is to be put on the indulgence of bodily appetites, or, like the fast horses of some of the young men of the day, they will run off with our stock of wealth. The laws of life and health are to be studied and obeyed; for ignorance of them will not save us from the natural results of their violation. They work with the regularity of machinery, and, in their application, know no difference between the sinner and the saint. Repentance on the part of him who breaks them cannot prevent their consequences; they work out their inevitable results in spite of tears, and groans, and bitter regrets. * * * * *

From the Christian Register.

OUR FRIENDS.

At times we desire so earnestly to show our love and sympathy for our friends that we are deeply pained that we can do so little, almost nothing. But probably our best gifts to our friends are unconscious gifts—some gentleness of expression in the face, a sympathizing glance, an artless smile, a tender tone to the voice, a reference to their tastes, a consideration for their prejudices, an unaffected interest in their friends, occupation, welfare.

But we should not neglect (if we love our friends we cannot neglect) the little services that are in our power. A small act of kindness is a stronger proof of love than many words; and if one truly loves, his greatest delight is to show his love in every way.

It is the easier to do this that we have few friends. There is no lack of neighbors and acquaintances, but it is not intended, it is not possible, to most people, to have many friends. In youth, each new face we think the face of a friend; each fresh voice the voice of a friend. As we grow older we see (not that our hearts grow colder, but our judgment clearer,) that only a few can respond to the deepest feelings, only a few can thoroughly sympathize with us, only a few can love us in spite of our faults; that there are only a few whose hand will never slip from ours, whose eyes will never grow cold, nor whose voices sharp; but a few who will love us so well that they will tell us when we go wrong—and tell us in so loving a way that we shall love them the better for the telling; but a few who can never be separated from us, because the separation of space is not so strong as the union of love; but a few who will never forget to pray for us, and whom to meet again will make even death seem a golden gate, on hinges softly moving, sweetly sounding.

We freely go with our troubles to the true friend who loves us too well to deceive us, to judge us harshly, to keep back needed advice or rebuke.

Our pleasantest thoughts are doubled by being shared with a friend, who is not chary of praise, as he knows that approbation is to the human heart what light is to the flower; that it helps the narrowest nature, and enriches the most generous, making it, in a true humility, eager to become worthy of this grateful, this inspiring approval.

But with all the joy, the trust, the improvement of friendship, like everything that is human, it is unequal. In becoming friends, we do not lose the charming inconsistency of human nature. We have our moods; are not as cordial in manner at one time as at another; strike each other at times, as strange and odd, and not quite our usual pleasant selves. But true friendship is equal to these vicissitudes, it is sure of the heart; the manner will come round, can be easily explained, will take care of itself.

Let us, then, rejoicing in our friends, do all in our power to cultivate, cherish, bless and ennoble them, by trust, by sympathy, by fearlessness, by emulation. They are amongst Heaven's choicest gifts to us on the earth, and we fondly trust that they are not given to us merely for time, but will rejoice with us in that unclouded clime, where we shall look upon the heart as now upon the face of our friends.

What an incentive to virtue—the hope that our friends may not be disappointed when they read our heart. E.

From the N. Y. Independent.

INHUMANITY OF PARENTS.

BY H. H.

Rudeness.

"*Inhumanity*—Cruelty. *Cruelty*—The disposition to give unnecessary pain."—*Webster's Dict.*

I had intended to put third on the list of inhumanities of parents to children "needless requisitions;" but my last summer's experiences and observations changed my estimate, and convinced me that children suffer more pain from the rudeness with which they are treated than from being forced to do needless things which they dislike. Indeed, a positively and graciously courteous manner toward children is a thing so rarely seen, in average daily life, the rudenesses which they receive are so innumerable, that it is hard to tell where to begin in setting forth the evil. Children themselves often bring their sharp and unexpected logic to bear on some incident illustrating the difference in this matter of behaviour between what is required from them and shown to them. As did a little boy I knew, whose father said crossly to him one morning, as he came into the breakfast-room, "Will you ever learn to shut that door after you?" And a few seconds later as the child was rather sulkily sitting down in his chair, "And do you mean to bid anybody 'good morning,' or not?" "I don't think you gave *me* a very nice 'good morning,' any how," replied satirical justice, aged seven. Then, of course, he was reproved for speaking disrespectfully; and so in the space of three minutes the beautiful opening of the new day, for both parents and children, was jarred and robbed of its fresh harmony by the father's thoughtless rudeness.

And was the breakfast-room door much more likely to be shut the next morning? No. The lesson was pushed aside by the pain, the motive to remember was dulled by the antagonisms. If that father had called his son, and, putting his arm round him, (oh! the blessed and magic virtue of putting your arm round a child's neck!) had said, "Good morning, my little man;" and then, in a confidential whisper in his ear, "What shall we do to make this forgetful little boy remember not to leave that door open, through which the cold wind blows in on all of us?"—can any words measure the difference between the first treatment and the second? between the success of the one and the failure of the other?

Scores of times in a day a child is told, in a short, authoritative way, to do or not to do little things, which, when we ask at the hands of older people, we ask as favors, graciously, and with deference to their choice. "Would you be so very kind as to close that window?" "May I trouble you for that cricket?" "If you would be as comfortable in this chair as in that, I would like to change places with you." "Oh, excuse me, but your head is between me and the light; could you see as well if you moved a little?" "Would it hinder you too long to stop at the store for me? I would be very much obliged to you, if you would." "Pray, do not let me crowd you," etc., etc. In most people's speech to children, we find as synonyms for these polite phrases: "Shut that window down this minute." "Bring me that cricket." "I want that chair; get up. You can sit in this." "Don't you see that you are right in my light? Move along." "I want you to leave off playing, and go right down to the store for me." "Don't crowd so; can't you see that there is not room enough for two people here?" and so on. As I write, I feel an instinctive consciousness that these sentences will come like home thrusts to some surprised people. I hope so. That is what I want. I am sure that in more than half the cases where family life is marred in peace, and almost stripped of beauty, by just these little rudenesses, the parents are utterly unconscious of them. The truth is, it has become like an established custom, this different and less courteous way of speaking to children on

small occasions and minor matters. People who are generally civil and of fair kindliness do it habitually, not only to their own children, but to all children. We see it in the cars, in the stages, in stores, in Sunday-schools, everywhere.

On the other hand, let a child ask for anything without saying "please," receive anything without saying "thank you," sit still in the most comfortable seat without offering to give it up, or press its own preference for a particular book, chair or apple, to the inconveniencing of an elder, and what an outcry we have: "Such rudeness!" "Such an ill-mannered child!" "His parents must have neglected him strangely." Not at all; they have been steadily telling him a great many times every day not to do these precise things which you dislike. But they themselves have been all the while doing those very things to him; and there is no proverb which strikes a truer balance between two things than the old one which weighs example over against precept.

However, that it is bad policy to be rude to children is the least of the things to be said against it. Over this they will triumph, sooner or later. The average healthy child has a native bias toward gracious good-behavior and kindly affections. He will win and be won in the long run, and, the chances are, have better manners than his father. But the pain that we give these blessed little ones when we wound their tenderness—for that there is no atoning. Over that they can never triumph, neither now nor hereafter. Why do we dare to be so sure that they are not grieved by ungracious words and tones? that they can get used to being continually treated as if they were "in the way?" Who has not heard this said? I have, until I have longed for an Elijah and fire, that the grown-up cumberers of the ground, who are the ones really in the way, might be burned up, to make room for the children. I believe that, if it were possible to count up in any one month, and show in the aggregate all of this class of miseries borne by children, the world would cry out astonished. I know a little girl, ten years old, of nervous temperament, whose whole physical condition is disordered, and seriously, by her mother's habitual atmosphere of rude fault-finding. She is a sickly, fretful, unhappy, almost unbearable child. If she lives to grow up, she will be a sickly, fretful, unhappy, hateful woman. But her mother is just as much responsible for the whole as if she had deranged her system by feeding her on poisonous drugs. Yet she is a most conscientious, devoted, and anxious mother; and in spite of this manner, a loving one. She does not see know there is any better way than hers. She does not see that her child is mortified and harmed when she says to her, in the presence of strangers, "How do you suppose you *look* with your mouth open like that?" "Do you want me to show you how you are sitting?"—and then a grotesque imitation of her stooping shoulders. "*Will* you sit still for one minute?" "*Do* take your hands off my dress." "Was there ever such an awkward child?" When the child replies fretfully and disagreeably, she does not see that it is only an exact reflection of her own voice and manners. She does not understand any of the things that would make for her own peace, as well as for the child's. Matters grow worse, instead of better, as the child grows older and has more will; and the chances are that the poor little soul will be worried into the grave.

Probably most parents, even very kindly ones, would be a little startled at the assertion that a child ought never to be reproved in the presence of others. This is so constant an occurrence that nobody thinks of noticing it; nobody thinks of considering whether it be right and best, or not. But it is a great rudeness to a child. I am entirely sure that it ought never to be done. Mortification is a condition as unwholesome as it is uncomfortable. When the wound is inflicted by the hand of a parent it is all the more certain to rankle and do harm. Let a child see that his mother is so anxious that he should have the approbation and goodwill of her friends that she will not call their attention to his faults; and that, while she never, under any circumstances, allows herself to forget to tell him afterward, alone, if he has behaved improperly, she will spare him the additional pain and mortification of public reproof; and, while that child will lay those secret reproofs to heart, he will still be happy.

I know a mother who had the insight to see this, and the patience to make it a rule; for it takes far more patience, far more time, than the common method.

She said sometimes to her little boy, after callers had left the parlor, "Now, dear, I am going to be your little girl, and you are to be my papa. And we will play that a gentleman has just come in to see you, and I will show you exactly how you have been behaving while this lady has been calling to see me. And you can see if you do not feel very sorry to have your little girl behave so."

Here is a dramatic representation at once which that boy does not need to see repeated many times before he is forever cured of interrupting, or pulling his mother's gown, of drumming on the piano, etc., etc.—of the thousand and one things which able-bodied

children can do to make social visiting where they are a martyrdom and a penance.

Once I saw this same little boy behave so boisterously and rudely at the dinner-table, in the presence of guests, that I said to myself, "Surely, this time she will have to break her rule, and reprove him publicly." I saw several telegraphic signals of rebuke, entreaty and warning flash from her gentle eyes to his, but nothing did any good. Nature was too much for him; he could not at that minute force himself to be quiet. Presently she said in a perfectly easy and natural tone, "Oh, Charley, come here a minute, I wan't to tell you something." No one at the table supposed that it had anything to do with his bad behavior. She did not intend that they should. As she whispered to him, I alone saw his cheek blush, and that he looked quickly and imploringly into her face; I alone saw that tears were almost in her eyes. But she shook her head, and he went back to his seat, with a manful but very red little face. In a few moments he laid down his knife and fork, and said, "Mamma, will you please to excuse me?" "certainly, my dear," said she. Nobody but I understood it, or observed that the little fellow had to run very fast to get out of the room without crying. Afterward she told me that she never sent a child away from the table in any other way. "But what would you do," said I, "if he were to refuse to ask to be excused?" Then the tears stood full in her eyes. "Do you think he could," she replied, "when he sees that I am only trying to save him from pain?" In the evening, Charley sat in my lap, and was very sober. At last he whispered to me, "I'll tell you an awful secret, if you won't tell. Did you think I had done my dinner this afternoon when I got excused? Well, I hadn't. Mamma made me, because I acted so. That's the way she always does. But I haven't had to have it done to me before for ever so long—not since I was a little fellow" (he was eight now); "and I don't believe I ever shall again till I'm a man." Then he added, reflectively, "Mary brought me all the rest of my dinner up stairs; but I wouldn't touch it, only a little bit of the ice-cream. I don't think I deserved any at all, do you?

I shall never, so long as I live, forget a lesson of this sort which my own mother once gave me. I was not more than seven years old; but I had a great susceptibility to color and shape in clothes, and an insatiable admiration for all people who came finely dressed. One day my mother said to me, "Now I will play 'house' with you." Who does not remember when to "play house" was their chief of plays? And to whose later thought has it not occurred that in this mimic little show lay bound up the whole of life? My mother was the jolliest of playmates; she took the worst doll, the broken tea-set, the shabby furniture, and the least convenient corner of the room for her establishment. But social life became a round of festivities when she kept house as my opposite neighbor. At last, after the washing-day, and the baking-day, and the day when she took dinner with me, and the day when we took our children and walked out together, came the day for me to take my oldest child and go across to make a call at her house. Chill discomfort struck me on the very threshold of my visit. Where was the genial, laughing, talking lady, who had been my friend up to that moment? There she sat, stock-still, dumb, staring first at my bonnet, then at my shawl, then at my gown, then at my feet; up and down, down and up, she scanned me, barely replying in monosyllables to my attempts at conversation; finally getting up and coming nearer, and examining my clothes and my child's still more closely. A very few minutes of this were more than I could bear; and, almost crying, I said, "Why, mamma, what makes you do so?" Then the play was over, and she was once more the wise and tender mother, telling me, with much laughter, that it was precisely in such a way I had stared, the day before, at the clothes of two ladies who had come in to visit her. I never needed that lesson again. To this day, if I find myself departing from it for an instant, the old tingling sense of shame burns in my cheeks.

To this day, also, the old tingling pain burns my cheeks as I recall certain rude and contemptuous words which were said to me when I was very young, and stamped on my memory forever. Once my father called me a "stupid child" in the presence of strangers. I had brought him the wrong book from his study. Nothing could be said to me to-day which would give me a tenth part of the hopeless sense of degradation which came from those words. Another time, on the arrival of an unexpected guest to dinner, I was sent, in great hurry, away from the table, to make room, with the remark that "it was not of the least consequence about the child; she can just as well have her dinner afterward." "The child" would have been only too happy to help on the hospitality of the sudden emergency, if the thing had been differently put; but the sting of having it put in that way I never forgot. Yet in both these instances the rudeness was so small, in comparison with what we habitually see, that they would be too trivial to mention, except for the bearing of the fact that the pain they gave has lasted till now.

When we consider seriously what ought to be the nature of a reproof from a parent to a child, and what is its end, the answer is simple enough. It should be nothing but the superior wisdom and strength explaining to inexperience and feebleness wherein they have made a mistake, to the end that they may avoid such mistakes in future. If personal annoyance, impatience, antagonism enter in, the relation is marred and the end endangered. Most sacred and inalienable of all rights, is the right of helplessness to protection from the strong, of ignorance to counsel from the wise. If we give our protection and counsel grudgingly, or in a churlish, unkind manner, even to the stranger that is in our gates, we are no Christians, and deserve to be stripped of what little wisdom and strength we have hoarded. But there are no words to say what we are or what we deserve, if we do thus to the little children whom we have dared, for our own pleasure, to bring into the perils of this life, and whose whole future may be blighted by the mistakes of our careless hands.

Selected.

Deeper than all sense of seeing
Lies the secret source of being,
And the soul with truth agreeing,
  Learns to live in thoughts and deeds;
For the life is more than raiment,
And the earth is pledged for payment,
  Unto man for all his needs.

Nature is our common mother,
Every living man our brother,
Therefore let us serve each other;
  Not to meet the law's behests,
But because through cheerful giving
We shall learn the art of living,
  And to live and serve is best.

Life is more than what man fancies,
Not a game of idle chances,
But it steadily advances
  Up the rugged heights of time,
Till each complex web of trouble,
Every sad heart's broken bubble,
  Hath a meaning most sublime.

More of practice, less profession,
More of firmness, less concession,
More of freedom, less oppression,
  In the church and in the state;
More of life and less of fashion,
More of love and less of passion,
  That will make us good and great.

When true hearts, divinely gifted,
From the chaff of error sifted,
On their crosses are uplifted,
  Shall the world most clearly see,
That earth's greatest time of trial
Calls for holy self-denial,
  Calls on men to do and be.

But forever and forever,
Let it be the soul's endeavor
Love from hatred to dissever,
  And in whatso'er we do,
Won by truth's eternal beauty,
To our highest sense of duty
  Evermore be firm and true.

E. Doten

From the (London) Friend of 11th mo., 1868.

Slaughter of Sea Birds.—F. O. Morris, dating from Nunburnholme Rectory, Yorkshire, on the 13th ult., writes to the *Times* that the discussion and observations in that journal have borne good fruit in a movement in the "East Riding," for obtaining an Act of Parliament to stop the destruction of the gulls during the breeding season. He also sends the following verses on the subject, composed by R. Wilton, the Rector of Loudesborough:—

A PLEA FOR THE SEA BIRDS.

Stay now thine hand!
Proclaim not man's dominion
Over God's works, by staining rocks and sand
With sea birds' blood-stained plume and broken
  pinion.

Oh stay thine hand!
Spend not thy days of leisure
In scattering death along the purple strand
For very wantonness, or pride, or pleasure.

For bird's sake spare!
Leave it in happy motion
To wheel its easy circles through the air,
Or rest and rock upon the shining ocean.

For man's sake spare!
Leave him this thing of beauty,
To glance and glide before him everywhere,
And throw a gleam on after days of duty.

For God's sake spare!
He notes each sea bird falling;
And in Creation's groans marks its sad share,
Its dying cry—for retribution calling.

Oh stay thine hand!
Cease from this useless slaughter;
For though kind nature from the rocks and sand
Washes the stains each day with briny water,

Yet on thine hand,
Raised against God's fair creatures,
Beware, lest there be found a crimson brand,
Indelible by any force of nature."

F. O. M. adds, as a P.S., that the swallows and martins had left them *en masse* unusually early this year, and that the geese, whose non-appearance three or four years ago caused so much attention in the country, had reappeared again as in the days of yore. An immense number of them had wended their way over his head on the evening of the 11th.

GRASS.

BY HUGH MACMILLAN.

(Continued from page 603.)

Let us look for a little at this clothing of the grass, which we are taught to regard as a pledge and guarantee of our own clothing. The sacred writers did not dwell directly on the beauty of nature. There is no artistic painting in Scripture; no coloring or drawing for the sake of the picture itself, rather than for any purpose which it is to serve. Our poets never weary of "the splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower." The Hebrew poet, doubtless, perceived that glory and splendor too, but he uses them only in incidental illustrations and illusions, to color spiritual thoughts. The grass and the flower are not beautiful or glorious for their own sakes, but solely as pictures of spiritual things—as hieroglyphics in the alphabet of Divine

language. It is right, however, that we should regard the objects of nature with interest for their own sake, as appealing to our love of beauty, and affording to us proofs of heavenly design; and, while the Bible teaches us that nature must be interpreted by our knowledge of God, we shall find a most delightful and profitable sphere of study in interpreting God by our knowledge of nature, which He designed to be not a veil, but a revelation. The grass of the field is well worth studying in this way. It is said of the great Galileo—who had been accused of infidelity because he asserted that the earth went round the sun, in apparent contradiction to the language of Scripture—that when questioned by the Roman Inquisition as to his belief in the Supreme Being, he pointed to a straw lying on the floor of his dungeon, saying to his accusers that, from the structure of that trifling object, he would infer with certainty the existence of an intelligent Creator. And this is the welcome conclusion to which an attentive examination of the grass of the field inevitably leads.

No proof of the Creator's care in ministering to the higher tastes and capacities of man is more striking than the abounding and universal beauty of the grass. How dull and uninteresting would the earth be without its soft, bright verdure! In every landscape it is the most conspicuous object, the ground-color on which Nature embroiders her varied patterns, and from the midst of which the gay hues of flowers come forth in greater brilliancy, by the force of contrast, to arrest the admiring gaze. What can be lovelier than the meadows in May? The eye that has lately looked out on the cold plain of snow or the leafless tree, gazes with delight upon the "tender grass springing out of the earth in the clear shining after rain," so richly, delicately, transparently green. And when the season advances, and the grass twinkles in the warm air, and the daisies in thousands open their round, innocent eyes in wonder among it, and the buttercups spread over it their cloth of gold, and the bright sunbeams and the light-footed shadows of the fleecy clouds overhead chase each other, in little rippling waves, over its surface, like smiles and thoughts over a human face, it seems as if a larger and a brighter feeling of life came with the lovely spectacle, and as if every tiny spear of grass bore the admiring spirit upon it from the decays of earth nearer to the glory and the fulness of heaven. No sight can be fairer than a woodland nook, or a forest glade with the tall, untrodden grass in its dewy freshness, waving under the trees, intermingled with palmy clusters of fern leaves, and tipped on the top, like billows that break into foam, with snowy wild-flowers; or those round fairy knolls, whose pillowy softness invites the dreamer to repose in the noonday heat, and which offer themselves in mammary tenderness to feed the rabbit and the wild deer. Beautiful is the grass when it covers the decaying thatch of the cottage, making it look more like a natural object than a work of man; tender it is, when it lays its rich carpet beside the threshold of the poor, to soften unconsciously the heavy footfall of toil, and refresh the weary eye of care, and remind the lowliest, by its mute appeal, of their share in nature's feast of simple gladness.

Nowhere is the beauty of the grass seen to so much advantage as in our own country. Its exquisite verdure makes the pastoral landscapes of Britain among the loveliest spots of earth. The grass in Palestine, owing to the dryness of the soil and the heat of the climate, is neither universal nor perennial. In some few favored spots, where the air is moist and the sun shaded by trees, it grows in rich profusion, and forms a continuous sward. We are told that there was "much grass" in the wilderness of Capernaum, where the miracle of the loaves and fishes was performed, and that the compassionate Saviour made the weary and hungry multitude sit down on it. It fills up the ground-work of the beautiful scenic pictures of Lebanon and Galilee; it springs up in the lifeless deserts of Judea to the music and the sparkle of the desert fountain. But in general the face of the country is but thinly clad with it. The bright showers and sunbeams of spring stimulate it into rapid growth, but in the scorching glare of summer it speedily withers, leaving the fields brown and the hills bare and desolate. And hence most of the images derived from it in Scripture are sad and melancholy, and speak more of human vanity and decay than human hope and lifefulness. Every traveller admits that an English meadow in May is a far lovelier sight than the lily-covered slopes of Tabor or the oleander-wreathed shores of Gennesaret. The exuberant vegetation of the East does not sufficiently hide the cracked and parched soil, and forms but a poor substitute for a bright, elastic carpet of silken grass, such as covers our lawns and fields from summer to summer in perennial luxuriance. The eye soon tires of flaunting flowers, but it never wearies of the modest livery of the grass. Its simple verdure is earth's chosen robe, the household dress of our common mother, and none else becomes her half so well.

Look at each single plant, and you will find that the beauty of the mass is still more strikingly displayed in the individual. The finest ribbon of man's manufacture cannot for a moment be compared in richness and transparency of texture to its blades. How grace-

ful is the tall, waving culm or stem, with its knotted joints! How light and airy are its silvery and purple panicles, so modest and sober that few would suspect them to be blossoms at all! How delicately fashioned is each part of the bearded plume! A model of symmetry, elegance and strength is each little spear of grass that pierces the sod and shimmers in the sunshine. Though formed to be cropped by the beasts of the field and trodden under foot of man; though "to-day in the field and to-morrow cast into the oven," there is as much skill expended in its construction as in the palm-tree, destined to last for centuries, and lifting up its head securely above the ravages of man and beast. Ask the skilful artist to construct for you a plant which will bear uninjured the summer's heat and the winter's frost; which will rise elastic from the heavy footstep and the cumbrous snow-wreath; which will speedily reform the parts that have been broken off or injured; which will wave with the wind and stand upright under the rain and hail; which will unite elegance with strength, slenderness with beauty, and eminent usefulness with all,—and how vain and abortive would be his attempts. And yet all these opposite qualities unite in the lowly grass, which covers with countless fac-similes of itself a single acre of meadow, and fit it admirably for the purposes which it serves and the circumstances in which it grows.

The structure of the grass exhibits interesting proofs of design. The root, in proportion to its size, is more fibrous and tenacious than that of any other plant. In some instances it is so vital that, like Hercules' Hydra, the more it is hacked and cut, the faster it spreads itself; and it runs so extensively, each joint sending up a new shoot, that it encloses a considerable space of soil. In this way the grass clusters closely together, and covers the ground as with a carpet; while, in the absence of blossoms, which are often prevented from forming by the cropping of animals, the budding roots propagate the plant, so that the effect of grazing pasture lands is always to increase the vegetation laterally, and make the verdure more compact. The stem or culm is hollow, provided at intervals with knots, and invested, as if by some mysterious process of electrotype, with a thin coating of flint. It is constructed in this manner so as to combine the utmost strength with its light and elegant form; and so efficient are these mechanical appliances, that it rarely gives way under the force of the most violent winds, unless when heavy and long-continued rains lay it prostrate and beat upon it until its elasticity is destroyed. The leaves next exhibit an adaptation to circumstances no less remarkable. They are spear-shaped and strongly ribbed with threads of flinty fibre, thus forming wedges admirably fitted for forcing their way with least resistance through the soil; they are long, narrow, alternate, and sheathing the stem for a considerable distance, in order to present as small a surface and give as light a hold as possible to the winds; they are destitute of branches, so as to qualify them for growing together in masses without suffering from want of air and light—the whole stem being succulent and covered with spiracles or air-holes, thus acting as lungs along with the leaves. And last of all, the flower is a perfect miracle of design. It is produced from the upper sheath, which encloses it altogether when young; it is disposed in simple or branching heads, each head consisting of two or more chaffy scales, inserted the one above the other, like the plates of a steel cuirass. From each of these scales three slender white threads hang out, crowned with yellow, dusty knobs, playing freely about in every breeze. These little threads, or stamens, are of the most vital importance; for without their agency the ears of corn would not fill with the nutritious grain, and they are exposed to a thousand casualties. Upon how slender a thread, then, does human life—sustained by bread—hang! Upwards of three hundred genera and more than five thousand different species of grass exist in the world. But though presenting so many varieties, the typical character is singularly strong in them all; the whole appearance, the general air, the manner of growth, the peculiarities of structure, are in each species so similar, that no class of plants can be so easily identified.

The Creator has repeated the same pattern more frequently in the grass tribe than in any other order of vegetation, as if in admiration of its grace and simplicity. Its exquisite perfection enables us to see some deeper aspect of the Divine character than the mere intelligence of a contriver—enables us to see God's care for helplessness and lowliness—His care for beauty as an end, and not as a mere means. It impresses us with the perfect wisdom of an Infinite Spirit, and not with the limited ingenuity of a finite mind. It displays intellect as well as intelligence, purpose as well as design, character as well as contrivance, personality as well as law. In studying it, we seem to get within the veil behind which the Creator works in secret; we come into contact, as it were, with his mind and heart; we see Him who is the Invisible. Standing on the green sward, each blade of grass whispers to the inner ear, "Take thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground;" and the response of every

devout spirit must be, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."

(To be concluded.)

The faculty of faith grows by what it feeds upon. The sap of one year becomes the bark of the next. New layers of character are imperceptibly added. It is in this way faith adds to itself virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity. The old views and experiences are outgrown and sloughed off, and we pass onward to higher spiritual stages. The voice of promise to us is:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

ITEMS.

The Eruption of Mount Vesuvius will probably relieve the countries of Europe from the threatened earthquakes. The mountain, as reported by Atlantic cable, is in a very vigorous condition—the streams of lava filling and overflowing the long, deep crevices in the side. The direction of the current is the same as during the eruption of 1855. On the night of 11th mo. 16th, the upper cone discharged columns of ashes, occasionally illuminated by flashes of fire. Crowds of spectators are hurrying to Naples to witness the grand sight.

George Muller's Work.—The report for 1867-8, shows that the receipts in money and goods for the year amount to $130,000, which has been expended on the Orphan Establishment at Ashley Downs, near Bristol, and on the Scripture Knowledge Institution. The former embraces five large stone houses, containing twelve hundred orphan children, and Muller is making an addition of two houses, which will enable him to receive 2,050. In thirty-years he has received unsolicited contributions to the amount of £552,000, and although no year has been so trying to his faith as that just closed, the results confirm him in the belief that faith and prayer are the true method of eliciting the benevolence of God's people. Some one writes of him to *The Boston Journal*:—"He lives in the simplest style, and does not allow himself a lounge or a rocking-chair, unless he is sick. He was a poor man when he began, and is a poor man to-day, though he has handled millions of money, and could have spent it as he would."

South Carolina contains nineteen million acres of land, of which only one-fourth is under cultivation. The remainder, some 14,500,000 is mainly in primeval forest. Fully half of the 4,500,000 now under *quasi* cultivation is for sale, some of it even as low as $1 per acre, and ranging from that up to $20. Good farms have within the year sold as low as $3 per acre, and, in certain cases, even below that.

The Sun a Motor.—A late number of the *Scientific American* contains an account of experiments now in progress by Captain Ericsson, in the construction of a solar engine, to be driven by air, heated by the direct action of the sun's rays, which makes 300 revolutions per minute, without the consumption of any fuel whatever. The inventer asserts that before the close of the present season bread will be baked from flour ground by the new motor.

Indian Remains.—The explorers sent out by the Smithsonian Institute in search of American antiquities, have discovered a large number of skulls and idols in the mounds of Indiana, Missouri and Tennessee. These remains are supposed to be older than any that have hitherto been found in this country, and are believed to have belonged to a race anterior to the Indians. The skulls are smaller than any previously noticed, are box-shaped and almost square. In the same mounds were also found pottery and implements, unlike any that have hitherto been discovered.

In 1682 William Penn promulgated "The Frame of Government" of Pennsylvania, under authority of the charted granted him by King Charles II. In this document the right of suffrage is given, without restriction, to "*the freemen* of said province."

In 1701 Penn granted what is known as the "Charter of Privileges." By this intrument the right of suffrage was broadly given to "*the freemen* of each respective county."

The first constitution of Pennsylvania was adopted in 1776. The convention that framed this instrument was presided over by Benjamin Franklin. It gave the right of suffrage to "every freeman of the full age of 21 years." The men of the Revolution, while asserting their own rights and liberties against proscription, were careful to stand fast by the cardinal idea of the political equality of all men.

In 1790 a new constitution was framed. Thomas Mifflin presided over the convention that made it. This instrument gave the right to vote to "*every freeman* over the age of 21 years."

In 1839 the constitution was revised. John Sergeant presided over the convention. The basis of suffrage was changed, so as to include only "every *white* freeman of the age of 21 years."

For one hundred and fifty-six years black men, if black they were, voted in Pennsylvania on precisely the same conditions as white men. None of the evils now predicted of black suffrage were experienced. Neither the mental nor social equality of the two races was thereby established. Amalgamation, either through matrimony or without, was encouraged. Not a black man was made Governor or Legislator. Social order was not subverted. The Government was not made by white men for white men, but by all men for the benefit of all.—*The Honesdale Republican.*

The *Scientific American* cautions the public against the use of adulterated vinegar. The heavy government tax on alcohol has raised the price so much that resort is had to a cheaper substance to give the required acidity to vinegar. For this purpose, sulphuric, nitric, and hydrochloric acids are all used: though sulphuric acid, as the cheapest and sourest thing that can be found, is chiefly used. This, however, is very destructive to pickles and whatever is placed in it for preservation, and very injurious to the health of those who use the vinegar made of it. A gallon of the stuff called vinegar can be made for a cent or two from sulphuric acid and water, with some coloring matter. To detect the presence of sulphuric acid, take a small quantity of the vinegar in a clear glass and drop a few drops of the chloride of barium into it, or the nitrate of baryta. If the liquid presents a cloudy appearance there is sulphuric acid in it, and it should all be returned to the manufacturer or turned into the gutter.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 5, 1868. No. 40.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.
SINGLE NOS. 6 CENTS.
REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.
The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.
AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn. N. Y.*
Benj. Strattan. *Richmond, Ind.*
Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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From "Religious Duty," by F. P. Cobbe.

THANKSGIVING.

Man is a being so constituted, that his sentiments naturally express themselves in his deportment, words, and actions. We are all so well aware of this, that unless we have reason to suppose the exertion of a strong volition to control the display of any sentiment, we invariably doubt the veracity of such as do not show themselves externally in all these ways. In like manner we may well suspect the sincerity of our own gratitude to God, when we find that the expression of it begins and ends in a few words of formal thanksgiving, mostly repeated with even greater coldness and carelessness than degrades our prayers. To make our gratitude credible to ourselves we ought to be able to trace its impulse through our whole outward bearing. Beings blessed as we are, and capable of comprehending our blessings, ought to live and move in an atmosphere of love and truth ineffable. Our faces ought to reflect back the sunshine of heaven, and the joyful tones of our voices to seem the echo of its hallelujahs. What fitness have the clouded brow, the peevish whine, for the creature who knows that Infinite Love is guiding every turning of his path, purposely to lead him to everlasting blessedness? Our forefathers attributed to Odin himself the saying, "There is no malady more severe than not to be contented with our lot." Perhaps we might add further, "Nor any sin worse than a repining spirit."

If we were really thankful, we should show it in some such ways as these:—

We should be absolutely *content* at heart; not merely *resigned*, but *cheerful*. There seems great error current in the world on this point. True religion is and ought to be something more than "Islam." Resignation, patience, submission, belong, not to the happy *rule* of human life, but to the exceptional hours of grief and agony when our poor hearts can ascend to nothing beyond. For the vast majority of our days, when God is actually loading us with joys of the senses, the intellect, and the affections, to talk of "resignation" seems almost a mockery. What if we can imagine some other pleasure besides those He has seen best for us; if we yearn for larger spheres of mental action, or more tender bonds of human love; if we chafe against the fetters which weakness or poverty, or the conduct of others places on our freedom; if we smart under frequent bodily pain, or the worse pangs inflicted by unkindness,—what are all these, and the thousand trials like them, compared to the great over-weight of blessings in the opposite scale? Cannot we trust God who has given us ninety and nine pleasures, that if He withhold the hundredth it is from no forgetfulness, no niggardliness? Cannot we feel assured that He ever makes us as happy as

will consist with our highest welfare now and forever? We all believe this in theory, but yet our spirits are forever falling back into the same repining state, which we attempt to cloak under the name of resignation. The martyr of an agonizing disease, who knows he must endure tortures ending only with his life,—the bereaved heart which aches in utter solitude,—these may be "resigned." It is a noble and holy sight to see how in such trials even the weakest often rise to most beautiful virtue, and "in patience possess their souls." Sometimes, even under such torments, men have ascended still higher, and have spoken of the joys of Divine Love pouring into their wounds a peace ineffable.

But is it for the healthy and the beloved to talk of the same "resignation" as if in relinquishing the one pleasure denied them out of their full harvests they were exercising the same value? When we cease to relish the joys God grants us, because there is still another He does not grant; when we sit down with folded hands and say to our great Parent, "Without this gift we cannot enjoy any other of Thine innumerable provisions for our happiness, so we do not pretend to be cheerful, but we are *resigned*,"—is it not most puerile pretence? Does not old Selden say well, "If a king should give you the keeping of a castle, with all things belonging to it—orchards and gardens,—and bid you use them, and withal promise you after twenty years to remove you to the court and make you a privy-councillor,—if you should neglect your castle, and refuse to eat of those fruits, and sit down and whine and wish you were a privy-councillor,—do you think the king would be pleased with you? Whilst you are upon earth, enjoy the good things that are here (to that end were they given,) and be not melancholy and wish yourself in heaven."

It was a great word of Paul, and worthy of his mighty soul, "Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice." Only with the spirit of religious joy can the great duty of gratitude be fulfilled, and every other duty made perfect by alacrity and delight.

Surely it ought not to be very hard to be content with that lot which Wisdom Infinite sees to be best to bring us to the very highest end attainable by a created being, and which the God we love guides every moment accordingly! Even if this were not so, if it were for other great and holy ends in His creation that God sometimes withheld our joys or inflicted our sufferings, and if we obtained no individual benefit thereby, could we give up *nothing*, endure *nothing*, for His sake, and to aid His blessed designs? It is utterly vain to talk of religion at all, unless we can be content, unless we can merge our selfish cravings for happiness in God's righteous will.

Animal spirits, there is no doubt of it, have much to do with cheerfulness and contentment. Many of us may be gay and satisfied under circumstances which would sorely try our elastically-constituted neighbors. To one the duty is generally so easy as to demand no moral exertion whatever. To another it is the very culmination of his highest efforts. But small or great the difficulty, on all of us it lies. If we have natural cheerfulness, we must keep it equable, when our spirits (as they do in every one) fluctuate from want of excitement or over-excitement. If our cheerfulness comes not naturally from our bodily state, then it must come from something far higher, from the resolute, virtuous will, at one with God, and loving all that God appoints. . . . . .

I believe that few things would more completely modify our lives than habitual thanksgiving. Suppose that, instead of confining our grace to one meal in the day, we were each to say in our own hearts a little grace after each successive occupation. The business of the field or the office honestly and punctually performed to the best of our abilities,—a kind act which we have been permitted to accomplish, whether with or without self-denial,—a study which we have pursued to the enlargement of our minds,—a conversation which has aided our own or another's good thoughts, or warmed our kindly sympathies with friendly intercourse,—a walk or ride in the fresh air, invigorating brain and limbs,—are not all these worth a "grace" as well as the best of good dinners? And if we were thus to accustom ourselves to thank God for the *innocent* pleasures of life, how sharp a line would it force us to draw between them and the *guilty* ones, for which we would not dare to bless Him! After spending hours of idleness when labor was due; after self-indulgence, when we might have benefited our brother; after reading bad books; quarrelling, slanderous or unclean talk; meals at which we sunk our souls in gluttony and excess,—could we offer thanks after these things to Him whose gifts we had polluted? Surely not the most impious among us all! Thanksgiving, then, would divide, as with chemical test, the evil pleasures from the good; and it would hallow and endear these good ones beyond our conception. To a loving heart, even the merest trifle becomes precious when accepted as a token of care for our welfare; and so every blessing of mortal life may be taken as proving the tender mercy of Him whom we may reverence and love beyond the noblest and nearest of all earthly friends.

These feelings come to us all at times. There are days (perhaps most commonly when the heart is softened by penitence,) blessed days, when we trace everything to God's hand, and are ready to weep in very tenderness for the primrose which has blossomed in our favorite nook, or the caresses of the poor dog, which its Maker and ours has taught to sympathize so wondrously with our joy and sorrow. Oh that we could keep forever fresh such feelings as these! It is not *they* which are false and exaggerated. It is our ordinary coldness which is a mockery of the great reality of God's goodness and man's obligations.

We see so darkly into futurity, we never know when we have real cause to rejoice or lament. The worst appearances often have happy consequences, as the best lead many times into the greatest misfortunes.

From Friends' Review.

THE ELDERSHIP IN THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

By W. N., of North Carolina.

The Elders of whom we read in the New Testament were the same officers as the Bishops of that time—the terms "Presbyter or Elder" and "Bishop or Overseer" being used synonymously. In the early periods of the Society of Friends the word "Elder" was frequently used, very much in its Scriptural sense. George Fox was spoken of as "our worthy Elder," and in one of the early minutes of London Yearly Meeting Ministers are expressly included amongst "the Elders of the Church." But it was not until the year 1727 that the distinctive office of the Eldership, with our present acceptation of the word, was created. In that year London Yearly Meeting adopted the following minute;

"Monthly Meetings are desired to appoint some serious, discreet and judicious Friends, who are not Ministers, tenderly to encourage and help young Ministers and advise others, as they, in the wisdom of God, see occasion, and where there are meetings of ministering Friends, the Friends so appointed are to be admitted as members of such Meetings of Ministers and to act therein for the good purposes aforesaid." Subsequently it adopted the following: "In the appointment of Elders, age or wealth is not to be an inducement in the choice; but let such be appointed as fear God, love his truth in sincerity, are sound in Christian doctrine and of clean hands."

The office of Overseer was created about the year 1700.

It has always been a prominent doctrine of our Society, that in addition to those qualifications which are essential to the Christian character and which are common to all believers, Ministers of the Gospel must receive that special gift or power which enables them 'to speak to men, to edification, to exhortation and to comfort," for the conversion of sinners and for the "perfecting of the saints." None are recognized as Ministers but those who are believed to possess this gift. Yet the testimony of experience is conclusive that even those who have undeniably received so precious a gift and have often made full proof of their ministry, are still fallible beings—the heavenly treasure is in earthen vessels. And if this be the condition of such as these, how much more likely is it, that those who are mere children in this great work, and who have received the divine gift and calling before they have attained to maturity of Christian character, may, even in the midst of great purity of purpose, sometimes need a friendly hand to lead them. Others again may imagine themselves called to this work, who are totally mistaken; and it may occur that some intrude themselves wilfully into the ministry, pretending to a call of which they really have no evidence, either within them or without. The simple fact that ignorance and frailty and perverseness do unfortunately sometimes exhibit themselves, either separately or combined, even in those who are divinely called to the ministry, led to an early care on the part of George Fox and his co-laborers; and this care was eventually devolved upon the appointed Elders, whose original and special duties were "tenderly to encourage and help young Ministers, and to advise the older ones, as in the wisdom of God they see occasion." They have the oversight of the ministry in the same way as Overseers have of the members at large. Yet it is not an oversight of supremacy but of brotherly love. "Not as lords over God's heritage, but as examples to the flock." It is a solemn charge delegated by the Church to those members who are best qualified for the work, and based upon the principle of the *Unity* of the Divine Spirit with *itself*, however various may be the subjects and the modes of its manifestations. Its dictates and teachings and influences will always be in agreement under the same circumstances. Of necessity, then, if a given religious act is believed by one Christian to be required of him and by another to be wrong, there must be a failure, by at least one of them, to discern the mind of the Spirit; and although mere numbers do not secure an absolute exemption from error, yet every mind will intuitively acknowledge that one is more likely to be mistaken than many, when all have equal attainments and opportunities. True humility will prompt not only the younger to submit themselves to those who are farther advanced in Christian experience, but "*all* to be subject *one* unto *another*." 1 Peter, v. 5. For

whilst it pleases the Head of the Church often to teach and instruct and admonish the Body through individuals, so sometimes he teaches and admonishes individuals through the Body, or through those officers appointed by the Body for this purpose. The Church is not independent of its members, neither are the members independent of the Church. Each has need of all the others. Therefore, if a body of sound-minded, earnest Christians, believe a Minister to be in error, he will do well, in meekness, to attach great importance to their honest judgment; for although it is possible that they may be wrong, yet both reason and experience stamp such a supposition as improbable. The history of the Church does doubtless reveal cases in which the office of Eldership has been so exercised as to mar the work of the ministry, yet we must confess to the belief that it is also productive of much good. So solemn, however, are its responsibilities, that meetings would do well, in making appointments, to bestow much thought upon that combination of general gifts which constitutes the qualification—seriousness, discretion, good judgment, fearing God, loving his truth in sincerity, soundness in Christian doctrine and cleanness of hands. The more fully these graces of the Holy Spirit are developed, the better the Elder will be. Such as are thus qualified must needs have a very considerable acquaintance with the ministrations of the Spirit. Being themselves familiar with the pathway of the Christian pilgrimage, they are capable of estimating the correctness and propriety of those descriptions and directions concerning it, which they may hear from Ministers, for the true aim of ministry is to promote the conversion of sinners and the perfection of those who have been converted. They appreciate the value of the ministry by the help which they themselves have received from it at various periods, and their sincere love for the Lord's truth prompts them to improve every opportunity of helping those who are called to the sacred work of declaring the glad tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ. "Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," they sometimes witness a wonderful coincidence in feeling and in their trains of thought, with those expressed in ministry, and they are themselves at times constrained to give utterance to a few expressions which, it may be, tend to unseal the lips of some gospel messenger, whose way before seemed to be closed. Such experience is not, however, constant on every occasion. Elders are very often without any *special* confirmation of the genuineness of the ministry which they hear, and judge of it mainly by its external characteristics. If, from personal knowledge, they are sure that it is applicable to the condition of some or of all of the hearers, if it be according to sound doctrine, if the minister himself appears to be deeply impressed with his subject, if his manner is free from objection, and if his communication be not tedious, these circumstances would be considered, and very justly, as affording sufficient evidence of genuineness, without any special confirmation. But, unfortunately, even genuine gospel ministry is sometimes deficient in some of these particulars. Especially may the manner be so objectionable, from the force of habits into which the minister has insensibly fallen, and from the want of opportunity to acquire that mental training which might enable a clear expression of thought and feeling without tediousness and repetition, that even a genuine exercise is in great danger of being rejected as spurious, by such Elders as have had good opportunities of mental cultivation. It is not always that due consideration is given to the fact that our Society does not deem any literary qualification essential to a Gospel Minister; that some of these have scarcely been taught the elements of human learning; that their opportunities and associations have not been such as to promote readiness and clearness of expression, and that in the earlier periods of their ministry they have had little or no advice and assistance tending to correct faults of manner. Under such circumstances it must needs be that offences come against grammatical rule, good literary taste and ministerial decorum; but those who are truly hungering and thirsting may nevertheless receive some benefit, and those who in lowliness of mind remember that they themselves have nothing but that which they have received, and endeavor to exercise sympathy and charity towards those less favored, may be blessed in their humility.

Besides, it must not be forgotten that in very many congregations there are some at least who cannot appreciate a condensed, systematic and scholarly discourse. If all men were strong-minded and learned, all preachers of course would be the same; but as all men are not such, God, in kindness to all, calls some of the feeble-minded and of the ignorant in this world's knowledge to publish his glad tidings. They cannot give such a theoretical and systematic exposition of "the plan of salvation" as would satisfy the curious, but having been taught the simple Truth as it is in Jesus, so they teach others. We can hardly help speaking of such preaching sometimes as poor and worthless, and unworthy the name of gospel ministry, when, after all, if it had been couched in

good language, with the elimination of redundances and repetitions, we should have considered it good. The Lord has a work for all that He calls. Various orders of Ministers are needed for various orders of hearers, and as congregations are promiscuous, it it not to be expected that the qualifications of any one laborer should adapt him to the prepossessions and prejudices and needs of all. We must bear and forbear for the good of the cause.

(To be continued.)

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer.

"PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

I send an extract from "Pilgrim's Progress," believing it will interest the readers of the Intelligencer, and be of use to many as a means of inducing self-examination. I have hesitated in copying the matter becauseof its being, perhaps, somewhat longer than you would like; but, on account of its sterling worth, and the subject having been continually on my mind, I have felt it a duty to follow the inclination. JAMES WHITE.

Sensual reasoning at the Bar of Truth. The question of By-ends, answer of Money-love thereto, and the reply of Christian, as they were "travelling from this world to that which is to come." Being a parable of sober instruction.

By-ends.—My brethren, we are, as you see, going all on a pilgrimage; and for our better diversion from things that are bad, give me leave to propound unto you this question: Suppose a man, a minister or a tradesman, &c., should have an advantage lie before him to get the good blessings of this life, yet so as that he can by no means come by them, except, in appearance at least, he becomes extraordinary zealous in some points of religion that he meddled not with before; may he not use this means to attain his end, and yet be a right honest man?

Money-love.—I see the bottom of your question; and, with these gentlemen's good leave, I will endeavor to shape you an answer. And first, to speak to your question, as it concerneth a minister himself: suppose a minister, a worthy man, possessed but of a very small benefice, and has in his eye a greater, more fat and plump by far; he has also now an opportunity of getting it, yet so as by being more studious, by preaching more frequently and zealously, and, because the temper of the people requires it, by altering some of his principles; for my part I see no reason why a man may not do this, provided he has a call, aye, and more a great deal besides, and yet be an honest man. For why?

1st. His desire of a greater benefice is lawful (this cannot be controverted) since it is set before him by Providence; so then he may get it if he can, making no question for conscience' sake.

2d. Besides, his desire after that benefice makes him more studious, a more zealous preacher, &c., and so makes him a better man, yea, makes him better improve his parts, which is according to the mind of God.

3d. Now, as for his complying with the temper of his people, by deserting, to serve them, some of his principles, this argueth, 1. That he is of a self-denying temper. 2. Of a sweet and winning deportment. And 3. So more fit for the ministerial function.

. . . . . .

And now to the second part of the question which concerns the tradesman you mentioned. Suppose such an one to have but a poor employ in the world, but by becoming religious, he may mend his market, perhaps get a rich wife, or more and far better customers to his shop; for my part I see no reason why this may not lawfully be done. For why?

1st. To become religious is a virtue, by what means soever a man becomes so.

2d. Nor is it unlawful to get a rich wife, or more custom to my shop.

3d. Besides the man that gets these by becoming religious, gets that which is good of them that are good, by becoming good himself: so then here is a good wife, and good customers, and good gain, and all these by becoming religious, which is good; therefore, to become religious to get all these is a good and profitable design.

The answer thus made by Money-love was highly applauded by By-ends and one Mr. Hold-the-world as unanswerable, and so they concluded to come up with Christian and Hopeful, who were in advance on the road, and propound the question to them, which they did, and bid them to answer to it if they could.

Then said Christian, even a babe in religion may answer ten thousand such questions. For if it be unlawful to follow Christ for loaves, as it is, (John vi. 26,) how much more abominable is it to make of Him and religion a stalking-horse to get and enjoy the world! Nor do we find any other than heathens, hypocrites, devils and witches, that are of this opinion.

1st. Heathens; for when Hamor and Shechem had a mind to the daughters and cattle of Jacob, and saw that there was no way for them to come at them, but by becoming circumcised, they said to their companions: If every male of us be circumcised, as they are circumcised, shall not their cattle and their substance, and every beast of theirs be ours? Their daughters and their cattle were that which they sought to obtain, and their religion the stalking-horse they made

use of to come at them. Read the whole story. Gen. xxxiv. 20–24.

2d. The hypocritical Pharisees were also of this religion; long prayers were their pretence; but to get widows' houses was their intent, and greater damnation was from God their judgment. Luke xx. 46, 47.

3d. Judas . . . was also of this religion: he was religious for the bag, that he might be possessed of what was put therein; but he was lost, cast away, and the very son of perdition.

4th. Simon the Wizard was of this religion too; for he would have had the Holy Ghost, that he might have got money therewith; and his sentence from Peter's mouth was according. Acts viii. 19–22.

5th. Neither will it go out of my mind, but that that man who takes up religion for the world, will throw away religion for the world; for so surely as Judas resigned the world in becoming religious, so surely did he also sell religion and his Master for the same. To answer the question, therefore, affirmatively, as I perceive you have done, and to accept of, as authentic, such answer, is heathenish, hypocritical and devilish; and your reward will be according to your works.

Then they stood staring one upon another, but had not wherewith to answer Christian. . . . By-ends and his company staggered and fell back that Christian and Hopeful might outgo them. Then said Christian to his fellow, If these men cannot stand before the sentence of men, what will they do with the sentence of God?

EXTRACTS FROM EDWARD STABLER'S LETTERS.

"The disciples of the blessed Jesus, when they became partakers of the heavenly spirit by which he was actuated in all he did, found that the selfish dispositions by which they had been previously governed, were changed by its pure influence, and no man said that anything he had was his own, but 'they had all things in common.' And such remains to be its liberal character, especially in respect to the good things belonging to its own nature and kingdom: and all who know it and are governed by it, become like-minded with it. To them it becomes a joy when others partake of the same precious spirit which blesses them—and they are disposed, with the prophet, to invite 'every one that thirsteth to come to the waters; and him that hath no money, to come and buy wine and milk without money and without price.' For, as wine and milk are cordial and sustaining to the animal being, so are the fruits of the Spirit, which consist in 'all righteousness, goodness and truth,' alike invigorating and nutritious to the spiritual king."

"Perhaps there is not a more delightful office that is connected with social intercourse, than that of communicating to those we love a knowledge of those things by which they may be greatly benefited; nor is there any enjoyment derivable from the same source more exquisite than to see *them* partakers of the good things to which their attention has been directed."

"I am persuaded that the minds of all the human family are so constituted by our heavenly Father that they are all disposed to goodness; and every person who becomes unrighteous, does it by resisting the native impulses of the soul, or by permitting them to becoming degraded by a pursuit of objects, the attainment of which requires the sacrifice of those exalted and beatific feelings which constitute at once the glory and happiness of existence. For such is really the situation of all those who exchange the principles which keep them *innocent* for any gratification that they cannot possess without becoming *guilty*.

"We are all at school in our present state of existence; and are continually learning the most important truths, in becoming acquainted with the invariable nature and effects of principles and powers. Our heavenly Father has placed us here for that very purpose; and he has given to each of us a measure of 'his good Spirit' to instruct us. He makes use of the realities of experience as mediums of education; and we cannot possibly be deceived as long as our attention does not wander from these, and the knowledge they infallibly impart."

"Oh! why will the sons and daughters of men refuse to contemplate the glorious fact, that justice, mercy and truth are veritable powers, by which the Father of mercies will make them, if they are willing, just, merciful and true; and thereby remove far from them all hypocrisy and every woe! It is the same with every good and perfect gift that cometh from above, and they constitute the steps by which a man may ascend from earth to heaven."

Kennett Square, Chester Co., Pa., 9mo. 2, 1850.

When the summer day of youth is slowly wasting away into the nightfall of age, and the shadows of the past year grow and deeper and deeper as life wears to a close, it is pleasant to look back through the vistas of time upon the joys and sorrows of early years. If we have a home to shelter, or hearts to rejoice with us, and friends who have been gathering round our fireside, then the rough places of our wayfaring will be worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the bright sunny spots we have passed through

will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the course of their holier feeling, or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and so touching in the evening of age.

THE CHARM OF MANNER.

No one can be insensible to the claims of graceful posture, movement, and costume. But the charm of manner lies deeper than these. It is no outside varnish. It springs from real goodness of heart, from a life hid with Christ in God. It is Christian charity clothing itself spontaneously in fitting external expression. It gives beauty to the plainest face, it teaches winning words and ways to the most ignorant. There lives at this moment, in the town of New Hartford, Connecticut, in a small unpainted house by the roadside, some two miles from the village, a poor woman by the name of Chloe Lankton, bedridden with an incurable disease. For more than thirty years she has lain in that humble apartment, unable to rise to be removed, the subject ot continual bodily pain, at times of such excruciating pain as to make her continued life almost a continued miracle. Her father, her mother, and her four sisters have successively died before her eyes, and been carried out to their long home. She has been for many years left alone in the world, with no means of support but that which unsolicited charity has sent her, and with no stated companionship but that of a common hired domestic. Yet the grace of God has so wrought in the heart of that lone woman that her very face is said to beam with angelic sweetness, and all who go to see her come away charmed, as if they had been to visit the abode of a princess. Young people for miles around visit her, not in the spirit of compassion, but for the pleasure they find in her companionship. The very children troop to her abode to show her all their latest treasures, and no new dress, or doll, or knife, or kite is thought quite complete till it has had the approval of their dearest confident and friend. What has given this lone invalid such power to captivate and charm both old and young? Nothing but the Spirit of the living God, working in her heavenly sweetness of character, that finds a natural expression in all lovely and beautiful ways.

If, then, you would have truly good manners, in their very highest type, seek first of all goodness and purity of heart. Be filled with a kind and loving spirit. Drink largely of that charity which doth not behave itself unseemly and which seeketh not her own, which suffereth long and is kind. Good manners are only the natural expression of unselfish benevolence. If this be wanting they are a cheat and a sham. But having this, you will not count the slightest article of dress, the most inconsiderable movement of the limbs or the person, the most trifling word on the most ordinary occasion, as beneath your care and study, if thereby you can add in any degree to the happiness of any human being.—*Prof. Hart.*

SCRAPS FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Our elderly Friends with whom we have often been favored to take counsel and refreshment, as ties which have attached us to this world of probation, are passing away in gradual succession, and probably these dispensations, meted out in Infinite Wisdom, have a tendency to strengthen the attachment to each other among those that remain.

We desire the expression of our love and sympathy to our dear friend M. In her weak and declining state of health, we tenderly wish her the enjoyment of every comfort of which her situation will admit, and above all, that the evening of her days may be distinguished by the favor of a gracious Providence, who in trials that are past hath dealt bountifully with her. All "our springs" are in Him, and they are opened for the consolation and refreshment of his dependent children in the needful time.

We have had cause in seasons of affliction to look towards this inexhaustible source, when all inferior streams have been dried up. We have now need of best help, and in gratitude to a perfectly wise and merciful Being, who "afflicts not willingly," we may acknowledge it is afforded to our comfort.

Sometimes we purchase valuable experience by our misses and omissions, for all human beings, who are on the way (*and keep in it*) towards a better country, must meet with mortifications and tribulations; and so, thou wilt say, they will, *whatever road they take.* True; but they are of a different nature, and admit not of the same healing consolations. May we try to keep in the right way, and keep a steady eye to the sure guide, which will pilot us safely through the trials of time.

I would love to come in to Monthly Meetings, but see no way to get there, as our children are too young to leave so long alone.* Perhaps the time will come when I will not be tied so closely at home. Sometimes I get weary. I think of Friends and meetings, and how I would love to be there with them; and

*The Friend lives several miles from where Monthly Meeting is held, and keeps no help.

then the query arises, will it always be thus with me? But the answer comes, "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." These words of the blessed Jesus have often been very precious to me. The thought that *my Father knows best* should lull all misgivings, silence all murmurings, and lead us to unquestionable submission.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 5, 1868.

There will be found in the present No. an article from Friends' Review, on "The Eldership in the Society of Friends," bv W. N., of North Carolina.

The sentiments are so nearly our own that we give it as a whole, believing that the subject is one which should claim serious attention as affecting the best welfare of the Society.

The suspicion with which the Meeting for Ministers and Elders was looked upon by some Friends jealous of universal liberty, has happily diminished; and we hope that ministers and elders will be faithful in the occupancy of the gifts with which they have been entrusted, and give no reasonable grounds for fear of an assumed authority. It is presumable in the appointment of an elder that there is a qualification to sympathize with the minister, a preparation for the baptism essential for the exercise of the ministerial gift, and that a united travail of spirit will be productive of good. And it is reasonable that these should have opportunities of conferring together and administering such counsel or encouragement as may be appropriate to the occasion, without the restraint which the presence of the whole body, or those inexperienced, would properly occasion.

The more nearly we draw to the centre of life and of power, the more clearly we shall perceive that there are various gifts but the same spirit, and that under divine guidance there is no collision.

Spain, so lately considered on the background of civilization when compared with other nations and with the humanitarian policy of the age, is revealing the power of the spirit of liberty when it is imbibed by a few energetic and intelligent minds, qualified to inspire the masses with the desire to cast off the yoke of bondage and stand in the position of free men.

We learn from the public journals that a large and enthusiastic meeting has been recently held in Madrid, having for its object the abolition of slavery in the Spanish domains. It lasted about five hours, and resulted in a unanimous vote for the total and absolute abolition of slavery in the Spanish colonies. The report further states that "it had been the intention of the persons who got up and managed the meeting to content themselves with a vote of freedom to all children born after the 18th of September, and to all persons over the age of 50; but the ball having been set rolling, would not stop, and we have now before us the recorded determination of some 5000 men, representing the upper and middle classes of Madrid, that slavery shall cease utterly from henceforth in Spanish possessions."

It appears that the Government did not fear discussion upon the subject, but posted notices upon the doors and walls around that no disorder would be permitted. A prominent member of the Junta asserted that slavery was a crime, and that if white men struggled for liberty, no less should they desire freedom for the black man. Spaniards would be unworthy of the liberty they had gained, if, through selfishness, they countenanced the oppression of the unfortunate negroes. His earnest words were enthusiastically applauded. Another speaker said that upon the manner of settling the slavery question depended the security of Cuba. He contrasted the testimonies given in favor of free labor over that of the slave in the Spanish West Indies, and cited the number of illustrious men who urged the absolute abolition of enforced servitude. He said that so long as slavery existed in a State, there lay also the germ of death to liberty. The Cuban Senor Labra argued for the equality of races, and insisted that when Cuban deputies became admitted to seats in the Spanish legislative body, blacks should be received as well as whites. Otherwise, the principle of equality proclaimed by the revolution would

not be carried out. A Catholic priest advocated all laws granting equal rights to the Ethiopic race.

A letter was read, signed by Carolina Coronado, by the Marchioness of Nevares and other ladies, asking for the speedy abolition of slavery.

It was proposed to establish a Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society.

Some "appropriate lines," composed by the wife of the First Secretary of the American Legation at Madrid, were called for, and read by the author, Carolina Coronado de Perry, who was made Honorary President of the meeting.

THE HADROSAURUS FOULKII.—We acknowledge the kindness of our young Friend, S. R. R., in furnishing for our paper a description of the Hadrosaurus Foulkii, the skeleton of which has within a few days been placed in the Museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philada. We learn that the fossil bones of this "mighty lizard," which is the meaning of its name, were found on the property of John E. Hopkins, in Haddonfield, N. J., about ten feet below the surface of the earth. Although the bones of the entire skeleton were not obtained, the precision to which scientific knowledge has arrived leaves no doubt that those artificially supplied are fair representations of the original ones.

As completed, the skeleton represents the animal to have measured about 26 feet from the end of its nose to the end of the tail, and in form it resembles an immense kangaroo. The real bones are almost black, and are held in position by iron bands, by which they are attached to an iron frame which sustains the whole skeleton. The artificial parts, which have been most carefully modelled in plaster of Paris, are of a lighter color.

The Public Ledger of our city, in an editorial, very justly remarked that the Museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences should be placed in a much larger building than the one it now occupies, and in a central part of the city, and free access should be had to it as a part of the system of public instruction. The editorial also states that among the treasures of Natural History belonging to the Academy are the remains of another enormous reptile, 41 feet in length, and other pre-historic creatures, whose original forms, for want of space, are packed away out of sight in private rooms.

MARRIED, on the 22d of Tenth month, 1868, according to the order of the Society of Friends, ABRAM POWELL, of Delaware Co., Pa., to MARY L., daughter of the late Wm. Jones, of Darby.

DIED, of consumption, on the 27th of Eighth mo., 1868, in her 28th year, SALLIE H. WAY, daughter of Jacob and Sidney C. Way, of Kennett, Chester Co., Pa. There is rest for the weary in Heaven.

——, on the 12th of Eleventh mo., 1868, HESTER ANN, wife of Jonah Kelly, aged 68 years; a consistent member of North West Fork Monthly Meeting and the Southern Quarterly Meeting, Md. Her religious concern for those she left behind was manifested on various occasions during her illness. She encouraged her children and those around her to love one another and to wrong no one, and when near her close, exclaimed, "Glory—glory—praise ye the Lord,"—thus giving evidence that to her death had no sting and the grave no victory. She was interred in the burial-ground adjoining Snow Hill Meeting-house; a large and impressive meeting being held there on the occasion.

——, on the 25th of Eleventh mo., 1868, ABIGAIL TOWNSEND, aged 89 years; a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting of Friends. She was the last of her generation, and for many years before her death was blind. The submission she manifested under her privations and many bereavements exemplified the Christian character, and during her long life she wore the ornament which we are told is, in the sight of God, of great price—that of "a meek and quiet spirit."

——, at her residence in Philadelphia, on Third-day, Eleventh mo. 17th, 1868, of laryngitis, AGNES, wife of Colin M. Gatchell, aged 37 years. Was interred at Fair Hill, on Sixth-day, the 20th ult.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

Committee of Management will meet on Fourth-day evening, Twelfth month 7th, at 8 o'clock, in the Library Room, Race St.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

Third-day evening, Twelfth month 8th. Lecture by Dr. J. Gibbons Hunt, illustrated by the Stereopticon,—on "Little Things;" being a continuation of his previous lecture. Hour of meeting 7½ o'clock.

FRIENDS' FUEL ASSOCIATION FOR THE POOR.

The Annual Meeting of this Society will be held in the Monthly Meeting Room at Race Street, on Seventh-day evening, Twelfth month 5th, at 7½ o'clock. The charter will be presented for the acceptance of the Association, the Annual Statement read, and other business transacted. The general attendance of both men and women Friends is invited.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, Twelfth month 11th, at 3 o'clock. Full attendance desirable. THOS. GARRIGUES, *Clerk.*

SAMUEL MICKLE OGDEN, Upper Greenwich, N. J., has been appointed agent of Friends' Publication Association, and will keep an assortment of books for sale.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

At the Quarterly Meeting of the Association of Friends for the promotion of First-day Schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, held at Friends' Meeting-house, Wilmington, Del., Tenth month 17th, 1868. The Assistant Clerk being absent from indisposition, Lucy Smyth was appointed for the day. Friends were in attendance from within the limits of at least fourteen of the Monthly Meetings constituting Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and some from other Yearly Meetings.

Written reports were received or verbal statements made in regard to the schools at Salem, Alloway's Creek, Upper Greenwich, Moorestown, N.J.; Pine Grove, Md.; Wilmington, Del.; Green St. and Race St., Philadelphia; West Chester, Goshen, Fishing Creek, Yardleyville, Valley, and Germantown, Pa.; also interesting accounts were given by Friends present in regard to Dunning's Creek and Goose Creek Schools, within Baltimore Yearly Meeting. Delegates were in attendance from several of the schools; also from the Trenton First-day Reading Association. Accompanying the Wilmington report were several essays written by members of their senior class. These were read and considered.

A Friend expressed his gratification in hearing the reports; it showed that the concern was growing. The reading of these essays was encouraging, showing what openness exists in these schools between the older and younger members.

Another Friend thought it was evident that the interest was spreading, not only among the young, but also with older Friends. When properly conducted, these schools will bring our members more to Meeting, and with greater earnestness. These earnest ones always derive instruction from meeting together. He believed our religious Society was now experiencing a revival of interest. This religious interest will not only be manifested in attending meetings, but also in keeping the meeting-houses in good repair.

Another believed it was always profitable for the old and young to mingle together and have a free interchange of views and sentiments. She wanted us to keep the religious feeling in view; that needs strengthening. As this is placed first, our social minglings will always be pleasant and profitable. She thought there should be more regard to the right manner of movement than as to form or system, and that there should be entire freedom of action in the minds of those who may feel this concern.

Another Friend was clearly satisfied that the best welfare of the world depended upon the advancement of the principles of which Friends are the exponents. He regarded with great interest every means that will promote our principles and testimonies in the world around us; not that we should be sectarians, but endeavor to interest and attach the young to us.

It was remarked by another that this age was ripe for action. Men were tired of being fettered. The hand of our Heavenly Father was at work in the land, and the lambs were bleating on the mountains. He hoped the time will come when we will have mission schools around us, gathering in those who have heard of this simple religion; not that we should consider ourselves as working for the benefit of any Society, but that Truth may prevail in the earth. He desired our young Friends to tread in that path which brings the highest happiness and redounds to the glory of Him whom we profess to serve.

A Friend of Virginia thought we should sow the seed everywhere. The question had arisen in England whether the Society of Friends is adapted to all classes. A recent writer takes the ground that they are not so adapted—that theirs is too high a standard for the world. Another writer takes a different view. If it is not so suited, it is not that simple Christianity which Jesus Christ preached to the poor. If there is any thing in our organization which restricts us, it is a defect. How was it with early Friends?—a large proportion of them were poor and illiterate. There were some like Penn, Barclay and others who were educated. Within forty years probably fifty thousand were brought to adopt the views of Fox and his friends. So earnest were they that it seemed as though they everywhere made proselytes, even in Algiers. Are we following in their footsteps? Not that we should do as the Jews formerly, merely bring them to unite with Society, but by being faithful to duty we may be instruments in the Divine Hand to spread the gospel.

A clergyman of a neighboring congregation asked the privilege of saying a few words. He said he did not wonder that elderly Friends had some fears of these schools. It needed caution in their establishment and conduct, that we did not encourage parents to neglect the home instruction of their children. Friends had been noted for their attention to the deep, spiritual culture of their children, and he hoped they would not now abandon it. In the schools of his denomination in that city they acted on the plan of having a sufficient number of their own to give character to the school, and influence those that were more ignorant and needed care. If Friends' principles are right, you are bound to teach them

o all, and he thought they were adapted to ll. He thought we ought not to abandon he testimonies of early Friends; there never vas a time when it was more necessary that hese should be held up to the world. Take he dress for instance. Their testimony he lid not consider laid in a peculiar shape of oat, or the style of the bonnet, but against hat crying evil, extravagance, which now is o rife in the land. Underlying their pecuiar dress was the testimony to Truth, simplicity and plainness. Then as to Peace, was t ever more needed? If Friends had been faithful in the recent rebellion, what a wonderful influence it would have had! He believed God intended to overturn and destroy everything of an ecclesiastical nature as such, o that Jesus Christ shall be the king of nations. Let us then bring all who will hear us, nd strive to do them good.

Much more of interest was expressed, which our space will not allow us to notice.

Having mingled together in much unity of spirit, and feeling encouraged and strengthened thereby to proceed in the good work as may seem right, the meeting concluded, to meet at such time and place as may be fixed by the Executive Committee. T.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

NOTES ON AN EXTINCT ANIMAL.

For several years there have been lying, in a case in a dark recess in the Museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, the remains of an immense extinct herbivirous saurian. The bones were discovered during the autumn of 1858, in the vicinity of Haddonfield, N. J., by a member of the Academy, Wm. Parker Foulke, of this city, now deceased. They were found at a depth of about nine feet from the surface, and consisted of a femur, humerus, radius, ulna, twenty-eight vertebræ, a part of a pubic bone, an ilium, together with several other bones belonging to the inferior extremities and foot, besides numerous teeth and a part of a jaw. After a careful examination by the distinguished Comparative Anatomist, Prof. Jos. Leidy, of this city, with the descriptions of similar bones found in other parts of the world, the conclusion was arrived at that the skeleton belonged to a new genus allied to the *Iguanodon*, found in what is known to geologists as the "Wealden" of Europe.

The Professor named the genus *Hadrosaurus;* and, in honor of the finder, called the species *Hadrosaurus Foulkii.*

An idea of the immensity of the animal may be obtained by giving the dimensions of some of the bones found. Length of femur about 41½ inches, breadth of upper extremity 9 inches, breadth of the lower extremity 8 inches. Length of the radius 20½ in., of the humerus 22½ in., ulna 23¼ in., tibia 36¾ in., and fibula 28 in. Some of these bones were fractured at the ends. Prof. Leidy has estimated that allowing for the intervertebral fibro cartilages, and giving about two and a half feet for the head, the length of the animal could not have been much less than twenty-five feet. He also suggested that in consequence of the disproportion between the fore and hind parts of the skeleton, the animal sustained itself in a semi-erect position, resting on the inferior extremities and tail, and fed on the leaves and branches of the trees near his haunts. The *Hadrosaurus Foulkii* was no doubt amphibious, and the remains were carried down the river in which the animal lived to the marine deposits, where the bones were found. During the past summer and fall, Prof. B. Waterhouse Hawkins, a distinguished English Naturalist, has been sojourning in our city. He came for the purpose of studying and obtaining models in plaster of the skeletons of some of the extinct animals, peculiar principally to the cretaceous period of the United States, the bones of which are deposited in the Museum of the Academy. The Professor offered to supply ideal casts of the missing bones of the *Hadrosaurus*, and mount the complete skeleton in the Museum of the Academy. It is a pleasure to state that the labors of that gentleman have been crowned with success; and, on the 21st of the present month, the completed skeleton, mounted in the position suggested by Dr. Leidy, was transferred to the custody of the Curators of the Academy. To persons who are acquainted with the internal arrangements of the Academy, it might be well to state that the skeleton occupies a position as before stated, in the lower saloon of the Museum, directly in front and facing the skeleton of the whale. It is to be hoped that when the new Academy building is erected, ample room will be provided for the erection of other skeletons of large extinct animals, whose bones are hidden in the various cases in the Museum.

11*th mo.*, 1868. S. R. R.

The meteoric display on the night of Eleventh month 13th was remarkable for its beauty and brilliancy. It occurred on a bright, star-light night, and the following description, furnished by the Superintendent of Haverford College, is extracted from Friends' Review of Eleventh month 21st.

THE METEORS.

Haverford College, 11th mo. 14, 1868.

According to established usage, watch was kept by the Senior and Junior Classes for the

meteors throughout the entire night of the 13th inst.

The display was remarkably fine, even excelling in some respects that of last year. About 6000 meteors were counted, and of nearly 4000 the exact time was noted by the clock in the observatory. The paths of the most brilliant were marked on charts furnished for the purpose by the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, and by the Superintendent of the National Observatory at Washington.

Many of the meteors left trains that continued visible for several minutes. Of these, the most brilliant appeared at about 10 minutes after 1 o'clock. It started from near the Pole Star, and coursing down by Cassiopœia exploded, lighting up the whole heavens, and leaving a train that continued visible no less than *three-quarters of an hour*. During this time the train underwent several curious modifications of form while drifting slowly through a space of some fifteen degrees in the direction of Andromedæ.

Another, like a cone of white light, burst forth from the centre of the blade of the Sickle, changing to yellow, then to green and bright red, and leaving behind it a rosy cloud that continued for several minutes.

The height of the shower was between 2 and 4 A. M., during which interval more than 1250 meteors were counted. The greatest number in one minute was 38. S. J. G.

[From the Buffalo Courier]

STARTLING GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.

Supposed Traces of Humanity in the Paleozoic Age—The Fossil Print of a Clothed Foot—Tracks of Horsehoofs in Sandstone—Material for Strange Speculation.

There is now on exhibition at the rooms of the Society of Natural Sciences, in this city, two of the most remarkable discoveries recorded in the annals of science. That is, of course, if a critical examination by the leading *savants* of the scientific world shall prove them to be what their discoverers claim. One is the fossil imprint of the foot of a man, or rather the cast of such an imprint. It was discovered by a workman in a colliery in Western Pennsylvania, in the shade overlying a run of coal underlying two other veins which were being worked by the company. The spot where it was found was nearly a mile from the pit's mouth, and some three hundred feet from the surface. The rock in which it was imbedded belongs to the paleozoic age, and the imprint, if such it be, was made millions of years before the present geological era commenced. It is the cast of the left foot of a man of ordinary size, and is perfectly defined. The foot was evidently protected by a sandal or moccasin; the heel, the arch, and the ball of the foot, and the slighter depression made by the toes are perfect, and whether produced by the foot of the man, or a freak of Dame Nature, the cast is as perfectly defined as if it were the work of a sculptor. By a curious coincidence, the society, a few days before this donation, received the second specimen from Samuel Cowles of Gowanda. It is a large slab of sandstone, on which, stamped in the solid rock, can be seen the imprint of horses hoofs, as perfectly preserved as though they were formed but yesterday upon the muddy bank of a sluggish stream. There are at least half a dozen of these impressions, varying in size from the track of a full grown horse to that of a young colt. They point in different directions, as though the animals were leisurely walking about cropping the luxuriant grasses of that tropical period, some of them being partially obliterated by the more perfect form of a fresher imprint. Mr. Cowles has sent similar specimens to the professors of Yale and other colleges, and we look with interest for the theories of these high authorities respecting the nature and character of the tracks, by what formed and the condition of the earth at the date of their formation. If the theories of the discoveries be correct, the result will be to entirely overthrow the present received geological system and to further complicate that terrible question. The fossil foot-print was presented to the society by John Magee, Esq., now in Europe. We advise all who take an interest in geology to inspect for themselves these curious specimens which affect that science so momentously.

Selected.

FOOT-PRINTS OF LOVE.

Life beareth many foot-prints
On the golden sands of time;
Foot-prints of high and noble deeds,
And, alas! of many a crime.

Foot-prints of kings and warriors,
Of the conquerors of earth;
Foot-prints of busy little feet
Gathering around the hearth.

Foot-prints of stern, high daring,
And of deeds as soft and mild:
But the sweetest foot-prints I have seen
Were those of a little child.

The little steps went in
A dungeon walled around;
They went with gathered flowers to cheer
A prisoner chained and bound.

The little voice was heard,
In whispers soft and low,
And the little hand was gently laid
On a dark and troubled brow.

And trembling words lisped forth
The Saviour's precious name,
Till o'er that captive's sullen mood
Repentant feeling came.

And the little steps went out,
But the foot-prints long remained;
Remained, too, in the softened heart
Of that prisoner bound and chained.

Foot-prints they are in time;
But not in time alone;
Eternity, in loving light,
Those blessed steps will own.

Then, little one, go thou
And do some living thing;
Leave foot-prints on the sands of time,
Whence blessed fruits may spring.

THE PERPLEXED HOUSE-KEEPER'S SOLILOQUY.

BY F. D. GAGE.

I wish I had a dozen pairs
Of hands, this very minute:
I'd soon put all these things to rights—
How shall I e'er begin it?

Here's a big washing to be done,
One pair of hands to do it,
Sheets, shirts, and stockings, coats and pants,
How will I e'er get through it?

Dinner to get for six or more,
No loaf left o'er from Sunday;
And baby cross as he can live,
He is always so on Monday.

And there's the cream, 'tis getting sour,
And must forthwith be churning,
And here's Bob wants a button on—
Which way shall I be turning?

'Tis time the meat was in the pot,
The bread was worked for baking,
The clothes were taken from the boil—
Oh dear! the baby's waking!

Hush, baby dear! there, hush-sh-sh!
I wish he'd sleep a little,
'Till I could run and get some wood,
To hurry up the kettle.

Oh dear! oh dear! if P—— comes home,
And finds things in this pother,
He'll just begin and tell me all
About his tidy mother!

How nice her kitchen used to be,
Her dinner always ready,
Exactly when the noon-bell rang—
Hush, hush, dear little Freddy.

And then will come some hasty word,
Right out before I'm thinking,—
They say that hasty words from wives,
Set sober men to drinking.

Now isn't that a great idea,
That men should take to sinning,
Because a weary, half-sick wife,
Can't always smile so winning?

When I was young I used to earn
My living without trouble,
Had clothes and pocket money, too,
And hours of leisure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate,
When I a-lass! was courted—
Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, housekeeper, chambermaid, laundress, dairy woman, and scrub generally, doing the work of six,
For the sake of being supported!

One small candle may light a thousand.

GRASS.

BY HUGH MACMILLAN.

(Concluded from page 624.)

"He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains." The wild grasses are taken, as it were, under the special providence of God. In their perennial verdure in regions above the zone of man's cultivation, we have a perpetual proof of God's care of the lower animals that neither sow nor reap. The mountain grasses grow spontaneously; they require no culture but such as the rain and the sunshine of heaven supply. They obtain their nourishment directly from the inorganic soil, and are independent of organic materials. Nowhere is the grass so green and vigorous as on the beautiful slopes of lawn-like pasture high up on the Alps, radiant with the glory of wild flowers, and ever musical with the hum of grasshoppers and the tinkling of cattle-bells. Innumerable cows and goats browse upon them; the peasants spend the summer months in making cheese and hay from them for winter consumption in the valleys. This exhausting system of husbandry has been carried on during untold centuries; no one thinks of manuring the Alpine pastures; and yet no deficiency has been observed in their fertility, though the soil is but a thin covering spread over the naked rocks. It may be regarded as a part of the same wise and gracious arrangement of Providence, that the insects which devour the grasses on the *Kuh* and *Schaf Alpen*, the pasturages of the cows and sheep, are kept in check by a predominance of carnivorous insects. In all the mountain meadows, it has been ascertained that the species of carnivorous are at least four times as numerous as the species of herb-eating insects. Thus, in the absence of birds, which are rare in Switzerland, the pastures are preserved from a terrible scourge. To one not aware of this check, it may seem surprising how the verdure of the Alpine pastures should be so rich and luxuriant considering the immense development of insect life. The grass, whenever the sun shines, is literally swarming with them—butterflies of gayest hues, and beetles of brightest iridescence; and the air is filled with their loud murmurs. I remember well the vivid feeling of God's gracious providence, which possessed me when passing over the beautiful Wengern Alp at the foot of the Jungfrau, and seeing wherever I rested on the green turf, alive with its tiny inhabitants, the balance of nature so wonderfully preserved between the herb which is for man's food and the moth before which he is crushed. Were the herbivorous insects allowed to multiply to the full extent, in such favorable circumstances as the warmth of the air and the ver-

dure of the earth in Switzerland produce, the rich pastures which now yield abundant food for upwards of a million and a half of cattle would speedily become bare and leafless deserts. Not only in their power of growing without cultivation, but also in the peculiarities of their structure, the mountain grasses proclaim the hand of God. Many of them are viviparous. Instead of producing flowers and seed, as the grasses in the tranquil valleys do, the young plants spring from them perfectly formed. They cling round the stem and form a kind of blossom. In this state they remain until the parent stalk withers and falls prostrate on the ground, when they immediately strike root and form independent grasses. This is a remarkable adaptation to circumstances; for it is manifest that, were seeds instead of living plants developed in the ears of the mountain grasses, they would be useless in the stormy regions where they grow. They would be blown away far from the places they were intended to clothe, the spots foreign to their nature and habits, and thus the species would speedily perish.

The more we think of it, the more we are struck with the wise foresight which suggested the creative Fiat, "Let the earth bring forth grass." It is the most abundant and the most generally diffused of all vegetation. It suits almost every soil and climate. Wherever the conditions of vegetation exist—from the icy plains of Spitzbergen to the volcanic scoriæ of the Antarctic Islands; from the sunny sea-shore to the dreary Alpine snow-line—there in some form or other it is sure to be found struggling with adverse circumstances, maintaining the dominion of life over dead matter, incorporating in its frail tissues the forces of nature, preserving the atmosphere in a state of purity by feeding upon its noxious vapors, fringing the limits of eternal barrenness with beauty, often the only softening touch of tenderness beneath the scowling heavens. It attains its maximum of richness and growth in temperate regions, where the need for it is greatest. As we go northwards, it becomes short in stem and narrow in leaf, and forms a continuous closely-matted sward of verdure; as we go southwards, its stem becomes tall and its leaves broad, and it grows in isolated tufts, generally in swampy places or on river banks. It forms pastoral landscapes under the weeping skies of Europe; it forms bamboo forests and cane-brakes under the glowing skies of the tropics. It ministers to the food of man in mild climates; it ministers to the luxuries of man in hot climates. It may, however, be said to cover with a uniform green mantle the whole surface of the globe. And this mantle is not only ornamental, but eminently useful. It protects the roots of trees and flowers from the scorching effects of the summer's sun and the blight of the winter's frost. By the decomposition of its tissues, when it has fulfilled the purposes of its existence, it forms a layer of vegetable mould for the reception and nourishment of higher tribes of plants. When it grows upon the barren sands of the sea-shore, its long, creeping, matted roots bind down the particles which would otherwise be carried off by the waves; and thus it forms the best bulwark against the encroachments of the ocean. It can lift up its tiny spears against the crested billows, and say, with prevailing power, "Hitherto shall ye come, and no farther." When it flourishes on the mountain-side, it performs a similar service to the loose soil, which the action of the elements has disintegrated from the rock; it binds it together by its roots and leaves, and thus prevents it from sliding down in the form of land-slips—whose effects in Alpine valleys are frequently most destructive. Indeed, the great primary object which God intended to serve by the universal diffusion of the grass, seems to be the protection of the soil. Were the soil freely exposed to heaven without any organic covering, it would speedily pass away from the rocks on whose surface it was deposited. The floods would lay bare one district, and encumber another with the accumulated heaps. The sun would dry it up, and deprive it of all its nourishing constituents: the winds would scatter it far and near, and fill the whole atmosphere with its blinding, choking clouds. It is impossible to imagine all the disastrous effects that would be produced over the whole earth, were the disintegration of the elements not counteracted by the conservative force of vital growth, and the destructive powers of nature not kept in check by the apparently insignificant, but actually irresistible, emerald sceptre of the grass. The earth would soon be deprived of its vegetation and inhabitants, and become one vast desert catacomb, a gigantic lifeless cinder, revolving without aim or object round the sun.

I began this paper with the assertion that man lives, both directly and indirectly, upon grass; I close it with the inevitable antithesis, that grass lives upon man. The melancholy words of Scripture, "All flesh is grass," are equally true whether we read them backwards or forwards. Strange mysterious circle of relations within which all organized nature is contained, and in which man himself, in common with the beast and herb of the field, has to perform his part and exchange offices and duties! The particles which circulate through his system must be again reduced to the inorganic state, out of

which they were first formed, and restored to the tissues of the grass from which he derived them. The debt of nature must be paid; the obligations which for threescore years and ten had been accumulating must be discharged at last. The body, that had been sustained in life by the yearly produce of the fields, must return again to the dust, to fertilize and enrich the produce of future fields, and keep the great vortex of life continually in motion. Grass forms the beautiful and appropriate covering of the grave. As it is the earth's first blessing, so it is her last legacy to man.

"Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills
Is—that his grave is green."

The body that it fed when living, it reverently covers when dead with a garment richer than the robe of a king. When all other kindness in food, and clothing, and emblematic teaching is over, it takes up its silent Rizpah-watch beside the tombstone, and forsakes not what all else has forsaken. Gently does it wrap up the ashes of the loved and lost, wreathing like a laurel crown the cold damp brow with its interlacing roots, drawing down to the darkness and the solitude the warm bright sunshine and the soft dews of heaven. If there be any place where, more than another, I love to see its modest verdure, it is in the village church-yard, whose swelling mounds have been trodden by the tender footsteps of time into less painful prominence. At the close of autumn, when the grass lies withered and brown upon these quiet, forgotten resting-places of the dead, and the melancholy breeze wails over it, the words of Holy Writ come home to the heart with a deeply solemn and affecting appeal—"As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." And if there be a place more than another where, in the bright days of early spring, I love to mark the bursting forth of its first tender leaves, it is also there. Resurrection is preached to us by each of the bright transparent blades, more convincingly than by the most eloquent human sermon. It tells us that our dead have not perished. It confirms the old Hebrew faith which called the grave the "house of the living," and the exquisitely beautiful idea of Richter, that it is "the green mountain-top of a far, new world." It holds out before us the sure and certain hope that the human seed, "faithful unto death," that is sown in the furrows of God's acre, shall one day rise up to newness of life and blossom in glory throughout an eternal spring.

PRECISION IN BUSINESS.

On a certain Saturday night the clerks of the Bank of England could not make the balance come out right by just one hundred pounds. This is a serious matter in that establishment—not the cash, but the discrepancy, however slight. An error in the balancing has been known to keep a delegation of clerks from each department at work sometimes through the whole night. A hue and cry, therefore, was made after this one hundred pounds, as if the old lady in Threadneedle street would be in the *Gazette* as an insolvent for the want of it. Luckily, on the Sunday morning following, the clerk—in the middle of the sermon, perhaps—felt a suspicion of the truth dart through his mind quicker than a lightning flash. He told the chief cashier, on Monday morning, that perhaps the mistake might have occurred in packing some boxes of specie for the West Indies, which had been sent to Southampton for shipment. The suggestion was immediately acted upon. Here was a race—lightning against steam, and steam with a start of forty-eight hours. Instantly the wires asked whether such a vessel had "left the harbor." "Just weighing anchor," was the reply. "Stop her," frantically shouted the telegraph. It was done. "Have up on deck certain boxes, marked so and so, and weigh them carefully." They were weighed; and one, the delinquent, was found heavier by just one packet of a hundred sovereigns than it ought to be. "Let her go," says the mysterious telegraph. The West India folks were debited with just one hundred pounds more, and the error was corrected without looking into the boxes, or delaying the voyage an hour.

BOYS SMOKING TOBACCO.

There are many causes of intemperance, physical, moral and social. One is the practice of smoking tobacco. I am well aware that some smokers do not drink, and that many intemperate men do not smoke; but I am convinced that the practice of smoking has led many a young man into habits of drinking, and has introduced many to fast life and evil companions. I am therefore grieved to see mere boys smoking cigars and pipes in our streets. These boys know nothing of the poisonous nature of tobacco or the dangers connected with its use; they commenced smoking from imitation of others, or from the false idea that it made them look manly. It is, however, a practice specially injurious to the health of the young. It involves them in expense, and leads to other evil habits. The effects of smoking on the health of boys has recently been investigated

by M. Decaisne. The *Medical Times* of July 18, gives a summary of the results of this investigation. M. Decaisne was struck with the number of boys between the ages of nine and fifteen who smoked tobacco. He selected several cases of smoking lads of the easy class of society residing either in Paris or the country. Of thirty-eight of these lads he found notable effects to be present in twenty-seven; eleven having only smoked six months, and sixteen for more than two years; eight of the boys being from nine to twelve years of age, and nineteen from twelve to fifteen. In twenty-two of the boys there were various disorders of the circulation, palpitations, difficult digestion, &c. In twelve the blood exhibited a deficiency of globules. M. Decaisne states that even a limited employment of tobacco produces a pale, bloodless appearance, and that ordinary medical treatment is of no avail while the practice of smoking is continued. He also states that boys who smoke "exhibit a degree of dullness of intellect, and a more or less marked taste for strong drinks." It appears that on giving up smoking these symptoms disappear. It is to be wished that every boy who has engaged in the useless and dangerous practice of smoking should at once give it up. It is a practice which cannot give either profit or honor, but which can injure health, cause a waste of time and money, and expose its votaries to temptations to the use of intoxicating drinks. I therefore exhort every boy who may read this paper to have nothing to do with cigars, or pipes, or tobacco.—*Weekly Record.*

Dr. Arnold once lost all patience with a dull scholar, when the pupil looked in his face and said: "Why do you speak so angrily, sir? Indeed I am doing the best I can." Years after the doctor used to tell the story to his children, and say: "I never felt so ashamed in my life. That look and that speech I have never forgotten."

ITEMS.

The Freedmen's Bureau.—General O. O. Howard has issued a circular announcing that, in accordance with the act of Congress of July 25th, 1868, the operations of the Freedmen's Bureau will be discontinued on December 31st, 1868. All officers of the military service will be relieved, and all citizen agents will be discharged, except such as may hereafter be designated to be retained for service in the departments of education and of collection and payment of pensions and bounties, which are to be continued. The organization for each State will be as follows: An Assistant Commissioner and Chief Superintendent of Schools, a disbursing officer, Assistant Superintendents of schools varying from one to four, agents for the payment of pensions and clerks. Orders relating to the freedmen's hospitals at New Orleans, Louisiana; Vicksburg, Mississippi; Richmond, Virginia and Washington, D. C., will hereafter be published.

In the meantime, the number of medical officers, attendants and patients now in those hospitals will be reduced as speedily as possible, and they will be conducted with a view to closing them at an early day. All other medical officers, attendants and employées will be discharged on the 31st of December next. Property of every kind, not needed under the new organization, is to be sold and the proceeds paid into the treasury.—*Phila. P. Ledger.*

It is a fact not generally known, that all the ordinary cotton fabrics are imitations of the original manufactures of India, and bear the native names of the places where they were once made. Calico is a general name applied to the plain white cloths made from cotton. As the quality and the strength of calico are increased, it is called long cloth, duck and double warp. Calico shirting is made to imitate linen, which it has superseded; sheeting is calico in like manner substituted for linen sheeting. Printed calicoes, or briefly, prints, were originally imitations of Eastern fabrics, but have long been produced in infinite variety and quantity. In the United States the term calico is restricted by popular usage to prints. Chintz is a variety of print in which the figure has at least five different colors; they often possess great beauty of design and richness of color. Muslin is distinguished from calico by no essential difference, except its superior fineness. The Indian muslins are made of a tissue so delicate as to justify the name given to them in the East, "webs of woven wind." Of a specimen in the Museum of the East India Company, twenty yards of the yarn weigh only a grain, and a pound would reach one hundred and fifteen miles. In England, yarn has been spun so fine that a pound would extend one hundred and sixty-seven miles, but this could not be woven by machinery. Though some machine-made muslins are finer than those of India, they are less rich, soft and durable. Cotton-damasks, &c., are made to imitate linen fabrics of the same name. Cotton ticks are plain or twilled, and sometimes composed partly of linen. Ginghams are thin checked cottons. Counterpanes are woven with little protuberances of various patterns; a more elegant species is the Marseilles quilts, which have double cloth, with a softer fabric quilted between them in the looms. Jeans are twilled cottons; satin jeans have a glossy satin surface. Dimity, a curtain fabric, is both plain and striped. Fustian is a coarse, stout, twilled fabric, including many varieties.

The Death Penalty.—The King of Sweden has announced that hereafter no capital execution shall take place in his kingdom, and that if the death penalty be not abolished by law, it shall not be enforced by him. The King made this declaration on refusing to sign the warrant for the execution of a women poisoner, recently convicted in Sweden.

In Robert Recorde's "Whetstone of Witte," a treatise on algebra written about the year 1557, he says: "To avoide the tedious repetition of these words, *is equalle to*, I will sette, as I doe often in worke use, a pair of parallel lines of one lengthe, thus: =, because no two things can be more equalle." This was the origin of the common arithmetical sign.

The use of paper money originated with the Chinese, and was introduced into Europe about the year 1450.

Russia has received a colored envoy from Liberia.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 12, 1868. No. 41.

DITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

MMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
; Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars r annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for ubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.
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AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*
Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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rom "The Lives, Sentiments and Sufferings of some of the Reformers and Martyrs."

WILLIAM DELL.

William Dell was an Episcopal minister, nd rector of Yelden, in Bedfordshire, Eng-and. Of his early life we have no account. While at Yelden, in the year 1645, and dur-ng the religious agitations which followed he expulsion of Charles I. and the establish-nent of the Commonwealth, he published a reatise, entitled "Christ's Spirit a Christian's Strength." His object in this discourse was o show that the Spirit of Christ is absolutely necessary in the church, to furnish with power to overcome the world, and that a dependence on human strength and learning without the unction of this Spirit, can only ead into "the form of godliness," as distin-guished from "the power" thereof. This doctrine pervades all his subsequent writings. The tenor of his views in this work, very con-trary to the prevalent dogmas of that time, may be gathered from the following brief ex-tracts:

"The receiving of the Spirit," says he, "is the receiving of power. ['Ye shall receive power when the Holy Ghost is come upon you.'] Till we receive the Spirit, we are al-together without power; and when we receive the Spirit, then first of all do we receive power—power from on high. By nature we are all without strength, weak, impotent creatures, utterly unable to do anything that is truly and spiritually righteous and good."

"The Spirit is power operatively in us, by being in us a spirit of knowledge. For the Holy Spirit teaches us to know 'the things that are freely given to us of God;' yea, he teaches us to know what sin is, and what righteousness; what death is, and what life; what heaven is, and what hell; what our-selves are, and what God is. And these things he teaches us to know otherwise than other men know them."

He maintains that this gift of the Spirit is common to all true Christians, and that all must needs have it, if they are really in the life and power of Christianity; but that for ministers of the gospel it is especially neces-sary.

"The ministers of the gospel must needs have this power of the Holy Spirit, because otherwise they are not sufficient for the min-istry. For no man is sufficient for the work of the ministry by any natural parts and abilities of his own, nor yet by any acquired parts of human learning and knowledge; but only by this power of the Holy Spirit; and till he be endued with this, notwithstanding all his other accomplishments, he is alto-gether insufficient. And therefore, the very apostles were to keep silence, till they were endued with this power. They were to wait at Jerusalem till they had received the promise of the Spirit. . . . . Without this power of the Spirit, ministers are utterly

unable to preach the word; that is, the true, spiritual and living word of God. For to preach this word of God requires the power of God. One may speak the word of man by the power of man; but he cannot speak the word of God, but by the power of God."

"Human reason, and human wisdom, and righteousness, and power, and knowledge, cannot receive the Holy Spirit. But we must be emptied of these, if ever we would receive Him. . . . . And when a man is thus empty of himself, and of other things, then he becomes 'poor in spirit;' and such the Spirit fills, and descends into with a wonderful and irresistible power, and fills the outer and inner man, and all the faculties of the soul, with himself and all the things of God."

And he winds up the whole by the following remark:—"We must ascribe to the Spirit the whole glory of his own works, and acknowledge that we ourselves are nothing, and can do nothing; and that it is He only that is all in all, and works all in all. And we ourselves, among all the excellent works of the Spirit in us, must so remain as if we were and wrought nothing at all; that so, all that is of flesh and blood may be laid low in us, and the Spirit alone may be exalted; first, to do all in us, and then, to have all the glory of all that is done." . . . . .

"And by the daily use and improvement of these means, we may attain to a great degree of spiritual strength, that we may walk and not be weary, and may run and not faint, and may mount up as eagles, yea, and may walk as angels among men, and as the powers of heaven upon earth; to His praise and honor who first communicates to us his own strength, and then, by that strength of his own, works all our works in us. And thus is He glorified in his saints, and admired in all that believe."

In a treatise put forth probably soon afterward, he argues that the true spiritual church of Christ is composed of living stones—precious stones—"and therefore," says he, "the Lord calls them [the faithful] his jewels—'In the day wherein I make up my jewels'—and elsewhere they are called 'the precious sons of Zion.' The people of God are a most precious people, men and women of a precious anointing; though some wicked and scurrilous libellers against the spiritual church will not allow them this name, but reproach it. And yet still it is a truth, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against, that the truly faithful are precious stones in the building of the church, partaking of the nature and Spirit of God."

But though these true members of Christ have all received of the same anointing, yet "let us not expect all gifts in all men, and that every man should excel in every gift; for then one would be saying to another, 'I have no need of thee.'" . . . . . "If thou hast the gift of utterance in the ministration of the Spirit, it is to build me up. If I have the spirit of prayer, it commends thee as carefully to God as myself. One watches over another, as over his own soul. And if any be weak, the strong support them; if any be doubtful, they that have the gift of knowledge direct them; if one be troubled, the rest mourn with him; if one be comforted, the rest rejoice with him; and they are all so linked together in the body of Christ, that the good and evil of one extends to all. Where thou canst find such another communion, there join thyself. But if this be the only excellent communion in the world, who would not willingly join himself to that spiritual people, where no man calls his grace his own, but all gifts are in common among all, every one having a share in the faith, hope, love, prayer, peace, joy, wisdom and strength of all; and all having a share in these gifts and graces that are in any one? And thus much for the diversity of the stones, as well as for the preciousness of them."

And further on, in the same work, he says: "Now we perceive how few true children of the church there be among those commonly called Christians. For among all these, how few are there who have the teaching of God! But most have their teaching only from men, and no higher. Consider therefore, I pray, whether the knowledge you have be from the teaching of God or the teaching of man. You all pretend to know that Christ is the Son of the living God, and that redemption and salvation is by him alone. But how came ye by this knowledge? Did you read it in the letter, or did somebody tell you so, or hath God himself taught you this? For 'no man knoweth the Son but the Father, and he to whom the Father will reveal him.'" . . . . "Oh, consider whether you have the teaching of God in these things or not. And if you have not the teaching of God, you are none of the children of the church; whatever truth thou knowest from the letter, if thou hast not the teaching of the Spirit, it will do thee no good; thou knowest not anything spiritually and savingly, wherein thou hast not the teaching of God. 'All thy children shall be taught of the Lord.'"

In the year 1646, Wm. Dell preached a sermon before the House of Commons, on the Right Reformation of the Church; wherein, after contrasting inward and spiritual with outward, civil, and ecclesiastical reformation, he earnestly appealed to the Parliament, to stop all persecution and attempts to force

men's consciences by the power of the magistrate; showing that this can never produce true reformation, but only outward conformity, with inward and dangerous dissatisfaction.

Among many other excellent sentiments, he boldly held forth to them the following language:

"It is an inward reformation [that is needed]. For as the kingdom of God is an inward kingdom ('the kingdom of God is within you,') so the reformation that belongs to it is an inward reformation. This true gospel reformation lays hold upon the heart, and soul, and inner man; and changes, and alters, and renews, and reforms that; and when the heart is reformed, all is reformed. . . . . And, therefore, saith Christ, touching the worship of the New Testament, 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth;' but speaks not one word of any outward form. So that God, in this gospel reformation, aims at nothing but the heart, according to the tenor of the new covenant: 'This shall be the covenant that I will make with them after those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts, (Jer. xxxi. 33;) so that they shall not only have the word of the letter in their books, but the living Word of God in their hearts; and God, intending to reform the church, begins with their hearts; and, intending to reform their hearts, puts his Word there; and that living Word put into the heart reforms it indeed."

"The word whereby Christ reforms, is not the word without us, as the word of the law is; but the word within us, as it is written, 'The Word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart;' and this is the 'word of faith.' If thou live under the word many years, and if it come not into thy heart, it will never change thee, nor reform thee. And, therefore, the reforming Word is the Word within us, and the word within us is 'the word of faith.'"

"Forcible reformation is unbeseeming the gospel; for the gospel is the gospel of peace, and not of force and fury. Civil ecclesiastical reformation reforms by breathing out threatenings, punishments, prisons, fire and death; but the gospel by preaching peace. And therefore it is most unbeseeming the gospel to do anything rashly and violently for the advancement thereof, for the gospel of peace is not to be advanced by violence; and therefore violent reformers live in contradiction to the gospel of peace, and cannot be truly reckoned Christians, but enemies to Christianity; since Christianity doth all by the power of the anointing, but anti-christianity doth all by the power of the world. Forcible reformation is unsuitable to Christ's kingdom, for Christ's kingdom stands in the Spirit; and the force of flesh and blood can contribute nothing to this."

Toward the close of his discourse, he thus pleads with the Parliament: "I have a few more things to say, touching God's kingdom: —1. That as Christ's kingdom and the kingdoms of the world are distinct, so you would be pleased to keep them so; and not mingle them together yourselves, nor suffer others to do it, to the great prejudice and disturbance of both.

"2. That you would be pleased to think that Christ's kingdom (which is not of this world) hath sufficient power in itself to manage all the affairs of it, without standing in need of any aid or help from the world; seeing the power of man is of no place or use in the kingdom of God, which is not a temporal, or an ecclesiastical dominion, but a spiritual.

"3. That you would suffer the little stone of Christ's kingdom to be hewn out of the mountain of the Roman monarchy (whereof this kingdom is a part) without hands, even by the power and efficacy of the Word and Spirit; seeing the hands of man cannot help, but hinder this work, which is to be done without hands. . . . . .

"4. That you would be pleased to suffer the assemblings of the saints, both publicly and privately, as occasion serves, seeing this can be no prejudice to the State, but a great advantage; inasmuch as they meet peaceably, and make no tumults, and in their assembling pray for the peace and welfare of this divided and distracted kingdom. And also that you take heed of scattering those churches that meet in the name and Spirit of Jesus Christ (which are Christ's own gatherings together), lest Christ so scatter you abroad that you never be gathered together again." . . . .

"When I see the generality of the people of all sorts rise up against the ministration of the Spirit, which God hath now in these days of ours set up, ... I am then exceedingly distressed, and pained at the very heart, for thee, O England! and for all thy cities and towns and inhabitants; for thou that dashest against the Spirit in the gospel, how shalt thou be dashed in pieces thyself, and there shall be no healing for thee!"

And in another address to the Parliament, he tells them: "It shall be your wisdom to be built up, together with the church, on Christ; but it would be your confusion to go about to build the church on yourselves and your power; seeing this building is too weighty for any foundation but Christ himself. It will be no less dangerous an evil, for the magistrate to make himself lord and lawgiver in the church, than for the pope, or general

council, in all the kingdoms called Christian; as for the archbishop or national assembly in particular kingdoms. . . . . Wherefore do you look to the care of the State, and trust Christ with the care of his church, seeing he is both faithful and able to save it perfectly. . . . . Why should the church any longer be ignorant of the things that belong unto its peace? And why should the members of it any longer lie as scattered bones, dry and dead, and not gathered up into the unity of a living body?"

(To be continued.)

WHAT AM I DOING?

Be Faithful. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

Be Prayerful. Ask and it shall be given you.

Be Watchful. Watch therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.

Be Joyful. For lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.

Be Humble. For by grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God.

THE ELDERSHIP IN THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

By W. N., of North Carolina.

(Concluded from page 629.)

Could we know the precise impressions made upon each individual of a congregation, by a given discourse, we should doubtless find great variety. That which blesses some would not be needed by others, and of course will not be much valued—in fact, may be deemed quite commonplace. The full soul loathes that which the famishing relishes. If Elders judge of ministry merely by its want of adaptation to their own private feelings and condition, they will often greatly err. But if the love of Christ constrain them to an earnest concern for the good of the congregation, they may be impressed with a feeling of the needs of those that are present, and prepared to bear in silent sympathy the burdens of the ministers. But if they are lukewarm themselves, they will hardly be able to appreciate a living, spiritual ministry. There is in general too little disposition to get all the good we can from every sermon—too great a tendency to compare one minister with another, without taking into consideration all the circumstances of each and all the varying wants of varying souls. Talent and learning and eloquence in connection with the ministerial gift, do, with those that can appreciate them, wonderfully exalt their estimate of the value of gospel labors, and the decided deficiency of these adjuncts powerfully tends to lessen that estimate. But if our members at large are often too much influenced by these tendencies, Elders should be very careful not to yield to the pressure of this unhealthy condition of the membership. They may sometimes have to stand as a breakwater against the surges of prejudice which threaten to overwhelm some of the Lord's little ones; and they should labor against that spirit of presumption too prevalent amongst us, in which both old and young undertake conversational criticism of the ministry with the same freedom and publicity of expression which they would use in reference to some mere intellectual or literary effort. These words of Joseph John Gurney in reference to his earlier religious experience are worthy of serious attention:—"I never suffered myself to criticise the ministry, but acted on the uniform principle of endeavoring to obtain from what I heard, all the edification which it afforded. This is a principle which I would warmly recommend to my young friends in the present day; for nothing can be more mischievous than for learners to turn teachers, and young hearers, critics. I am persuaded that it is often the means of drying up the waters of life in the soul; and sure I am, that an exact method of weighing words and balancing doctrines in what we hear is a miserable exchange for tenderness of spirit and for the dew of heaven."

Yet, these considerations do not in any degree excuse Elders from endeavoring, as far as possible, to remove every blemish from the ministry; and of these blemishes, the principle portion relate, not so much to the spirit and disposition of the speaker, nor to the subject matter of the discourse, as to the manner in which the message is imparted. There are comparatively few who positively intrude themselves into the ministry. The most are doubtless sincerely intent upon performing apprehended duty. But one great deficiency is the want of simplicity and directness, and Elders should understand that the period in which labors to promote desirable habits are most successful is in the early stages. This is aptly illustrated by the custom of some savage tribes of moulding the heads of their infants, by the artful application of pressure, into such a shape as suits their fancy; but if an equivalent result were attempted upon the adult, it would be fatal. We have lost ground by not having some simple definite rules, authoritatively set forth by the Society, to aid those who are called to the ministry in the proper manner of conveying their messages to the people. Will not some modern Samuel Bownas supply the deficiency? His excellent work is so thoroughly out of circulation that not

one of our ministers in a hundred ever saw it. Whilst it is the office of the Spirit to give the call to the work and the spiritual qualification for it, yet it is nevertheless the duty of the minister to render that work as effective as possible, by a careful attention to the manner of delivery. This includes not only the management of the voice, both as to loudness and to such modulation as comports with the subject before the speaker, but also a simple and direct application of the mind to the subject or subjects of exercise, and a particular care to suspend speaking promptly as soon as the work is done. Repetition and tediousness would thus be avoided. It is difficult to go over the same thing again and again without spoiling the whole. The ploughman may have left some patches of grass and weeds uncovered, but if he again puts in his plough, he spoils that part which was already well done. In the repetition of Scripture narratives, it is often better to omit those minutiæ which do not affect the main subject which the minister wishes to illustrate. If Elders would give a deep and comprehensive attention to all that pertains to a proper decorum in ministerial service, they might be very serviceable to young Ministers. But all they do must be in great tenderness and with an appreciative sympathy. They must "not mind high things, but condescend to men of low estate," or more literally, "be led along with the humble." Rom. xii. 16. They must take a broad view of the young Minister's present and past condition of life, with the influences and surroundings to which he has been subjected; of his mental and moral characteristics and habits; and of his opportunities for acquiring religious and literary knowledge. They must not forget that weakness and inexperience necessarily pertain to the state of childhood, and that strength can come only by degrees. They must have a lively sense of the struggle going on in that soul in which the will, being unsubdued, rejects the calling and resists the gift of God, and of that state of weakness in which, even when the will surrenders, how to perform that which is good, is as difficult to-day as it was in the olden time. Rom. vii. 18. They must go down into these depths with the young Minister, and lead him through; walking in company with him, they must strengthen his heart. Remembering that the motto of the Eldership is "Tenderly to encourage and help young Ministers," they stand not upon an imaginary height of perfection, as careless spectators of the struggles of their charge in the valleys below, but in fatherly care and pitying love they descend, and with words of cheer and a hand of strength they enliven the soul and lighten its burdens. Like Paul of old, who in most of his epistles gives thanks for, and expresses his commendation of, the good that existed amongst the brethren, before he proceeded to give advice or reproof, so these seek occasion to strengthen every good word and work, and when they find weeds to uproot, they take especial care of the tender but heavenly plant. They use not the snuffers as they would an extinguisher. Truly "the spring of this warm-hearted yet judicious oversight must be in love to Christ and in love to souls for His sake; and as it is prompted, so it must be sustained by the grace of God." (Report to York Quarterly Meeting, England, —1862.) Without this "sincere love of the Truth" as our early Friends expressed it, no one can be qualified for the Eldership, and it is the Lord's Spirit only that can prepare us to do his work.

In the early periods of our Society, Ministers were not "recommended," or "acknowledged," or "recorded," as they are now; nevertheless, all who were concerned to speak in the ministry were in the habit of assembling in what they termed "select" meetings. Our "select" meetings differ from theirs in excluding all ministering Friends but those who have been officially acknowledged, and in admitting appointed Elders. The frequency of "select" meetings in early times, varied in different places. In some of the cities they met every week, and amongst other things agreed what meetings each would attend the following First-day. In the expressive language of their time, they assembled "to wait upon the Lord together and to unbosom themselves to each other." Doubtless our modern select meetings might often be more profitable seasons than they are. We are too apt to consider their main purpose to be to answer the queries. In some places, they are held at the close of a Monthly or other Meeting, when Friends are weary. They should be occasions of communion with the Lord and one with another, for the especial purpose, under Divine guidance and help, of securing, promoting and perfecting the vitality of the ministry. Neither should we invest them with that sort of mysterious sanctity which would forbid the presence of any one but acknowledged Ministers and appointed Elders; those who are frequently concerned to speak in public, but who are not yet recognized as Ministers, should sometimes, if not regularly, be invited to attend, as they did in the first age of the Society. "Such as fear the Lord, will be speaking one to another. And the Lord will hearken and hear." (Mal. iii. 16. Anthony Purver's Translation.) Various indeed are the subjects upon which, in the fear of the Lord and

in the Love of his cause, we may speak one unto another in these select meetings. Our own feelings and spiritual condition, our doubts, our fears, temptations, discouragements, spiritual joys and comforts, the state of the Church in our vicinity and all over the world, the fields white unto harvest, the little meetings in isolated places with little or no outward ministry, the solitary children of affliction who are thirsting for the bread of life, and especially the proper manner of conducting ourselves under ministerial exercise, so as not to dishonor the cause of our Lord; these and others might sometimes engage our very serious and prayerful consideration and expression. The inexperienced would derive much instruction and strength from this vitalizing communion, in the divine presence, with those who have long been travelling the heavenward journey, and the fathers and mothers in their turn, would have their feelings of love and solicitude drawn out towards the younger, and their hearts comforted at the prospect of a succession of laborers in the Church.

A practical point in the selection of Elders is too much neglected. Enough care is not always taken to guard against the tendency, so natural, to consider "*age* as an inducement to the choice." It is a great mistake to let a member be worn out before he is brought into service. Any member who has the requisite qualifications of an Elder is old enough for the office, and if these qualifications be wanting, the appointment even of the greyheaded is worse than useless. George Fox was but twenty-three years old when he was called to the ministry—James Parnell, Edward Burrough and others were below twenty, and very young Ministers have been found in every period of the Society. It is therefore incredible that the Christian attainments requisite for an Elder should necessarily be postponed until advanced life.

"The influence for good possessed by the young over those of their own age, is great. They are often able, in their social intercourse, effectively to speak to one another the word of counsel or comfort. Whilst careful not to utter that which is not felt, let them in simplicity not withhold that which is." (Report to York Quarterly Meeting, 1862.)

Finally, as the opinions of Elders in reference to a Minister's services often exhibit considerable discrepancy, it is highly important, in all matters of seriousness, that they first consult together and arrive at a united and harmonious conclusion as to the precise difficulty of the case and the proper remedy. In this way, the whole weight of the Eldership would be brought to bear at once, and a good result might be accomplished. The advice of a divided Eldership usually increases the difficulty.

OF THE MEDITATION OF DEATH.

BY THOMAS A KEMPIS.

1. The end of thy present life will speedily come: consider, therefore, in what degree of preparation thou standest for that which will succeed. To-day man is, to-morrow he is not seen; and when he is once removed from the sight of others, he soon passeth from their remembrance. O the hardness and insensibility of the human heart, that thinks only on present enjoyments, and wholly disregards the prospects of futurity! In every thought, and every action, thou shouldst govern and possess thy spirit so absolutely, as if thou wast to die to-day; and was thy conscience pure, thou wouldst not fear thy dissolution, however near. It is better to avoid sin, than to shun death. If thou art not prepared for that awful event to-day, how wilt thou be prepared to-morrow? To-morrow is an uncertain day; and how knowest thou that to-morrow will be thine?

2. What availeth it to live long, when the improvement of life is so inconsiderable? Length of days, instead of making us better, often increaseth the weight of sin. Would to God that we could live well, only for one day! Many reckon years from the time of their conversion; but the account of their attainments in holiness is exceedingly small. Therefore, though death be terrible, yet a longer life may be dangerous. Blessed is the man who continually anticipates the hour of his death, and keeps himself in continual preparation for its approach!

3. If thou hast ever seen another die, let not the impression of that most interesting sight be effaced from thy heart; but remember, that through the same vale of darkness thou also must pass from this state of existence to the next. When it is morning, think that thou mayest not live till the evening; and in the evening, presume not to promise thyself another morning. Be, therefore, always ready; and so live, that death may not find thee confounded at its summons. Many die suddenly and unexpectedly; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh. And when that last hour is come to thee, thou wilt begin to think differently of thy past life, and be inexpressibly grieved for thy remissness and inconsideration.

4. How wise and happy is the man who continually endeavors to be as holy in the day of life, as he wishes to be found in the hour of death! And a perfect contempt of the world, an ardent desire of improvement in holiness, the love of discipline, the labor of penitence, cheerful obedience, self-denial, and the patient enduring of any affliction for the sake of Christ, will contribute to raise a pleasing confidence of dying well.

5. While thy mind is invigorated by the health of thy body, thou wilt be able to do much toward thy purification; but when it is oppressed and debilitated by sickness, I know not what thou canst do. Few spirits are made better by the pain and languor of sickness; as few great pilgrims become eminent saints.

6. Let not the example of thy friends and relations, nor any confidence in the superiority of their wisdom, influence thee to defer the care of thy salvation to a future time; for all men, even thy friends and relations, will forget thee much sooner than thou supposest. It is better to provide oil for thy lamp now, before it is wanted, than to depend upon receiving it from others "when the bridegroom cometh:" for if thou art not careful of thyself now, who can be careful of thee hereafter, when time and opportunity are forever lost? This instant, NOW, is exceedingly precious; now is "the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." How deplorable, therefore, is it, not to improve this invaluable moment, in which we may lay hold on eternal life? A time will come when thou shalt wish for one day, nay, one hour, to repent in; and who can tell whether thou wilt be able to obtain it?

7. Awake then, dearest brother, and behold from what inconceivable danger thou mayest now deliver thyself; from what horrible fear thou mayest now be rescued, only by "passing the time of thy sojourning in holy fear," and in continual expectation of thy removal by death. Endeavor now to live in such a manner, that, in that awful moment, thou mayest rejoice rather than fear. Learn now to die to the world, that thou mayest then begin to live with Christ: learn now to despise all created things, that being delivered from every incumbrance, thou mayest then freely rise to him. Now subdue thy earthly and corruptible body, by penitence and self-denial, that then thou mayest enjoy the glorious hope of exchanging it for a spiritual and immortal body, in the resurrection of the just.

8. Ah, foolish man! why dost thou still flatter thyself with the expectation of a long life, when thou canst not be secure of a single day? How many unhappy souls, deluded by this hope, are in some unexpected moment separated from the body! How often dost thou hear that one is slain, another is drowned, another by falling from a precipice has broken his neck, another is choked in eating, another has dropped down dead in the exercise of some favorite diversion; and that thousands, indeed, are daily perishing by fire, by sword, by the plague, or by the violence of robbers! Thus is death common to every age; and man suddenly passeth away as a vision of the night.

9. Who will remember thee after death, who will then pray for thee? and whose prayer can then avail thee? Now, therefore, dearest brother, now turn to God, and do whatever his Holy Spirit enables thee to perform; for thou knowest not the hour in which death will seize thee, nor canst thou conceive the consequences of his seizing thee unprepared. Now, while the time of gathering riches is in much mercy continued, lay up for thyself the substantial and unperishing treasures of heaven. Think of nothing but the business of thy redemption; be careful for nothing but the improvement of thy state in God. Now "make to thyself friends" of the regenerated and glorified sons of God, that when thy present life "shall fail, they may receive thee into everlasting habitations."

10. Live in the world as a stranger and pilgrim who hath no concern with its business or pleasures; and knowing that thou hast "here no continuing city," keep thy heart disengaged from earthly passions and pursuits, and lifted up to heaven in the patient "hope of a city that is to come, whose builder and maker is God." Thither let thy daily prayers, thy sighs and tears be directed; that after death thy spirit may be wafted to the Lord, and united to him for ever.

IF my God cast me into the furnace to melt and try me, yet I shall not be consumed there; for he will sit by the furnace himself all the while that I am in it, and curiously look into it, observing when it has done its work, and he will presently withdraw the fire. O my soul, bless and adore this God of wisdom, who himself will see the ordering of all thine afflictions, and not trust in the hands of men or angels.—*Flavel.*

SCRAPS FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Thy very acceptable letter was received. I often feel that it would be a relief to have a friend at hand to whom my secret exercises could be opened, and from whom I could receive counsel; but there is safety in sitting at the Master's feet; or if we do not feel his presence, in awaiting his coming with a willingness to do whatsoever He may command. In going faster than this, is there not danger of doing that which should not be done, thereby making obedience to that service into which we may be called more difficult? "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" If those to whom this inquiry was addressed had been busy of themselves, they would most likely not have been thus questioned. They readily answered, "Because no man hath hired us." Being found in this state of readiness, they

received no reproof, but were bidden to enter into labor and received their penny—even full wages. One of the objects of Friends in assembling together in the beginning was, and ought yet to be, to have their spirits refreshed under the influence of the Father's love, whereby their hearts would be warmed toward each other; and this feeling flowing as from vessel to vessel, the higher feeling of adoration, thanksgiving and praise unto Him from whom all good comes would be produced. Such social worship unites spirit with spirit, and the children among us would be made sensible of its influence. They would love the feeling, and when the time for meetings came, all would desire to meet with their friends, and again partake of that heavenly bread which had nourished that in them which nothing else had ever satisfied. Should not our faith and trust be in this,—the attention of the young called to it,—and those who stand professedly as ministers of the "*Word*," acknowledge that of themselves they can do nothing, —*no good thing?*

"Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words, without knowledge?"

"Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding!"

"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?"

"Who hath put Wisdom in the inward parts? or who can give understanding to the heart?"

"Wilt thou hunt the prey for the lion, or *fill the appetite of the young lion?*"

"Who provideth for the raven his food? When his young ones cry unto God, *they wander for lack of meat!*"

"Gavest Thou the goodly wings unto the peacock, or wings and feathers unto the ostrich?"

"But where shall wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding?"

"Behold the fear of the Lord; that is wisdom: and to depart from evil is understanding.

My dear ——:—I send thee an extract from a letter recently received. My niece lives in Illinois, in a neighborhood where there are no Friends; but how greatly is her condition of mind to be preferred to that of some among us, who have the opportunity for social and religious privileges, and lack the inclination to avail themselves of it. These fail to appreciate or receive the blessing that may attend the assembling of ourselves together for the purpose of social worship. My niece says:

"We are glad to get the Intelligencer, and I should have acknowledged its reception long since. It comes promptly, and we think a great deal of it. Besides its pure and truthful teachings, we find many familiar names in it. I feel an increasing desire that we may yet be favored to live among Friends. I think I could then live a better life. Sometimes I feel as though I was one of the blackened coals, and greatly needed the reviving influence of Society privileges."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 12, 1868.

WHO IS HE? *An appeal to those who regard with any doubt the name of Jesus.* By S. F. SMILEY. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers. It seems proper that we should notice briefly a small duodecimo book with the above title, which has been sent us by the publishers.

The object of the treatise appears to be to set forth the doctrines of the Trinity, Original Sin, the Atonement, Imputed Righteousness, and the Supreme Authority of the Letter of Scripture. The views of the author on these subjects do not differ, as far as we can judge, from the popular doctrines which form the creeds of most orthodox churches, though the *terms* which are understood to stand for these doctrines are not made use of. Her opinions are supported by appeals to the authority of Scripture, which she denominates "the infallible word of God."

To attempt by reasoning, or a similar array of Scripture texts, to controvert the views advanced, would be to enter a controversy which has agitated the Christian Church almost from its rise, and which has been fruitless as regards promoting uniformity of belief, but not fruitless, we trust, if the effect has been to drive sincere minds to seek for something better and more vital than the opinions of men and women fallible as themselves.

Of the sincerity, earnestness and zeal of the author, her book gives unmistakable evidence. But to its whole scope there is this serious objection. It assumes that faith in the doctrines there set forth is an essential preliminary to a holy and religious life, and to acceptance with God. This monstrous assumption is contradicted both by enlightened reason and experience. Faith of some kind is indeed essential before a life of holiness can be begun. But it is a very simple one. It *rests* on no *outward* testimony, though the whole tenor of

Scripture and numerous passages confirm it. It is faith in God and in his goodness. "He that cometh to God *must* believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." This *intuitive* faith, which too often lies only dormant in the mind, is the germ out of which may grow love to God and to our fellow creatures. To rouse this faith into activity, that it may become an *operative* principle, animating the whole life with a sense of God's immediate presence, and bringing forth its fruits, which are worship and obedience to Him and good will to all His creatures, should be the object of the religious teacher, instead of directing the inquiring mind to an abstract intellectual belief.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.—The fifth annual meeting of the stockholders of Swarthmore College was held at Race street meeting-house, on the first day of the present month, and was marked by the usual earnestness on the part of those assembled. The report of the Board of Managers detailing the progress made during the past year was read, by which the stockholders were informed that, though the building is advancing towards completion, there are many items of expense yet to be met. Could the necessary means be furnished, it is believed the institution might be opened in the Tenth month next for the reception of students; but before this can be done, the heating and lighting of the building, the laundry, cooking apparatus, appliances for instruction and the furnishing of schoolrooms, parlors, dining-room and dormitories must all be completed.

By careful estimates it is computed that not less than $75,000 must be obtained before these can be accomplished. In deliberating upon the best mode of increasing the subscription, it was suggested that each shareholder be invited to subscribe an additional $10 on every share of stock which he or she had before subscribed for. So general was the response to this suggestion that nearly every stockholder in attendance (including all the managers but one absentee,) were immediately enrolled as subscribers to this additional amount, and the sum of nearly $16,000 was thus guaranteed to the managers by less than one hundred stockholders present at the meeting. The clerk was directed to inform those not present by circulars of this action, and invite their co-operation.

The furnishing of the parlors, dormitories, &c., was entrusted to a large committee of women (mostly volunteers), who were empowered to add to their number and to collect from their own sex the funds necessary for this purpose. They are to provide suitable furniture according to a uniform plan to be fixed upon by the "Household Committee" of the Board of Managers, in conjunction with whom they are to act.

As many of the stockholders in this city and vicinity were not present at the annual meeting, it was agreed that a meeting should be held at Race street meeting-house on Sixth day evening, the 18th of Twelfth month, at half-past 7 o'clock, to consider some of the suggestions in the report of the Board of Managers. A general attendance of all interested in the cause of Education in our Society is invited.

ACTION OF WESTBURY QUARTERLY MEETING, N. Y.—At the Quarterly Meeting held at Flushing, Tenth month 22d, 1868, it was concluded to hold Circular Meetings for Divine Worship within its limits. We are requested to state that the Committee appointed to have the oversight thereof have united in making the following arrangements:

To appoint a Meeting at Yonkers, N. Y., the 1st First-day in 3d, 6th, 9th and 12th mo., at 10½ o'clock.

At Flushing, the 2d First-day in 2d, 5th, 8th and 11th mo., at 11 o'clock.

At Orange, N. J., the 3d First-day in 2d, 5th, 8th and 11th mo., at 10½ o'clock.

At Manhasset, the 3d First-day in 3d, 6th and 9th mo., at 11 o'clock.

At Port Washington, on same day, at 3½ o'clock.

At Jericho, the 1st First-day in 4th, 7th and 10th mo., at 11 o'clock.

At Oyster Bay, on same day, at 3½ o'clock.

At Bethpage, the 3d First-day in 4th, 7th and 10th mo., at 11 o'clock.

At Jerusalem, the same day, at 3½ o'clock.

At West Chester, the 4th First-day in 4th, 7th and 10th mo., at 11 o'clock.

Also, a Special Meeting at West Chester, the 5th First-day in 11th mo. the present year.

"The Departed," written by a lad of 15, does not possess enough poetic merit for our paper.

MARRIED, by the approbation of Salem Monthly Meeting, at the residence of Andrew Thompson, on the 22d of Tenth month, 1868, LOUIS M. HALL to ANNIE THOMPSON, both of Salem, N. J.

——, on the 29th of Tenth month, 1868, with the approbation of Makefield Monthly Meeting of Friends, at the residence of Preston Eyre, JOSEPH B. SIMPSON and SARAH P. EYRE, all of Bucks Co., Pa.

——, on the 24th of Eleventh month, 1868, with the approbation of Jericho Monthly Meeting, at the residence of the bride's father, ALFRED H. MOORE, of Oswego Monthly Meeting, Dutchess Co., N. Y., to PHEBE P., daughter of Jacob and Abbie Willits, of the former place.

DIED, at Whitestone, L. I., on Fifth-day, Eleventh month 19th, 1868, ROSETTA, widow of Daniel Post, a member and Elder of Flushing Monthly Meeting, aged 89 years and 10 months. This dear friend, after several years of bodily infirmi y, has passed away unto her everlastiug rest, and the feeling has arisen that there was no cause of mourning on her account. The cheerfulness of her disposition, combined with Christian meekness, had endeared her to a large circle of friends. She was an example of plainness and moderation in all things, and a few years previous to her close, ere disease had impaired her mental faculties, she expressed a desire to her son, who had ever been her constant and devoted caretaker, that her remains might be placed in a plain pine coffin; which was accordingly done. She was taken to the meeting-house, where a large meeting was held on the solemn occasion, and testimony given of her exemplary life—she having fulfilled its duties according to the ability given her.

——, on the 14th of Eleventh month, 1868, after an illness of nearly nine months, ELI M. HEWES, in the 31st year of his age. He was a member of Baltimore Monthly Meeting, a young man of unusual worth, of unswerving integrity, and in him society has lost one of great promise, an *earnest advocate* of truth, an *uncompromising foe* to *all kinds of dishonesty*. He was strong in his own convictions and an *ardent Friend*,—always ready to battle for the right, to aid the weak, and support those whom adversity would crush. In the short time allotted him on earth, he had accomplished a great work, had surrounded himself with a large circle of devoted friends, for whom it was his delight to live, and for whom, by his patience in sickness and suffering, by his beautiful resignation to the will of his Heavenly Father, and by his serenity in death, he has set an example well worthy of the highest admiration. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

——, at her residence, in Philadelphia, on Third-day, Eleventh month 17th, 1868, of laryngitis, AGNES, wife of Collin M. Gatchel, aged 37 years. She was interred at Fair Hill, on the following Sixth-day, the 20th ult.

A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow man. When he dies, people will say, "What property has he left behind him?" But the angels, who examine him, will ask, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?—*Mohammed.*

LETTERS TO FARMERS' DAUGHTERS.

Education.

"With all thy gettings, get understanding."

MY DEAR GIRLS—To live is earnest work, and to make life worth the living, should be the grand object of existence.

This world is a vast University, and our position in the higher one above must be determined by our aptness to learn and our progress in this.

Education, strictly speaking, covers all we owe our Maker, the world and ourselves. Nature, experience, reason, duty, and affection, are our teachers. Few are educated aright. That which is obtained in our organized schools, and from hired teachers and printed books, is as a rivulet to the ocean compared with the numberless outside sources, bringing their pressure to bear upon the intellect and character of these life-students. There are many who are longing for high-school opportunities, who are wasting precious months and years in neglect of the educational sources about them. *Nature* is a kindly teacher, and rich in resources for the unfortunate. Not a star in the blue above you, or cloud floating overhead, or spear of grass and flower at your feet, or field of varied grains, or stately pine, or blinding rain, or tiny snowflake, but speaks a willing lesson to the open ear. Then what may all these become to you, with the aid of books and studious thought.

What lessons of strength, endurance, and beautiful patience, may be learned at the bedside of a sick mother, or tending a fretful child, or in the heat and toils of the kitchen! What scope for tact and lady-like culture, to fill well and cheerfully such hours as these—stepping with ease from these to do the graceful honors of parlor or tea table. Ah! one may learn much and fast in such a school as this!

My dear girls, how many of you that have graduated at Mt. Holyoke, or Utica, or Oberlin, or Rockford, can apply your Natural Philosophy to the mechanical principle which underlies your father's reaper and your mother's sewing machine? How many can use your knowledge of botany, for the cure of diseased or worm-eaten house plants? or your chemistry in making soap and fancy dyes? or the mixture of some delicate article of food requiring exact proportions of acids and alkalies? or your physiology to the laws of health, such as apply to sleep, air, rest, nutriment, &c.? And this is not because you have not studied, but because you do not *think*.

The majority of young women chatter like magpies, but cannot talk soundly or forcibly

When woman will cease to trifle, and deliver herself from the barbarous rule of Fashion—when she will become a solid thinker, and, with the key of knowledge, unlock the doors of practical wisdom—when she wakes up to the interests of human progress—then, and then only, will men cease to speak of her inferior powers.

Nor is this all; young women should have some one paramount object in life. A lad says, "I am going to be a merchant, or lawyer, or carpenter," and to this end he makes all influences bend. Now every young woman should educate herself with some *distinct* purpose of usefulness and independence. To be dependent is degrading—even upon husbands, parents or brothers, except in case of accident or illness. What you are doing daily, whether it be study, housework, needlework, ornamental, or plain, let it be done thoroughly and well. Understand all the secret and practical bearings of your work; and alongside of to-day's duties ever be strengthening your grasp upon the main object, which you have placed before you, to acquire independence and a distinctive place.

Women are naturally the best managers in the world; they are prominent for tact, ingenuity, and putting the best foot forward. Oh! my dear young readers, waste not your gifts on trifles.

There is one department of educational culture of which I have said nothing, deeming it worthy a separate letter. No young woman is educated until she understands the *laws of health*, and no amount of intellectual and moral training will fit her for life's duties if her knowledge is confined in a sickly, shattered frame.

This entire subject is so vast and beautiful a theme that the pen and thought would gladly linger past the writer's limits. Will you not each take it up for yourselves with the cry—"Life is real, life is earnest!"

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

Remember as mother, wife and daughter, woman wields a sceptre of wondrous power and beauty. To wield this sceptre as is befitting, you must educate yourselves to greater vigor of body and mind. Be strong in will, thought and action. Be stout hearted; but always *womanly*. A high-toned writer says upon this subject—"If the world were mine, and I could educate but one sex, it should be the *girls*. Strengthen the woman heart, and you strengthen the world. Give me a nation of noble women, and I will give you a noble nation." Truly yours, T. S. H.
—*Cultivator and Country Gentleman.*

From The Spectator.

CONCENTRATED PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

Few phenomena are more remarkable, yet few have been less remarked, than the degree in which material civilization,—the progress of mankind in all those contrivances which oil the wheels and promote the comfort of daily life,—has been concentrated into the last half century. It is not much to say that in these respects more has been done, richer and more prolific discoveries have been made, grander achievements have been realized, in the course of the fifty years of our own life-time, than in all the previous life-time of the race, since states, nations, and politics, such as history makes us acquainted with, have had their being. In some points, no doubt, the opposite of this is true. In speculative philosophy, in poetry, in the arts of sculpture and painting, in the perfection and niceties of language, we can scarcely be said to have made any advance for upwards of two thousand years. Probably no instrument of thought and expression has been or ever will be more perfect than Greek or Sanscrit; no poet will surpass Homer or Sophocles; no thinker dive deeper than Plato or Pythagoras; no sculptor produce more glorious marble conceptions than Phidias or Praxiteles. It may well be that David, and Confucius, and Pericles were clothed as richly and comfortably as George III. or Louis XVIII., and far more becomingly. There is every reason to believe that the dwellings of the rich and great among the Romans, Greeks, and Babylonians were as luxurious and well appointed as our own, as well as incomparably more gorgeous and enduring. It is certain that the palaces belonging to the nobles and monarchs of the Middle Ages,—to say nothing of abbeys, ministers, and temples,—were in nearly all respects equal to those erected in the present day, and in some important points far superior. But in how many other equally significant and valuable particulars has the progress of the world been not only concentrated into these latter days, but singularly spasmodic in its previous march!

Take two of the most remarkable inventions of all time, both of comparatively modern date,—gunpowder and printing. One is four, the other five, centuries old. It is probable that within fifty years from the first application of gunpowder to war, the destructive power of the fire-arms then invented was nearly as great as that of those used in the reign of Napoleon. It is probable that we are now within far less than fifty years of the farthest point to which the conditions of matter will permit that destructive power to be carried.

Then as to printing. The books printed within five-and-twenty years after the first use of movable types were as clear, as perfect, as beautiful specimens of typography as any that were produced five-and-twenty years ago. A little more rapidity and a great deal more cheapness make up, perhaps, the sum-total of the improvements in the typographic art between the time of Caxton and the time of Spottiswoode. But within the memory of those still young the wonderful art of rapid stereotyping has been introduced; and to this alone it is owing that newspapers are able to supply the demands of their hundred thousand readers. It would be of course impossible to compose more than one set of types within the very few hours allowed for the supply of each day's demand. It would be equally impossible to print off from that one set more than an eighth or a tenth part of the number of copies which the leading papers are required to furnish within three or four hours. But by *casting* from the first composed types as soon as completed, any number of fac-simile blocks can be produced, and from these, by the help of circular machines, an indefinite number of impressions can be struck off in an almost incredible short space of time. Twelve thousand copies an hour, and even more, can, we believe, be easily produced by each machine. The multiplication thus rendered feasible is practically almost unlimited.

But it is in the three momentous matters of light, locomotion, and communication that the progress effected in this generation contrasts most surprisingly with the aggregate of the progress effected in all previous generations put together since the earliest dawn of authentic history. The lamps and torches which illuminated Belshazzer's feast were probably just as brilliant, and framed out of nearly the same materials, as those which shone upon the splendid fêtes of Versailles when Marie Antoinette presided over them, or those of the Tuilleries during the Imperial magnificence of the First Napoleon. Pine wood, oil, and perhaps wax, lighted the banquet halls of the wealthiest nobles alike in the eighteenth century before Christ and in the eighteenth century after Christ. There was little difference, except in finish of workmanship and elegance of design—little, if any, advance, we mean, in the illuminating power, or in the source whence that power was drawn—between the lamps used in the days of the Pyramids, the days of the Coliseum, and the days of Kensington Palace. Fifty years ago, that is, we burnt the same articles, and got about the same amount of light from them, as we did five thousand years ago. *Now*, we use gas of which each burner is equal to fifteen or twenty candles; and when we wish for more can have recourse to the electric light or analogous inventions, which are fifty-fold more brilliant and far-reaching than even the best gas. The streets of cities, which from the days of Pharaoh to those of Voltaire were dim and gloomy, even where not wholly unlighted, now blaze everywhere (except in London) with something of the brilliancy of moonlight. In a word, all the advance that has been made in these respects has been made since many of us were children. We *remember* light as it was in the days of Solomon, we *see* it as Drummond and Faraday have made it.

The same thing may be said of locomotion. Nimrod and Noah travelled just in the same way, and just at the same rate, as Thomas Assheton Smith and Mr. Coke of Norfolk. The chariots of the Olympic Games went just as fast as the chariots that conveyed our nobles to the Derby, "in our hot youth, when George the Third was King." When Abraham wanted to send a message to Lot he dispatched a man on horseback, who galloped twelve miles an hour. When our fathers wanted to send a message to their nephews, they could do no better, and go no quicker. When we were young, if we wished to travel from London to Edinburgh, we thought ourselves lucky if we could average eight miles an hour,—just as Robert Bruce might have done. *Now*, in our old age, we feel ourselves aggrieved if we do not average forty miles. Everthing that has been done in this line since the world began,—everything, perhaps, that the capacities of matter and the conditions of the human frame will ever allow to be done, has been done since we were boys. The same at sea. Probably, when the wind was favorable, Ulysses, who was a bold and skilful navigator, sailed as fast as a Dutch merchantman of the year 1800, nearly as fast at times as an American yacht or clipper of our fathers' day. *Now*, we steam twelve and fifteen miles an hour with wonderful regularity, whether wind and tide be favorable or not;—nor is it likely that we shall ever be able to go much faster. But the progress in the means of communication is the most remarkable of all. In this respect Mr. Pitt was no better off than Pericles or Agamemnon. If Ruth had wished to write to Naomi, or David to send a word of love to Jonathan when he was a hundred miles away, they could not possibly have done it under twelve *hours*. Nor could we to our own friends thirty years ago. In 1867 the humblest citizen of Great Britain can send such a message, not a hundred miles, but a thousand, in twelve *minutes*.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

I enclose two short poems for publication, if acceptable, in "Friends' Intelligencer."

Although not myself a Friend, I have been deeply interested in the lives of George Fox and Margaret Fell, and my admiration of their fidelity to the principles which they professed has found a faint expression in these lines. The history of your Society has deeply impressed me, and I am often drawn, with, I hope, increasing benefit, to sit with your people in their meetings of worship.

C. C. DAWSON.

Plainfield, N. J., Nov. 29th, 1868.

GEORGE FOX.

Champion of Truth alike in word and deed,—
Truth that to thee was inwardly revealed,
While from the thoughtless world it lay concealed,
That filled thy soul while yet thy steps did speed
Along the shepherds' paths, thy flocks to lead,
That forced thee from thy rural haunts, and sealed
Thy ministry to men, thenceforth thy flocks to be,—
Oh, thou wert great in thy simplicity!
Fearless of men, but fearful of thy God,
At His high name alone couldst thou be awed,
Nor wouldst thou bend the knee to aught but Him;
Faithful, though scourged with many a heavy rod,
Steadfast, where many faltered as they trod,
Thy name in Truth's bright shield shall nevermore grow dim!

C. C. D.

MARGARET FELL,

Of Swarthmore Hall.

The Church's mother thou, who loved it well,
And nursed it with a mother's tender care,
Full pleased to see its infancy so fair—
The tender bud with such sweet promise swell!
Words of endearment, and wise counsel, fell
Oft from thy lips, with faith's sublimest prayer;
And with a calm, pure radiance shone thy light,
Reflex of One incomparably bright!
For Zion's good thou deemst no care too great,
No cross, for His dear sake who bore the weight
Of His own cross for thee, seemed burdensome;
The prison's gloom could not thy joy abate,
Nor didst thou heed the world's relentless hate,
For thou hadst power within the world to overcome!

C. C. D.

COMETH A BLESSING DOWN.

BY MARY FRANCIS TYLER.

Not to the man of dollars,
Not to the man of deeds,
Not to the man of cunning,
Not to the man of creeds:
Not to the one whose passion
Is for the world's renown,
Not in a form of fashion,
Cometh a blessing down.

Not unto land's expansion,
Not to the miser's chest,
Not to the princely mansion,
Not to the blazoned crest;
Not to the sordid wordling,
Not to the knavish clown,
Not to the haughty tyrant,
Cometh a blessing down.

Not to the folly blinded,
Not to the steeped in shame,
Not to the carnal minded,
Not to unholy fame;
Not in neglect of duty,
Not in the monarch's crown,
Not at the smile of beauty,
Cometh a blessing down.

But to the one whose spirit
Yearns for the great and good;
Unto the one whose storehouse
Yielded the hungry food;
Unto the one who labors,
Fearless of foe or frown;
Unto the kindly hearted,
Cometh a blessing down.

THE CHEMISTRY OF AUTUMNAL TINTS.

The striking change in the hues of the foliage of plants and trees during the autumn months, can hardly fail to excite the wonder and curiosity of the most indifferent observer. Through what agency is this change effected? We know that up to a certain period of the year, when the vital sap flows freely and the life-principle in vegetable growths is active, the prevailing hue of the leaves is of a dazzling green, and that this peculiar color is due to a chemical principle common to all plants, called chlorophyl. This substance in many respects resembles wax, and is contained in the deep cells or *mesophyllum* of the leaves. It may be readily isolated or extracted from its receptacles, and subjected to chemical examination. Alcohol dissolves it readily, and from its solution it may be deposited in granular form. It consists of two separate principles, one of which forms a red compound with acids, and the other yellow with alkalies. The blending of these two coloring agents under the modifying influence of vital action, produces the reflection of the green rays of light; and thus our fields and forests are clothed during the summer months in "living green." Light is the mysterious agent which elaborates the chlorophyl; and while it continues to exert its full influence the green hue is sustained, and not until it decreases, upon the approach of autumn, do different tints appear. Frost is not necessarily the agent which changes the verdure of the fields. Frost may prematurely arrest the vital forces in plants, and so modify the action of light as to prevent the elaboration of chlorophyl. If no frosts came, however, the natural decrease in the amount of solar light at the close of summer, and the exhaustion of plants consequent upon the maturation of the life-principle, or seeds, would cause the chemical changes which produce the varied and beautiful hues of autumn. The tints are indeed much more beautiful if they come in the natural way, without the intervention of frost. The change takes place both in the evergreen and

deciduous leaves, but is most marked and striking in the latter. In the clear electrical atmosphere of the Northern States, the display is most gorgeous and pleasing; in no country in the world is it more so. Artists of established reputation have recently hardly ventured to put upon canvas the marvellous rainbow hues of our fields and forests, as seen in the glorious month of October, and submit the result of their labors to English or French criticism. The grossest exaggerations have been charged upon such paintings by those who have never witnessed the magnificence of the display. Indeed, we ourselves could hardly admit the faithfulness of the coloring without being witnesses of its truthfulness.—*Boston Jour. Com.*

INDIAN SUMMER.

The name of Indian Summer, it is well known, is given in America to the brief period, often in the latter half of November, of warm, sunny weather, usually preceded by some days of frosty atmosphere. The origin of the name is a controverted question. The first United States history that met our childhood said that the Indians, in their improvidence, were in the habit of procrastinating the work of gathering their scanty food for winter till the cold snap of early November brought them to their thoughts, and that in the warm weeks succeeding they did their hunting and gathering, and hence "Indian Summer." The New England tradition is, that the Indians believed this season to be caused by the southwest wind which prevails at this period, and which their good divinity, Contentowit, who resided in that quarter, sent them as a special blessing. It has been sometimes said that the term Indian was given to this period because game was plenty at the time, and the hazy condition of the atmosphere favoring their near approach to animals unsuspected, made it a special Indian hunting season; and it is believed that all who have had experience among the Northern Indians concur in the general correctness of these statements. They do little hunting till September and October; and when November comes they gather up their corn, rice and meat, and start on their winter hunt into the forests. Ask these Indians at any time of the year when they are going to their hunting-grounds, and they will say, "When the Great Spirit sends us our fall summer," which they universally believe is sent after the cold fall rains for their particular benefit. The fact of the prevalence of south winds during the period in northern latitudes has been disputed, and especially by Dr. Lyman Foot, of the army, who, some thirty years ago, in writing on this subject, stated that he had kept a diary of the weather for nearly twenty years, when he had served in all latitudes, from the outlet of Lake Superior to Jefferson Barracks, in Missouri, and that his record showed the winds generally west and northwest during Indian summer.

The cause of the phenomena has been even more a subject of inconclusive speculation than the origin of the name. The existence of the singular season is not doubted, and the period of its annual return is equally well settled. It appears in all the central and northern sections of the United States some time in November, or near that month, and of course succeeds the rainy season of the autumnal equinox, which usually continues late into October. It is scarcely important in this article to use space in any description of the peculiar appearance of Indian summer, as it is familiar to all. In the height of the foliage splendors of which we have written, a soft and mild sunshine, much more genial than had prevailed, suddenly appears; the atmosphere assumes a balmy and voluptuous mildness, more like that of August than that of November, and the moonlight evenings are abundant in their attractions to lovers, and all who find pleasure in sentiment and star-gazing, of whatever kind. A peculiar haziness, thin and filmy, pervades the air. There is a peculiar redness of the sky, and the sun at its going down is uncommonly "tinged with a ruby gleam," while the moon, both at its rising and going down, is touched with the same golden flush.

Among all the hypotheses which have been contrived in explanation of these phenomena, we find none more plausible than that which is based upon the well-known principle in natural science, that all fluids in passing into a more solid form give out latent heat. Now, in the high northern latitudes, Arctic navigators inform us that winter begins with September, and that during that month water is converted into ice with immense activity. It is certain that in the conversion of matter from a fluid into a solid state on so collossal a scale that the quantity of heat thus infused in a sensible form into the atmosphere must exert a very powerful influence upon the state of the air in countries bordering on these cold regions, and it is only necessary to concede that the winds from the North prevail at this period to make it conclusive that this heat must increase the warmth of this zone at this season of the year. It is urged against this theory that the heat liberated in the Arctic regions would rise into the upper regions before reaching the United States; but the reply is, that the heat is not lost, that the upper strata of the atmosphere being always intensely cold, the heat would not rise very

high, but would impart largely its effect upon the middle, and through that to the lower stratum of the air. It is also conceded that electric agencies have something to do in producing this Indian summer phenomena, especially in the matter of increased temperature.

The smoky appearance of the atmosphere is attributed by some to a sub-vaporous condition of the lower stratum of the air which is alleged to exist at this period, while others controvert the fact of the moist state of the air, as well as the inference deduced, and refer the haziness to actual smoke, produced by the fires which so largely prevail at this season of the year, especially where forests abound. It is affirmed that the redness of the sky once so marked in the New England summer has largely disappeared as the country has become settled, and the forest fires have ceased to extensively prevail, in support of the view.

The alleged increase of temperature during Indian summer is also denied, and the meteorological observations are produced to show that the temperature of November is actually lower than that of October. On the theory, however, that the Indian summer is warmer than the weeks that usher it in, the hypothesis of released heat in the Arctic regions is used to form a very interesting, if not entirely satisfactory explanation in this connection.

There is a continuous tide of heated air rising from the torrid zone, and flowing north and south. During the season of congelation in the Arctic zone, there is likewise a tide of heated air rising from the North Polar Sea, and flowing towards the torrid zone. These two currents meet about midway in the temperate zone, near the forty-fifth parallel of north latitude. and in the collision the warm, condensed current in some measure descends. This affords a solution in some measure of the warmth, as well as of the calmness, the softness, and the dryness of the air of Indian summer.

We have attempted no original speculation in regard to this interesting subject in this article, but have simply aimed to present a brief statement of some prominent facts and speculations we have been able from a variety of sources to gather.

Indian summer, as we have already indicated, is observed in nearly all the countries of Europe and Asia, as well as of America, and known variously as "St. Martin's Summer," "The Latter Summer," "Second Summer," "After Heat," "Summer Close" and under names all significant of the nature of the season, and differing only by reason of the diverse idioms of the various languages in which the same idea is expressed. We will remark, however, that the season not only varies in different countries, but in this country is much more remarked inland than on the seacoast. In the regions of the great lakes the period is very decided, the waters during its two or three weeks continuance remaining placid—in striking contrast to their disturbed condition in the earlier autumn—the weather soft and pleasant, and the atmosphere red, and filled with the peculiar haziness painful to the vision to behold. It is a fine season for lake navigation, and is looked for early in November—rather earlier than farther east.—*National Intelligencer.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

ELEVENTH MONTH.

	1867.	1868.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	9 days.	9 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	1 "	1 "
Snow, includ'g very light falls	3 "	3 "
Cloudy, without storms	4 "	6 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	13 "	11 "
	30 "	30 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1867.	1868.
Mean temperature of 11th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	47.79 deg.	46.90 deg.
Highest do. during mo., do.	70.00 "	74.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	24.50 "	36.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	2.94 in.	5.58 in.
DEATHS during the month, being 5 current weeks for 1867 and 4 for 1868	1122	878

Average of the mean temperature of 11th month for the past *seventy-nine* years.	43.39 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1849	51.50 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1793, 1827, 1842	38.00 "

SUMMER TEMPERATURES.

Mean temperature of the three autumn months of 1867	57.85 "
Mean do do do 1868	56.36 "
Average of the autumn temperature for the past *seventy-nine* years	54.75 "
Highest autumn mean occurring during that entire period, 1866	58.61 "
Lowest do 1827	49.33 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.	1867.	1868.
Totals for first six months	30.20 inch.	26.31 inch.
Rain during Seventh month	2.38 "	3.51 "
" Eighth "	15.81 "	2.65 "
" Ninth "	1.72 "	8.90 "
" Tenth "	4.32 "	1.73 "
" Eleventh "	2.94 "	5.28 "
Totals	57.37 "	48.38 "

Dr. Conrad, of the Pennsylvania Hospital, has kindly furnished us with the following information as regards temperature, which is confirmed by our own records:

"During the past forty-four years, the only November months in which the thermometer has not

stood at or below 32 degrees, on some day during the month, were those of

1830, lowest point	35	degrees.
1849, " "	33	"
And the month of this year	36	"

"And yet the average temperature of November, 1868, has been exceeded twelve times during that period of 44 years, the highest being in 1849—51.50 degrees."

In reference to Rain, it will be seen that last year still continues considerably in excess of the present; while as to Snow, its slight visitations in this locality contrast strongly with other portions of our country.

From the number of Deaths deduct one fifth from last year (for the extra week), they will then stand 898 for 1867; and 878 for the month the present year.

Philada., Twelfth month 4, 1868. J. M. E.

Contributions received for "Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen" since Fifth month last.

From City contributions		$735 00
" Mary D. Brown		500 00
" L. A. S., Newtown, Pa		5 00
" Esther S. Justice, Bucks Co		50 00
" Samuel Marshall, Milwaukie, Wis		50 00
" Green & Button, " "		15 00
" Robert Mosher, Cardington, Ohio		10 00
" Jacob Nichols " "		5 00
" Jesse Yocum, Morgan Co., "		13 20
" Fallowfield Monthly Meeting		53 00
" Kennett " "		30 00
" Birmingham " "		68 00
" Merion Preparative "		15 00
" Haverford " "		16 00
" Medford Womens' "		8 00
" Friends of Mt. Holly		15 35
" " Camden, N. J		55 50
" " Trenton, "		90 00
		$1734 05

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer.*

PHILADA., 12th mo. 1, 1868. 30 N. Third St.

ITEMS.

OFFICIAL RECORDS, it is asserted, prove that the various wars with the Indians during the last forty years have cost the Government over five hundred millions of dollars, besides a large loss of life. The calculation is made as follows: The Black Hawk war four hundred lives and $5,000,000; the Seminole war, fifteen hundred lives and $100,000,000, only fifteen hundred of the Indians being warriors; a war with the Creeks and Cherokees about the same time cost $1,000,000; the Sioux war of 1852, three hundred lives and $40,000,000; the war of 1864, one thousand lives and $60,000,000; the Cheyenne war of 1867, three hundred lives and about $12,000,000; the Indian troubles on the Pacific slope for the last twenty years, about $300,000,000; three campaigns against the Navajoes, $30,000,000. The whole trouble in New Mexico, of which the last item forms a part, $150,000,000.

AT the Working Women's Protective Association, in New York, they are exhibiting a cloak that required thirty days to finish the embroidery on it, and in which one hundred and eighty skeins of thread were used. For that amount of skilful labor and time, only twelve dollars were paid by a prominent Broadway house.

AMONGST other items of news is the opening of the first American street railway at Rio de Janeiro, Oct. 9. It was really a gala day, the Emperor and Imperial family inaugurating it by riding in the first car, and followed by seventeen other cars, crowded with the first people of the city. While to Mr. Greenough, the President, is due much for this new enterprise, also great honor is due Charles J. Harrah, Esq., a native of Philadelphia, but long a resident of Rio de Janeiro, who was one of the early promoters, and is a large stockholder in this railway. Squire Sampson, a native of Pennsylvania, was the constructor of the road. It has proved a great pecuniary success.—*Public Ledger.*

A MACHINE FOR DRESSING STONE of a simple construction has recently been invented by a mechanic of Worcester, Mass. The steel cutters now employed produce uneven surfaces, in consequence of the difference in temper of the tools and of the harder veins in the stone. The machine in question compels the stones to dress each other with the aid of sand and water. It consists of one or more rotary grinders, adjusted in a suitable chuck, and held in the upper part of the machine by a perpendicular hollow shaft. The stone in the chuck is so arranged as to leave an open space in the centre, to which sand and water are conveyed through the hollow shaft. A carriage carries the larger and heavier stone to be dressed, and is made to vibrate beneath the rotary grinders by suitable machinery. By the rotary motion, combined with the moving carriage, the grinding capacity is largely increased with a comparatively small motive power. The grinders are held in position by an adjustable or self-adjusting frame, which rises or falls to accommodate the thickness of stones and to compensate for the reduction of the stone as it wears away. The machine, it is asserted, will do the work of thirty men, and will dress the hardest kind of stones, such as pudding stone, which, heretofore, it has been impracticable to reduce to a level surface.

THE ROOF OF THE WORLD is the name of a vast elevated region of table land situated in central Asia, from which rivers and mountain chains radiate towards all points of the compass. This district lies to the northwest of British India and touches on the Russian frontier posts in Turkestan. On the northeast of India is another unexplored tract, running as far as the most westerly provinces of China, which have recently declared their independence of the government of Pekin. Both these regions have attracted attention in England, and at a recent session in London of the Royal Geographical Society, the President, Sir Roderick L. Murchison, dwelt very impressively upon the necessity of their thorough exploration to ascertain the existence of practicable passes through the mountains. Murchison considered it highly important on the one hand that a route of traffic on the eastern side should be opened between British Burmah and China, but on the other hand insisted that a broad zone of neutral territory should be forever interposed between India and the latest conquests of Russia in Turkestan.

A NEGRO EMBASSY IN ENGLAND.—A commission from the Sultan of Zanzibar has arrived in London, accredited to Queen Victoria, for the purpose of suppressing the negro treaties on the east coast of Africa, and to make some arrangement respecting the recent revolution at Muscat.

IT is stated that each slave rescued on the coast of Africa by the English fleet has cost that government not less than a quarter of a million of dollars. Only nine persons were rescued from slave traders in three years up to 1867.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 19, 1868. No. 42.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.

SINGLE NOS. 6 CENTS.

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*
Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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From "The Lives, Sentiments and Sufferings of some of the Reformers and Martyrs."

WILLIAM DELL.

(Continued from page 644.)

About this time, or soon after, appears to have been published one of the largest as well as most clear and deeply spiritual works, entitled, "The way of True Peace and Unity in the True Church of Christ;" which also was addressd to the Parliament, and likewise to General Fairfax and Oliver Cromwell. It was a time of great agitation among all classes of professors of religion—the country was full of commotions and changes, so that he said "there was no silence in heaven for so much as half an hour"—none of the high-soaring rulers of the various professing churches knew what it was to come into that silence of all fleshly tumults and impulses, wherein they might have experienced Jerusalem to be a quiet habitation, a place of safety from the powers and storms of the world.

In this work on the Peace and Unity of the Church, he entirely disavows any aim to reconcile the true church of Christ with the world; for, says he, the Lord never intended such reconciliation betwen the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent; neither does he endeavor to bring about an agreement between the children of Ishmael and those of Isaac, in the professing church; for "they that are born after the flesh," says Dell, "are always persecuting them that are born after the Spirit, but never agreeing with them." But he says, "the way of peace I shall speak of, is between the children of peace, touching whom God hath promised that He will give them one heart and one way; and for whom Christ hath prayed, 'That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us.'"

. . . "The peace then I seek by this discourse, is the peace of the true church." And this true church he describes as "a spiritual and invisible fellowship, gathered together in the unity of faith, hope, and love, and so into the unity of the Son, and of the Father by the Spirit." . . . . . "The true church is knit into their society among themselves by being first knit unto Christ their head; and as soon as ever they are one with him, they are also one with another in him; and not first one among themselves, and then one with Christ." . . . . . And again he says, "The churches of men have human officers who act in the strength of natural or acquired parts, who do all by the help of study, learning, and the like. But in the true church, Christ and the Spirit are the only officers, and men only so far as Christ and the Spirit dwell and manifest themselves in them. And so, when they do anything in the church, it is not they that do it, but Christ and his Spirit in them and by them. And therefore saith Paul, 'Seek ye a proof of Christ speaking in me? which to youwards is not weak, but mighty.' Whoever

is the instrument, Christ is the only preacher of the New Testament; and that which is the true gospel, is the ministration of the Spirit; for 'holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit;' and were first anointed with the Spirit, before they preached." . . . . .

"Against the churches of men, the gates of hell (which are sin and death) shall certainly prevail; but the true church of Christ, though the gates of hell do always fight against it, yet they shall never prevail against it; as Christ hath promised, 'Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'"

"Christ was known [to John Baptist] by the Spirit's resting on him. . . . . After the same manner the church of Christ is known, to wit, by the Spirit's coming and remaining on it. So that whatever people have received the Spirit of Christ, of what sort or condition soever they be, they are the church of Christ; and they that are destitute of this Spirit, are not of the church."

"They that do content themselves in joining to some outward and visible society and corporation of men, though called a church, and think that by being knit to them in ways of outward worship and ordinances, they live in the unity of the church, when as yet, all this while, they live out of that one body that is born of the Spirit, which is the only true church, and body of Christ—he that lives out of this spiritual body, though he live in the most excellent society in the world, yet he breaks the unity of the church, not living in one body with it."

"Hence it is evident, that it is nothing to have the outward form of a church, even as our souls could wish, except there be inwardly, in that church, the Spirit of Christ. For it is not unity of form, will ever make the church one, but unity of Spirit. That church then that is destitute of the Spirit, in its laws, orders, constitutions, forms, members, and officers, what unity can that have, in all its uniformity."

"They that, being of the church, do anything in it by their own spirits, and not by Christ's, prejudice the peace of the church; for the true church is such a body, which is to have all its communion in the Spirit. And therefore, when any pray or prophesy, or the like, in the strength of natural parts, or human studies and invention only, and do not pray and prophesy in the Spirit, they break the unity of the church; for the faithful have communion with one another, only so far as the Spirit is manifested in each."

"One Lord, one faith, one baptism.". . . . .

"The true church, which is the body of Christ, hath but one and the self-same baptism, by which it is purified; which is the baptism of the Spirit. For the apostle speaks here of that baptism, wherein the whole church is one; which is not the baptism of the sign, which hath often been altered and changed, but the baptism of the substance, which comprehends all believers, and all ages, and under several and various dispensations; and was the same before Christ's coming in the flesh, as since; believers, both of the Jews and Gentiles, of the Old and New Testaments, drinking all alike into one spirit, though these more plentifully than those. So that, though many have wanted the baptism of water, yet not one member of the true church hath wanted the baptism of the Spirit, from whence our true Christianity begins." . . . . .

"So that it is not the washing of water, but the washing of the Spirit, that is the true ground of the true church's unity; and they that want this baptism of the Spirit, though they have been baptized with water never so much, live quite out of the unity of the church."

"The right church is the city of God, and hath God in the midst of it, being built and framed, and that according to every part of it, by the Spirit, to be the habitation of God. This is 'the temple of the living God,' as God hath said, and God is in it of a truth. And if any would know what this church is called, the name of it is, THE LORD IS THERE. And so the whole guiding and ordering of this church depends wholly on God who dwells within it. For God will not dwell in his own church and sit still, while others that are without it shall govern it; but the government of the right church lies on His shoulders, who is Immanuel, God with us, and in us."

"Peter had said to Christ, 'Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God:' and Christ replied to Peter, 'Blessed art thou; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven:' and then adds, 'unto thee will I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven, etc.—that is, not to Peter, as an apostle, or minister, but as a believer, who had the revelation of the Father, touching the Son. And so also, they are given equally to each faithful Christian, who hath the same revelation with Peter, as also to the whole communion of saints."

"What officers are to be chosen? Paul teaches us this; saying, They must be faithful men, apt and able to teach others. For as, among natural men of the world, they that have most natural power and abilities, are fittest to be the officers; so among spiritual men in the church, they are fittest to be the officers, that have most spiritual power, that is, such in whom Christ and the Spirit are most manifest; and of this, the faithful of all sorts are judges. Wherefore, no natural parts and abilities, nor human learning and degrees in

the schools or universities, nor ecclesiastical ordination or orders, are to be reckoned sufficient to make a man a minister; but only the teaching of God, and gifts received of Christ, by the Spirit, for the work of the ministry, which the faithful are able to discern and judge of."

He adds that these officers "are to be chosen out of the flock of Christ, and nowhere else. Indeed antichrist, bringing in human learning instead of the Spirit, chose his ministers only out of the universities; but the right church chooses them out of the faithful; seeing it reckons no man learned, and so fit to speak in the church, but he that hath 'heard and learned from the Father."

"The true church is to preserve itself distinct from the world; and is neither to mingle itself with the world, nor to suffer the world to mingle itself with it. For if the church and the world be mingled together in one society, the same common laws will no more agree to them who are of such different natures, principles, and ends, than the same common laws will agree to light and darkness, life and death, sin and righteousness, flesh and spirit. For the true church are a spiritual people, being born of God; and so they worship God in the spirit, according to the law of the Spirit of life that was in Christ, and is in them. But the carnal church is of the world, and only savors of the world, and so will have a worldly religion, forms, orders, government, and all worldly as itself is. Now, while these two are mingled together, what peace can there be?"

"By what means may the church be able to keep out error?—1. Let the church suffer none to teach among them that are not themselves taught of God; though they have never so great natural parts, and never so much human learning. For, when they are the teachers that are taught of God, they will only teach the truth, which they have heard and learned from God; and the line of every man's teaching must extend no further. But when they teach that are not so taught, they will, in many things, vary from the truth as it is in Jesus." . . . . .

"2. Let the church examine everything—and not receive doctrines on trust—and compare the present doctrine, preached and printed, and generally received, with the doctrines of the prophets and apostles, which without doubt is sure and certain, seeing those 'holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit.' And whatever doctrine shall be found contrary to, or different from that doctrine, let them reject it as reprobate silver." . . . . .

"3. The church, that it may be able to keep out errors, must desire of God the Spirit which he hath promised; that this Spirit of truth may lead them into the true and spiritual knowledge of the word, and understanding of the mind of Christ. For no man can make any right judgment of the word he hears or reads, without the teaching of the Spirit. And by this anointing, as we shall be certainly taught which is truth, so also shall we discern which is the error, and that by so clear and true a light, that we shall not mistake."

"4. Another notable means to keep error out of the church, is to restore in it that most ancient gospel ordinance of prophesying; which, how much soever it hath been out of use during the reign of antichrist, yet is no other than the very commandment of the Lord; as Paul witnesseth, 1 Cor. xiv. 31, where he saith, 'When the whole church is met together, ye may all prophesy one by one, that all may learn, and all may be comforted,' etc."

"Through the exercise of prophesying, the church knows and discerns which of its members are most spiritual and most clearly taught of God in divine things; and who have received the most excellent gifts from Christ, and so are most fit and able to hold forth the word of life, in most evidence and power of the Spirit, that so the church may be supplied with pastors of her own sons, and not seek after unknown persons; nor be constrained to use mercenary men, who have been brought up to preaching, as their trade to live by; whereupon but few of them can be expected to be other than hirelings, who will make their ministry serve their own advantage, and frame the Scripture to found such doctrine as may best serve their own turns." . . . . .

"Yea, further, in this society, God will have him who is most unlearned, according to human literature, to speak; that the virtues of Christ may the more evidently appear in the saints; and the knowledge of heavenly and divine truths may not be attributable to gifts, parts, learning or studies, but only to His Spirit; which can even in a moment teach the ignorant, and make the simple wise, and open the mouths of babes and sucklings, yea, and the very dumb, to perfect his praise by."

"It will be objected—Yea, but if every one have liberty to speak in the church, will not this breed great confusion and disturbance? I answer, no; not in the true church, which are a people met in the name of Christ, and who have Christ himself present in the midst of them; and so every one demeans himself answerably to the presence of Christ; that is, in the wisdom, meekness, and modesty of the Spirit. And there also every one speaks, not after the rashness of his own brain, but according to the revelation of God; as it is written,

'If anything be revealed to another, let the first hold his peace;' so that no man is to speak here but by revelation, or an inward teaching and discovery of God. And where men speak thus, as the true church is to speak, there can be no confusion, but most excellent order and decency. Yea, God himself, who is not the author of confusion, but of peace, in all the churches of the saints, hath appointed and commanded prophesying as the way of peace; and, therefore, do not thou dare to say it is the way of confusion, seeing God knows better how to order the affairs of his own church than thou dost."

The above extracts will afford a little glimpse at the truly Christian doctrine advocated in this treatise, a treatise which must have sorely grated on the ears of those who were interested in the maintenance of a religion of mere outside form, so framed as to gain the favor of the world, without subjection to the cross of Christ.

(To be continued.)

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

We are never alone. The Christian's life should never, can never, be a solitary one. A life of service must be a life of love. And no path can be barren if the fountain of living waters flows by its side. Yet there are lives which bereavement has left very poor in natural companionship, and homes which at times seem silent when the echo of other full and joyous firesides reaches them. And there are those who have no homes on earth, dwelling as strangers in the homes of others; and in all lives there are lonely hours, hours when trial and perplexity come, and the friend on whose sympathy and judgment we would lean is not near; and in many hearts there are places too tender for any human hand to touch. What a truth, then, is that which turns hours of loneliness into hours of the richest and most blessed companionship; companionship which makes the heart glow and the face shine, so that those who dwell in it bear a visible and sensible sunshine with them wherever they come! For the presence of God is no abstract truth, no mere presence of a sun, to whose light we may lay open our souls as the flowers their leaves, and be transfigured, but the communion of spirit with spirit; no mere presence of an angel watching us and loving us in silence; it is the presence of One with whom we may have intercourse as a man with his friend, to whom we may speak—speak of everything which interests us, make requests and have them granted, ask questions and have them answered—One who is not silent toward us. O, let us bathe our souls in this joy—drink, yea, drink abundantly of it, and be refreshed! Let us begin every prayer remembering it, and rise from every prayer strengthened with the remembrance: read the Bible as the word of One present; speak of him as of one present; carry it with us all day as our shield and strength, and rest in it all night.—*W. Christian Advocate.*

A firm faith is the best theology; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy, and temperance the best physic.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

NATURAL MAN.

Believing that my youthful experiences in the Society of Friends are in many respects being duplicated by the youth of the present day, I have felt willing to add my mite upon the subject of the "Natural Man," now being discussed through the columns of the Intelligencer, with a few remarks upon the effect of "Gallery Phrases," when not used in the light of *knowledge*, and in the power given only to *called* ministers. When not so used, I believe them often to be stumbling-blocks in the way of the young, and husks upon which the older feed and are satisfied.

"Of yourselves ye can do no good thing, not even think a good thought." "The thoughts of man are evil continually and altogether wicked." "Man is as prone to sin as sparks to fly upward." These, with their variations, have been stumbling-blocks to many, I think, and to my youthful mind sounded as commands to sit still, fold my arms in the humiliation of degradation or total depravity, and await a thunderbolt of conviction, or a special interposition of Providence, to show me what I might do without sin, or should do, to forward the glory of my Heavenly Father. It is very probable that many of the goodly Friends who used such language did not intend to convey these ideas, but it is equally certain that I had such a myth to fight, until I refused to believe in it, and, to a great extent, refused to credit all messages through such messengers. How far I might have drifted from the Society, had I not had faithful and loving parents, whom I was loth to wound, I do not know. In answer to many questionings and appeals for light upon my duties, the conviction quietly came that I had nothing to do with anybody's theology or with any creed or doctrine, but simply to perform the little duties of the hour, leaving all else until the way opened in peace and light. Under this conviction, I was no longer bound hand and foot, but could be active; active in kind words, active in alleviating suffering, active in all that my natural reason told me was right, because

founded upon the immutable principles and teachings of Jesus. While thus using the God-given natural powers and impulses, I also found that I was awaking to that Guide that would check my over-zeal or condemn my lethargy, and that I have since felt to be the love and power of Christ, unerring as a guide, unfailing in its presence and its power, by whose aid we could indeed come to the Father. I have written this much under the hope that any who may be passing through as trying an ordeal as I have, may turn from the multitude of confusing words, to the pleasant conviction that religion is a simple thing, and to all who sincerely desire it, the path will be made clear hour by hour; and if it is simply to walk uprightly in love, charity and humility, it is enough, and more powerful for the conversion of sinners than all the empty profession in the world.

Upon the subject of the "Natural Man" I am willing to say, that I believe man to be a two-fold being, and that in the beginning God breathed into him the breath of lives, (not life). The highest being is the spiritual life that is breathed into existence with the other life, and lives in or with the Physical or Natural Man. At times we recognize this spiritual life in others, especially when it most nearly overshadows and hides from recognition the fleshly form, as when standing by the deathbed of one who has experienced the taking away of the sting of death, in the glorious light of salvation and love, we have felt awed by the presence of this otherwise invisible manifestation of God in man. In contradistinction to this life is the "Natural Man," the physical or animal man, both the creation of God, the latter viewed and pronounced "good," the other *his own image*, giving us a brotherhood with Christ,—a sonship with our Heavenly Father. The Natural Man is endowed with reason, and with many traits, desires and impulses, all good, all God-given, and in the Will of our Creator, all essential to the greatest or best development of either the Natural or Spiritual Man. Self-love, founded upon the law of self-preservation, anger or hatred, springing from the gift of righteous indignation, are but misled, wrongly-educated principles, originally pure. Adam in the Garden of Eden is our most perfect example of the Natural Man subject to the guidings of the good Spirit, and the most wicked man, the most thorough example of the Natural Man under subjection to the Evil Spirit. I believe the Natural Man, Adam, had as great or a greater proneness to good than to evil, until, yielding to one impulse to evil, he passed from the presence of his Creator into the presence and association of the Serpent; and I believe we, as sons of Adam, are only more prone to evil than to good, as we inherit the sin-stained temperaments of our ancestors, or are associated among the wicked rather than the good. If a child could be born inheriting no ancestral taint, I think his proneness, even in this sinful world, would be towards, rather than away from good, and he would fall short of innocence, only because the Natural Man cannot divine spiritual things, and cannot discern the exact line where the use of a good gift becomes abuse and sin, and because sinful influences preponderate.

I understand Paul's statement, that "in me (that is in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing." . . . . "For the good that I would, I do not, but the evil that I would not, that I do," (Romans vii. 18, 19,) to apply to that state and condition of service to God, wherein a full surrender of all hopes, fears, time, labor, and life itself, is or has been attempted to be made, and where there is no longer doubt or questioning, no longer strife with the spiritual man, yet wherein the Evil One keeps up the warfare, through the necessities or desires of the flesh (as must of necessity be, until we put on immortality,) and consequently it was this flesh or natural body that he felt to be in the way, and denounced. This view is, I believe, fully sustained by the succeeding verses, wherein he says, "It is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." "But I see *another* law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, bringing me into captivity to the law of sin." "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death. "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then with the mind, I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh, the law of sin." Romans vii. 23, 24, 25. Here, it appears to me, he recognizes the two laws or influences leading or attempting to lead the Natural Man, the one towards good, the other to evil, and also the all-important fact, that without Christ, man cannot escape sin, but will, in his natural state, be bewildered and in doubt, desiring good, but frequently doing evil, prone, as a creation of God's own hand, towards his Creator, but ignorant, blinded by the Reasoner, and misled, until saved by the light and grace of Christ, when, as in Paul's case, no longer in doubt, walking in the light of Truth, he "thanks God, through Jesus Christ our Lord," for his salvation.

Indiana. P.

True eloquence does not consist, as the rhetoricians assure us, in saying great things in a sublime style, but in a simple style; for there is, properly speaking, no such thing as a sublime style, the sublimity lies only in the

things; and when they are not so, the language may be turgid, affected, metaphorical, but not affecting.—*Goldsmith.*

"To Friends' Intelligencer."

INDIVIDUAL DUTY.

There seems to be a fear prevailing in the minds of a portion of our Society, that our light, as a people, is diminishing in the world—while a corresponding anxiety is manifested, that we should arouse from a lethargic state and endeavor to build up anew. A desire, doubtless, is felt by most to keep to the original foundation. Many plans have been devised—First-day Schools and Circular Meetings have been established as a means to strengthen and give new vigor to the body,—and we trust they may prove beneficial. We would not for a moment cast a shade of discouragement on the efforts of those who have conscientiously engaged in these movements. But, dear Friends, we must, if livingly awakened, begin the work aright. We must cease from our own labors, and learn *to be still*, that we may hear the voice of God speaking in the soul, and thus know His will concerning us. If we obey His requirements, we shall assuredly grow in grace, and the fruits thereof will be righteousness. Our consistent life and example will do more to build up the waste places in Society than all that the reasoning powers of man can devise.

It is important that we keep in mind that the Church of Christ is made up of living members. To be included within its fold, which it is presumed we all desire, we must be sensible of the great responsibility that devolves upon us, and of the necessity of each one laboring in his own vineyard, not being troubled over-much with the deficiencies or discouraging aspect of society, but trusting its care to that Divine Arm which, in ancient days, was so signally extended for the help of Israel.

Could we be aroused to more individual faithfulness,—could the fetters that bind us to this uncertain world be unloosed, and we be induced to follow the footsteps of the meek and lowly Jesus,—members of our Society would again shine forth as beacons to the world, laboring in the cause of righteousness, and succoring the oppressed of every class.

Brooklyn, 12th mo. 6th, 1868. S. M. H.

We may be punctiliously exact not only in the ceremonial of religious observances, but in many essential points of good conduct which religion enjoins. We may, like Herod, hear truth gladly and do "many things." We may be like those who fast twice in the week, and give tithes of all that they possess, and be, as touching the righteousness of the law, blameless: we may want nothing of godliness but the power, nothing of religion but the spirit, nothing of Christianity but the life. But to such how forcibly arresting should be the precept: "If *any man have not the Spirit of Christ,* he is none of his."

CHRISTIAN RETIREMENT.

No man, however great, can bear the continual strain of public work, he must relax or sink exhausted. The well at which every one draws must be fed by invisible streams, or it will soon run dry. The secret of perpetual motion has not yet been discovered. We must rest. The silent fingers of the dew repair the ravages of the light, and in the morning nature is once more beautiful with renewed youth. Night is the complement of day. It is everywhere true that the season of action must be sustained by the season of thoughtful rest. This, however, is peculiarly necessary in regard to spiritual effort, which is more exhausting than all other kinds of labor. Who that has intensely longed for the salvation of a soul, or wrestled with the contempt of human indifference, the hardness of human hearts, the sinfulness of human lives, but has realized a strange loss and prostration of natural energy succeeding that endeavor? I believe our Divine Master felt all this. "The zeal of thine house hath eaten Me up." Those grand thoughts of His, those astounding miracles, the perpetual strain on His profoundest sympathies, called forth by the numberless sick, and sorrowing, and poor, who gathered around Him—all helped to exhaust His physical, mental, and spiritual resources. And this was the secret reason of His frequent retirements. Speaking simply of His human nature, we may say that He was unable to withstand the heavy demands made upon Him without constant renewal. The golden pitcher must be replenished at the Fountain of Living Waters. And so when the close of day came, He would retire, worn and weary, to the unbroken silence of some mountain-top or solemn glen, and there, amid the hush of the midnight scene, would be alone with God. And oh! who shall describe those wondrous communings between the Holy Father and the Beloved Son? Who shall dare to tell of the outpouring of that care-worn, anguish-smitten heart? Who shall dare to tell how the Father's infinite tenderness gathered about the Son, and the Father's blessed face beamed its richest compassions upon the Man of Sorrows, until He was refreshed, and again prepared to return into the world of scornful, sinning souls, pursuing His noble work? Christ is our example. We cannot neglect what was neces-

sary for Him. It will be impossible for us to bear testimony to God by the holiness of our lives and the earnestness of our lips, unless we too obtain secret help. The more prominent we are, the greater is our need of privacy. The source of all our power is communion with God, and as a stream never rises higher than its source, so our life in the world will run on the same level as our life in retirement. If we have no more fellowship with Divine things in secret than men of the world, we shall not only be as weak as they are, but weaker, because we have a profession to maintain and a work to do which they have not, yet our power is no greater than theirs. Demands are made upon us of which they know nothing—we must, therefore, have funds in reserve to meet these claims. The balance must be evenly maintained; the more the activity, the greater the need for rest. There is a danger in these days lest our enterprises should outgrow our strength. We have so much to do in the Christian Church, so many agencies to maintain, every one who will work has so much thrust into his hands, that there is considerable fear lest the spiritual energy which must vitalize all our organizations to make them effective should not be powerful enough to influence any well. The irons may be too numerous for the fire to heat, and, in the end, may extinguish the fire itself. This will be a sad calamity, and must be guarded against. The hour of devotional meditation is the hour of renewal. Hope springs into a more ardent life, and earnestness is girded for nobler conquests. "While I was musing," says David, "the fire burned, my heart was hot within me."—*Braden.*

THE KEEPING OF THE HEART.

In praying against sins of the lips, let us in every case go to the root of the mischief, and pray against those sins of the heart, out of which these others spring; else we may make more accomplished hypocrites of ourselves, but not more perfect Christians. We pray that we may not speak uncharitably; but O! let us pray that we may not think uncharitably, that the law of love may not be on our lips only, but in our hearts. There are some cautious persons who exercise much self-restraint upon themselves in not speaking unkindly of others, because they feel that in so doing they should blemish their Christian reputation; but they make up for it by hard, cruel, uncharitable thoughts, which they keep to themselves in the deep of their hearts. We pray that we may not speak proud things with our lips; but if we confine ourselves to this, it may really be only a prayer that we may not ourselves come to any open shame, lowering ourselves by vaunting, vain-glorious speeches in the estimation of others. But he who is rightly praying to be delivered from the lips of pride, as sinful before God, will at the same time make his prayer to be delivered from the heart of pride. His desire will not be, to seem humble, which is always a subtler pride, but to be humble; to be a man of humble speech, because he is first a man of humble thoughts; to be clothed with the garment of humility within as well as without. So, again, every Christian well needs to hate impure lips: he will pray that at no unguarded momemt of his life any word may escape him, growing out of the corruption which is in the world through lust. But what is this unless he is also asking for a clean heart? What were he who should be content if only his words were pure words, and should at the same time entertain, or even invite, thoughts and imaginations of impurity and uncleanness? what, indeed, but a whited sepulcher, decent indeed, and fair without, but full of all filth and rottenness within? Seek, then, I beseech you, to make thorough work here. Strive, pray, cry, that in this, as in everything else, the root of the matter may be in you. If you pray, "Set a watch, O Lord, at the door of my lips," or, "Deliver me, O God, from lying lips and a deceitful tongue," remember that behind each and every such prayer there should lie another prayer which is this, "Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."—*Trench.*

"YOUR POINT OF VIEW, AND MINE."

"It is with much regret that we feel obliged to oppose your wishes, but I have little doubt that, were you living in this house, *you* would agree in our conclusions." These words were addressed by a lady to her neighbor in the adjoining house, who had requested the removal of a tree that hid a very pretty view from her drawing-room window. The tree stood in the corner of the lady's garden; behind it, on the opposite side of the valley, rose a picturesque range of Chalk Downs; and between the Downs lay a Coomb or narrow valley, which would have formed a very pretty view, but was quite hid from the drawing-room window when the tree was in leaf. The lady who desired the removal of the tree, asked her neighbor to come and see how much it interfered with her view. She did so, and candidly owned that for the inhabitants of *that* house it would be better if the tree was not there; and she promised to consult her husband about it, which she accordingly did. The following day she wrote to her neighbor to say, after due consideration, and with every wish to be kind and neighborly, they yet found

they could not part with the tree; for it concealed from *their* view an ugly brick building, and a formal railway embankment; and concluded her note with the sentence above quoted.

This little incident made me think whether it would not be well if we all tried to look at things more from the *same house* as our neighbor; it would check many a harsh sentiment. The tree that obscures a part of our beautiful view, and that we long to remove, is a delight and comfort to our neighbor, in hiding from him some unpleasing object. We see it from one point of view, he sees it from another. What we continually forget is to look at it from our neighbor's point of view. If we would go to his house, we should see the use it was to him, and if he would come to ours, he would see the hindrance it was to us. And thus many a time, if no actual change can be made, harsh judgments might be avoided, and kindlier feelings entertained for one another. How ready we are to condemn another for the opinions he utters, or the things he does; and yet if we were in *his* place we might probably do and say the same things! Even when judged according to the true standard of right and wrong, we cannot but see that he errs. How often do his errors proceed from ignorance and want of judgment, rather than from a wilful desire to do wrong? Could we, but in a kind way, get him to look at "the tree" from *our house*, and could *we* look at it from *his*, how much good might we often do one another, where now we nourish in our hearts pride, censoriousness, and self-conceit!—*British Workman.* M. A.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 19, 1868.

The Evils Resulting from the Use of Tobacco.—We have been gratified and instructed in the perusal of a pamphlet* of about fifty pages, which has been written and printed under the following circumstances:

The Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of the city of New York, offered a prize of $250 for the best approved Essay on the "Evils resulting from the use of Tobacco." A very large number of MSS. were written and offered for the examination of those appointed to make the selection. The Essay of Doctor Gibbons was unanimously adjudged to be entitled to the prize.

We most gladly commend this little work to the careful perusal of all. The subject is treated with marked ability, the arguments against the use of Tobacco being guardedly, clearly, and conclusively put. The subject is considered under the following heads:

1. Its nature and properties. 2. Effects on the body. 3. Effects on the mind. 4. Moral effects. 5. Social effects. 6. What good does it do? and then follows the author's conclusion, which we will give at length in his own words.

The author's name will be familiarly recognized by our readers. He is a physician of large experience, and a medical writer of established reputation. His father, the late Dr. William Gibbons, of Wilmington, Delaware, is remembered by his cotemporaries as an eminent practitioner of medicine, and as a man of exalted personal character, whose writings did much to illustrate and vindicate the principles, doctrines, and testimonies of the Society of Friends, of which he was an earnest and consistent member.

Conclusion.—"In the foregoing pages we have described the general influence of tobacco on man, showing that it impairs digestion, poisons the blood, depresses the vital powers, causes the limbs to tremble, and weakens and otherwise disorders the heart; that it robs the poor man's family; that it is adverse to personal neatness and cleanliness; that it promotes disregard for the rights and comforts of others; that it cherishes indolence of body and mind; that it diminishes the vigor of intellect; that it destroys self-control by establishing the slavery of habit; that it develops the lower and animal nature at the expense of the higher; that it entails physical and moral degeneracy upon the offspring; that it leads into bad associations and bad company, and throws its influence in the scale of evil in all the relations of life. We have maintained that the good it seems to do is imaginary, not real, and the evils it appears to remove are those of its own making. In sustaining these charges we call up as witnesses all intelligent people who are not its victims, and a very large proportion of those who are, and who condemn it from their own experience. We are entitled to discard the testimony in its defence of all persons addicted to its use, and who are consequently interested parties, biased by appetite, and pleading for a master as servants and slaves.

* "Tobacco and its Effects. A prize Essay, showing that the use of Tobacco is a physical, mental, moral, and social evil. By Henry Gibbons, M. D., of San Francisco, Cal., Professor of Materia Medica in Toland Medical College, and Editor of the Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal. Obsta Principiis."

"It is idle to distinguish between moderation and excess. The evil is in the thing itself. There is no temperance or rightful moderation in error or vice. There is no lawful indulgence in a bad habit. Temperance requires entire abstinence from things hurtful. Every use of poisons in health is an abuse.

"In view of a great physical and moral evil, so extensive and all-prevading, what is the plain duty of men, as parents, as citizens, as patriots? Abstinence, of course; to avoid it themselves, and to avoid leading others astray by example. But is this all? Is it enough to fold one's arms in security, and to do no positive wrong? Can we escape our just obligations without pursuing a positive and active warfare against this and other pernicious customs?

"Of all bad habits none are more incurable than those created by tobacco and alcohol; of all depraved appetites none hold their victims with a more deadly grasp. So difficult and so uncertain is reform, that, were it not for the discipline of soul which the Christian reformer derives from the effort, he might drop his hands in despair and leave the victims to their fate. And here we learn from the difficulty of cure the importance and necessity of prevention. Here is the true policy, here the true field of labor. Children must be rightly trained; not yours and mine alone, but the whole generation. In this work, all that is done is badly done if anything be left undone. To exclude small-pox from a community it is not enough to vaccinate a part of the children. The general safety requires that all should be protected alike. So we must imbue the entire rising generation with hostility againt tobacco. We must educate them to it from infancy. We must baptize their tender hearts with abhorrence of the vicious habit. While schooling children in this manner, we are doing much more. We are drawing them away from a thousand vices, and training them in the whole body of virtue. We are planting the seed which, for aught we know, will yield a harvest of everlasting life."

Married, on Fifth-day, the 19th ult., according to the order of the Society of Friends, with the approbation of Wrightstown Monthly Meeting, Comly Woodman, of Buckingham Township, to Martha Smith, daughter of Carlisle Smith, of Wrightstown Township, Bucks Co., Pa.

——, on the 28th of Eleventh month, 1868, according to the order of the Society of Friends, at the residence of the bride's father, Alanson J. Wood and Harriet E. Cocks, both of Mendon, N. Y.

Died, at his residence in Rahway, N. J., on Third-day, Twelfth month 1st., James C. Moore, in the 73d year of his age; a member of Rahway and Plainfield Monthly Meeting of Friends. In the removal of this dear Friend, society has sustained a severe loss. He was a very diligent attender of all our religious meetings, both for worship and discipline, when health and strength would permit; and we doubt not that he endeavored to do his day's work in the daytime, and is now enjoying that rest which is prepared for the righteous in all ages. He was interred in Friends' ground at the above place on the 3d inst., after a very solemn and impressive meeting was held.

Died, at Bristol, Pa., on the 22d of Eleventh mo., 1868, at the residence of his son-in-law, Samuel Allen, in the 87th year of his age. On the 25th, his remains were taken to Friends' Meeting-house, where a solemn and interesting meeting was held and living testimonies were borne. His work was done—the approach of death gave no alarm—his lamp was trimmed and burning. The everlasting arm upon which he had so long leaned was still underneath, when his spirit passed quietly away, without a struggle. He was a diligent attender of meetings, and for several years held the important station of elder.

——, on the 30th of Eleventh month, 1868, at the residence of her parents in Saratoga, N. Y., of consumption, Hannah McCodack, wife of Wm. M. Wilbur, and daughter of Wm. and Mary McCodack, aged 29 years, 5 months and 28 days; a member of Saratoga Monthly Meeting.

FRIENDS' FUEL ASSOCIATION FOR THE POOR.

Stated Meeting this (Seventh-day) evening, 12th mo. 19th, at 7½ o'clock, at Monthly Meeting Room, Race Street. All who feel an interest are invited.

Wm. Heacock, *Clerk.*

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The Executive Committee of the Association of Friends for the promotion of First-day Schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, will meet at West Chester, on Seventh-day morning, Twelfth month 26th, 1868.

Phebe Griffith, *Clerk.*

AN ADDRESS.

BY PROF. HENRY HARTSHORNE.

To the Teachers' Association of Iowa Yearly Meeting of "Orthodox Friends."

My Friends: Esteeming it a high privilege to address, even from a distance, so large and influential a body of those who are, under Providence, to mould the minds of the coming generation, I feel it, also, to involve a somewhat oppressive responsibility. I desire not to waste your time; but with an aim at simplicity, would speak "right on," some of the thoughts that occur upon the great topic of education.

What always comes uppermost with me, in reflecting upon the "aims of education," is (to speak almost in tautology,) the paramount value of mental *training*. As the ancient rhetorician Isocrates, said of action in oratory, that it was first, second, and third in necessity and value; so it may be truly said in regard to education, that training of the faculties, with command over them, is the first thing, the second thing, and the third thing to be aimed at with every pupil; the acquisition of knowledge, as such, coming afterwards in importance. When it can be shown that any one study, or set of

studies, is, more than others, capable of effecting that gymnastic culture of strength of mind, with power of ready use of each faculty, which we call training, I hold that such should have everywhere the first and largest place in teaching.

But, how are we to answer the qustion, or select among the many answers offered to it, by special advocates of different studies, as to which of them substantiates such a claim to priority and predominance? The mathematician will tell us, perhaps, that only by his department is pure training of mental power to be affected. The learned professor of the classics will assure us, that nothing so developes, and disciplines by exercise, the judgment and reasoning faculties, as well as memory, as do syntax, etymology, and the analysis of language, with model tongues and compositions as materials. The advocate of natural science will urge that, as the laws of nature are the "thoughts of God," and the works of the creation the expression of His wisdom, so acquaintance with them must be the best mode of development of all the faculties of the human mind. The teacher of mental philosophy will insist that, since "the proper study of mankind is man," the best method of preparation for the use of our powers is to become thoroughly acquainted with the laws of their activity, the constitution and relations of our mental nature. Yet other pleas may be brought forward, on behalf of special departments. What are we to say to them? Which is right?

Unhesitatingly I would say, each is so in part, none altogether. Briefly, let the proposition be ventured that, with a skilful teacher and intelligent, attentive pupils, almost or quite any kind of matter, any subject of study, may be successfully used for the training of the judgment, reasoning powers and memory. No one department can establish a monopoly of utility for this end, or even an unquestionable supremacy in value for it. For the rounded development, harmonious in proportion and co-operation of all our capacities, every one of the natural subdivisions of study may contribute its peculiar part.

Thus asserting, then, the paramount consequence of training as worth more than knowledge, just as a paper-mill in good working order is worth more than tons of rags, we would not be guilty of the folly of disparaging knowledge itself. Every rag counts where there is a mill to convert it into paper. Each fact is worth something to the philosopher, nothing to the idiot, very little to the book-worm. And by philosopher I do not mean the metaphysician, but the trained thinker—the practical as well as the contemplative master-mind.

Is it not an obvious truth that if realities—the actual objects and facts of nature and history—can be used as the materials for mental exercise and training as well as not, they ought to be, because of the value of the knowledge thus acquired as such? And is it not certain that they can be thus used? Words, as the symbols of things and thoughts, must rank after the things and thoughts that they represent. Therefore, if it were a question of alternatives, if in any case it became a question of that nature, I should say that the study of all languages and literature, except one's own tongue, ought to yield place to the study of the natural and human sciences, especially those which have a direct application to the uses of life, as moral and mental philosophy, human physiology, physics, chemistry, geology and natural history. When, however, these are conveyed only by book and word teaching, without direct contact or intercourse with nature, they can present little advantage over other sciences of words.

But there is not, in any liberal scheme of education, in any system not developed by some supposed, or, it may be, real necessity, occasion for such a question of alternatives. While any kind of rational mental food *may* support intellectual life, and, with good exercise may develop strength, yet, each kind contributes something of its own to the fabric, different from all the rest. To use a somewhat professional illustration, it has been shown by experiment that no one isolated organic principle of food, as albumen, fibrin, fat or starch, will suffice alone, for any length of time, to sustain animal life. This needs a union, such as is afforded by our natural supplies of food, of several of those separable constituents. A certain degree of variety is needful for health. And so I fully believe it to be with our mental constitution. *Balanced* development is an essential part of the results of right mental training. As Dr. Ray has remarked, in his work on mental hygiene, "great geniuses come by nature. What we want—what I believe, is within the reach of the race—are healthy, vigorous, well-balanced minds."

The drift of these considerations is, especially, to introduce an individual protest against what is called the "elective system," as applied at an early stage of study, either in or out of large educational institutions. If a youth finds in himself great proclivity to, and facility in, one department, or in the use of one faculty, and the reverse in another, my strong conviction is, that it will be most for his interest, and that of society, to give the least time and encouragement to the former, and the most earnest culture to the latter. Not by disheartening druggery of

task-work, but by cherishing interest, through attention and judicious management, which, in time, will make hard things easy and rough places smooth. If a boy or girl hates arithmetic and delights in grammatical exercises, I would give him or her, if possible, two hours a day of the former to one of the latter. If one seems to be born a poet, I would specially cherish in him the mathematical and observing faculties. If prone to science, and without activity of imagination, I would endeavor to develope the latter by all the charms of literature. In the orchard and the garden, do we put manure to the roots of the strong tree, or plant, or to those of the backward one? In the team in a field, would you apply the whip to the over-eager horse, or to the lagging one? Often it seems to be forgotten, that the strong impulses of genius, and the facilities of talent will always take care of themselves, if only they co-exist with sound judgment, and are well supported by a balance of the faculties. Pericles will reach the headship of the state, and Plato that of the Academy, even though all the dunces be made their equal in opportunities.

Very many things yet suggest themselves in thought, upon our exhaustless theme, with the expression of which the patience of those whom I address must not be endangered farther. One final utterance may be allowed. All teachers must be thinkers. Often they are the leaders of thought, not only among children, but also among men and women. Let us make a simple plea for *Christian freedom of thought.* The "glorious liberty of the sons of God" ought to be intellectual, as well as moral and spiritual; freedom from those sources of error which come from evil, prejudice, narrowness, and superstitious fear of the truth. All truth is of God, because "God is Truth." Here we find the one safe answer upon those questions, in natural science and biblical criticism, of which each age, almost each year, has its succession. Upon all subjects, let no Christian be afraid, or unwilling to learn, believe, and accept the truth. And, knowing it, let him or his not be afraid to teach it, boldly, but reverently; then leave all consequences to Him, to whom it belongs, as the author of the universe, as well as "author and finisher of our faith."

Haverford College, Pa., 8th mo. 4th, 1868.

"No mere outward instruction is good to any mind, strictly and truly, until, being assimilated by an inward vitality, it really feeds the mind and the heart, and strengthens the life for consistent and true propriety of living. A man who should hope to warm himself by heaping up unkindled blocks of anthracite around himself on a wintry night, because it contained carbon, would not more utterly fail of being warmed than he who only crams his own or his child's mind with the dry facts and dogmas of some ancient system, traditionally received, will be likely to impart and sustain the true principles of a virtuous and holy life to those affected by his influence."

THE ART OF NOT HEARING.

The art of not hearing is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much time and money is expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, many of which, if heard, will disturb the temper, and detract from contentment and happiness, that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds at will.

If a man falls into a violent passion and calls me all manner of names, the first word shuts my ears, and I hear no more. If in my quiet voyage of life I am caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, I shut my eyes, as a sailor would furl his sails, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame my feelings, I consider what mischief these sparks might do in the magazine below, where my temper is kept, and instantly close the door. Does a gadding, mischief-making fellow begin to inform me what people are saying about me, down drops the portcullis of my ear, and he cannot get in any further.

Some people feel very anxious to hear everything that will vex or annoy them. If it is hinted that any one has spoken ill of them, they set about searching and finding it out. If all the petty things said of one by heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pincushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. I should as soon thank a man for emptying on my bed a bushel of nettles, or setting loose a swarm of mosquitoes in my chamber, or raising a pungent dust in my house generally, as to bring upon me all the tattle of spiteful people. If you would be happy, when among good men, open your ears; when among bad, shut them.

It is not worth while to hear what your servants say when they are angry; what your children say after they have slammed the door; what a beggar says whose petition you have rejected; what your neighbors say about your children; what your rivals say about your business or dress. I have noticed that a well-bred woman never hears an impertinent remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little apparent connivance in dishonorable conversation.—*Moravian.*

Take heed of jesting; many have been ruined by it. It is hard to jest and not some-

times to jeer too; which oftentimes sink deeper than was intended or expected.

THE ANSWER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Spare me, dread angel of reproof,
And let the sunshine weave to day
Its gold-threads in the warp and woof
Of life so poor and gray.

Spare me awhile: the flesh is weak,
These lingering feet, that fain would stray
Among the flowers, shall some day seek
The strait and narrow way.

Take off thy ever-watchful eye,
The awe of thy rebuking frown;
The dullest slave at times must sigh
To fling his burdens down;

To drop his galley's straining oar,
And press, in summer warmth and calm,
The lap of some enchanted shore
Of blossom and of balm.

Grudge not my life its hour of bloom,
My heart its taste of long desire;
This day be mine: be those to come
As duty shall require.

The deep voice answered to my own,
Smiting my selfish prayers away:
"To-morrow is with God alone,
And man hath but to-day.

"Say not thy fond, vain heart within,
The Father's arms shall still be wide,
When from these pleasant ways of sin
Thou turn'st at eventide."

"Cast thyself down," the tempter saith,
"And angels shall thy feet upbear,"
He bids thee make a lie of faith,
A blasphemy of prayer.

No word of doom may shut thee out,
No wind of wrath may downward whirl,
No swords of fire keep watch about
The open gates of pearl.

A tenderer light than moon or sun,
Than song of earth a sweeter hymn,
May shine and sound forever on,
And thou be deaf and dim.

Forever round the Mercy-seat
The guiding lights of Love shall burn;
But what if, habit-bound, thy feet
Shall lack the will to turn?

What if thine eye refuse to see,
Thine ear of Heaven's free welcome fail,
And thou a willing captive be,
Thyself thy own dark jail?

O doom beyond the saddest guess,
As the long years of God unroll
To make thy dreary selfishness
The prison of a soul!

To doubt the love that fain would break
The fetters from thy self-bound limb;
And dream that God can thee forsake
As thou forsakest Him!

He is religious whose nature is in repose; who needs not priest, nor consoler, nor church for mother, but whose own faith in the intelligible and living principles sufficeth him.

THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

[Translated from the German, by A. W., at Greenfield, 1862.]

If He be but near me,
If He's only mine,
If till death the thought can cheer me,
Of His faithfulness divine;
Then I feel no sadness,
But deepest adoration, love, and gladness.

If I have Him only,
I leave all beside,
And though rough the way, and lonely,
Follow still my heavenly guide:
Yes, however others
From the straight path may stray, my erring brothers.

Where to him I'm nearest,
Is my rest and home;
There the richest gifts and dearest
Freely to my spirit come:
Friends now gone before me
Are but with Him, and He will all restore me.

ANNE WEBB.

From The Spectator.

FIFTY YEARS HENCE.

A paper we published last week, headed "The Concentrated Progress of the World," raises very naturally an oft-mooted question,—whether the next fifty years can by possibility witness as great a change, political, social, and material, as the last fifty have seen? Old people who were just of age when Waterloo was fought tell us constantly that we can scarcely imagine the difference in every department of life between 1818 and 1868; in manners, modes of living, means of locomotion, and social tone; and ask if it be possible that an equal difference should exist between 1868 and 1918. Can there be another mechanical discovery equal to steam, an increase of wealth like that introduced by manufactures, a social change like the decease of feudalism, a political advance in Great Britain like that which has substituted for the sovereignty of fifty families the sway of public opinion? Steam, the factory, the press, and philanthropy have all, they say, been born, or at least have all reached manhood within that period, and they ask if it is possible that other powers, at once so new and so effective, should again be discovered by the world? Shall we not for the next half century be engaged in exhausting their effects, till the fifty years to come will seem alike to ourselves and our posterity only a somewhat tiresome conclusion to the fifty years which have preceded them, till the world has once more in a manner stereotyped itself, and men have again come to believe that that which has been and is shall always be? What is the ground for believing, as most men do believe, that we are only on the threshold of change greater than any we have yet seen, for denying that we may be on the threshold of one of those long lulls, those periods of immu-

tability of which the world has seen and endured so many? What is there in steam, or electricity, or the rise of America, or the spread of Republican and free-thinking opinion, which should indicate that new forces will be speedily at work, that things will change, that we shall not in 1968 be doing very much what we are doing now? Apart from individual influences, the seventeenth century was very like the eighteenth; why should not the twentieth be like the twenty-first, the nineteenth being as exceptional a cycle as the first?

There is, of course, and can be, no final answer to that question, any more than there can be a final answer to the question what any to-morrow may bring forth; for such final answer could come only from a faculty not belonging to man. There have been stationary periods, and some of them have followed short cycles of advance, and it is no doubt true that we all forget too completely the slowness of human affairs, the time it takes a new creed or a new idea, or a new invention to influence mankind. It is probable that Paganism in its classical sense survived in corners of Italy till the tenth century, printing had been invented a hundred years before its result was felt by any large section of mankind, and gunpowder took centuries to kill the practice of wearing armor as a defence. The next fifty years may be years marked by almost infinitesimal change, by mere applications of the ideas already in existence; developments, for example, of steam communication without the discovery of any motor capable of superseding steam, of social changes so gradual as to be almost imperceptible, of political changes which the historians of the future will scarcely deem worthy of record. The question refers, however, rather to possibilities than probabilities, and the limit of possibilities is not so easy to fix. Listen to Sir James Simpson, the Edinburgh surgeon, discoursing upon a single division of them, the possibilities discerned as probabilities by medicine with imagination.

"But that day of revolution will not probably be fully realized till those distant days when physicians—a century or two hence—shall be familiar with the chemistry of most diseases; when they shall know the exact organic poisons that produce them, with all their exact antidotes and eliminatories; when they shall look upon the cure of some maladies as simply a series of chemical problems and formulæ; when they shall melt down all calculi, necrosed bones, &c., chemically, and not remove them by surgical operations; when the bleeding in amputations and other wounds shall be stemmed not by septic ligatures or stupid needles, but by the simple application of hæmostatic gasses or washes; when the few wounds then required in surgery shall all be swiftly and immediately healed by the first intention; when medical men shall be able to stay the ravages of tubercle, blot out fevers and inflammations, avert and melt down morbid growths, cure cancer, destroy all morbific organic germs and ferments, annul the deadly influences of malaria and contagions, and by these and various other means markedly lengthen out the average duration of human life when our hygienic condition and laws shall have been changed by State legislation, so as to forbid all communicable diseases from being comunicated, and remove all causes of sickness that are removable; when the rapidly increasing length of human life shall begin to fulfil that ancient prophecy, 'the child shall die an hundred years old;' — when there shall have been achieved, too, advances in other walks of life, far beyond our present state of progress; when houses shall be built and many other kinds of work performed by machinery, and not by human hands alone; when the crops in these islands shall be increased five or ten fold, and abundance of human food be provided for our increased population by our fields being irrigated by that waste organic refuse of our towns which we now recklessly run off into our rivers and seas; when man shall have invented means of calling down rain at will; when he shall have gained cheaper and better motive-powers than steam; when he shall travel from continent to continent by submarine railways, or by flying and ballooning through the air."

Sir James is a bit of a poet, but apart from his dream of a grand change in the average duration of human life, a dream connected rather with his theological beliefs than his scientific convictions, there is nothing whatever in those sentences beyond the range of fair scientific conjecture, and they imply a vast change, nothing less than the general healthiness of Western humanity, a disappearance of typhus, and cholera, and scrofula, and many another scourge of the day, as complete and final as that of leprosy, or the Black Death, or scurvy. Why should not one disease vanish as well as another till the human race lives its allotted time in health, perhaps the greatest swift advance that could possibly be made? Any system of hygiene which approached perfection would end infant mortality, and with it the greatest direct loss of power which now checks the progress of humanity. Half the human race dies under three, perishes, that is, uselessly. There is no absolute reason, again, why man should not master electricity, or discover some other motor the control of which would restore individualism, which could be used, that

is, by the solitary worker, without so tremendous a disparity between his strength when alone, and his strength when combined with others under a more than military discipline. The discoveries of the last thirty years which have so indefinitely increased the power of men, have but slightly increased the power of each man considered in his heritage by himself. He can when seated alone get little out of steam or electricity, and anything which increased his power when alone as much as when in combination would probably change the whole aspect of society, would restore, for example, to the worker what it took from the capitalist. The change would be almost as great as that which in the sixteenth century destroyed the superiority previously exercised by physical strength in battle. Again, we hardly know, we can scarcely guess, where the application of powers already used may end. Suppose it true, as many men of mark in science believe, that the next great step may be in sea-going steamers, that international communication may be accelerated as internal communication has been, that we may yet see New York brought within two days' journey of Liverpool. The probability is that in ten years every social condition now existing in Europe would have ceased to exist, that the millions who toil for others and on whose toil modern society is built would choose to toil for themselves, would precipitate themselves in a rush to which all the movements of mankind have been trifles upon the New World. Suppose the population of Britain and Germany reduced to ten millions each,—a change less in magnitude than that which has occurred in many countries,—and those ten millions only retained by advantages as great as the New World can offer, what would all the changes of the past half century be to that? This may happen, even without any application of Stephenson's great idea, the one idea he never worked out, that if engineers, instead of trying to increase the power applicable to driving ships, were to reduce the friction which retards ships, the world would speedily be one great parish. This writer, who has seen many countries and lived among many races, seriously believes that of all the dangers to which Europe and European society are exposed none is so formidable as the passion for emigration; seriously doubts whether, if education once spreads in Europe, it will be possible to retain its population cooped up in their narrow and half exhausted corner of the world. We think, we English, that we know what emigration is; but we know nothing about it, have no idea of the changes it would involve if aided by the whole force of the masses then in possession of the supreme political power. Suppose those five-sixths of Englishmen who now work for others choose to go elsewhere and work for themselves. The change between Waterloo and Sadowa would be very slight compared with the change between 1868 and 1918, and there is not a sensible man in England who will declare that alteration beyond the reach of thought. Why should not emigration in England and Germany attain the height it has reached in Ireland, and the masses insist on aiding it through the national fleets. The Irish would if they had the power, and the British have this year the power conferred on them. We say nothing of a discovery which, if it is ever made, will remould all human society, slowly pulverize all differences among nations, fusing the world into one people, and immediately destroy all existing political arrangements,—the discovery of a means of maintaining and guiding a raft ten feet or so in the air, for we cannot resist a totally unreasonable impression that the discovery will not be made, that progress will not in our time make that astounding leap. Apart altogether from that, there are physical forces now at work strong enough to change the whole face of the world, by shifting its populations.

The political and social forces are nearly as strong. Old people say the changes of the past half century are almost revolutionary, but after all they have hardly affected the body of the people. A Somersetshire laborer or a Northamptonshire maker of shoes is very much where he was in 1800,—less oppressed, perhaps, and more nearly independent, but wonderfully little changed. He uses a lucifer where he used flint and steel, but that is nearly all the advantage he has derived from the "concentrated progress" of the half century. In the next fifty years he may be as little like what he is now as a county member is like Squire Western. We write and chatter, but none of us know what a community in which the majority was sovereign, and each man was as competent to form an opinion as an average county member now is, would be like. That is an advance conceivable without revolution, and no change we have yet encountered could so completely transform Western society, its conditions, its ways, and it may well be its objects. A happy life might become the ideal instead of a progressive life, and half the existing social motors cease to act. All the new experiments in living tried in America have had that for ultimate end, and have had as chiefs men above the uncultivated class, men usually who have just emerged from the uncivilized stage. Society as it is, is not the

ultimate outcome of human thought,—if it be, the best thing men can do is to give up the struggle to improve others, and go in for self-cultivation alone, as the highest Americans seem disposed to do; but without dreaming of social revolutions, let us think what universal and tolerably equal education really implies. Well, this, for one thing, that work shall be paid for in proportion to its disagreeableness, a very prosaic and undeniable proposition, which of itself and by itself would grind all existing arrangements into powder. Imagine the man who carts muck better paid than the man who sells tapes! a change actually visible in full work in Illinios and Michigan. There is no need to talk about possible republics and impossible equalities, about the effect of household suffrage or the decay of the feudal idea, education, if we get it, will of itself be a sufficient solvent; and getting it, though improbable, is far less impossible than the extinction of feudalism once appeared.

Or suppose,—and it is the last supposition we will worry our well-to-do readers with today,—a new creed, or new development of the great existing creed, takes a strong hold of the masses of the West. Observers think they see a strong tendency towards secularism,—a creed that if adopted would pulverize existing society, which, with all its faults, is not based on the theory of securing the greatest comfort in this world;—but let us imagine that history is true, that men will not live without a religious belief, and that the belief will probably have some connection with the root faith of the last few centuries, be, in fact, a new form of Christianity. How great,—let rectors say,—would be the change produced by a general impression that we ought to live as Christ lived, or as He said we ought to live, to take His teaching as it stands and not as the learned have for a few centuries declared that He meant it to stand? How would wealth and poverty face each other then? Or suppose the enthusiasm of humanity to get a strong hold upon men, It is odd, but it is true, that the only people who seem nowadays willing to be "faithful unto slaying"—not, be it noticed, merely "unto being slain,"—are the enthusiasts, the John Browns, Garibaldis, and Louis Blancs of all sorts upon whom that enthusiasm has descended. How would our social arrangements stand *that* new strain? Or suppose the change mainly one of dogma,—that, for example, Western mankind in general got into its head the idea, which many English clergymen have got into theirs, that the prize offered by Christianity *is* eternal life, that the phrases eternal life and eternal death are literally true, that man either rejoins Christ or dies like a flower,—would not that act as a pretty rapid solvent of institutions? We think we could advance some strong reasons for believing that of all the heresies current among us, that is, perhaps, the most enticing and most dangerous; but it is but one of a hundred, any one of which may for a moment prevail, and in prevailing make the next half-century a period of change before which the last half-century will seem stable and uneventful.

That any change of all those we have indicated will occur is perhaps improbable, but not one of them is impossible, and in each is contained the germ of innovations to which those of our period of "concentrated progress" will seem but small and weak.

From the A S. Standard.

VICTOR HUGO TO THE SPANISH PEOPLE.

During almost one thousand years—from the sixth to the sixteenth century—a nation existed as the foremost in Europe, and was equal to Greece in point of poetry, to Italy in point of art, to France in point of philosophy; that nation had a Leonidas of its own who bore the name of Pelago, and an Achilles who was called El Cid; that nation commenced with Viriathus and ended with Riego; Lepante was to it as Salamis to the Greeks; had it not have lived Corneille would not have given birth to tragedy, and Christopher Columbus would not have discovered America.

Now, that nation is being born anew of its ashes. What is false concerning the phœnix is true when spoken of the people,

That nation is being born anew. Will it come into the world small? Will it come into the world great? That is the question.

Spain can reassume her rank. She can again become equal to France and England. Providence makes a grand offer. The opportunity is final. Will Spain neglect to avail herself of it?

Of what use would another monarchy on the Continent be? How belittling a spectacle would Spain, the subject of a King subjected to the Powers, furnish! Besides, to establish at present a monarchy is to take much trouble for a short space of time. The scene is about to change.

A republic in Spain would be a warning-cry to Europe, and the warning-cry to kings is peace; it would imply the neutralization of France and Prussia; the impossibility of wars between military monarchies; the muzzling of Sadowa as of Austerlitz; the prospect of massacres displaced by the prospect of labor and fecundity; Chassepot dismissed vice Jacquart; it would secure the sudden equilibriation of Europe, effected, at the expense of fiction, by the weight of truth in the scale; it would re-

generate Spain by means of that youthful power, the people; it would (from a marine and commercial stand-point) give life to the double coast that reigned over the Mediterranean before Venice and over the ocean before England; it would send industry as a substitute for misery; it would render Cadiz equal to Southampton, Barcelona equal to Liverpool, Madrid equal to Paris.

Danger there is none. Citizen Spain is strength; democratic Spain is a citadel. A republic in Spain would be honestly administering, truth ruling, liberty reigning; it would be an unconquerable and sovereign reality; liberty is calm because invincible, and invincible because contagious. Whatsoever attacks it becomes innoculated with it. The army sent against it flies back upon the despot. And, therefore, it is left in peace. A republic in Spain would bring the beams of truth on the horizon, with promises for all and threats for the evil only; it would be a giant—Right towering in Europe behind a barricade, the Pyrenees.

If Spain is born anew as a monarchy, she is little.

If she is born anew as a republic, she is great.

Let her choose!

VICTOR HUGO.

HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, Oct. 22d, 1868.

ITEMS.

THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The special commissioners appointed to examine this road report, by telegraph to the Secretary of the Interior, that the Central Pacific Railroad, except two bridges, now nearly finished, is well and substantially built from Sacramento to Wadsworth, on the Truckee river, a distance of 189 miles. The grades and curves are within the limits and the locations are satisfactory. The rails weigh 56 to 64 pounds to the lineal yard. The ties are of sound timber, and are of full size, and are laid at the rate of 2400 to the mile. The track is firmly laid and ballasted; the culverts and bridge foundations are of heavy granite masonry. The bridges are of Howe's truss pattern, well framed and ironed. The tunnels are 16 feet wide. About 20 miles on the summit of the Sierras are covered with snow-sheds. Passenger trains can run from 15 to 30 miles per hour safely and smoothly. The equipment of rolling stock, engine-houses and machine-shops is fully equal to the demands of the traffic. Seventy-nine locomotives are running on the road and eighty more are on the way. On the new portion of the road along the Humboldt Valley the cross-ties, bridges and rails are up to the standard. There are a few minor defects—not of vital importance—in culverts, drains, width of embankment and ballast, but these can be remedied at small cost when the hurry of pushing forward the road is over. Heavy trains of rails, ties, and fuel are running safely to the extreme end of the road, 445 miles from Sacramento.

COL. WYNKOOP, agent of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians, has resigned that position on account of certain military operations against the Indians. He says Black Kettle and his band were friendly and upon their own reservation when attacked, and he believes General Custer's fight on the Washita was a massacre.

THE last male descendant of Gustavus Vasa, M. de Stierneld, died on the 14th ult., at Stockholm. He was born in 1791, and entered the diplomotic service in 1811. In 1813 he went to Germany with the Swedish Crown Prince, was appointed *charge d'affairs* at the Hague in 1814, and came to London as Swedish Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in 1818. In 1838 he obtained the portfolio of Minister of Foreign Affairs at Stockholm. He held this post until 1842, and resumed it in 1848, when a new Minister was appointed by King Oscar. He finally withdrew from public affairs in 1856.

WORSTED, it is said, was first spun at a village of that name near Norwich, England; cambrics came frow Cambray; damasks from Damascus; dimity from Damietta; cordovan from Cordova; calico from Calicut, and muslin from Mousel.

THE minutest fossil horse yet discovered was lately found by Prof. O. C. Marsh, of Yale College, in the tertiary deposits of Nebraska. Although full grown, as the ossification of the various bones prove, it was only about two feet high. This makes 17 species of fossil horse now known to have lived in North America, although until quite recently it was generally believed that there was none indigenous to the continent.

DEEP-SEA dredgings lately made by direction of the United States Coast Survey in the Gulf Stream, and along the coast of Florida and Cuba, have proved what was before not generally received—that animal life exists at great depths in as great diversity and as great an abundance as in shallow water. The dredge brought up an abundance of worms, shell-fish, star-fish, corals, and crabs, from a depth varying from 1,600 to 3,100 feet. No fish were found below 600 feet, and scarce any vegetable life.

THE LONDON SUBTERRANEAN RAILWAY.—The Metropolitan railway of London will have, when completed, it is said, neither beginning nor end. It will be entirely under ground, a continuous burrow, a succession of covered ways, with troughs of various lengths, at irregular intervals, open to the sky for light, but more especially for ventilation. There are 250 trains each way daily, running at intervals of about two minutes and a half during the busiest portion of the day. The traffic on this road has trebled in four years. In the half year ending Sixth month 30, 1867, the number of passengers carried was 11,488,358. The receipts are about 5,000 per mile. The first portion of this line was opened in 1863, and it is rapidly approaching final completion. Although the road is altogether below the surface of the streets, every effort has been made, where practicable, and not too expensive, to make the road open rather than covered. In one locality the company purchased five costly mansions in course of erection. They were underpinned, and now rest upon the roof of the covered way under them. Numerous other large buildings have been similarly underpinned. Many difficulties are experienced and much expense incurred in avoiding sewers and gas and water mains. Where the superstuctures are unusually heavy, extra strong roofs must be provided for the covered ways. In a length of less than three miles of railway more than 500,000 cubic yards of earth have been removed. The rails are of Bessemer steel, of a little over eighty five pounds to the yard. The range is more than six inches broad.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 26, 1868. No. 43.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.
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From "The Lives, Sentiments and Sufferings of some of the Reformers and Martyrs."

WILLIAM DELL.

(Continued from page 660.)

The next treatise in the order in which the successive pieces appear in his printed works, and probably the next in the order of their original publication, is one which appears to have been put forth after his appointment as Master of Gonville and Caius College in the University of Cambridge. It is the first in which he so designates himself in the title. This is a discourse on "The crucified and quickened Christian," the substance of which, founded on Gal. ii. 19, 20, was spoken at the residence of Oliver Cromwell, and was afterward more amply delivered to a congregation in Cambridge. He herein argues, in accordance with the apostle's teaching, that the true Christian must be indeed crucified as to the affections and lusts of fallen nature, that he may know what it is to arise with Christ, to have Christ living in him, and to live by the faith of the Son of God. He says, among other things:

"Let us know, that it is not enough to salvation, to believe that Jesus Christ, according to his human nature, was outwardly crucified on a cross at Jerusalem for us, except we also be crucified with him, through his living word and Spirit dwelling in us; through which we must be powerfully planted into a true likeness of his death, in such sort that we must be dead unto all sin whatever, even to all our own corruptions and lusts, and to all the corruptions that are in the world through lust; and we must be dead to ourselves, to our own fleshly reason, understanding, will, desires, ends, and to our own human life; and we must be dead to the world, and to all that is in it and of it; to all the pleasures, profits, and honors of it; we must thus truly be dead with Christ, ere we can live with him."

"Seeing Christ himself lives in all true believers, let us all, who profess ourselves to be such, so live that Christ may be seen to live in us, more than ourselves; that they that have known us, may know *us* no more, but may know Christ in us; and that they that have communion with us, may acknowledge Christ himself speaking, working, and living his own life in us, in all self-denial, humility, holiness, love, resignation of ourselves to the will of God, and in all diligence to do the work of God, and readiness to suffer the will of God."

This publication, advocating too thorough a work in the soul, to be pleasing to the lovers of easy religion, drew forth a certain Humphrey Chambers, "Doctor in Divinity and Pastor of Pewsy," who published "Animadversions" on the doctrine promulgated by Dell. The latter therefore came forth with a treatise entitled, "The Stumbling Stone," showing how it was that carnal pro-

fessors, and hangers on to the authority of universities in matters of religion, should be offended with sound Christian doctrine. In this work he spares not to speak boldly for the spiritual qualification of ministers of the gospel, and against a ministry of university appointment, quoting Huss and Luther in support of his positions.

"By this," says he, speaking of the very weak and unsound "Animadversions," published by Chambers, "the true church may judge also, what a sad ministry these poor nations have received from antichrist's ordination, when the chief doctors, the very Scribes and Pharisees among the clergy, do not know the very first principles of the gospel in any spiritual light, or by any teaching from God: but all their cold, faint, and uncertain doctrine they scrape from fathers and schoolmen, and from other ordinary systems of divinity; without any presence of faith, or anointing of the Spirit: whereby all their doctrine becomes carnal and corrupt, and contrary to Christ's mind, and agreeable to antichrist's. So that I cannot choose but conclude with John Huss, 'that all the clergy must be quite taken away, ere the church of Christ can have any true reformation.'"

In this work he reasserts his position that Christ alone, by his Spirit, can qualify any to preach the gospel; saying, "He chose fishermen, and tent-makers, and publicans, plain men, and of ordinary employment in the world; and only put his Spirit on them, and this was their sufficient unction to the ministry. And thus it was foretold by Joel (chap. ii. 28), 'And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith the Lord, that I will pour out of my Spirit on all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy.' There needs nothing to the ministry of the New Testament, but only God's pouring out his Spirit. Wherefore Christ bids his disciples stay at Jerusalem till they should receive the promise of the Spirit, and then they should go forth and teach." And again,—after quoting 1 Cor. ii. 8–10,—"We learn that the things of the gospel, and of the Kingdom of God, are not known at all, nor discerned in the least measure, but by God's Spirit; which Spirit is given to all that believe; and this Spirit alone is sufficient, both to enable us to know clearly and certainly the things of God, and also to publish them to others; and nothing of man, or the creature, can add to it. Wherefore, when Christ chose his ministers, he chose not the wise and learned, but plain simple men; that it might appear to all the world, throughout all ages, how infinitely able the unction of his Spirit alone is, without any addition of anything else, for the ministry of the New Testament. And Christ breaks forth (Matt. xi. 25) into this thanksgiving: 'I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes; even so, Father, for so it seems good in thy sight.'" . . . .

"Now at these things how grievously are the worldly wise, and deep learned ones (as they esteem themselves) offended; that God's Spirit alone should be a sufficient unction for the ministry of the New Testament, and that God should, on set purpose, lay aside the wise and prudent men, and choose babes, and out of their mouths ordain his great strength, to set up Christ's kingdom in the world, and to destroy antichrist's! Yea, this doctrine will chiefly offend the university."

"Let us consider, that it is no new thing that Christ and his gospel should be stumbled at, and contradicted by the world and worldly church. For thus it was foretold by the prophets, and thus it hath been done ever since Christ was manifested in the flesh. In the days of his ministry, his doctrine was so contrary to carnal reason, and the human apprehensions of men in matters of religion, that many of his disciples said, 'This is a hard saying, who can bear it?' Yea, many of his disciples murmured at his doctrine, and went back, and walked no more with him. And all along, during Christ's ministry, many were snared, and stumbled, and fell, and were broken thereby; and he that is troubled and offended at this, must get him another Christ, and another gospel; for the true Christ is set for a sign to be spoken against; and the true gospel is set for a word of contention and contradiction to the carnal Christians and to the whole world."

But of all the writings of this intrepid reformer, excepting his direct attacks upon the universities, perhaps no one was more calculated to provoke the animosity of the advocates of formality, and especially of those who were conscious that "by this craft they had their wealth," than his short but cogent and unanswerable treatise, "The Doctrine of Baptisms, reduced from its ancient and modern corruptions, and restored to its primitive soundness and integrity;" in which he rescues that great and grossly abused doctrine from the hands of the priests, and shows conclusively from the Scriptures that baptism belongs to the One great High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus, through the operation of the Holy Spirit; and that the baptism of water, which was John's, was merely preparatory and to pass away, to make room for that of Christ, with the Holy Ghost and fire. We cannot here undertake to follow up his reasoning; but a few extracts may suffice to show the scope and tendency of his argument.

He adduces John's own clear acknowledgment of the superior character of the baptism of Christ; "saying, 'I indeed baptize you with water,' that is, my baptism is but water baptism, that washes the body only with a corporeal element; but 'one mightier than I cometh;' for I am but a creature, He the power of God; I but a servant, He the Lord of all; and one so infinitely excellent above all that I am, that 'the latchet of his shoes I am not worthy to unloose;' that is, I am unworthy to perform the meanest and lowest office for him. . . . . He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire; that is, I that am a servant do baptize with water; but He that is the Son, baptizes with the Spirit; my baptism washes but the body from the filth of the flesh; but his, the soul from the filth of sin; so that, by how much the Spirit excels water, and God the creature, so much his baptism transcends mine."

He goes on to show the great and essential distinction between John's baptism and that of Christ, and that though the former was honorable in itself and excellent in its place, being especially honored by Christ himself, as a man, submitting to it, as he did also to circumcision, for the fulfilment of all righteousness; yet that it could not give repentance nor remission of sins, nor any entrance into the kingdom of God; but that Christ's baptism, which is of the Spirit, gives a new nature, translates into the church and kingdom of God, teaches us by the divine anointing, enables those who partake of it "to put on Christ," truly washes and cleanses from sin, dips us into the death of Christ, makes us one with Christ, the Head, and saves us "by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost."

"The baptism of John," says Dell, "was but a sign and ceremony, though it had more life and light in it than any of the signs of the law, as being nearer to Christ, and more newly revived by God; and so, though useful in its season, yet the efficacy of it (after the manner of signs) was but weak. For first, it did not give the Spirit, not one drop of the Spirit; yea, some who were baptized with John's baptism did not know the way of the Lord perfectly; that is, had no certain knowledge of Christ, the only way to God, as Apollos (Acts xviii.); yea, some of them did not so much as know whether there were any Holy Ghost or not, as those twelve disciples (Acts xix),—much less had received the Spirit."

"And thus you see that the baptism of John, as it is distinct from Christ's, so it is far inferior to his. And therefore great hath been the mistake of many, for several ages, who have made John's baptism equal to Christ's; for what is this but to make the servant equal to the Lord, and to set down the creature in the throne of the only begotten of the Father? Yea, and it is quite perverting of John's office; for John was to be 'a burning and a shining light,' to usher in Christ, the true light. He was to be as the morning star, to usher in Christ, the Sun of Righteousness; and was not to be so much clouds and darkness to obscure him. He was but to point out Christ, and depart again, and not to sit in equal glory with him, on his throne in the New Testament. John said he was not worthy to bear his shoes; and therefore they do not well, who have prepared an equal crown for him with Christ, who is King of kings, and Lord of lords."

"*Objection.* Why, this would rob us of our Christianity! I answer, No: for it is not water, but Spirit-baptism that makes us Christians; and water-baptism hath been an unlawful blending or mixing of the church and world together; so that hitherto they could not be well distinguished from each other, to the great prejudice of the congregation of Christ."

"That which seems the strongest objection is, that the apostles practiced water-baptism, not only before Christ's baptism came in, but after. . . . . .

"True, indeed, the apostles did practise water-baptism, but not from Christ, but from John, whose baptism they took up; and an outward ceremony of honor and account is not easily and suddenly laid down; and hence some of the apostles used circumcision, and that after the ascension of Christ; for circumcision was an honorable ceremony, used from Abraham's time, and so they could not suddenly and abruptly leave it off, but did use it for a time, for their sakes who were weak, well knowing that the circumcision without hands would by degrees put an end to the circumcision made with hands. . . . . And so, in like manner, the apostles used the baptism of John, or water-baptism, it having been of high account in the dawning of the day of the gospel, ... but they knew that Spirit or fire-baptism would by degrees consume water-baptism, and lick up all the drops of it; for so John himself intimates, saying: 'He must increase, but I must decrease!'"

"Christ's Spirit or fire-baptism is the one and only baptism of the New Testament, as we find Paul affirming, Ephes. iv. 6, where he saith, that in Christ's kingdom, where is but one body and one Spirit, and one hope of our calling, one Lord, and one faith, there is also but one baptism; and this is the baptism of the Spirit, as the apostle elsewhere shows, saying (1 Cor. xii. 13): 'For by one

Spirit we are all baptized into one body, and have been all made to drink into one Spirit.'"

"Now this baptism that makes us one with Christ, makes us to partake both of his death and resurrection. Through baptism of the Spirit we are dipt into the death of Christ (Rom. vi. 3, 4): 'Know ye not that so many of us as are baptized into Jesus Christ are baptized into his death?' And this is, as the apostle unfolds it (ver. 6), the crucifying of the old man with him, 'that the body of sin may be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin.' And all this is done, not through any water-washing, but through the gift of the Spirit; for it is through the Spirit only that we are able to mortify the deeds of the flesh; and nothing but the presence of the Spirit in us is the destruction of sin; so that the Spirit of Christ baptizes us into the death of Christ."

"'By one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free, and have been all made to drink into one Spirit' (1 Cor. xii. 13). So that, by drinking into one Spirit with the church, we become one body with it, and no other ways: I say, not by being dipt into the same water, but by receiving the same Spirit, do we become one body with the church; and it is not the being of one judgment or opinion, or form, or the like, that makes men one true church or body of Christ; but the being of one Spirit; and none are of that church, which is the body of Christ, but those who are baptized with that one Spirit of Christ."

(To be continued.)

The moment a man gives way to inordinate desires, disquietude and torment take possession of his heart. The proud and the covetous are never at rest; but the humble and poor in spirit possess their souls in the plenitude of peace.—*Kempis.*

The subjoined report of the delegation from the Indian Committee of Baltimore Yearly Meeting to visit the Cattaraugus Indians on the occasion of their late Agricultural Exhibition, was not designed for publication; but we asked and obtained permission to present it to our readers, many of whom may be surprised, like ourselves, to hear of the advance these Indians have made in civilization.

CATTARAUGUS INDIANS.

At a Meeting of the Committee on the Indian Concern, of Baltimore Yearly Meeting of Friends, held in Baltimore, on the 22d of Tenth month, 1868, the Delegation appointed to visit the "Irroquois Agricultural Exhibition" at Cattaraugus, and the "Thomas Asylum for Orphan and Destitute Indian Children," on behalf of Committee, made the following report, which was satisfactory, viz.:

On the 26th of 9th mo. we left Baltimore for Cattaraugus, where we arrived on the evening of the 29th. On the 30th we visited the "Thomas Asylum for Orphan and Destitute Indian Children," and were highly gratified with the comfortable and neat appearance of the children, the light, cheerful, and well-arranged school-room, and the nice order in which it was kept; and, above all, with the correct behaviour, bright and cheerful countenances, and successful recitations of the scholars, in the great variety of subjects upon which we heard them examined. In Mary Parker, who has charge of the school, the children have truly a "live teacher." I never witnessed the exercises of a school more efficiently conducted, and this, notwithstanding the new term had but recently commenced, and all the scholars were not yet in their classes, and one of the teachers was still absent. When full, the school consists of 100 scholars, of both sexes;—about 60 were present, boys and girls. The classes were exercised in Reading, Spelling, Geography, History, Physiology and Anatomy; and the correctness and distinctness of their answers, the exactness with which all spoke together in those exercises, which were conducted in concert, the sprightliness of the children, and the manifest mutual confidence that existed between them and their teacher, were very gratifying to us, and highly creditable to the teacher and all concerned.

Between every two of the exercises as they occurred in succession, the children sang in concert a short and appropriate hymn, with clear, distinct voices, keeping exact time; the teacher, who was constantly on her feet, generally singing with them. Sometimes the voices, corresponding to the subject, would get low and soft, and almost die away; and *then again* they would *rise* and *swell* with strong enunciation, till the room would ring. The impress of these exercises upon the children, besides their giving variety and recreation, was manifestly softening, civilizing and favorable.

In connection with this subject, I will relate a little circumstance which was communicated to us by Eber M. Petit, the School Agent for the State of the School District, which includes the Indian Reservations. On visiting one of the Indian schools, (not the Asylum,) the teacher, who was a female, told him that some of her scholars were frequently disposed to quarrel, and even fight, especially a large, strong boy, whom they called Tom Jimison; and she desired that he

would please to try to check the evil. Accordingly in his address to the children, after they had sung some of these hymns, he referred to the fact that the larger scholars in some schools—he would be *willing* to *hope* it might not be so in *theirs*—would become *overbearing* and *quarrelsome*, and even want to fight. Now, said he, I would very strongly advise against all this; but if there are any such here, and you at any time feel as if you *must* fight, I wish you to remember as a preparation for the fight, to sing one of these beautiful hymns we have just heard, *first*.

The incompatability of these hymns and fighting seemed to strike the attention of all the children; and for several days, the teacher said, all proceeded harmoniously; after a time, however, Tom Jimison got into a quarrel, and stripped off his coat in a hurry, going to fight at once, when one of the little boys cried out, "Jimison, you know Mr. Petit said you must *sing* a hymn first." "Oh, yes," says Jimison, "so he did; let's sing one." So they all commenced, Jimison joining in. When they had 'got through the hymn, Jimison went and picked up his coat, and put it on, saying, "I don't feel like fighting now;" and he was never known to be in a quarrel afterwards.

Resuming my remarks about the Asylum, they had a kind of muscular exercise, all acting together, led by the teacher or one of the advanced scholars, which was new to me, and impressed me very favorably, as being well calculated to give healthful exercise and strength to the muscles of the arms and chest. The children had been well drilled in the performance, and they threw a life into it. They would hold their arms simultaneously and firmly, straight *up*, straight *out*, and in a great variety of positions; and, while in these positions, turn the hand round, backward, and forward, and open and close the fingers strongly in quick succession; then, alternately strike their backs and their breasts with their fists, so as to give an audible hollow sound from their chests; and clap their hands in front and behind them, with a *ring*. This exercise, besides being a recreation from study, gave variety and enjoyment to school duties, and afforded a favorable opportunity for the efficient training and drilling of the children in concert of movement, thus favoring their success in acting together. I was much pleased with it, as I was, indeed, with all the performances of the teacher and children. They would have been creditable to any school of white children. When these various exercises had closed, we made an appropriate address to the children, to the best of our ability, which appeared to be very gratifying to *them* and to the teacher, and for which they unanimously passed us "a vote of thanks," with the request that I would send them a copy of some verses I recited, which I promised to do.

I may hear mention that I observed some wants of the Institution, which the safety and interest of the children require shoud be supplied. In the additions recently made to the Asylum buildings, there are three stairways from one story to another, on which the children pass up and down every day, with a smooth board partition on each side, and nothing from top to bottom to take hold of, so that if one of the children was to make a mis-step, or receive a push, and be thrown out of balance, he or she would be in great danger of receiving serious injury. At my request, the State Agent, who saw the great propriety of something being done to increase the safety of the children, if they had the means, made an estimate of the cost of putting up a secure handrail to each flight of stairs, and I ventured to promise on behalf of the Committee that we would send him the amount. As the observing faculties of the Indians, from their superior cultivation through many successive generations, are mainly instrumental in extending their boundary of knowledge, a set of "Cutter's Anatomical Maps on Rollers" would be very useful to the children in the study of Anatomy and Physiology, and I hope to obtain one from our New York Friends.

Before leaving the subject of this Institution and Eber M. Petit, the State Agent, I will relate two other characteristic anecdotes of the Indians which he told me, as having occurred within his own knowledge. Some years ago, an Indian whom they called Blue Eyes had a remarkable large crop of fine corn, owing to the peculiar locality of his field, it being surrounded by woods, while almost all the other corn in the vicinity was destroyed by frost, so that corn was exceedingly scarce, and difficult to procure. Blue Eyes did not think it right to take advantage of this scarcity to raise the price of his corn, and he allowed those that needed to have supplies at a half dollar a bushel, which was a very low price that season. A white man, hearing that Blue Eyes was selling corn at this low price, went to him and wanted to take all he had to sell, and pay the cash for it. Blue eyes says, "You got money, eh?" The man replied, "Yes," and made an exhibit of it from his pocket. Blue Eyes, holding up his open hand, and moving it gently towards the white man, said, "You got money; you get corn anywhere; you got money. Some people got no corn, and no money; now my corn is for *them*; you got money, you get corn anywhere;" and he would not sell him a bushel.

The other circumstance mentioned by Eber M. Petit was of an Indian who had been very intemperate, but had entirely reformed. Some years after his reformation, when riding one day beyond the Reservation, he was thrown from his vehicle, and had his arm badly broken, so that they had to send to Buffalo, some twenty-five miles, for a surgeon to set it. In the meantime, the Indian had been taken into a room of a white man's house where was a sideboard. Upon the surgeon entering the room, he went up to the sideboard, and poured something out into a glass and drank it. The Indian was watching him closely; and when the surgeon went up to the bed where the Indian lay, the Indian said to him, "What that you pour out into a glass and drink?" The surgeon answered, "Whiskey; will you have a glass?" The Indian said, "You drink whiskey; *you no set my arm.*" The surgeon and others in attendance remonstrated, but the Indian persisted, repeating, "You drink whiskey; you no set my arm;" and they had to send to Buffalo for another surgeon, the poor Indian, although suffering all the time, remaining firm to his purpose, and bearing his testimony faithfully, repeating emphatically, "*You drink whiskey; you no set my arm.*"

In the afternoon, we visited the Agricultural Exhibition, which greatly surpassed our expectations, in both the variety and the quality of the articles collected. Fine specimens of inproved cattle, Durham, Devon, and Ayrshire, were exhibited; working oxen, steers and fat cattle; Merino, Southdown, and Cotswold sheep; swine, poultry,—all raised by Indians; horses for both farm and road purposes, which would have done credit to any exhibition, some of them very fast, which the Indians who had trained them seemed to delight in exhibiting in exercise; butter, cheese, wheat bread, corn bread, Indian bread, Graham bread; pound cake, sponge cake,—some of it nicely iced, such as would have set off any table; maple sugar, honey, winter wheat, spring wheat, oats, corn, barley, barley oats,—a grain I had never heard of before, but which looked to be very valuable, as affording a large yield of oat meal; buckwheat, millet, timothy and clover seed, beans, and peas, all of excellent quality, and nicely prepared and put up for exhibition; apples, peaches, quinces, grapes; a great variety of nice and choice preserves; bouquets; raspberry and blackberry wine, &c., &c. The fruit department made a fine display, as the past season had been very favorable for fruit in western New York, and it was very abundant and perfect.

There was a great variety of very fine potatoes, some kinds I had never seen before, being right black; also blood beets, sugar beets—very large,—turnips, cabbages, cauliflowers, melons, egg plants, squashes, and every kind of garden vegetables in great variety and perfection.

The female department was well supplied with articles of domestic manufacture: coverlets of silk, cotton and wool; bed-quilts, counterpanes; embroidered work of different articles; very nicely executed knit shawls, tidys, hose, mittens, and gloves; embroidered shirts, slippers, ladies night dresses, braided night dress, bead work in very great variety and unsurpassed beauty.

The Indian mechanics exhibited a good variety of well-made farm implements; also house-doors, window sash, sleighs, sleds, gates, wooden bowls, ladles, corn baskets, baskets for sifting hominy, and a vast number of other things,—and all the production of Indian men and women, our Red Brethren and Sisters! I was very highly gratified. A young white farmer present remarked that it tended to knock the *white conceit* out of him. In variety and quality of articles collected it would have done credit to any similar county exhibition among the whites, and it gave interesting practical evidence of the great progress these people have made in agriculture and its kindred industrial pursuits; and it unmistakably demonstrates the important fact of these Indians being able to stand alone and do for themselves, and that they are capable of an indefinite advance in civilization and enlightenment.

On the morning of Tenth month 1st, our kind friend Eber M. Petit took us a ride in his carriage of some miles through the Reservation towards the Lake, and we made some calls at the homes of Indians whom I had before known, among them Andrew John, Maris Peirce, James Peirce, Thomas Jimison (a large man) and the mother of Amelia W. Jones, my Indian girl correspondent, whom I found with a fine pappoose (?) in her arms, having been married to a nice young man from Alleghany, whom she seemed to take great pleasure in introducing to me, appearing to be a little proud of him, as from his looks she was excusable for being.

I was much pleased to observe the great improvement in the farms generally, and the rapid advance of these Indians since my previous visit. As a general thing they are doing well, and they are teaching an important lesson to the rulers of the nation; and what a blessing it would be if this lesson were duly regarded! The State of New York, in its liberal appropriations to the schools on the Reservation, and for premiums to their Agricultural Exhibitions, has done, and is doing a noble part by these Indians, which does

credit alike to her liberality and humanity.

In the afternoon I delivered an Agricultural Address on behalf of the Committee, in accordance with the request the Indians had made. The address was well received, and appeared to give entire satisfaction. I was requested to write out the substance of my remarks for their more deliberate examination. These Indians are evidently desirous of obtaining practical information. They were very attentive to my remarks, and put some pertinent questions to me whilst I was speaking, and a number afterwards, evincing thought and inquiry. I was favored to be able to answer all their inquiries to satisfaction, and the whole passed off well. Upon being called upon, my son Henry made some appropriate remarks, encouraging them to plant shade trees and flowers, and fix up neatly around their residences, so as to increase the value as well as the beauty and comfort of their homes.

At the close of my address, I informed them of the liberality of Horace Capron, Commissioner of Agriculture, who sent to them by me fifteen volumes of Agricultural publications, and two bushels of choice seed wheat, assorted varieties, put up in sixty-four packages of a quart each, all of which I placed in the hands of the Committee having charge of the arrangements of the Exhibition, for distribution to those Indians to whom they would be of the most service. I told them I hoped to hear from the results of this seed wheat; and made a calculation for them, that, at the rate of increase of some fields near Rochester this year, forty fold, to which I had referred in my address—this quart in the first year would produce 1¼ bushels, in the second 50 bushels, in the third 2000 bushels, in the fourth 80,000 bushels, and in the fifth 3,200,000 bushels; more than sufficent to seed sixty-one Reservations as large as Cattaraugus and Alleghany together.

In the evening we were invited to a new field of labor. A Division of the Sons of Temperance had recently been formed among the Indians of Cattaraugus, which acquired additional interest from the fact, that a neighbor Indian, whose late residence was pointed out to us, had recently died from intemperance in the streets in Buffalo, in a deplorable condition; and when they heard a delegation from a Committee of the Friends was coming out, they appointed a meeting of their body to take place while we would be there; and presuming on their conviction of our willingness to aid them in what they regarded so good a cause, they ventured to announce that the "Meeting would be addressed by the Baltimore Delegation."

It was very unexpected, but on looking at the subject, we did not feel at liberty to decline their invitation to address them, and we did so to the best of our ability. The addresses were well received. They had to be interpreted into the Seneca language, as few of the Society understand English. Maris Peirce was the interpreter, and he performed his part admirably. At the close of each address, he took up point after point of the remarks, in regular succession, without missing one, as I was led to understand by a person who was acquainted with both languages, and rendered it into Seneca. In some parts he was quite eloquent, and we enjoyed a fine specimen of Indian oratory. Hitherto, when I had spoken to the Indians through an interpreter, each sentence was interpreted as I proceeded. The method pursued on the present occasion is greatly preferable; but it requires an interpreter of superior ability, and of very retentive memory. At the close of the interpretation of our remarks, John Kennedy, the President of the "Division," once addicted to intemperance, but now entirely reformed, a distinguished, influential, and wealthy Indian, made a very eloquent address to the Indians present in the Seneca language, which interested me very much, although I could not understand a word of it. Sitting by the side of the speaker and a little farther back than where he stood, I had the opportunity, unobserved by him, of watching closely the muscles and organs brought into requisition in speaking that language. The whole face appeared to be unmoved, as that of a statue. The lower jaw was entirely still, and a little separated from the upper. The lips, which in speaking our language perform such important and so great a variety of movements, are almost wholly motionless in speaking Seneca. The principal agent seemed to be the tongue, which was exceedingly active and varied in its movements, and appeared to be the organ which *broke* or *divided* the general lengthened sound into articulate words, the sounds passing principally through the nose, which gives the peculiarity to the Indian language. The *force* and *part* of the *modulation* of the sound appeared to be regulated by the chest and diaphragm, which were very active, and the lungs were kept well filled with air.

I could distinguish but five *general* or *fundamental* sounds, *eh*, *uh*, *neh*, *ch*, *heh*, all pronounced *short*, and with a *quick propulsion* of the breath through the nose, and without any movement of the lips or jaw, but simply the tongue; and then, this organ, aided by the chest and diaphragm, seemed to shape these fundamental sounds into all the words of the Seneca language. This was my conclusion from Kennedy's speech. It would

require much more time and study, however, to determine the point certainly. I thought the observations which I made might be of some interest to the Committee.

A vote of thanks was unanimously accorded us for our "interesting, encouraging, and instructive addresses," and we parted from them at near ten o'clock, P. M., *very* tired, but gratified that we had been with them, and comforted with the feeling that we had endeavored to do what they desired, and to be serviceable to them by encouraging them in their efforts to avoid the dreadful evil of intemperance.

The next day, the 2d of the Tenth month, not wishing to witness the exhibition of horses, trotting matches, &c., &c., which was announced for that day, we felt that our labors on the Reservation were closed, and we left soon after breakfast, the parting thanks and blessing of Asher Wright and his wife being most affectionate and impressive, and long to be remembered; and the Committee, to whom they desired their love, were all included in their touching benedictions.

On behalf of the Delegation.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS IN VIRGINIA.

It may be interesting to many of the readers of the Intelligencer to know that Circular Meetings for divine worship have recently been authorized to be held at several places within the limits of Fairfax Quarterly Meeting. That meeting was held in Eleventh month, at Woodlawn, in Fairfax Co., Va. The settlement of Friends in that neighborhood continues to increase. The meeting-house has been enlarged to double its former size, and the Quarterly Meeting is now held there once in the year, which is regarded as a precious privilege, being looked forward to with interest and numerously attended.

Most of the Quarterly Meetings belonging to Baltimore Yearly Meeting are held on the second day of the week, and the Meeting of Ministers and Elders the Seventh-day preceding. On the intervening First-days the meetings for worship are attended by large numbers of people, some of whom, not in membership with us, come many miles to participate in our solemn assemblies. This arrangement is believed to be salutary, as it extends to many the opportunity of attending such meetings, in those neighborhoods where the Quarterly Meetings are held; but there are several smaller meetings in a languishing condition, in most of which such opportunities have not been enjoyed, and to extend encouragement to these became a lively concern n the Quarterly Meeting.

It was concluded to appoint a series of Circular Meetings, thus reviving an old custom that prevailed among the early Friends, and which has of late years been successfully practised in some parts of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. These meetings are to be held as follows:

At Washingten City, at 11, A. M., and at Alexandria, Va., at 3½, P. M., on the first First-day of the *even-numbered* months,—viz., 12th, 2d, &c.

At Fairfax Court-House, at 11, A. M., on the *first* First-day of the *odd-numbered* months, commencing with First month.

At the Ridge Meeting-house, Frederick Co., Va., at 11, A. M., and at Back Creek, at 3½ P. M., on the *last* First-day of the *even-numbered* months, commencing this month.

At Hopewell, at 11, A. M., and at Winchester, at 3½, P. M., on the *last* First-day of the *odd-numbered* months, commencing with First month next. A committee was appointed to attend these meetings, which was divided into two sub-committees.

It is hoped that Friends who have a prospect of religious service in Virginia or the District of Columbia, will remember these meetings, for it is believed that there is a field of labor open here, and we feel that the laborers are few. In Washington there are often visitors or sojourners who love to attend Friends' meetings, some of whom are members of our Society, and in some cases they are not aware that we have a meeting in the city. These should be informed that a small meeting of Friends is regularly held on First-day at 11, A.M., in the meeting-house on I street, and that some of the committee appointed by the Quarterly Meeting will be in attendance at the Circular Meeting.

It is important that we should keep the light upon the candlestick in all our meetings, endeavoring by fidelity to the teachings of the Holy Spirit to render them instructive, and it seems especially desirable that at the metropolis of the nation a meeting should be maintained bearing witness to the simplicity and purity of Divine worship. S. M. J.

PURE LOVE.

The principle of *Pure Love* allies the soul with another; so, from that other, which is God, all its power of movement proceeds. In itself it remains without preference for anything, and consequently is accessible and pliant to all the touches and guidances of grace, however slight they may be. In this state the soul can say with the Apostle St. Paul, "*I live; yet it is not I, but Christ liveth in me.*" This soul has not so much need of set times and places for worship as others. Such is the purity and the strength of this soul's love,

that it is very easy for it to unite with God in acts of *inward* worship, at all times and in all places. He has an *interior* closet. The soul is his temple, and God dwells in it.—*Fenelon.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 26, 1868.

INCREASE OF CRIME.—The prevalence of vice and the alarming increase of crimes recorded in our daily papers must have arrested the attention of such as have leisure to observe and hearts to feel for their fellow-men. Societies for "the prevention of cruelty to animals" are very properly being formed in this and other cities, and we rejoice in these evidences of merciful consideration for the dumb creation; but it seems to us there is also a renewed call upon the Christian philanthropist to double diligence in the effort to discover by what means the flood of evil in the community can be checked,—in what way the reckless and degraded can be aroused and made sensible of their accountability as rational beings. Philadelphia is renowned for its benevolent institutions, and there is scarcely a condition to which any have been reduced that may not be ameliorated under their benign influence. Schools maintained by private contributions take from the street children who might run into vice, or would grow up without the benefits of a literary education. But there is a large class whose tastes have become so vitiated by licentiousness, that they are impatient of the restraints which these impose, and they prefer to congregate in their dens of shame and infamy, apparently regardless of the consequences of their misdoings. How these shall be reached is a question which should seriously claim the attention of the humane and benevolent among us.

It is generally admitted that the most formidable obstacle to the reformation of these poor creatures lies in the intoxicating cup. A convict who was once appealed to, to know how one with some education and with much gentleness of manner could have been led so far astray as to commit the crime with which she was convicted, replied—"Prevent the use of intoxicating liquors and you take from other crimes their claims on sympathy. Your Society sends persons here to alleviate the miseries of the place, and I am thankful for the kindness I have received from the Agent and others; but the greatest miseries of public prisons, now, come from the number who crowd the cells, and of these, nine-tenths, as you admit, come from drunkenness and the disorder which that produces; and nearly every one of the remaining tenth depends on the plea of intoxication to excuse the crime and diminish the punishment."

Of the 600 inmates of the Eastern Penitentiary, about 530 acknowledge that they have been brought to their criminal position through intemperance. Does not this deplorable state of things prove the urgent necessity of the establishment of a House of Correction under a salutary discipline, where the idle and dissolute might not only find a shelter, but be obliged to labor? Idleness continues to be a most fruitful source of mischief. Comparatively but few of those committed to prison have learned trades, or have had any regular employment. If the street loungers, and those who by their noise and profanity destroy the quiet of the midnight hours, could be gathered into such a refuge as that proposed, we believe that the effect would be to lessen the number of burglars and highway robbers who have become a terror not only in the city but country.

We append some extracts from a Report of the Prison Society of 1866, in relation to intemperance and its influence upon the community.

Extracts from a Report of 1866, *by "The Philada Society for alleviating the miseries of Public Prisons, instituted in* 1787."

"Those who would check the master evil of our country have something to do beyond preaching. They have to think of all the causes which have produced and are continuing the great curse of intemperance; and if they should succeed in that inquiry, they have then to devise the means to reach correctively the cause. And they have to do what yet has not been done; they must persist in the work. They must not depend upon excitements; excitements react injuriously,—permanently,—as we all see. Ten grog-shops now exist where, before the temperance cause was preached *intemperately*, one was to be found. Men get rich now by retailing intoxicating drinks; formerly their greatest success was bare sup-

port. Men rise into legislators, now, from the bar-room; formerly the movement was from the legislative hall to the bar-room. The corner of the street, where the red curtain screens the window, or a green venetian blind admits more air and less light, is now a political institution as important to the proceedings of the Legislature of a State as were once the Bureaux of Paris to the National Convention. Behind the bar and over the bottle are settled, first the policy of legislation, and then naturally, and in proper order, the *personel* of the Senate or the House. And the Masters of the Lycurgesses, and the Directors of the Solons of a State are seen daily, with Republican simplicity, in their shirt sleeves, supplying stimulants to their customers of the neighborhood, and giving law-makers to the Commonwealth; and the action is beautifully (?) compensative." . . .

"We hear indeed of the progress of the age, but that progress may not be in the right direction, and the erring course may not be confined to the seniors. The toga, once the emblem of manhood, now gives place to other *habits*, and cigars and whisky are now the evidences of *manly* pretences; and in this free country, where precocity is the result of a lack of discipline, the application of the tokens and the habits of the advanced class being arbitrary, the junior aspirant

'Rears in his mouth a gigantic cigar,'

as he goes to labor, and squirts his tobacco-saturated saliva bountifully around him, and signalizes his half-hour of recreation by a furtive visit to the red curtain around the corner, and returns refreshed for the necessary toils of the day.

"This is extravagant, it may be said,—it is rather generalizing extravagantly,—it is pointing to the exception fast becoming the rule, and giving with emphasis the state of things as they now are, by anticipating a little what they, if uncorrected, are certainly and rapidly becoming." . . .

"What is wanted? What shall we do? We have tried association! We have tried exhortation! We have resorted to licenses, and yet the evil grows! Who shall say that hitherto no true mode has been adopted for want of a deep consideration and a perfect disinterestedness? Who shall say openly that the wisdom of the learned is useless and the threatening of the laws ineffective because they are not properly directed? Who shall stand boldly before the people and point unmistakably to the connection between intoxication and the evils which beset society—between intemperance and the plague that wastes at noonday—between intoxication and the feebleness of our laws and the laxity of their administration? Who shall say that all these evils come from a want of deep, hearty consideration? 'With destitution is the land made desolate, because there is none that thinketh in his heart.'"

The Criminal Laws in Delaware.—Our attention has not only been turned toward the fearful increase of crime in our own State, but the account published in the Evening Bulletin of the 23d ult., of a scene which had occurred a day or two previous, in New Castle, Del., brought vividly before us the horrors of the "pillory and the whipping post," and we could but marvel that such barbarities could now be tolerated. We remember many individuals, inhabitants of that State, who were celebrated for their wisdom and goodness; and we know there are now living, within its limits, persons who have manifested their devotion to the cause of humanity by both personal and pecuniary sacrifices; and yet these cruel penal laws from year to year are unrepealed! While slavery was numbered among them it did not seem so passing strange; but now that this dark cloud has been rolled away, we should suppose that light would dawn, and those in power would see the magnitude of the evil, and not cease their efforts for the removal of these oppressive laws from the statute-book. In 1855, the whipping of women was abolished in Delaware, but children are still subject to public castigations. One of the seven convicts who suffered on the day reported by the Evening Bulletin, was a boy twelve years old, who had stolen 75 cts. worth of pig iron. He was sentenced to pay 75 cts. restitution money, the costs of prosecution, be whipped with twenty lashes on his bare back, be imprisoned for six months, and be compelled to wear a convict's dress in public for six months after his discharge. The "convict's dress" consists, as the paper states, in having a large letter C cut out of white muslin and sewn upon the back of the criminal's own garment. If he remain in the State, he must wear this badge of shame during the time prescribed in the sentence. Another was an old man of seventy, "decrepid, feeble and very lame." The Sheriff evidently performed his duty with reluctance, as if it were distasteful to him. Under the regime of former

officers, the whip was applied with greater force. The "Wilmington Commercial" has had the courage to speak fearlessly upon this subject, and to advocate a reform. We are told "the Editors have labored earnestly and right valiantly to abolish these iniquities."

This paper, on the 7th inst., after another exhibition similar to the one we have especially noticed, makes the following comments:

"Every other State that has used these instruments of punishment has discarded them, and Delaware now stands alone in clinging to them. To-day, throughout the length and breadth of our land, will be read in Northern newspapers the story of our shame, for such we regard any account of Saturday's proceedings. Thousands of people, however, in our State, do not so regard it. It is useless to appeal to them on the ground that this is a barbarous custom, not in accordance with the advancing civilization of the age, for they have at hand what they consider arguments to meet such assertions." The records of the Courts fail to show that the criminal business is less than in other States, but, on the contrary, that it is so much on the increase that the Grand Jury has urged the establishment of additional terms for the trial of criminal cases. The Editors think that a proper State pride and regard for the opinions of our fellow-men require that the pillory and the lash should be abolished, and that some method of punishment should be tried less repugnant to the feelings of the people of the whole country; and we would add, more in harmony with that spirit which would seek to restore the offender, and not have the effect to harden him in crime under a galling sense of degradation and shame.

New Books.—*Popular Commentary on the Gospel according to Luke.* By Alfred Nevin, D.D. A copy of this work has been sent us by the Publisher, Wm. Flint, 26 S. Seventh St., Philada. Price in English Cloth $3.00; Sheep (Library style) $3.50.

This is the first of a series to be issued on the books of the Old and New Testaments by the same author. It contains beside the Commentary on Luke—A Harmony of the Gospels, a Chronological Table giving the leading events in the life of Jesus, and an Appendix, with a minute explanation of persons, places and things referred to in the texts. The author is an eminent Theologian of the (so-called) Evangelical School, and his expositions are in consonance with his faith. But it has been his "aim to avoid useless discussions and statements of conflicting opinions as tending to embarrass rather than assist the reader." The work gives evidence of no ordinary labor in its compilation. It is octavo in form, containing 725 pages, printed on fine white paper with a clear, bold type. In addition to a map of Palestine, it is illustrated with engravings on steel and wood, and is bound in a substantial manner. To the biblical student it will be valuable as a book of reference on many points.

Zell's Popular Encyclopædia and Universal Dictionary. Edited by L. Colange.—From the Prospectus of this work we extract the following:

The design is to incorporate into a compact and concise form the vast information found only in numerous books, such as Gazetteers, Biographical Dictionaries, the numerous volumes of Encyclopædias, and the large Dictionaries of our language,—the Encyclopædias alone running through a dozen or more volumes.

In the department of Arts and Sciences the discoveries of modern times will be explained, and, as far as practicable, illustrated. The sources of rivers heretofore unknown; the sites of cities long since destroyed; the antiquities of the Old World and the vast discoveries of the New, will be noticed. History and Biography will be especially treated, illustrated with the portraits of some of the great men who have lived in all ages, with views also of their birth-places. In the Geography of the entire world, especial attention will be given to our own country.

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Nos. 17 and 19 S. Sixth St., Philada.

The Old Franklin Almanac for 1869. Published by A. Winch, 505 Chestnut St., Philad. Price 20 cts.—This pamphlet of more than 60 pages has, in addition to the astronomical calculations, a variety of statistics not usually found in almanacs. The popular events of the day are chronicled in a concise form, convenient for reference.

Our Exchanges.—We are unable for want of room to notice these as fully as is desired. The "Herald of Peace," "The Methodist," and "N. Y. Tribune," are now before us, asking that attention be called to their "Prospectus for next year." All are welcome to our table as exchanges, in which we meet with a pleasing variety of religious, literary and miscellaneous reading.

The Daily Tribune is published every morning, Sundays excepted. Terms $10.00 a year; $5.00 for six months.

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114 Nassau St., New York.

"Herald of Peace" is a sixteen page quarto, published in Chicago, Ill., by members of the Society of Friends. It is devoted to the cause of Peace and general religious improvement. It is an excellent family paper, thoroughly "radical." It is issued at the low price of $1.50 per year.

Married, on the 11th of Eleventh month, with the approbation of Philada. Mo. Meeting, Samuel C. Holmes to Sallie B. Wilson, daughter of Edward W. and Sarah H. Wilson, all of this city.

——, on the 19th of Eleventh month, 1868, with the approbation of the same meeting, Charles M. Biddle and Hannah McIlvain, daughter of Hugh and Martha G. McIlvain, all of Philadelphia.

Died, on the 26th of Eleventh month, 1868, Jos. Webster, in the 92d year of his age; a member of Pickering Monthly Meeting. He was not one of the active members in Society, but a steady attender of his little meeting at home, when health would admit. A few years ago he buried his wife Martha, at the advanced age of 84 years. They were among the first settlers of Pickering Township, C. W.

BETHANY MISSION FOR COLORED CHILDREN,
Brandywine street above Fifteenth.

The Anniversary Exercises will be held on Third-day evening, the 29th inst., at 7¾ o'clock.

Friends are invited to attend.

PROBABILITIES OF EARTHQUAKES IN EUROPE

The London *Daily News* offers the following speculations concerning earthquakes:

"The shock of earthquake which has just been experienced in Ireland reminds us that, though we are so far from the principal European centres of subterranean action, we are by no means exempt from the class of physical calamities which has of late worked such mischief elsewhere. The accounts which have reached us show that the recent earthquake wanted but a small increase of violence to have been a destructive one. Severe shocks were felt at two places near Mallow, and the account states that 'houses were much shaken, and furniture was broken.' The shocks were not felt in the immediate vicinity of Cork, but much alarm was created there by the intelligence that the ground had been shaken at Newtown, and between Mallow and Kantuk.

"The statement that the shock passed from north to south indicates that we are rather to look for the seat of disturbance in the volcanoes in Iceland than in those of Southern Europe. It is, of course, impossible to be absolutely certain respecting the true path of the wave of disturbance, because it has been shown in more than one instance that the earth-wave may change its course, somewhat as the wave on the surface of water will as-

sume a new path after encountering a bank or breakwater. But in the present instance there can be very little doubt that the seat of disturbance lay to the north; and it may be that we shall presently hear of an important eruption from some of the great volcanoes of Iceland.

"In this respect there is a great difference between the present earthquake and the one which shook parts of England on October 6, 1863. In the latter instance the direction of the shock was from southwest to northeast. Mr. Mallet, who has done so much to simplify and systematize our conceptions respecting earthquakes, is of opinion that nearly all the shocks which have been experienced in Britain have travelled in this direction; and by a careful comparison of all the information which has been gathered respecting the great earthquake of Lisbon, he has been led to the opinion that the British Isles are on the line of the volcanic belt to which the earthquakes of Portugal have belonged. It is well known that during the earthquake at Lisbon remarkable phenomena were exhibited in many parts of the British Isles. Loch Lomond rose several feet; a vast wave rolled into Kinsale; and women washing in the Tay were swept off their feet. However, notwithstanding the evidence which Mr. Mallet has collected on this point, we are inclined to look with some dubiety on the supposed association between the British Isles and the seat of disturbance in the great earthquake of Lisbon. When it is remembered that the effects of that remarkable earththroe were felt for hundreds of miles on every side of Lisbon, it seems impossible to infer the existence of any belt of disturbance passing through Lisbon. We think the views of Sir Charles Lyell on this point to be preferable. 'These countries,' he says, —speaking of those which were affected by the Lisbon earthquake—' cannot, on this account, be supposed to constitute parts of the southern volcanic region, any more than the Shetland and Orkney Islands can be considered as belonging to the Icelandic circle because the sands ejected from Hecla have been wafted thither by the winds.'

"Thus we may conclude that Britain is liable to be shaken by subterranean action belonging either to the south European volcanic system, or to the Icelandic one; and when any shock is recorded we must form an opinion respecting its source from an examination of the recorded direction of the wave of disturbance. In the present instance, as we have said, the account seems to point to the action of the Icelandic volcanoes. It does not necessarily follow that any of these will be shortly in a state of eruption; but we have had strong evidence lately of the association of volcanic eruptions with earthquakes taking place at a great distance from the crater of eruption. It will be interesting, at any rate, to inquire whether any sympathy will be indicated between the Icelandic volcano district and the disturbed depths underlying county Cork.

"It is common to hear Hecla spoken of as the principal volcano of the Icelandic system. In reality, however, Hecla, although the best known, is far from being the most destructive member of that remarkable group. In the wilder parts of the island there are volcanoes that have been far more destructive than Vesuvius, Etna or Hecla. The streams of molten lava which have been poured from Vesuvius are mere brooklets in comparison with the mighty rivers of fire which have flowed over the plains of Iceland. There is one stream which is fifty miles long, fifteen broad and two hundred yards deep. In the eruption of Skaptâr Jokul, in 1783, upwards of fifty millions of cubic yards of matter are reported to have been vomited forth. Not only was the neighboring country overwhelmed during this terrible outburst, but the very seas were invaded, and the unfortunate Icelanders were deprived of their chief means of subsistence by the destruction or retreat of the fish. For one hundred and fifty miles the sea was covered with pumice, and the ashes which were poured forth from the volcano were carried over Europe, Africa and America.

"It is conceivable, therefore, that the subterranean action of which volcanoes so tremendously powerful are the outlets may well be able to extend its influence as far south as Ireland. The pent up subterranean heat exerts its energy not merely in the vast cavities which underlie the volcanic district itself, but far away on every side, through channels extending in a complicated system under the Atlantic ocean and the British Isles. We may, perhaps, look upon such events as the present earthquake as referable 'to the snap and jar occasioned by a sudden and violent rupture of rock masses at a greater or less depth, and probably the instantaneous injection into the fissures so formed of intumescent molten matter from beneath.' Whether this be so or not, there can be no doubt that the actual origin of the disturbance is the same compressed vapor which customarily finds relief at the craters of the volcanic system which it underlies. At present there seems little reason to fear that British earthquakes will prove destructive. But we must not omit to notice the evidence which Humboldt has brought forward to prove that the range of destructive earthquakes frequently becomes extended so as to include countries

which for long centuries have been undisturbed. The circles of succession widen in some instances, in others the region of disturbance is extended in a linear direction, as if along some long disused subterranean passages which have been cleared of obstructions by preceding throes. There can be no doubt that in long past ages the land we are living on has been subjected to shocks of enormous violence. Our coal mines suffice to prove this by the magnitude and extension of the faults which break the continuity of the coal beds. Long ages may pass before such disturbances may be renewed, but we should be misinterpreting the geologic records were we to assume that our present immunity from destructive earthquakes is to be looked upon as evidence that the steadfastness of Britain will be permanent."

From Putnam's Magazine for January.

AMONG THE TREES.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh ye who love to overhang the springs,
And stand by running waters, ye whose boughs
Make beautiful the rocks o'er which they play,
Who pile with foliage the great hills, and rear
A paradise upon the lonely plain,
Trees of the forest and the open field!
Have ye no sense of being? Does the air,
The pure air, which I breathe with gladness, pass
In gushes o'er your delicate lungs, your leaves,
All unenjoyed? When on your Winter-sleep
The sun shines warm, have ye no dreams of Spring?
And, when the glorious spring-time comes at last,
Have ye no joy of all your bursting buds,
And fragrant blooms, and melody of birds
To which your young leaves shiver? Do ye strive
And wrestle with the wind, yet know it not?
Feel ye no glory in your strength when he,
The exhausted Blusterer, flies beyond the hills,
And leaves you stronger yet? Or have ye not
A sense of loss when he has stripped your leaves,
Yet tender, and has splintered your fair boughs?
Does the loud bolt that smites you from the cloud
And rents you, fall unfelt? Do there not run
Strange shudderings through your fibres when the axe
Is raised against you, and the shining blade
Deals blow on blow, until, with all their boughs,
Your summits waver and ye fall to earth?
Know ye no sadness when the hurricane
Has swept the wood and snapped its sturdy stems
Asunder, or has wrenched, from out the soil,
The mightiest with their circles of strong roots,
And piled the ruin all along his path?

Nay, doubt we not that under the rough rind,
In the green veins of these fair growths of earth,
There dwells a nature that receives delight
From all the gentle processes of life,
And shrinks from loss of being. Dim and faint
May be the sense of pleasure and of pain,
As in our dreams; but, haply, real still.

Our sorrows touch you not. We watch beside
The beds of those who languish or who die,
And minister in sadness, while our hearts
Offer perpetual prayer for life and ease,
And health to the beloved sufferers.
But ye, while anxious fear and fainting hope
Are in our chambers, ye rejoice without.
The funeral goes forth; a silent train
Moves slowly from the desolate home; our hearts
Are breaking as we lay away the loved,
Whom we shall see no more, in their last rest,
Their little cells within the burial-place.
Ye have no part in this distress; for still
The February sunshine steeps your boughs
And tints the buds and swells the leaves within;
While the song-sparrow, warbling from her perch,
Tells you that Spring is near. The wind of May
Is sweet with breath of orchards, in whose boughs
The bees and every insect of the air
Make a perpetual murmur of delight,
And by whose flowers the humming-bird hangs poised
In air, and draws their sweets and darts away.
The linden, in the fervors of July,
Hums with a louder concert. When the wind
Sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime,
As when some master-hand exulting sweeps
The keys of some great organ, ye give forth
The music of the woodland depths, a hymn
Of gladness and of thanks. The hermit-thrush
Pipes his sweet note to make your arches ring.
The faithful robin, from the wayside elm,
Carols all day to cheer his sitting mate.
And when the Autumn comes, the kings of earth,
In all their majesty, are not arrayed
As ye are, clothing the broad mountain-side,
And spotting the smooth vales with red and gold.
While, swaying to the sudden breeze, ye fling
Your nuts to earth, and the brisk squirrel comes
To gather them, and barks with childish glee,
And scampers with them to his hollow oak.

Thus, as the seasons pass, ye keep alive
The cheerfulness of nature, till in time
The constant misery which rings the heart
Relents, and we rejoice with you again,
And glory in your beauty; till once more
We look with pleasure on your vanished leaves,
That gaily glance in sunshine, and can hear,
Delighted, the soft answer which your boughs
Utter in whispers to the babbling brook.

Ye have no history. I cannot know
Who, when the hillside trees were hewn away,
Haply two centuries since, bade spare this oak,
Leaning to shade, with his irregular arms,
Low-bent and long, the fount that from his roots
Slips through a bed of cresses towards the bay.
I know not who, but thank him that he left
The tree to flourish where the acorn fell,
And join these later days to that far time
While yet the Indian hunter drew the bow
In the dim woods, and the white woodman first
Opened these fields to sunshine, turned the soil
And strewed the wheat. An unremembered Past
Broods, like a presence, 'mid the long gray boug
Of this old tree, which has outlived so long
The fitting generations of mankind.

Ye have no history. I ask in vain
Who planted on the slope this lofty group
Of ancient pear-trees that with spring-time burst
Into such breadth of bloom. One bears a scar
Where the quick lightning scored its trunk, yet st
It feels the breath of Spring, and every May
Is white with blossoms. Who it was that laid
Their infant roots in earth, and tenderly
Cherished the delicate sprays, I ask in vain.
Yet bless the unknown hand to which I owe
This annual festival of bees, these songs
Of birds within their leafy screen, these shouts
Of joy from children gathering up the fruit
Shaken in August from the willing boughs.
Ye that my hands have planted or have spared,

side the way, or in the orchard ground,
in the open meadow, ye whose boughs
ith every summer spread a wider shade,
hose herd in coming years shall lie at rest
neath your noontide shelter? Who shall pluck
ur ripened fruit? Who, grave, as was the wont
simple pastoral ages, on the rind
my smooth beeches some beloved name?
ly I ask; yet may the eyes that look
on you, in your later, nobler growth,
ok also on a nobler age than ours;
h age when, in the eternal strife between
il and Good, the Power of Good shall win
grander mastery; when kings no more
all summon millions from the plough to learn
e trade of slaughter, and of populous realms
ake camps of war; when in our younger land
e hand of ruffian Violence, that now
insolently raised to smite, shall fall
nnerved before the calm rebuke of law,
d Fraud, his sly confederate, shrink, in shame,
ck to his covert, and forgo his prey.

"It is a false idea that religion requires the
xtermination of any principle, desire, appe-
te or passion, which our Creator has im-
lanted. Our nature is a whole, a beautiful
hole, and no part can be spared, You
ight as properly lop off a limb from the
dy, as eradicate any natural desire from the
ind. All our appetites are in themselves
nocent and useful, ministering to the gen-
al weal of the soul. They are like the
ements of the natural world, parts of a wise
nd beneficent system, but like those elements,
e beneficent only when restrained."

COMMON IMPROPRIETIES OF SPEECH.

At all, is a needless expletive, which is em-
loyed by many writers of what may be called
he forcible-feeble school. For example:—
The coach was upset, but, strange to say,
ot a passenger received the slightest injury
t all." "It is not at all strange."

Mistaken, is erroneously used for *mistook*.
You are mistaken" is used to signify "you
istake." A popular hymn begins, "*Mistaken*
uls, that dream of heaven," for *mistaking*.
I am mistaken" means, *I am taken amiss;*
hat is, *you misapprehend me.*

What, for that. This error is quite common
mong those who think themselves above
earning anything more out of the dictionary
r grammar. "He would not believe but
hat I was joking."

Convene, is used by many persons in a
trange sense. "This road will convene the
ublic."

Evidence, is a word much abused by learned
udges and attorneys—being continually used
or testimony. Evidence relates to the con-
ictive view of any one's mind; testimony, to
he knowledge of another concerning some
act. The evidence in a case is often the re-
erse of the testimony.

Had have. This is a very low vulgarism, notwithstanding it has the authority of Addison. It is quite common to say, "*Had* I *have* seen him," "*Had* you *have* known it," &c. We can say, "I have been," "I had been;" but what sort of a tense is had have been?

Had ought, had better, had rather. Vulgar absurdities, not less gross than *hisn, tother, haint, theirn.*

At, for by. *E. g.*, "Sales at auction." The word auction signifies a *manner* of sale; and this signification seems to require the preposition *by.*

The above, as an adjective. "The above extract is sufficient to verify my assertion." "I fully concur in the above statement," (the statement above, or the foregoing statement.) Charles Lamb speaks of "the above boys and the below boys."

Then, as an adjective. "The then King of Holland." This error, to which even educated men are addicted, springs from a desire of brevity; but verbal economy is not commendable when it violates the plainest rules of language.

Either, is only applicable to two objects; and the same remark is true of *neither* and *both.* "Either of the three" is wrong. "*Whether*" is a contraction of "which of either," and, therefore, cannot be correctly applied to more than two objects.

Proposition, for proposal. This is not a solecism; but as an unequivocal word is preferable to one that is equivocal, "proposal," for a thing offered or proposed, is better than "proposition." "He demonstrated the fifth proposition in Euclid;" "he rejected the proposal of his friend."

Sit, sat, are much abused words. It is said that the brilliant Irish lawyer, Curran, once carelessly observed in court, "an action lays," and the judge corrected him by remarking, "*Lies*, Mr. Curran,—hens lay;" but subsequently the judge ordering a counsellor to "*set* down," Curran retaliated, "*Sit* down, your honor—hens *set.*" The retort was characterized by more wit than truth. Hens do not set; they sit. It is not unusual to hear persons say, "The coat sets well;" "The wind sets fair." *Sits* is the proper word. The preterite of "sit" is often incorrectly used for that of "set;" *e. g.*, "He sat off for Boston."

From thence, from whence. As the adverbs "thence" and "whence" literally supply the place of a noun and preposition, there is a solecism in employing a preposition in conjunction with them.

Conduct. In conversation, this verb is frequently used without the personal pronoun; as "he conducts well," for "he conducts himself well."

Least, for less. "Of two evils, choose the least."

Previous, for previously. "Previous to my leaving America."

Appreciates, for "rises in value." "Gold appreciated yesterday."

Proven, and *plead* for *pleaded*, are clearly vulgarisms.

Bound, for ready or determined. "I am bound to do it." We may say properly that a ship "is bound to Liverpool;" but in that case we do not employ, as many suppose, the past participle of the verb *to bind*, but the old Northern participal adjective, *buinn*, from the verb *at bua*, signifying "to make ready, or prepare." The term is strictly a nautical one; and to employ it in a sense that unites the significations both of *buinn* and the English participle *bound* from *bind*, is a plain abuse of language.— *Watchman and Reflector.*

ISRAELITES.—How long were the Israelites in bondage in Egypt?

Answer.—The children of Israel were not in bondage 430 years, as some suppose. The word "sojourning," in Exodus xii. 40, does not mean bondage. They did not go into bondage till Joseph's death, which occurred 1,635 years B. C. Ex. i. 6–11. Their exodus from Egypt was 1,491 years B. C. Ex. xii. 37. The difference between the two dates is 144 years. A. W. REAG.

Greensburg.

Luther affirms a revealed Scripture, but denies a revealed interpretation. But what is the use of light without eyes? If spiritual things are spiritually discerned, and the "carnal understanding" be the whole of man's natural intelligence, the "right of private judgment" is the right of a paralytic to walk.

ITEMS.

THE DEATH PENALTY.—The King of Sweden has announced that hereafter no capital execution shall take place in his kingdom, and that if the death penalty be not abolished by law, it shall not be enforced by him. The King made this declaration on refusing to sign the warrant for the execution of a woman poisoner, recently convicted in Sweden,

MOUNT VESUVIUS has been in an unusual state of commotion for over a year. On 10th mo. 8th, 1867, the lava began to flow more copiously, and from that day to the present time, the mountain has been more or less active. During all this period the instruments in the astronomical observatory, near Naples, have been continually agitated by the tremblings of the earth.

THE Falls of Idaho are said to be four hundred yards wide. The rapids form a series of cascades ranging from twenty to sixty feet in height. The Falls proper leap two hundred and ten feet in one unbroken mass. The contour of the Falls is not unlike that of a regular horseshoe. From this it will be seen that Idaho Falls almost equals Niagara Falls in sublimity and grandeur.

THE Governor of Iowa, by proclamation, declares that the word "white" has been stricken from the Constitution of that State.

DESPATCHES to Valetta, Malta, from Sicily, repo that a fresh eruption of Mount Etna broke out o the night of 12th mo. 8th. Flames and lava wer ejected till five o'clock the next morning, and th mountain then became enveloped in smoke, and ex ploded at times with deafening detonations. Th streams of lava swept over the surrounding country and the ashes from the crater were blown into th streets of Messina. On the northern shore of Malt great crowds were gathered to witness the magnifi cent spectacle, distinctly visible, though at a dis tance of 120 miles.

SEA WEEDS, according to Dr. Letheby, a celebrate English physician, furnish an abundance of nutri tious food, which by a little management may b made palatable. He asserts that when in moderatel dry condition sea-weeds contain from 18 to 26 pe cent. of water; and that the nitrogenous constituent amount to from 9⅓ to 15 per cent., while the starch matter and sugar average about 66 per cent., an that these results place sea-weeds among the mos nutritious of vegetable substances; in fact, bein richer in nitrogenous matter than oatmeal or India corn.

MUSK is taken from a small animal known as th musk deer, so called from its shape. The odor i exceedingly powerful and lasting. According to th accounts of travelers in Asia, it is so strong whe first taken from the animal, that those who are ex posed to its influence are in danger of hemorrhag from the nostrils, even when the nose and mout are protected with coverings of linen. A proximit to the sacks containing it, even in the open air, wi produce violent headache. The power of retainin its perfume which it possesses is wonderful. room has been scented with it for thirty years with out any visible loss to the article; and specimens hundred years old have been found to be as stron as fresh musk.

THE ARTIFICIAL ISLAND now in course of construc tion in the lower part of the bay of New York will when completed, comprise an area of about tw acres. To protect its outer edges, massive cribs thirty feet wide at the base and twenty feet at th top, made of oak timbers, firmly jointed, have bee so sunk as to leave about ten feet above high water mark. These, in turn, have been filled wit heavy blocks of stone, and the outer service of th entire structure has been faced with oak planking closely set. As an additional protection, massiv stones have been heaped against the outer face o the wall, at its most exposed points, and the bul wark is deemed perfectly secure. Within this in closure sand and broken stones have been thrown and piles are being driven upon which to erect th hospitals and other necessary buildings.

LINNÆUS says that, looking upon the herds of rein deer, "to distinguish one from another among such multitudes was beyond my comprehension, for the were like ants on an ant hill." Yet the Laplander will know and give a name to each. In German shepherds have won wagers by recognizing eac sheep in a flock of a hundred, which they had no seen until the previous fortnight. A similar powe possessed by some florists is much more wonderful A French gardener could distinguish 150 kinds c camellia when not in blossom; and the famous ol Dutch florist, Voorhelm, kept above 1,200 varietie of hyacinth, and was hardly ever deceived in know ing each variety by the bulb alone. Yet to an inex perienced eye the leaves of the varieties of camellia or the bulbs of hyacinths, were absolutely undistin guishable.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 2, 1869. No. 44.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.

SINGLE NOS. 6 CENTS.

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*
Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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From "The Lives, Sentiments and Sufferings of some of the Reformers and Martyrs."

WILLIAM DELL.

(Continued from page 676.)

Toward the conclusion, comparing 1 Peter iii. 20, with Rom. ii. 28, he remarks that as Paul here puts an end to circumcision in the flesh, so Peter there also puts an end to baptism in the flesh; and that the reasoning of the two apostles may be thus stated—that he is not a Christian who is one outwardly, neither is that baptism which is outward in the flesh; but he is a Christian who is one inwardly, and baptism is that of the heart, in the Spirit and not in the letter, whose praise also is not of men, but of God. . . . . Christ hath put an end to all outward, carnal and earthly things of the first Testament, by the inward, spiritual, and heavenly things of a second and better Testament. And by his own death and resurrection only, not without us [only] but within us, through the power and efficacy of his Spirit, all the baptism of the New Testament is fully and perfectly performed.

"And thus, in all these particulars, you see the infinite excellency and glory of the Spirit-baptism, above water-baptism. And this only is sufficient in the days of the gospel, as being the true and proper baptism of the New Testament. For as Christ himself only, is sufficient to the faithful without John, though John were of use in his season, to point out Christ; so the baptism of Christ only, is sufficient to the faithful, without the baptism of John, though the baptism of John were of use in its season, to point out the baptism of Christ. And the baptist himself was of this judgment, who said to Christ, 'I have need to be baptized of thee;' which he means, not of water-baptism (for so Christ himself did not baptize), but of the baptism of the Spirit." . . . .

"Now this, it may be, may seem strange and dangerous to some of low, and fleshly, and customary religion; but let all such (if it be possible) consider, that where the substance comes, the shadow is at an end. . . . . And if they understand not this for the present, I hope they may understand it afterward; for we speak not at uncertainties in this point, but 'what we have in some measure seen, and felt, and handled of the word of life, that we deliver unto you, that ye may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ,' through the Spirit." And he winds up the whole matter, by the following remarkable prophetic appeal, in the conclusion of the preface to the reader:—

"But because I see this present generation so rooted and built up in the doctrines of men, I have the less hope that this truth will prevail with them. And therefore I appeal to the next generation; which will be further removed from those evils, and will be brought

nearer to the word; but *especially to that people, whom God hath and shall form by his Spirit for himself*; for these only will be able to make just and righteous judgment in this matter, seeing *they have the Anointing to be their teacher, and the Lamb to be their light.*"

A certain Sydrach Simpson, Master of Pembroke Hall, in the University of Cambridge, undertook to controvert what he considered dangerous errors in Wm. Dell's doctrines, particularly his denial of the authority of universities to qualify for the ministry of the gospel. In the year 1653, this man delivered a discourse with this view before the University Congregation, at the public Commencement in Cambridge. He endeavored to show that the universities now were answerable to the schools of the prophets in the times of the Old Testament, and were therefore of right capable of sending forth gospel teachers—that they who endeavored to pull down schools, were always enemies to religion—that "divinity is swaddled in human learning"—that Paul was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel—that men now are not to receive the Spirit in that immediate way, to understand the Scriptures, in which it was given to them who wrote the Scriptures—that men now are to get knowledge by studies and human learning, and not by inspiration—that it is wrong for believers to speak of being one with Christ, and partaking of his divine nature, whereas they are at an infinite distance from him—that arts and tongues are the cups in which God drinks to us!—and that when learning goes down, religion goes down too, so that "religious foundations" [*i. e.* colleges of divinity] must be kept up, if we do not wish to go to destruction.

Whereupon Wm. Dell addressed to the Congregation of the University a counter Discourse on "The Trial of Spirits, both in Teachers and Hearers;" which he published, with a Confutation of Simpson's gross and foolish errors, and a Brief Testimony against divinity degrees in the universities. This altogether was a pretty large work, containing much excellent Christian doctrine, but of a nature very similar to his former works noticed above; so that we must be satisfied with bringing forward a few detached extracts.

He says: "Had not Christian people thus unchristianly delivered up their judgments to the clergy, and that in the very highest points of religion, Christianity had not been so miserably blinded and corrupted as it is, and the mystery of iniquity had not so much prevailed in the world as now it hath. For when Christians would not try the spirits, whether they were of God, and the doctrines, whether they were the word of God or not, but thought this a matter too high for them, and would refer and submit all to the judgment of their ministers; then antichrist (the apostle of the devil) came forth boldly, and proudly exalted himself above all that is called God, and his kingdom above all the kingdoms of the world."

"The trial of spirits doth unquestionably belong to all men who have received the Spirit of God. For to this Spirit of God, which dwells in the faithful, the gift of discerning spirits is inseparably annexed; and the Spirit of Christ, which truly dwells in all true Christians, cannot deceive nor be deceived in the trial of spirits. So that this now is a common grace, that in some measure belongs to all true Christians, who have received the unction that teacheth them all things, and is truth, and is no lie."

"Now the true prophets, speaking the word of God by and in his Spirit, do also speak it in the right sense, and after the true mind of Christ; as Paul sayeth of himself and of other believers who had received the Spirit, 'We have the mind of Christ.' But the false prophets, though they speak the word of the letter exactly, and that according to the very original, and curiosity of criticisms, yet speaking it without the Spirit, they are false prophets before God and his true church; seeing all right prophecy hath proceeded from the Spirit in all ages of the world, but especially it must so proceed in the days of the New Testament, wherein God hath promised the largest effusion of his Spirit."

In the latter part of the treatise, after making some remarks on the text, "They are of the world, therefore speak they of the world, and the world heareth them," he says: "Hence we may learn, that it is not study, parts, breeding, learning, nor any natural endowments or acquired accomplishments, that will deliver any man out of this world (or corrupt state of mankind), or that can change his nature, or give him the least place or interest in the kingdom of God; but only a new birth, and true faith in Jesus Christ, whereby we are made the children of God; without which, men are still of the world, notwithstanding all their other improvements."

In his preface to the Confutation of Simpson, after quoting Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, and Melancthon, he says: "Now, as it was necessary that this work [of exposing the carnal clergy, and the false pretences and heathenish instruction of the universities of that day] should be done, so, through the grace of Christ, was I made willing to do it, seeing nobody else more fit and able did appear. And well knowing that he that provokes the universities and clergy against him,

provokes 'principalities and powers, and the rulers of the darkness of this world' against him; as is evident in the example of Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, Tindal, and others; I have, therefore, according to Christ's counsel, sat down and counted the cost of this undertaking, and after all, do say, 'the Lord is on my side, I will not fear what man can do unto me.'"

"If any say, I myself relate [belong] to the university, why then do I speak against it thus? I answer, that I neither do, nor will relate to the university, as it is polluted with any of the abominations herein mentioned. But, as by the providence of God alone, I have been brought to that relation in which I now stand, and continue in it, against the wills and workings of many; so, through his good pleasure, I will remain, till he shall otherwise dispose of me; and during my sojourning with them, I will not fail to testify against their evil, and to endeavor to win all those whom God shall persuade to receive his truth, from heathenism to the gospel, and from antichrist to Christ. Wherefore, let none be offended that I am made willing to hazard and part with my worldly accommodations for Christ's name's sake. But let them rather praise the grace of God, which hath enabled me to witness a good confession, whatever worldly disadvantage I might run into thereby. Wherefore, welcome the righteousness, power, wisdom, truth, word and whole kingdom of Christ, though they swallow up all my earthly accommodations. For such fear and love of his name hath the Lord graciously put into my heart, that I would not willingly conceal anything of his most precious truth, either to gain or to preserve to myself the whole world. And so, righteous Father, not my will be done, nor theirs, but 'thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.'"

He then rehearses Simpson's errors, and shows their utter inconsistency with sound doctrine, and with the state of the facts as regarded the universities; where, though professing to teach religion, a vast amount of the *falsities* and *impurities* of the *heathen mythology* was daily taught, to the great contamination of the morals of the youth subjected to the influence of such poison.

In regard to schools, it is well to understand clearly his position, as expressed in the following paragraph:

"True it is, that they who have sought the subversion of Christian schools, wherein the doctrine of the gospel is purely taught, without the mixture of philosophy and heathenism, they all have been and are very enemies to true religion. But they that seek to put down heathenish schools, and to erect Christian, or to reform the schools of heathen into Christian, or to remove heathenism out of Christian schools, they are not, before God and good men, enemies to true religion, but the great friends of it."

In accordance with these views, in a small treatise on "the Right Reformation of Learning," he states his sentiments respecting a Christian education more fully; a part of which is as follows:

"There neither is, nor can be any greater evil, than to bring up children in ease and idleness, and to suffer them to live freely and without control, according to [their] natural lusts and corruptions," etc.

"I conceive it meet that the civil power should take great care of the education of youth, as one of the greatest works that concern them, and as one of the worthiest things they can do in the world; inasmuch as what the youth now is, the whole commonwealth will shortly be.

"To this end, it is meet that schools, if wanting, be erected throughout the whole nation, and that not only in cities and great towns, but also, as much as may be, in smaller villages; and that the authority of the nation take great care that godly men especially have the charge of greater schools; and also that no women be permitted to teach little children in villages, but such as are the most sober and grave; and that the magistrate afford all suitable encouragement and assistance.

"That in such schools they first teach them to read their native tongue, which they speak without teaching; and then presently, as they understand, bring them to read the Holy Scriptures; which, though for the present they understand not, yet may they, through the blessing of God, come to understand them afterward.

"That in cities and greater towns, where are the greater schools, and the greater opportunities to send children to them, they teach them also the Latin and Greek tongues, and the Hebrew also, which is the easiest of them all, and ought to be in great account with us, for the Old Testament's sake. And it is most heedfully to be regarded, that in teaching youth the tongues, to wit, the Greek and Latin, such heathenish authors be most carefully avoided, be their language never so good, whose writings are full of the fables, vanities, filthiness, lasciviousness, idolatries and wickedness of the heathen. Seeing usually, while youth do learn the language of the heathen, they also learn their wickedness in that language; whereas it were far better for them to want their language, than to be possessed with their wickedness. And what should Christian youth have to do with

the heathenish poets, who were, for the most part, the devil's prophets, and delivered forth their writings in his spirit?" . . . .

"It may be convenient also, that there may be some universities or colleges, for the instructing youth in the knowledge of the liberal arts, beyond grammar and rhetoric . . . . but the mathematics especiallly are to be had in good esteem in universities . . . . which, as they carry no wickedness in them, so are they besides, very useful to human society, and the affairs of this present life."

He then advocates the scattering of colleges through various parts of the nation, and recommends, with Luther, that a portion of the education should be devoted to the useful arts or some lawful calling; and adds:—"If this course were taken in the disposing and ordering colleges and studies, it would come to pass that twenty would learn then, where one learns now; and also by degrees, many men, on whom God shall please to pour forth his Spirit, may grow up to teach the people, while yet they live in an honest calling and employment, as the apostles did. And this would give them great efficacy and power in teaching, while they lived by faith, through their honest labor, and were delivered from the mischief of idleness." . . . .

"And by this means may the chargeable and burdensome maintenance of the carnal clergy, by degrees be taken away, and the church of Christ, and the very nations themselves, be supplied with a more faithful, Christian and spiritual ministry than now it hath, at a far less rate. For God hath promised, in the last days 'to pour out his Spirit on all flesh, and the sons, and daughters, and servants, and handmaids, shall prophesy,' and then 'shall knowledge cover the earth, as the waters do the seas.'"

But now briefly to return to his Confutation of Simpson's Errors—in animadverting on his absurd assumption, that all divinity is swaddled in human learning, he conceives that all Christians must, at first reading of this, acknowledge that such doctrine is not divine, but philosophical; and affirms, that "if all divinity be swaddled in human learning, all such divinity hath no great depth, seeing the bottom of human learning is easily fathomed;" adding, "I conceive he might speak thus, that all divinity is wrapped up in human learning, to deter the common people from the study and inquiry after it, and to cause them still to expect all divinity from the clergy, who, by their education, have attained to that human learning which the plain people are destitute of. For it is the old and new design of antichrist, to make the people depend on the clergy for all divinity, though the people have the Scriptures as near them, and the grace of God usually nearer to them, than they; seeing 'God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble.'"

"And now," he reverentially concludes, "O blessed Lord Jesus, who wast crucified, dead and buried, but yet art risen from the dead by the eternal Spirit, and art ascended on high to fill all things, have mercy on thy poor church, which is so grievously rent and torn this day by wolves in sheeps' clothing; and is thus hurt and consumed by poisonous doctrines of men, who seek themselves, and their own things, to the harm and ruin of thy poor people! O thou Son of the living God, who art the way, the truth, and the life, how shall the kingdom of antichrist be brought down, when the hands of such men, who seem pillars in the church, are stretched forth so strongly to hold it up? And how shall the days of antichrist be shortened, when his kingdom is coming forth again, in the greatest deceivableness of unrighteousness that hath ever yet appeared in the world to delude the nations? O Lord, remember all thy promises, and make haste to destroy Babylon the great, with all its mysteries of righteousness and unrighteousness, and let it sink as a millstone in the sea, without any hope or possibility of a resurrection. And seeing there is no hand of man stretched out for this work, but all hands are against it; do thou destroy it, O Lord, without hand, even with the Spirit of thy mouth, and the brightness of thy coming, according to the truth of thy promises, and the unutterable sighs and groans of thy Spirit, occasioned thereby, in the hearts of all thy faithful and elect. Even so, Lord, and let thy kingdom come, and make no long tarrying. Amen."

We have no further account of this spiritually-minded and enlightened man, until the year 1662, about two years after the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of England, when he was ejected from his position in the college, as a non-conformist.

As long as God tries us he is not saying, "Let him alone." He would not thus prune the tree, if he had sentenced it to be cut down. I see what once I did not, and the discovery is painful: but if he was minded to kill me, he would not have showed me such things as these. That be far from him to trifle with my misery. In vain the enemy says, "But thy sins are so numerous and aggravated." So they are; but this is the very reason why I should apply for mercy. Pardon my iniquity, for it is great!

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AN INCITEMENT TO THOUGHT.

As years roll around, how many are swept away from the scene of action. Death makes inroads upon all ranks, all classes, all ages. No respecter of persons is he. He may call for the millionaire just as he has cast up his interest, summed up the amount of his income, placed his bonds in the iron chest, and exulting in his success, say, "Mine own right hand hath gotten me much;" but the pale messenger says, "It is no longer thine, give up thy stewardship;" andthe hand looses its grasp and falls motionless, and the tongue ceases to boast of exact calculations. Another reckoning now comes; accounts must be given in before a tribunal from which there is no appeal. Now, if he has no treasure in heaven, he is poor indeed. His tact for adding house to house and field to field is not considered here; fame and distinction weigh nothing. He must give an account according to his deeds, and such will be his reward. Perhaps beside him may stand one whose life here was a series of suffering, who, like the man of sorrows, had nowhere to lay his head, but who had led a life of self-denial, borne the frowns of the haughty patiently, endured privations without complaining, and done the best he could. Few and evil have been the days of his pilgrimage; but he has loved his Maker, served his followers according to ability, and the Judge says, "Where little is given, little is required." Open the portals of Paradise to him. We cannot serve two masters, let us then in all humility serve God; and in so doing, all things of a lower order will be made use of as his gifts, promoting our own comfort, and also subserving nobler purposes by extending benefits broadcast over the world amongst his children. As the year has now closed upon us, may we take a solemn review of all that has past, bring every thing to the test of the Supreme Judge; let his holy spirit be auditor—the angelic host witnesses—and see if the answer of well-done be the award given. If not, commence at once to set all things in order, for there is no knowledge, work nor device in the grave whither we go, nor can any one return to correct mistakes. Oh, how deep are the interests of the present moment! The eternal destiny of the immortal soul may hang upon the result of its acts or decision. S. H.

Faith is the blessed tree which produces the noble and the divine fruits of wisdom, virtue, and true felicity. But it is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it will not grow nor thrive in the cold and barren soil of man's heart, without his incessant care and industry.—*Howe.*

"HOW OLD ART THOU?"

BY JOHN PINGAY.

It was a memorable answer that Jacob gave in reply to this question of the sovereign of Egypt: "The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers, in the days of their pilgrimage."—Gen. xlvii. 8.

The question of the monarch had no deeper purpose, we may well suppose, than to gratify a curiosity awakened by the venerable appearance of the aged patriarch. But to one whose mortal life is measured by fleeting years, it may become an inquiry of most serious moment. Allow me, then, not prompted by any idle or impertinent curiosity, but animated by an earnest zeal for your improvement, to propose to the friendly reader who may peruse this page, the interesting inquiry: "*How old art thou?*"

The young regard the question with interest; and associating the lapse of years with a day of festivity or mirth, or congratulation at the close of every twelfth-month of their life, become quite impatient for the return of the birth-day.

Not finding in the present that which meets their wishes, they think they see it in the distant future, and chide the tardy years which keep them from their desire. Ere long they find that the moments which they have chided for delay, are rushing onward with an impetuosity which they would gladly detain. The birth-days multiply. They seem to stand nearer and nearer together. Twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, are hurrying on to complete the three-score years and ten.

At what point of progress, dear reader, does this inquiry find you now: "*How old art thou?*"

Do not fear to pause and ask yourself this qustion, not as a matter of mere arithmetic, but as having to do with the great errand of your life.

Has your wisdom increased with your increasing years?

Age is not wisdom; observation is not wisdom; learning is not wisdom. Wisdom, indeed, requires time for its development, but time alone will never make us wise. We need to read, to study, to reflect; to collect the experience of the past; to keep our eyes open upon the present; from our successes and our failures alike, to learn how to shape our future course. He only is truly wise, whose learning, observation and experience teach him to avoid the errors and follies of the past, and to make the most of the present fleeting hour. Are you, then, really any wiser from what you have read, or seen, or known? Are you more skilful to avoid the paths of error, or to find the ways of truth?

Do the errors of the past tend to preserve you from present mistake? If not, what is the progress of years doing for you? When will you be wise?

Have your own expectations concerning yourself been fulfilled?

In the day-dreams of childhood and youth, you have been accustomed to sketch plans of what you would be and do in coming time. Many a portrait of your future self have you drawn, and admired the picture. Your ignorance was to give place to knowledge, your indolence to industry, your self-indulgence to self-control. Your foolish or sinful habits were to be overcome; your evil and unamiable tempers to be subdued. Yourself the hero of your own musings, you have reveled in the thought of the attainments you would make, and the grand enterprises you would accomplish for the benefit of the world. Compare now the foreshadowing of the past, with the realities of the present; your expected attainments, with the actual attainments of the present hour; your actual achievements, with the bright anticipations of former days. What has the lapse of time done in you, and for you? Count the number of your departed years, and tell how many more must pass, at your present rate of progress, before your expectations will be fulfilled; your ignorance enlightened, your indolence taught industry, your evil habits reformed, your unholy tempers subdued, your projected works accomplished.

Have the reasonable expectations of your friends concerning you been fulfilled?

It would not be strange, if in the loving and partial estimate of friends your powers had been over-valued, and expectations to some extent unreasonable, had been entertained respecting your future importance. They may have expected more of you than a sober judgment would have approved. But, leaving out of the account every unwarrantable expectation, have you really proved in your character and attainments and achievements, what your friends had a right to expect? Has the unfolded flower redeemed the fair promise of the undeveloped bud? Time has been speeding on its way, the number of your years increasing with amazing rapidity, and those interested in your story have been looking eagerly for fruit. Shall the master address you as a barren fig tree, a cumberer of the ground: "*Behold these many years I come seeking fruit and find none?*"

Has your improvement kept paee with your privileges?

It is at once a just and natural principle of requirement, to hold man responsible for that which is committed to his trust. "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required; and to whom men have committed much, of him will they ask the more." —Luke xii. 48. If it be unreasonable to hold the man with one talent accountable for the use of five, equally unreasonable is it that he who has five in hand should be expected to answer but for one. It is not, then, for actual improvement merely that man is to hold himself accountable, but for relative improvement —improvement measured by opportunities. You may have made but little progress; but your opportunities have been small. You will be judged according to what you have, and not according to what you have not. You may have made great progress; yet such have been your opportunities, that your progress should have been greater still. The native talents with which you were endowed; the early examples which you witnessed; the early instructions which you received; the early freedom from care and labor which you enjoyed; all enter into the account when measuring your improvement. The date of responsibility reckons from a very early hour. No definite day or hour can be named; but we know that it must begin at the earliest period in which we are capable of distinguishing right from wrong.

Consider, then, your opportunities of *knowledge*. How many years have you been master of the art of reading? In this you had the key to all knowledge. A diligent use of time which has been actually thrown away, or dissipated in idleness, might have placed at your disposal vast treasures of information. The records of history, the experience of the wise, the triumphs of philosophy, the wonders of science, might, in large measure, have been your possession, if, from time to time, you had summoned yourself to account. Should you number your years by your attainments, what would be your answer to the question: "*How old art thou?*"

Review the records of the past. Call to mind the great names, the marvellous events, the memorable dates of history. What portion of these have you at command? Review the names of the sciences and the arts. Examine yourself on those with which you judge yourself the most familiar; or those with which you have had the largest opportunities of acquaintance; or those which your calling in life renders it most necessary that you should pursue; or those for familiarity with which you have credit among your neighbors; and you may feel the blush of shame kindling upon your cheek at the deep and mortifying sense of your own ignorance.

It is good to think of the progress of years, and to measure their number by our attainments. We sometimes find ourselves to be children, when we had flattered ourselves that we were men. And when some faithful

reprover comes to charge us with our ignorance, how do our own hearts second the accusation: "When for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you." Ignorance is not our crime, nor our shame; but ignorance of truths which we have had the means of knowing:—"*How old art thou?*"—When will your ignorance be wise?

To us, this life should be "more than meat, and the body more than raiment." Every day should enlighten us in the knowledge of duty, and witness some new conquest over passion, or prejudice, or pride.—Do we know our duty better, for the lapse of time? Is the sense of right and wrong more acute and discerning for its use? Are we more and more under the control of fixed and holy principle? Do we gain any victories over our appetites or passions? Do we rule our own spirits by any wiser or sterner control? Are we not conscious still of childish weakness and infirmity?

We are parents, it may be, and we often chide the folly, the impatience, the waywardness of our children. But when they are most weak, and most impatient, and most wayward, do they not most clearly, and most to our mortification, reproduce the very examples they have seen in ourselves? Are we not more guilty, more censurable, than the children whom we reprove, in the very particulars for which we reprove them? When will age bring the wisdom that we need? Who of us can say: "When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things?"—1 Cor. xiii. 11.

(To be continued.)

SCRAPS FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Dear ——:—Thou sayst, "Will it do for us to conclude the life-giving stream is ever useless, valueless and wasted, even though it be hidden in its flowings? We cannot so believe in reference to the outward world and its resources, some of which are still deeply hidden from man's eye; may we not rather look upon these as a reserve force—so designed by Infinite Wisdom? A hidden stream surely has its service." My conviction for a long time has been that nothing the Good Being ever created or bestowed was useless. As recorded in the early history of creation, so in all time, "God saw *every thing* that he had made, and behold *it was very good*." But the point before my mind when I wrote to thee was the *needed co-operation of man* in the Divine economy, or as a part of it, to render the gifts and blessings of Providence more practically and abundantly serviceable than He leaves them, and to which He invites us, as for instance, by the spring gushing forth, showing that the waters are in the earth, and could be found beneath the surface if sought for. We should not leave Providence to do all, nor we, in our own wisdom and strength, undertake to do all; but man *should employ the powers with which he is endowed, in harmony with the Divine mind*, to render the good gifts within his reach of more service to himself, and consequently to the higher glory of the Supreme Good. I will endeavor to render my meaning clearer by illustrations. Our settlement is very much on a ridge, and of course has few streams and but little water-power. A friend and neighbor, seeing the difficulty in the neighborhood of getting sawing and grinding done, dug a large well, and erected a steam saw and grist mill. Then, using his knowledge of the properties with which the Good Being has endowed water, and properly and wisely adapting means to ends—all of which proceed from the one Source—he makes part of the water of the well raise another part, to saw timber with which to build houses, make fences, and for many other conveniences; and also to make nice flour for the whole settlement, grind food for stock, &c. Moreover, the cattle drink of the *waste*-water, chickens, ducks and birds sip at the little pools, and the whole neighborhood seems benefited and blessed by his *rendering active* what was before hidden and *comparatively* valueless, though no doubt good. Now, no known disadvantage or inconvenience in any way arises from his thus tapping the "hidden stream," and employing part of it for these purposes.

This illustration is from near *my* home; a more interesting one, and on a larger scale, is near *thine*, in the Schuylkill River. That beautiful stream formerly passed on directly to mingle its waters with those of the Delaware, and thence to the ocean, until some mind, under the enlightenment of Divine Wisdom, as I fully believe,—for all that is good comes from the one Source,—by employing His laws, and the properties with which He endows matter, makes a part of it raise another part to a mound, whence it is conveyed and distributed, by its own force, to the different families all over your city, bringing comforts, conveniences and blessings through your houses. And the Delaware does not suffer, nor does the Atlantic—nothing suffers; and yet how many are blessed. How great the contrast with what would have been had the river continued to flow on uninterruptedly, as it would have done but for these active and enlightened minds. In my view, there are many spiritual Schuylkills, passing quietly on as to the greater river and the ocean, the waters of which, by using accessible means, under the direction of the Wisdom and Power that will no more be

withheld in the spiritual than the physical world, might be *distributed*, to comfort, strengthen and bless many. Then the clay, sand and marble had their uses in their quiet beds; but how much greater since the enlightenment of man has placed them in the beautiful and comfortable structures of your city. Also, coal in its bed fills undoubtedly its place so far in the Divine economy; but, when employed as a means adapted to useful ends, how much more has it performed to comfort and bless man, and thus to glorify God, during the last century, than if during the thousands of years it had lain quietly in the mines.

If thou wilt not tire of my illustrations, which seem to crowd upon me, I will refer to iron in the ore, contrasted with its use in the needle, the axe, the plough, and the innumerable other useful purposes to which it is directed, by enlightened intelligence using those laws and properties which are among the good gifts of Providence, the better to adapt some of his other gifts to the wants of His rational creatures. Oh, were there the same life, the same faith, the same effort and industry, in the spiritual realities and laws, as in the physical, with the collection that might and should be made of facts and principles furnished by experience, with the adaptation of them as means to ends, beginning in early life, and pursuing as steadily in the one as the other, what a different condition of things, in my view, would exist. Bnt I am by no means discouraged. I think there is a tendency and a progress in this direction. The great Spirit is continually at work. As in the physical world, according to the conclusions of those who are most deeply learned in the Book of Nature, the vast mountain ranges, such as the Andes, Alleghanies and Rocky Mountains, have been raised, little by little,—perhaps not over three or four feet in a century, and even more slowly,—but still raised by the means He has adapted to that end, always acting in the same direction, through a period of past time which no one can estimate,—so is He raising, little by little, higher and higher, the mountains (?)* of Truth, Justice, Love, and all the elevated and ennobling virtues, to be more and more conspicuous, and to be beheld, in their loveliness and beauty, from greater and greater distances, till, *in time*, they will be seen, loved, admired and practiced by all the families of the earth; so that, in a shorter period than has been employed in bringing our physical world to its present condition of adaptation to the wants of its inhabitants, will the moral and spiritual world of the human family, now *comparatively* so entirely in its *infancy*, be brought to fully as advanced a condition. Deity never fails of His purpose. He must have intended a higher moral condition of mankind generally on this earth than now exists; and that purpose will ultimately be effected, and *is being* effected *slowly*, as comparable to a few feet a century, but is destined to go on, until, using a figure of Scripture, "Righteousness shall cover the earth, as the waters do the sea."

* Yes; comparable to physical mountains, as the appointed means of Divine Providence, to give origin, flow and force to the streams.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 2, 1869.

THE YEAR 1869.—Our present issue bears the date of the New Year, and forms another era from which to date wise resolves for the future. Be the record of the past what it may, we are called upon to let it suffice, and not suffer the present to be consumed in idle regrets for opportunities lost, or in self gratulations for what may have been well done. The *present* bears about it an accountability which can only be met by each moment being occupied in such a manner as will enable us to fulfil the mission of life in accordance with the will of the great I AM.

Were we more forcibly impressed with the truth, that we have been created for a higher purpose than the mere enjoyment of transitory pleasures, and that the prize worth possessing is to be obtained by obeying the great first commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," and the second, which is like unto it, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," we believe that we should not have to wait for the close of the year to discover, that verily it is good to be zealously affected in doing the will of our Heavenly Father. It is testified that "He withholds neither grace nor glory, nor any good thing from those who love and serve Him." To such as are *willing* to walk therein, the path of duty is not only made plain, but if there be faith even as "a grain of mustard seed," obstacles comparable to a mountain will be removed out of the way.

And those who feel as if in a frail bark, tossed by a tempestuous sea, may witness the calming of "the winds and waves" by the same power which delivered the disciples in the hour of peril, if the Divine Master be

called upon "in faith nothing doubting," Who then shall fear, or of whom shall we be afraid? seeing that preservation is promised to all who will confide in the name of the Lord.

In recurring to the past year, if we turn to individual experiences, we discover the usual variations of light and shadow resting upon many households. Valued friends within the circle of our acquaintance have been removed. The change has not been confined to those who might be justly compared to the ripened sheaf, but also among the middle-aged and youth, death has reaped with unsparing hand. To some he brought no sting, and the grave had no victory. They had "applied their hearts unto wisdom," and in the hour of need they were furnished with the Christian's staff, upon which they leaned in confidence as they passed through the valley and shadow of death, and they "feared no evil."

As a nation we have been greatly blessed. The abundant harvests throughout almost every portion of our country, call for especial gratitude; and we rejoice in the evidences which are being frequently presented, that not a few among the many who have accumulated wealth, are willing to aid their less favored brethren. May the number of these be increased. For "he who gives to the poor lends to the Lord,"—and "the poor ye have always with you."

Though the circumstance communicated to us by our friend S. B. W. is one of much interest, we doubt the propriety of giving it publicity.

DIED, of diphtheria, at Prairie Grove, Henry Co., Iowa, on the 10th of Tenth month, 1868, OSCAR, son of Caleb Russell, Jr., and Phebe E. Russell, aged nearly two years.

——, at his residence at Prairie Grove, Henry Co., Iowa, on the 12th of Twelfth month, 1868, after an illness of near three months, JOHN FENTON, in the 73d year of his age. The deceased came to Iowa in 1855, from Frederick Co., Va., and rendered efficient aid in the establishment of Prairie Grove Monthly and Quarterly Meetings; was at the time of his death and for many years previously an Elder. The writer of this brief notice enjoyed the acquaintance of the deceased for nearly fifty years, and can bear testimony to his pure Christian character. He was an affectionate husband, a kind father and an obliging neighbor, and through his long illness he gave evidence of his dependence upon his heavenly Father for his spiritual blessings and a happy immortality beyond the grave.

DIED, on the 26th of Eleventh month, 1868, of pneumonia, TACEY, wife of Wm. Satterthwaite, in her 63d year; a member and elder of Falls Monthly Meeting, Bucks Co., Pa.

——, in the city of Rochester, on the 12th of Twelfth month, 1868, at the residence of her brother Elias Doty, ELIZA DOTY, in the 67th year of her age; a member of Scipio Monthly Meeting. She had strong faith in a happy immortality.

——, on the 14th ult., JOHN R. PANCOAST, son of Tacy R. and the late Eliakim Pancoast, in the 36th year of his age.

——, at his late residence, near Easton, Md., on the 10th of Twelfth month, 1868, ISAAC BOWERS, in the 76th year of his age; being a member and elder of Third Haven Meeting.

——, in the city of Wilmington, Del., on the 29th of Eleventh month, 1868, at the residence of her parents Joseph and Ann Chandler, SARAH ANN CHANDLER, in the 44th year of her age. For the last two years of her life she passed through much bodily affliction, which she bore with a remarkable degree of patience, never having been heard to murmur or complain.

——, at Yonge Street, C.W., on the 30th of Tenth month, 1868, MARTHA PHILLIPS, the beloved wife of Dr. S. E. Phillips, in her 74th year. She was one of those that witnessed the hardships and privations of a new settlement in her youth, her parents being among the first settlers, and lived to enjoy the comforts of her labors in her advancing years. She was afflicted with a disease of the eyes that caused total blindness for upwards of thirty years. In the patient resignation to her affliction she showed forth a Christian's meekness, creating sympathy in a widely extended circle of Friends. She occupied the station of elder in Society for many years, and was an example to others in the regular attendance of all her meetings for one in her situation. Her remains were interred in Friends' burying-ground, after a solemn and impressive meeting.

FRIENDS' FUEL ASSOCIATION FOR THE POOR

Will meet this (Seventh-day) evening, First month 2d, 1869, at Race St. Meeting-house.

WM. HEACOCK, *Clerk.*

FIRST DAY SCHOOLS.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Association of Friends for the promotion of First-day Schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will be held in Friends' Meeting-house at Trenton, N. J., on Seventh-day morning, First month 16th, 1869, at 10½ o'clock. It is very desirable to have reports and representatives in attendance from all the First-day Schools and kindred organizations within our limits. Trains leave Kensington depot at 7.30 A.M., Walnut St. wharf 6.30 and 8 A.M., and West Philadelphia at 9.45—(this last will not arrive at Trenton till 11.04 A.M.) Returning trains leave Trenton at 3.53 P.M., and 5.03, 7.05 and 8.50 P.M. The full attendance of all interested is invited.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., }
LYDIA H. HALL, } *Clerks.*

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, First month 8th, at 3 o'clock. The full attendance of the members is desirable.

THOS. GARRIGUES, *Clerk.*

NOTICE.

Friends desiring works issued by "Friends' Publication Association" will please remember that T. ELLWOOD CHAPMAN, 3 S. Fifth St., 2d story, has

consented to act as GENERAL AGENT in Philadelphia, in place of EMMOR COMLY, 144 N. Seventh St. Communications should be addressed to T. E. CHAPMAN, or to the Treasurer, JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., 717 Willow St.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

THE CAST-IRON PLOW AND ITS INVENTOR.

The inventions which have lessened the price of the plow, and the difficulty and expense of running it, and brought the implement to its present perfection, rank in importance with those which have given us the steam-engine and the locomotive. Improve the plow, and we improve the value of every acre of land in the United States. Reduce the cost of working it, and we reduce the cost of every barrel of flour and every bushel of corn between Bangor and San Francisco.

The plow is older than civilization. Pliny tells us that "Buzyges the Athenian, or as others would have it, Triptolemus, first yoked oxen for the tillage of the earth, and advised the plow." Plutarch records that "at the building of Rome, Romulus taketh the plow to which he fastened a colter or plowshare of brass, and so yoked in an ox and cow; he himself holding the plow, did make round about the compass of the city a deep furrow." In English history it is still more important, and "a plowman" is honorably mentioned in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales as one of the group of story-tellers who diverted themselves on their pious pilgrimage.

But the Ancients and the early English plowmen tilled the earth with an implement so rude and imperfect, that we wonder it held its place so long. It was little more than a crooked stick, shaped like a section of the trunk of a tree, with a sharp projecting branch to stir the ground. This wooden plow, exactly as it was used among the Egyptians and Israelites, is still in vogue, not only in the Republic of Mexico, but also in our own Territory of New Mexico, where, when merchants tried to introduce the iron plow, the ignorant and superstitious natives inflexibly refused to have anything to do with it.

The Rotterdam plow, used in England a hundred and fifty years ago, was a heavy, unwieldy implement made entirely of wood, except the colter, or knife depending from the beam to cut through the roots and soil, and two shoes on the under side of the share, which were of wrought iron. But in 1740, James Small, a Scotchman, introduced a revolution in husbandry by producing a cast-iron mold-board. That was the beginning of a new era. Then there was no marked change till nearly fifty years afterward, when Robert Ransom of Ipswich, patented an iron plowshare.

Until after the Revolution the history of agricultural implements in America was nearly the same as in England. Yankee inventiveness did not assert itself till the colonies threw off the yoke of the mother-country. But as the United States struggled out of the gloom in which the war left them, improvements in agriculture and manufactures began to occupy the keenest minds of the country. In 1797 Newbold of New Jersey obtained a patent for some improvement in plow-making, which was purchased of him by David Peacock, who afterward produced a plow having both mold-board and land-side of cast iron, with share of sharpened steel or wrought iron.

So important were improvements in plows considered that the versatile and philosophic Jefferson was greatly interested in them, and in 1798 he wrote a long, elaborate treatise on the construction of mold-boards. His theory was, that, as the bottom of the furrow is, or ought to be flat, the breast of the mold-board where it comes in direct contact with the soil should be flat also. But the plow still continued in a very imperfect state. As late as 1820, according to the testimony of old farmers now living, the kind best known and most commonly used, bore the name of the "Bull-plow." It was made principally of wood and wrought iron, and ordinarily cost $40 or $50. The mold-board was of wood fitted bunglingly to the irons, and the action of the rude implement "might be illustrated by holding a sharp-pointed shovel, back up, and thrusting it through the ground." The share was of steel, and frequently had to be sharpened by a blacksmith at a charge of from ten to twenty shillings. The plowing season especially where land was stony, proved very expensive to the husbandman.

In 1814 Jethro Wood, a farmer of ample means and large intelligence, living in Cayuga County, New York, took out a patent for an improved plow. From early childhood he had shown remarkable ingenuity in the construction of agricultural implements. When only a few years old he molded a little plow from metal, which he obtained by melting a pewter cup. Then, cutting the buckles from a set of braces, he made a miniature harness with which he fastened the family cat to his tiny plow, and endeavored to drive her about the flower-garden. The good old-fashioned whipping he received for this "mischief" was such as to drive all desire for repeating the experiment out of his juvenile head.

But when he grew to manhood the ruling passion asserted itself, and for years the improvement of the plow was his darling project. His chief desire was to invent a new mold-board, which, from its form should meet

the least resistance from the soil, and which could be made with share and standard, entirely of cast iron. To hit upon the exact shape for the mold-board he whittled away, day after day, until his neighbors, who thought him mad on the subject, gave him the soubriquet of the "whittling Yankee." His custom was to take a large oblong potato which was easy for the knife, and cut it till he obtained what he fancied was the exact curve.

The plow which he patented in 1814 he found defective; and, destroying his first patterns, he set to work again. In 1819 he took out a patent for his perfected plow. It covered five distinct improvements: 1, The new shape of the mold-board, to raise and turn the soil with least resistance. 2. The cast-iron standard, which is a projection from the mold-board, connecting it with the beam. 3. The cast iron edge or share, and the manner of attaching it to the upper side of the mold-board. 4. The fastening of the handles to the land-side and mold-board by notches or loops, cast with the land-side or mold-board respectively. 5. The manner of connecting the land-side and mold-board without the aid of screw-bolts.

He obtained his patent for a period of fourteen years, and his invention received the name of the "Cast Iron Plow," from the entire abandonment of wrought iron in its construction.

He immediately began to manufacture his plows, and introduce them to the farmers in his neighborhood. The difficulties which he now encountered would have daunted any man without extraordinary perseverance and a firm belief in the inestimable benefit to agriculture sure to result from his invention. He was obliged to manufacture all the patterns, and to have the plow cast under the disadvantages usual with new machinery. The nearest furnace was thirty miles from his home, and, baffled by obstacles which unskilful and disobliging workmen threw in his way, he visited it, day after day, directing the making of his patterns, standing by the furnaces while the metal was melting, and often with his own hands aiding in the casting.

When, at length, samples of his plow were ready for use, he met with another difficulty in the unwillingness of farmers to accept them. "What," they cried, in contempt, "a plow made of pot metal? You might as well attempt to turn up the earth with a glass plowshare. It would hardly be more brittle."

One day he induced one of his most skeptical neighbors to make a public trial of the plow. A large concourse gathered to see how it would work. The field selected for the test was thickly strewn with stones, many of them firmly imbedded in the soil, and jutting up from the surface. All predicted that the plow would break at the outset. To their astonishment and Wood's satisfaction it went around the field, running easily and smoothly, and turning up the most perfect furrow which had ever been seen. The small stones against which the farmer maliciously guided it, to test the "brittle" metal, moved out of the way as if they were grains of sand, and it slid around the immovable rocks as if they were icebergs.

Incensed at the non-fulfillment of his prophecy, the farmer finally drove the plow with all force upon a large boulder, and found to his amazement that it was uninjured by the collision. It proved a day of triumph for Jethro Wood, and from that time he heard few taunts about the "pot metal."

It was soon discovered that his plow turned up the soil with so much ease that two horses could do the work for which a yoke of oxen and a span of horses had sometimes been insufficient before; that it made a better furrow, and that it could be bought for seven or eight dollars. No more running to the blacksmith either to have it sharpened. It was proved a thorough and valuable success. Thomas Jefferson, from his retirement at Monticello, wrote Wood a letter of congratulation, and although his theory of the construction of mold-boards had differed entirely from the inventor's, gave his most hearty appreciation to the merits of the plow. During the same year, 1820, Jethro Wood sent one of his plows to Alexander I., Emperor of Russia, and the peculiar circumstances attending the gift and its reception formed a large part of the newspaper gossip of the day. Wood, though a man of cultivation, intellectually as well as agriculturally, was not familliar with French, which was then as now the diplomatic language. So he requested his personal friend, Dr. Samuel Mitchill, President of the New York Society of Natural History and Sciences, to write a letter in French to accompany the gift.

The autocrat of all the Russias received the plow and the letter, and sent back a diamond ring—which the newspapers declared to be worth from $7,000 to $15,000—in token of his appreciation. By some indirection, the ring was not delivered to the donor of the plow, but to the writer of the letter, and Dr. Mitchill instantly appropriated it to his own use. Wood appealed to the Russian Minister at Washington for redress. The Minister sent to his Emperor and asked to whom the ring belonged, and Alexander replied that it was intended for the inventor of the plow. Armed with this authority,

Wood again demanded the ring of Mitchill. But there were no steamships or telegraphs in those days, and Mitchill declared that in the long interval in which they had been waiting to hear from Russia, he had given it to the cause of the Greeks, who were then rising to throw off the yoke of their Turkish oppressors. A newspaper of the time calls Mitchill's course "an ingenious mode of quartering on the enemy," and the inventor's friends seem to have believed that the ring had been privately sold for his benefit. At all events, it never came to light again, and Wood, a peaceful man, a Quaker by profession, did not push the matter further.

In truth he had little time to devote to side issues. His patterns had cost him some thousands of dollars. For the first year or two he had *given away* his plows to the farmers in all directions, that their value might be thoroughly tested. Now, when he began to look around for some benefit to accrue to himself he found the plowmakers everywhere manufacturing them, in defiance of his rights as patentee and inventor. In fruitless suits and vain struggles against the inefficacy of the laws, the fourteen years for which the first patent was granted, expired.

But, in 1833, he succeeded in getting a renewal for fourteen years more. In the meantime, however, he had spent a large private fortune, and became heavily involved. His invention had brought him literally nothing but a plentiful crop of lawsuits, which seemed to spring up in every furrow his plow had traced. In 1834 he died, pecuniarily ruined.

Notwithstanding all his disappointments, his life was singularly bright and genial. His serene, equable disposition was proof against all trials. Many persons yet living remember him as one whose beautiful sunny nature no adversity could cloud, and whose broad, loving philanthropy no ill-treatment could sour. In the event of reaping the deserved reward for his invention, he had resolved to establish a fund for a system of public schools in the State of New York, and he seemed to feel as much disappointment at the failure of this scheme as at his own losses. He always wore the garb and manners of the community of Friends, was of benignant and winning presence, courtly grace of manner, and a tender affectionate heart.

After his death his son Benjamin, who received the invention as a legacy, continued his efforts to wrest justice from the unwilling hand of the law. Nearly all his father's failures had proceeded from the inadequacy of the patent laws, which were almost worthless to protect the rights of the inventor. Even now a patent is worth little until it has been fought through the Supreme Court of the United States. In those days so many obstacles were thrown in the way of the inventors, and the combinations against them so formidable, that Eli Whitney, in trying to establish his rights to the cotton gin in a Georgia court, while his machine was doubling and trebling the value of lands through the State, had this experience, which is given in his own words: "I had great difficulty in proving that the machine had been used in Georgia, *although at the same moment there were three separate sets of this machinery in motion within fifty yards of the building in which the court sat, and all so near that the rattling of the wheels was distinctly heard on the steps of the Court House.*"

Similar difficulties had met Jethro Wood in *his* suits; so his son resolved to strike at the root of the evil by securing a reform in the laws. He accordingly went to Washington, where he remained through several seasons, always working to this end. Clay, Webster, and John Quincy Adams, all of whom had known Jethro Wood and his invention, aided his son powerfully with their votes and counsel, and he succeeded in securing several important changes in the patent laws.

Then he returned to New York, and commenced suit to resist encroachments on his right, and the wholesale manufacture of his plow by those who refused to pay the premium to the inventor. The "Cast Iron Plow" was now used all over the country, and formidable combinations of its manufacturers united their capital and influence against Benjamin Wood. William H. Seward, then practicing law, was retained as Wood's counsel, and the plow-makers engaged all the talent they could muster to oppose him.

Heretofore it had never been contradicted that Jethro Wood was the originator of the plow in use, but now his right to the invention was denied, and it was alleged that his improvements had been forestalled by other makers. Again and again the case was adjourned, and Europe and America were ransacked for specimens of the different plows which were declared to include his patent.

Wood also obtained from England samples of the plows of James Small and Robert Ransom. He searched New Jersey to find the Peacock plow which was said to have a cast iron mold-board of exactly similar shape to his father's. Everywhere in that State he found "Wood's plow" in use, but he could hear nothing of the one he sought. At length riding near a farm-house he discovered one of the old "Newbold-Peacock plows" lying under a fence, dilapidated and rust-

eaten. "We don't use it any more," the farmer replied to his inquiries, "we've got one a good deal better." "Will you sell this?" asked Wood. "Well, yes." And Wood, glad to get it at almost any price, paid the keen farmer, who took advantage of his evident anxiety, two or three times the price of a new plow, and added the old one to his specimens.

This motley collection of implements was brought into court and exhibited to the judges. At last, after the case had dragged its slow length along, through many terms, and the plaintiff was nearly worn out with the law's delay, the time for final trial and decision arrived. The combination of plow-makers feared that the case would go in Wood's favor, and made every effort to keep him out of court, that he might lose it by default. During his long entanglement in the law, he had contracted many debts, and one of his opponents had managed to purchase several of these accounts. Just before the case was to be heard for the last time, this worthy plow manufacturer, attended by a sheriff, and armed with a warrant to arrest Wood for debt, appeared at the front door of his house. Fortunately Wood had had a few minutes warning, and slipping out at the back door he made his way under cover of approaching darkness to the house of a friendly neighbor. There he procured a horse and started for Albany, 150 miles distant, hearing every moment in fancy the clattering of hoofs at his heels.

As if fortune could not be sufficiently ill-natured, his horse proved vicious and unmanageable, and thrice in the tedious journey threw the rider from his saddle upon the frozen earth, so injuring him that he was barely able to go on.

On arriving at Albany he found himself not a moment too soon. The case had an immediate hearing, and after three days' trial the circuit Court decided unequivocally that the plow now in general use over the country was unlike any other which had been produced; that the improvements which rendered it so effective were due to Jethro Wood, and that all manufacturers must pay his heirs for the privilege of making it.

This was a great triumph, but it was now the late Autumn of 1845, and the last grant of the patent had little more than a year to run. Wood again repaired to Washington to apply for a new extension, but the excitements of so long a contest had been too much for him. Just as he had re-commenced his efforts they were forever ended. While talking with one of his friends, he suddenly fell dead from heart disease, and the patent expired without renewal.

The last male heir to the invention was no more. On settling the estate, it was found that while not a vestige remained of the large fortune owned by Jethro Wood when he began his career, *less than five hundred and fifty dollars had ever been received from his invention.*

The after history of the case is a brief one. Four daughters of Jethro Wood alone remained to represent the family. In the winter of 1848 the two younger sisters went to Washington to petition Congress that a bill might be passed for their relief, in view of the inestimable services of their father to the agricultural interests of the country. Webster declared that he regarded their father as a "public benefactor," and gave them his most efficient aid. Clay warmly espoused their cause, and the venerable John Quincy Adams, with his trembling hand—then so enfeebled by age that he rarely used the pen—wrote them kind notes heartily sympathizing with them. On one memorable day, while they were in the House gallery, Mr. Adams, at his desk on the floor, wrote them briefly in relation to their case. A few minutes later he was struck with the fatal attack under which he exclaimed, "This is the last of earth; I am content," and was borne dying to the Speaker's room. The tremulous lines, the last his hand ever traced, were found on his desk and delivered to Miss Wood.

A bill providing that in these four heirs should rest for seven years the exclusive right of making and vending the improvements in the construction of the cast-iron plow; and that twenty-five cents on each plow might be exacted from all who manufactured it, passed the Senate unanimously. But Washington already swarmed with plow manufacturers. The city of Pittsburgh alone sent five to look after their interests. Money was freely used, and the members of the House Committee who were to report on the bill were assured that during the 28 years of the patent, Wood's family had reaped immense wealth, and wished to keep up a monopoly. The two quiet ladies, fresh from the retirement of a Quaker home where they had learned little of the world, were even accused of attempting to secure its extension through bribery. It was the wolf charging the lamb with riling the water. So ignorant were they of such means, that, though the Chairman of the Committee plainly told the younger lady in a few words of private conversation that a very few thousand dollars would give her a favorable verdict, she did not understand the suggestion till an unfavorable report was presented, and the bill killed in the House.

When they were about to leave Washington, some friendly members of Congress, ad-

vised them to deposit the valuable documents which had been used in their suit, including the letter from Thomas Jefferson to Jethro Wood, in the archives of the House, where they could only be withdrawn on the motion of some member. They did so, and left them for some years uncalled for. When at last they applied for them they could not be found. Nor from that time to the present has any trace of them been discovered by any of the family. Thus perished the last vestige of proof relating to this ill-fated invention.

A few futile attempts were made in later years to obtain redress, but Jethro Wood's cotemporaries and friends, both public and private, were nearly all gone. The "Cast Iron Plow" was everywhere in use; but the name of its inventor was forgotten. Even the New American Cyclopædia, in its history of the plow, does not mention it. But ancient wooden plows, unused and falling to decay upon thousands of American farms, yet remain to show by contrast the exceeding service which Jethro Wood performed for the country. His invention is in universal use through the length and breadth of the land, but his few surviving heirs are living lives of poverty.

Mechanical inventions are our national pride. Our wretched laws for the protection of those who originate them are our deep national shame. Jethro Wood served his country more effectually than many a man to whom we have given wealth and fame, and the monument of enduring brass. Even at this late day Congress ought to make to his heirs such poor reparation as lies in its power. Probably no other man ever did so much as he to increase the value of our soil. Some portion of it—a few hundred or a few thousand acres of our public lands—should be granted to the three or four Quaker ladies who are his only surviving descendants. What Senator or Representative will carry such a bill through both branches of Congress.

A. D. R.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

PROFILE MOUNTAIN.

I left the thronged hotel, and went apart
To a sequestered spot that I had known,
Which strongly summoned my o'erburdened heart,—
Thither I went alone.

There lay the dark lake at the mountain's base,
While black against the glowing sunset sky,
The profile of a stern, gigantic face
Met my expectant eye.

In vain the mountain foliage would roll
Around the grimness, its soft depth of gloom;
Aloft it towered like an unpardoned soul
Who waits the word of doom:—

Too proud to show an unavailing pain,
Too patient for rebellion, the grave eyes
Seem to o'erlook the centuries, and to strain
To future mysteries.

A visible embodiment of all
That underlies our every varying mood;
The eternal question born of "bier and pall,"
That cries, "What good? what good?"
That asks in moments of the deepest bliss,
"Is this the crown of the strange life we live?
To souls that dream of God and Heaven, is this
The best that Time can give?"

Till, like the solemn sphinx, we seem to be
Sitting with heads raised upward to the skies,
While on our feet, when we would rise and flee,
The desert sand still lies.

In vain we watch and strain, like yon stern face,
Into the land beyond; the form we wear
Folds us so closely in its dull embrace,
E'en God we scarcely hear.

But when at length death's solemn shades unroll,
And this mean life of daily toil be o'er,
The riddle shall be solved, and the free soul
Question itself no more.

F. M. S.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

MUSINGS.

"I was an hungered and He gave me meat."

There's something come into my heart,
A gently swelling tide,
And fills the darkened chambers
As naught can do beside.

Not like the tide of the river
That sweeps the broad earth's breast,
But a stream from the Mighty Giver
Of perfect peace and rest.

The earth with its care and sorrow,
Like a shadow flees away—
And my life expands with gladness
To greet the perfect day.

I feel so much of happiness—
Calm—and sweet—and holy;
The Father doth commune with me,—
Me, so poor and lowly.

I am weak, yet rich and joyful,
My soul doth long to sing—
His might, and power, and glory,—
My God, my shield, my king!

HORFORD. L.

For the Children.

THE TINY SEED.

One gentle word that we may speak,
Or one kind loving deed,
May, though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing?

Then may we try each day and hour
To act upon this plan:
What little good is in our power,
To do it while we can.
If to be useful thus we try,
We may do better by and by.

PRAYER.

The Lord attends, when children pray,
A whisper He can hear;
He knows not only what we say,
But what we wish or fear.

He sees us when we are alone,
Though no one else can see,
And all our thoughts to Him are known,
Wherever we may be.

'Tis not enough to bend the knee
And words of prayer to say ;
The heart must with the lips agree,
Or else we do not pray.

From "The Friend."

THE IMPORTANCE OF LIGHT TO HEALTH.

The value of light as an hygienic agent, though generally admitted, is yet frequently practically ignored in the construction of our houses and in our modes of living. A suggestive little book, recently published, entitled, "Light, its Influence on Life and Health," urges the necessity of giving more attention to this subject, particularly in large cities, where multitudes are constantly subjected to the deprivation of its health-giving influence, in some of the following observations.

A vast body of evidence conclusively establishes the inestimable value of this agent to the health of both body and mind. Compare the bright, ruddy, happy faces and buoyant spirits of those who reside in the country, and work in the open fields, and upon whom the sun is generally shining, with the pale phlegmatic faces, emaciated, stunted forms and nervous depression of those whose vocation in life deprives them of the healthgiving and beneficial influence of light. "Where light is not permitted to enter the physician will have to go," is a well-known Italian proverb; and it is an established fact that one of the effects of isolation from the stimulus of light is an alteration of the blood by which white instead of red blood-cells are produced, and a sickly and anæmic condition of the system is brought on, attended with a prostration of vital strength, an enfeebling of the nervous energy, and ultimately by diseases of various organs of the body.

Sir David Brewster remarked very truly in relation to this subject, "If the light of day contributes to the development of the human form, and lends its aid to art and nature in the cure of disease, it becomes a personal and national duty to construct our dwelling houses, schools, workshops, factories, villages, towns and cities, upon such principles and in such styles of architecture as will allow the life-giving element to have the freest entrance, and to chase from every crypt, cell and corner, the elements of uncleanness and corruption which have a vested interest in darkness."

Another writer, a physician, states: "The necessity of light for young children is not half appreciated. Many of the affections of children, and nearly all the cadaverous looks of those brought up in great cities, are ascribable to this deficiency of light and air. When we see the glass rooms of photorraphers in every street, high up on the topmost story, we grudge them their application to a mere personal vanity. Why should not our nurseries be constructed in the same manner? If mothers knew the value of light to the skin in childhood, especially to children of a scrofulous tendency, we should have plenty of these glass-house nurseries, where children may run about in a proper temperature. . . . Glass-house nurseries, lifted up to the topmost story, would save many a weakly child that now perishes for want of those necessaries of infant life."

The inestimable value of light as an element in the preservation of health and treatment of disease, should be fully appreciated in the construction of all streets and buildings, particularly those intended as habitations for the poor, or public hospitals for the treatment of disease. It is a well ascertained fact that many maladies are more susceptible of amelioration, if not of cure, provided the light of the sun is freely admitted into the rooms or wards where invalids are domiciled.

Apart altogether from the cheerfulness and mental serenity (important auxiliaries in the eradication of disease!) which the bright rays of the sun engender, light has a thermic influence upon the mind and body when prostrated by serious ailments, and certainly acts beneficially by chemically purifying the blood of the patient, as well as the atmosphere of the apartment he occupies. Florence Nightingale remarks in reference to the sanitary value of light, "Second only to fresh air, however, I should be inclined to rank light in importance for the sick. Direct sunlight, not only daylight, is necessary for speedy recovery; except, perhaps, in certain ophthalmic and a small number of other cases. Instances could be given, almost endless, where, in dark wards or in wards with a northern aspect, even when thoroughly warmed, or in wards with borrowed light, even when thoroughly ventilated, the sick could not by any means be made speedily to recover."

A very remarkable instance of recovery from disease has been related by the late Baron Dupuytren, the eminent French surgeon. A lady residing in Paris had suffered for many years from an enormous complication of diseases, which had baffled the skill of her medical advisers, and her state appeared almost hopeless. As a last resource, the opinion of Dupuytren was requested upon her case, and he, unable to offer any direct medical treatment essentially differing from all that had been previously tried in vain, suggested that she should be taken out of the dark room in which she lived, and away from the dismal street, to a brighter part of the

city, and that she should expose herself as much as possible to the daylight. The result was quickly manifest in her rapid improvement, and this continued until her recovery was complete. An equally singular instance has been related by Southey, in the case of his own parent.

In many buildings the windows are so located that but little light can be transmitted through them as ordinarily constructed. The following extract from an address by the late David Brewster, contains a suggestion by which a remedy may be provided for this deficiency in many cases. "If, in a very narrow street or lane, we look out of a window with the eye in the same plane as the outer face of the wall in which the window is placed, we shall see the whole of the sky by which the apartment can be illuminated. If we now withdraw the eye inward, we shall gradually lose sight of the sky till it wholly disappears, which may take place when the eye is only six or eight inches from its first position. In such a case the apartment is illuminated only by the light reflected from the opposite wall, or the sides of the stones which form the window; because, if the glass of the window is six or eight inches within the wall, as it generally is, not a ray of light can fall upon it. If we now remove our window, and substitute another in which all the panes are roughly ground on the outside, and flush with the outer wall, the light from the whole of the visible sky, and from the remotest part of the opposite wall, will be introduced into the apartment, reflected from the innumerable faces or facets which the rough grinding of the glass has produced. The whole window will appear as if the sky were beyond it, and from every point of this luminous surface light will radiate into all parts of the room."

A blind or screen of fine white muslin spread on the outside of the window, flush with the wall, has also been found to add to the amount of light received through a window. In this case the light of the sky above was caught by the fibres of the linen and reflected from it as from an equal surface of ground glass. The light of a room situated on a narrow street, may also be considerably increased by keeping the opposite walls well whitewashed, and the ceilings and walls of the room as white as possible. The furniture also, and carpets, if any, should also be of a light color.

When hearts are filled with holy affections, and home is happy, then do the young dwell in a charmed circle, which only the depraved would seek to quit, and across which boundary temptations to error shine out but feebly.

We ought to think much more of walking in the right path than of reaching our end. We should desire virtue more than success.

ITEMS.

The Howard University, at Washington, D. C., established for the purpose of preparing colored pupils for the learned professions, has organized a department of law. A. G. Riddle, once a member of Congress, and now a lawyer in Washington, is one of the professors, and with him is associated a colored lawyer, John M. Langston, a native of Virginia, educated at the Oberlin College, in Ohio, and for the last twelve years a practitioner of law in that State. The law school will open on the 4th of First month, with fifteen pupils.

One of the most devoted missionaries in the world is George Muller, of the City of Orphans, in England. In 3d mo., 1836, he resolved to take some orphans under his care, and in 5th mo. took twenty-six under his charge. Every one said that he was exceedingly reckless in assuming this charge with not a cent of regular income. They were still more astonished when, after having crowded four buildings in Bristol with children, he resolved, with no pledges of aid, to build a large house out of the city, on a breezy hill of Ashley Down. Another and yet another large house was added, till now he has erected five buildings, in which 2,100 orphans are supported, at an annual expense of $180,000. The buildings have cost half a million dollars, and he has received in all $1,400,000 since he began this work. It is a remarkable policy of his never to credit a single donor by anything more than his initials, so that practically all the donations are anonymous. The girls remain in the institution till they go out to service, at the age of eighteen; and the boys are apprenticed at the age of fourteen or fifteen. Thus, in a few years, without asking any one but God for aid, he has gone on successfully till he now provides for one-sixth of the destitute orphans in the country.

Peabody's Gifts for benevolent purposes are larger than would be supposed, from the mere publication of the donations as they occur. A list has recently been published placing the gold value of this eminent American's benefactions at $7,735,000, not including the large sums contributed to promote the interests of the United States at the World's Fairs, and at international banquets. This large amount is made up of the following items: To the poor of London, $1,750,000; Baltimore Institute, $1,000,000; for education in the South to blacks and whites, $2,000,000; for a museum to preserve American relics, Yale College, $150,000; for a similar museum in Harvard College, $150,000; for institute and education at Danvers, $250,000; for a free museum at Salem, $50,000; to the State of Maryland, $250,000; Bishop McIlvain for Kenyon College, $25,000; Kane's Arctic Expedition, $10,000; for "Memorial Church" to his mother, $100,000; to members of his family $2,000,000. This total of $7,735,000, when reduced to currency, will amount to $10,500,000.

The Sun.—The announcement has just been made to the Royal Astronomical Society of England of the discovery, by means of the spectroscope, of a hitherto unknown envelope of gaseous matter surrounding that body, of a thickness of seven or eight thousand miles. Its precise composition has not yet been determined, but will, probably, before long, be ascertained.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 9, 1869. No. 45.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.

SINGLE NOS. 6 CENTS.

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

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LOVING WORDS FROM LIFE.

BY JOHN G. HINE.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Dear Christian Friends,—The importance of the above words has lately come before my mind with great power, and I have been led to inquire whether, as Christians, we sufficiently estimate their force. They are several times quoted by our Savionr as being *more* binding on his followers than they were under the old law. He amplifies and enlarges upon them, showing how the term "neighbor" was no longer to be restricted to a man's friends, but, in the true character of Divine love, was to be extended to those whom we might even consider our enemies. The apostle Paul refers to it as the very fulfilling of the whole law. Now, dear friends, let us try to ascertain what this "loving our neighbor as ourselves" really means. I am convinced that, if we could only carry it out in the spirit in which Christ intended, we, as Christians, should have a power for good in the world, which as yet we know nothing of. We are apt to forget the fulness and strictness of Christ's law, which in spirit far exceeded the old law. For whereas comments upon the old law taught only the importance of doing good to those who loved us, and were kind to us, the Saviour in his Sermon on the Mount tells us that in order to be the children of his Father we must bless them who *curse* us; we must do good to those who *hate* us; and pray for those who treat us with *spite* and *persecution.* O, friends! which of us can say that we keep *this* law? And yet, if we keep it not, we are not giving the true evidence that we are the children of God.

Would it not be well if we more frequently applied this test—"as thyself"—in our daily dealings with our neighbors? Which of us would say an unkind thing concerning ourselves? And yet how many unkind remarks are constantly escaping our lips in reference to others! Would we willingly say anything of ourselves which would in any measure tend to lower us in the estimation of those around? And yet do we not often make slighting and disparaging remarks about our neighbors! If we would honestly apply this test—"*as thyself*"—before allowing ourselves to give utterance to the rising thought, how much condemnation should we not save ourselves! How many a neighbor would be spared the sting of wounding words—words which we can never recall, however long we may live to regret them!

"As thyself." How does David, drinking into the true spirit of a future dispensation, describe the perfect man? As one who "taketh not up a reproach against his neighbor." Which of us would take up *any* reproach against ourselves, and go about with it, and spread it wherever we went? Not one of us—the thought is too monstrous. And yet how we catch up a reproach against

another, and talk about it, and make much of it, as if it gave us pleasure instead of that real pain which it would give if we loved our neighbor as ourselves. I remember being much struck with the meaning of this passage some years ago when a circumstance presented it to me in a light in which I had not before seen it. A Christian had got into a quarrel with one of his neighbors, and in the heat of passion had allowed himself to say many things which, as a Christian, he never ought to have said. At length God led him to see that in giving way to unkind speaking he was failing in love to his neighbor, and with the straightforward manliness which a true Christian will always exhibit, he expressed his regret that, unlike the perfect man of the Psalmist, he *had* "taken up a reproach against his neighbor." The practical application given to this passage came to me with great force, and has often since checked the inclination to repeat, or "take up" something to another's detriment.

But let us consider Christ's law yet a little further. I have known Christians who seemed to think that if a man ceased to be classed amongst their *friends* they were at liberty to say all the evil they could of him without any breach of Christ's law of neighborly love in so doing. But O, dear friends, look again at the Sermon on the Mount, and say if that be Christ's teaching. Shall we say that because we no longer call a man by the name of friend, we are therefore no longer called to the exercise of love towards him? God forbid! Is not love the only redemptive power in the world; and, as the author of *Ecce Deus* so beautifully puts it, Does not love mean the cross, sacrifice, even death itself if need be? Christ loved *us* in the full meaning of all that, and shall not we love one another? Did Christ love us and die for us *because* we loved him? Nay, but rather we only love him because he *first* loved us. O, if we had this love of God in our hearts, we should not "bite and devour" one another! If the love of *self* were extinguished within us, our only desire would be to win souls to Christ; and we should never expect to do that by talking against them, however much we might think they deserved our censure. Do you think this winning souls to Christ means only by preaching, or house-to-house visitation? I tell you we are winning souls every day and hour of our lives; or else we are *driving souls away.* Take care, my Christian friends, in deepest love I urge you to take care, that you are not unthinkingly doing this latter. Remember no amount of fault-finding, no amount of evil speaking, however *true* we thought it was, EVER YET WON A SOUL TO CHRIST. *But it has driven many a one away.* May God save us from having the blood of such souls upon *our* consciences!

My dear friends, whilst we live in this present world it must needs be, alas! that offences come. But now I would earnestly say to each one—If thou hast by some device of Satan become offended by or with thy neighbor; if thou art not feeling true, earnest love for him; or if thou thinkest that he has despitefully used thee, then remember our dear Saviour's precept, and PRAY FOR HIM. Pray; pray on till thy heart is so filled with the love of God towards him, that thou art ready for any sacrifice for him; nay, if needs be, that thou wouldst give up thy very life, if that would save his soul. This Christ-like love alone is worthy the name of love; all other or lesser form of love has still *self* clinging to it.

If we are the true followers of Christ, our only anxiety will be to do good to others. In relation to our neighbors, the question will not be whether *we* can derive gratification from intercourse with them, but can we do them any good? Can we love them for God, and by the exercise of *patient love and influence* win them to Christ? There may be a great deal in them which is objectionable to us; but if we are Christians, we shall look beyond this and see that which they *may* become. This is how Christ has looked on us. He saw what his love might develop within us, and has not his long-suffering and patience towards us been infinite? And shall not we, who have had so much forgiven, love much? Christ has borne with our waywardness and shortcomings, and shall not we have forbearance one towards another? We know not the secret struggle, the earnest wish there may have been to do right, even when outwardly we only see the wrong. And perhaps many a time, when the poor weak human heart has just been about to choose the good and trample under foot the evil inclination, our want of patience, or our hasty unkind word, has been the means of turning that struggling heart back to the evil. O, awful responsibility! How shall we account for the souls which we *might* have helped and yet have hindered. Think you that we shall ever regret having spoken too many kind words? ever regret having loved our neighbor too much? When the day comes that we can never speak to them again, shall we then regret the loving, kindly, helpful, sympathizing words we may have ever said to them? Will not our sorrow rather be, that we ever spoke an unkind or unloving word? When death comes, will it be a happy reflection to know that some want of love on our part has added to the sorrow even of one of the *least*

of God's children? Has it, may be, caused *in* in some tossed and struggling fellow-creature's soul?—sin which but for our unkindness had been stifled ere it saw the light! Dear Christian readers—for these words are addressed to those who profess to follow Christ—I entreat you to pause and think before you again allow yourselves in one unkind word or action towards any human being. Think what the ultimate result may be. Again, I beseech you to remember that love is the *only* redemptive power in the world. And if your sacrificing, self-denying, constant, patient love may but help in the salvation of one human soul, thus far are you brought into ONENESS with the Great Sacrifice. Can this perfect law of love be carried out by us? In one only way will it be possible—we must be *crucified* with Christ. Then, and then only, when *self* is dead within us, can the full resurrection of *Christ* within us take place; and it is only the Christ *in* us who can love our neighbor as ourselves. Yield up *self* then to die upon the cross; an agonizing death, but to be followed by a glorious resurrection. Let us never rest as Christians till with us to *live* is to *love*, more true in the spiritual life than in our natural life, where this great truth is typified.

If we feel, as I hope we many of us do, that heretofore we have come short of this perfect law of liberty, let us begin prayerfully afresh our Christian course in this respect. If we have said *anything* unkind, or harsh, or evil of our neighbor—let the provocation be whatever it may—let us with the noble manliness of a God-like Christianity go to him, and express our sorrow. Let us tell him that God has shown us more of what it is to love, and that from henceforth, God helping us, we mean to love him and all mankind as Christ did. And thus going forth armed with this mighty power of love, we shall spread our Redeemer's cause more than if we could preach with the tongue of men and angels, for our daily lives will be, in deed as in word, an exhibition of his great law—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."—There is a profitable lesson in the fact related below, as well as a simple beauty that must touch every heart:

It is related of the venerable Dr. Nott, after his intellect had become obscured by age, that he would frequently repeat this prayer at family worship. How had it floated, all along the way of life, down to the childhood of his old age, to become again the supplication of his soul? This held its place in memory when almost all beside had died out.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ARE WE AWAKE?

It hath seemed to me, for some time, that the following language might well be addressed to ourselves. Are we awake? are we vigilant? or are we sleepy sentinels on the watch-tower of Zion?

These queries have been presented to my mind in connection with our condition as a religious Society. Oh! saith my soul, that we might one and all feel bound in spirit to answer these interrogations.

First, as to our own individual experience; then as to our integrity in our capacity of brethren, discharging the duties devolving on us; bearing one another's burdens, encouraging the weak, rejoicing with those who rejoice, mourning with those who mourn, and endeavoring to draw near unto all in that sympathy which begets love, casts out fear, and tends to that blessed unity of spirit which seals us as the followers of Him who was meek and lowly.

Oh! let us in all sincerity ask ourselves the question, do we try reverently to follow Him and tread as He did, the path indicated, though it lead us to the cross?

Mount Holly, Twelfth month 27th, 1868.

HUGH SIDWELL.

The decease of Hugh Sidwell, of Winchester, Va., which is mentioned under the obituary head, seems to require some further notice on account of his having been extensively known in our Society and greatly beloved.

He was born in Frederick County, Va., the 15th of Second month, 1794, and educated in membership with Friends. For many years past he has occupied the station of an elder of Hopewell Monthly Meeting, and has been one of its most examplary and useful members, always ready to extend a helping hand and an encouraging word to the weary traveller.

When Friends' meeting-house at Winchester was destroyed by the soldiers, the religious meetings of our Society in that place, during the war, were held at his house, which was also, generally, the home of Friends travelling on a religious account.

He was universally known in his neighborhood as the friend and helper of the poor, and was especially serviceable during the war, in visiting the hospitals, providing suitable food for the sick soldiers, making crutches for those who were disabled, and affording comfort to all of every class who were in distress.

During his last illness, which continued but five days, the sympathy of his fellow-citizens was manifested by many anxious inquiries. He had always been interested in the society of the young, and upon being told that some

little boys had inquired for him, he said: "It is pleasant to be remembered by the young as well as the old. I love to have the good will of little boys." His sufferings were severe, but he evinced by his calmness and resignation, that his trust was placed on the arm of Divine power. One of his family remarking to him, it was a comfort to see him so calm, he said, "Oh! I have nothing of myself, but faith in a merciful Lord and Saviour."

At another time he remarked that he had, doubtless, often erred in judgment, but he felt that his aim had been to do right, and he saw nothing discouraging before him. "I wish it understood," he said, "that I love everybody."

In the departure of this dear friend we feel that our religious Society has lost one of its most useful members, and the community one of its best citizens.

Twelfth month 29th, 1868. S. M. J.

From an Appendix to the "Proceedings of First Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association" held in Boston in Fifth month last.

LETTER FROM KESHUB CHUNDER SEN, OF THE THEISTIC CHURCH IN INDIA.

The Brahmo Somaj of India, 21st February, 1868.

To Rev. Wm. J. Potter,
Secretary of the "Free Religious Association," United States of America.

Brother:—Gladly do I accept your kind and affectionate greeting, and the sentiments of true love and sympathy contained in your welcome message of the 24th of October last. I forget the great distance between us, and feel that our hearts are near each other, bound in the ties of spiritual fellowship. Your brotherly call has found a response in the hearts of thousands in this part of the world, and cordially do we join our hands with yours, as children of the same Father, to co-operate in the blessed work of advancing the cause of true religion. How consoling, how encouraging to us is the thought that the great movement of religious reformation, which we have humbly carried on in India for more than a quarter of a century, has met the sympathy and support of an associated body of our brethren on the other side of the globe, and that India and America, the East and the West, are to sing henceforth with united hearts, and in one harmonious and swelling chorus, the glory of the Supreme Creator!

In compliance with your request, I beg to give below, for the information of the "Free Religious Association," a brief sketch of the gradual development of our church, its aims and achievements.

Thirty-eight years ago, when English education had just opened the minds of some of my countrymen to the errors of Hindu idolatry, the late Rajah Ram Mohun Roy, the great religious reformer of India, whose name is probably known to you, established a church in Calcutta, for the worship of the Supreme Being, under the name of the "*Brahmo* Somaj*,"† or the Assembly of the worshippers of God. His direct object in founding this church was to persuade his countrymen to forsake idolatry and become monotheists; and the more successfully to accomplish this object, he made the Vedas, the earliest scriptures of the Hindus, the basis of all his teachings. In other words, he professed simply to effect a revival of the Unitarian faith and worship of ancient Hinduism. But he had also a higher and more comprehensive object. He invited "all sorts and descriptions of people without distinction," to unite in the worship of their common Father, the Supreme God of all nations; and to this end he proved by appeals to the texts of the Bible and Koran, as he did in the case of Hinduism, that Christianity and Mohammedanism were both essentially monotheistic. He accordingly directed that the service to be held in his church should always be of such a catholic character as to "strengthen the bonds of union between men of all religious persuasions and creeds." Practically, however, the Brahmo Somaj became simply a Hindu Unitarian church, and the latter object was altogether lost sight of. The congregation slowly increased in number, till the Somaj fell into the hands of my respected friend and coadjutor, Babu Debendro Nath Tagore, who gave it a new life, and immensely extended its operations. He converted this body of mere worshippers into an association of believers, by binding them to a few articles of belief, and to a covenant enjoining moral purity of life. He also started a religious journal, appointed teachers and published several doctrinal and devotional treatises; and he succeeded in the course of a few years in enrolling hundreds of followers, and helping the formation of several branch Somajes in different parts of Bengal, on the model of that founded by Rajah Ram Mohun Roy. All this time, however, the Vedas were regarded as the sole foundation of faith, and the members of the Brahmo Somaj were known as Vedantists. It was not till about twenty years ago that the Vedas ceased to be viewed in the light of infallible scriptures, and made room for a more catholic and unexceptionable basis of faith, viz.: God's revelation in nature and the religious instincts of man. The Brahmo Somaj since became a purely Theistic church, and now stands precisely in the same relation to its old creed as the "Free Religious Associa-

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* Worshipper of (Brahma) God. † Assembly.

tion" does to Unitarian Christianity. But its progress does not stop here. It is true, its fundamental principles of belief were then definitely settled, and have continued unchanged hitherto. But in their application to life and in the practical development of their catholic and pure spirit, great struggles and movements have gone on for some years past. It was found that as most of the social and domestic customs of the Hindus were interwoven with the evils of idolatry and caste, it was incumbent on every true and sincere Brahmo to discountenance such customs, even at the risk of being excommunicated and otherwise persecuted. The majority kept aloof from this bold undertaking, effecting a safe but unconscientious compromise between the enlightened convictions of a Theist and the idolatrous social life of a Hindu. A small number, however, came forward at last, and began the great work of reforming the social and domestic economy of Hindu society, on the basis of true religion, which has been developed more fully year after year, and has lately resulted in a variety of practical reforms, such as the abolition of caste distinctions, the marriage of widows, intermarriage (between members of different castes,) the education and emancipation of women, &c. With a view to render our church wholly free from the narrow spirit of Hindu sectarianism and the evils of Hindu social life, and to establish it firmly on a catholic and pure basis, by incorporating into its theology the truths of all scriptures, and admitting into its membership theists of all nations, and bringing its social life into harmony with the pure dictates of conscience, the advanced Brahmos organized themselves into a society, in November, 1866, under the name of the 'Brahmo Somaj of India." This society also seeks to establish closer intercourse and more active co-operation than hitherto existed among all the Brahmo Somajes in India, and to propagate our faith more extensively and systematically throughout the country. Our church is thus at present an organized Theistic church, Indian in its origin, but universal in its scope, which aims to destroy idolatry, superstition and sectarianism, and propagate the saving truths of absolute religion and the spiritual worship of the one true God, and likewise to promote the intellectual, moral and social reformation of individuals and nations, and thus make Theism the religion of life.

It is impossible to calculate the exact number of the members of our church, as there is no ceremony of initiation amongst us; nor is such ceremony possible or desirable in so rational and spiritual a faith. Nearly two thousand have subscribed to the covenant above alluded to, or have signed some other simpler form of declaration; the names of such have been registered. But there are many thousands more among my countrymen who in their hearts deny Hinduism and believe in the fundamental doctrines of our creed, but who do not care to join formally the membership of our church. The fact is, the tendency of the age here, as I believe it is in other parts of the civilized world, is towards Theism. All who receive liberal English education renounce idolatry; of these some embrace Orthodox Christianity, some become skeptics, the rest glide into the Brahmo Somaj, and become Theists in some form or other.

There are at present upwards of sixty Brahmo churches in the different presidencies and provinces of India, where the local Brahmos assemble once every week for the purpose of worship, divine service being conducted in the vernacular language by persons previously selected from among them for their superior wisdom and piety. Hymns, sermons, prayers, meditation and the reading of theistic texts from the Hindu and sometimes from other scriptures, compose the service held in our churches. On special occasions service is conducted in English.

For the more extensive diffusion of our religion several books in speculative and practical theism have been published from time to time in the vernacular language, as well as in English, and also some periodicals which have a large number of subscribers and readers all over the country. A fortnightly English paper, "*The Indian Mirror*," is published in connection with our mission, which discusses political, social and religious subjects. We have also about a dozen Missionaries, men who have of their own accord given up worldly pursuits, and, depending upon the voluntary contributions of the Brahmo community for the bare necessaries of life, go about the country visiting the Brahmo Somajes, and preaching the truths of our holy faith to the educated natives, and sometimes also to the lower orders of the people. The disinterested and zealous exertions of these missionary brethren exert a very powerful and living influence, both in sustaining and quickening the moral life of the Brahmos scattered over the country, and in increasing the number of our adherents.

For a full exposition of the doctrines of our creed, I beg to refer you to the two sets of our English publications which I have already forwarded to your address. I may, however, only observe here that, professing as we do the universal and absolute religion, whose cardinal doctrines are the "Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man,"

and which accepts the truths of all scriptures and honors the prophets of all nations, we heartily sympathize with you and the other members of the "Free Religious Association" as brethren in common faith and co-workers in the same holy cause.

Therefore, with the deepest joy, and with all the fervor of brotherly love, do I welcome your kind message, and, in the name of thousands of fellow-theists in India, reciprocate the affectionate regards of the "Free Religious Association." Believe me, it is no mere formal exchange of compliments. To India, at this moment, such sympathy of the American nation is inestimately valuable, and she receives it with the enthusiasm of national rejoicings. Long and anxiously had we labored and prayed for the light of truth amidst the awful darkness of idolatry and corruption, struggling with hardships and difficulties, and encountering opposition and persecution of no ordinary kind, the Merciful God alone helping us onward. And now that we are rejoicing in the light vouchsafed by Him, we have begun to feel the heavy responsibility attached to it of extending its blessings to other lands. At such a time, the cheering intelligence communicated by you of similar labors and achievements in America serves to strengthen our hands, and increase our joy and faith and hope a hundred fold. We now feel, as we never felt before, that God's religion shall spread throughout the length and breadth of the world, destroying all false creeds and sects, and uniting all nations in one universal brotherhood; and it affords us inexpressible delight that the noble American people have come forward to cooperate with us in paving the way for the future Church of the world. May God help us in carrying out this great work.

Trusting you will kindly keep us informed of the proceedings of the Free Religious Association, and offering our best wishes and prayers for its welfare and success,

I remain heartily yours in Theistic fellowship, KESHUB CHUNDER SEN,
Sec'y Brahmo Somaj of India.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AN INQUIRY.

There is a subject on which I should like to have the views of Friends called out.

Where Jesus says (John, 14th chapter, 13th verse) and whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. The point is, what do Friends understand by asking in the name of Jesus Christ? Other societies repeat it in their prayers and at table, and to me it sounds almost meaningless as some of them speak it. I am an earnest inquirer after truth, and am glad when vital points are opened in the paper. A SUBSCRIBER.

"HOW OLD ART THOU?"

BY JOHN PINGAY.

(Concluded from page 695.)

Our life is hurrying away: we begin to be startled when one inquires: "*How old art thou?*" Yet how much nearer are we for all our training, to that standard of holiness without which no man shall see the Lord?

Turn to the *practical part* of life, and compare the actual improvement with the opportunities enjoyed. He is *a poor mechanic*, who works year after year at his trade, and makes no improvement; and he who has the benefit of wise instruction and good example, will disappoint us if he become not a master for his skill. So, in every department of life and of labor, it is incumbent on us to act more wisely as we grow older. To restrain our unholy tempers; to bridle our unruly tongues; to observe the gentler courtesies of life; to maintain a sacred regard to the rights and happiness of others; to be truthful in our intercourse with men; are duties that should grow into habits, habits which age should render firm, and use delightful. And the larger, or more favorable opportunities we have enjoyed, of seeing the beauty of these virtues in the living example, or the evils arising from their neglect, the higher improvement it is incumbent on us to make.

Upon every man the duty rests, of learning all that he can know, and of being, in spirit, and in life, an example of every virtue. Think of your years that have fled forever, and by them measure your personal improvement. If you blush at the comparison, thank God that you are at least sensible of your wants. Your case is not a hopeless one, for a blush is the color of virtue.

Have you done anything to bless the world, and to write your name in the hearts of men?

The sphere of labor in which men are called to move, is often determined by circumstances beyond their own control. "A man's heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps." Prov. xvi. 9. One is called to occupy a conspicuous post, another to fill an humbler station. Undoubtedly the man is fitted for the place, and the place for the man. There is a sense, in which the duties of one place are quite as important as those of any other. If the smallest cog of the smallest wheel be broken or misplaced, it may disturb the harmony of a vast machine, and produce a fatal jar. So the humblest man, if, in the proper time and place, he fail to discharge what may seem the most insignificant of his duties, may produce a disturbance and disorder in the vast complication of human affairs, which none but the Great Artificer can cor-

rect. Man cannot, if he will, live to himself alone. He is bound to others by a chain of dependencies that cannot be broken. He must either, by generous purpose, and resolution unshaken, be to the world a blessing, or, in carelessness and indifference, a blot, a stain, a curse.

Say, if you will, in language not unfamiliar to our ears: "The world owes me a living." But, careless man, the world owes you not a living until you prove an earnest worker for its good. You need not be at the head of armies; you need not command navies; you need not sit in the chair of state, nor in the halls of learning; you need not be a prince for wealth; be faitful to God and to your fellows and to yourself, in the humble station which God has been pleased to assign, and you will be a blessing. What though your course be not like the cataract, which fills the air with its thunders and amazes the world with its foaming might; or like the broad river, which rolls on its volume of waters to the sea: be content to be the little brook of the meadow, or the humbler streamlet of the mountain, all unheard, or proclaimed only by the gentle murmur of its flow, yet marking its pathway with verdure and fertility. What could you do more towards bringing back to the earth the lost beauty and happiness of Eden, than to maintain a stern fidelity at your post of duty, and to determine to "do good to all men as you have opportunity?" And what would the world soon be again, if every heart and every life were controlled by the like spirit of determined fidelity? May I repeat the inquiry: "*How old art thou?*" And what have you done in all these years to make the world happier than when you found it? It is not necessary that you do great things. Few of us have opportunities of doing great things; and many, alas, pass life away waiting for some great occasion to display their heroism. Every day, to the wakeful and earnest mind, furnishes occasions to test our character, and gives us opportunities of increasing the sum of human happiness. But they come to us like time, the most wonderful of God's gifts to men, moment by moment, in the smallest particles. We must use them as they go. True heroism needs not wait for great occasions. The true hero may be found in the ordinary affairs of daily life. Is not he a hero, who toils from morning unto night, in summer's heat and winter's cold, in sunshine and in storm, to make a cheerful home for those whom he loves? Is not she a heroine, who can watch night and day, in sickness and in health, without a murmur, by the bedside of the suffering? Is not he a hero, who can deny his own craving appetites that he may give bread to the hungry? Is not he a hero, who can curb an unholy temper, and bridle the unholy tongue ready to utter speeches like the piercings of a sword? Is not he a hero, who can bear reproach and injury, and forbid the passions which would prompt the avenging blow? Is not he a hero, whose patience wearies not with the weaknesses, the follies, the evil tempers of other men; who cannot be overcome with evil, but who overcomes evil with good? Is not he, in short, who ruleth his own spirit, better than he that taketh a city? The faithful man, who quietly, unambitiously, cheerfully goes about his daily duties; who restrains his unholy tempers; who sets a watch over the door of his lips; who has a kind word or a generous smile for every one whom he meets —is a ray of sunshine in every path where his footsteps move. Has your path been a path of blessing, the more abounding in blessing as years have advanced? Have you any reason to believe that men will miss you and mourn your departure when you are gone?

The best monuments to perpetuate the memory of men, are the monuments which they themselves erect before they die. It may not be your lot nor mine to have our names on every lip as the heroes of some mighty achievement, but you and I may, if we will, make our memory so precious that it shall be embalmed as a sacred relic in the hearts of men. It were better far to die, and no man know our burial place, if our memory but lie near the heart of surviving friends, than to sleep beneath the monumental pile and have our memory buried with us in the cold tomb.

None is so feeble that he can leave no memorial. Let but the heart be warmed with an earnest love to man, and the memory shall not die. The broken alabaster box was a precious offering to the blessed Saviour; and the testimony which he gave was as fragrant as the offering. "She hath done what she could: . . . wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." Mark xiv. 7–8.

"*How old art thou?*"—Have you lived long enough to know that this world is not your home? Have the disappointments, the trials, the changes, the mortifications of the present life, proved to you that this is indeed a transitory state? Every year of life you have been looking for something which you never yet have found. Most assuredly, then, the proofs are multiplying that you will never find the object of your desires here. Let the question then remind you that it is time to make provision for your departure. Have you made any preparation for that coming event? Thousands have died before your time of life. The

companions of your earlier years have been disappearing one by one. Reason would certainly admonish you, that it is high time to arouse yourself to the great work of life. It may be now life's gayest morning: yet the sun may go down before the noon. It may be the high noon-tide of a prosperous day; yet you may have no twilight. The darkness of night sometimes settles down upon the brightness of noon.

Look at your worldly business. Is all right there? Should the master, at an unexpected hour, call you to an account of your stewardship, would he find you ready? Is there no difficulty, no obscurity in your affairs, which a little promptness and attention on your part might adjust? Is there no property to be distributed among expectant heirs, which a Christian prudence may so carefully, so wisely, and definitely arrange, that no troubles, no litigations, no heart-burnings, no family alienations shall be occasioned when you are gone? Are there no counsels to those who look to you for guidance, which you desire to impart before your life shall end?—"Set thine house in order: for thou shalt die, and not live."—2 Kings xx. 1.

"*How old art thou?*"—It is a startling question to propose, to one in advanced years, whose views are limited by the boundaries of time. It is a question he does not like to hear. It awakens painful thoughts. It points to the coming end. Every year is bringing him nearer to the close of his earthly hopes. Hopes beyond the earth, he has none. It may seem an unkind office to break in upon his pleasing dreams with any voice of warning: to propose so startling a question; but if it arouse him in time, it is well.

If there is a sight painful beyond expression, it is that of one who, worn with the cares and toils of a weary life, stands trembling with fear on the borders of the grave ready to receive him. It is a gloomy cavern into which he looks. Not even the faintest star of hope illumines its darkness. It is the end of all his joys, the burial place of his choicest expectations. The master whom he has served stands not by him at the close of this toil-worn day, to mitigate his pains, to comfort his sorrows, to whisper any words of approbation, to point the spent laborer to a home of rest.—"*The Wages of Sin is Death.*"—Romans vi. 23.

If there is a sight beautiful indeed, it is that of an aged saint, his work done, waiting for his summons home. He welcomes each closing year, as bringing him nearer to the end of his sad pilgrimage. Every year is more delightful than the last, as hastening his entrance upon his supreme joy. Even now his ear is gladdened by the sweet voice of generous approval: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. . . . Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord?"—Matt. xxv. 21. "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."—Prov. xvi. 31.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace." Psalm xxxvii. 37.

SCRAPS FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Thinking of our dear friends ——, and how lonely they must often be, with few congenial persons near enough to drop in or to visit, I have concluded that, after all, though a city life affords few opportunities for retirement, it is certainly the best for cultivating the kindly and social feelings. When the path of duty is one that compels us to walk alone, Divine aid is always given in proportion to the need; but I think we have no right to expect it when we voluntarily seclude ourselves through gloom and discouragement. How grateful should we be who are surrounded by congenial spirits, and when we feel the "vapors" creeping over us, can sally forth or receive the visit of one whose cheerful spirit can help to dissipate them.

Time passes so rapidly that if we are here all the days usually allotted man, the end will soon come. This thought should not bring a dark shadow, but it may increase the desire to mingle with our friends, and thus strengthen the precious feeling of Christian fellowship—a feeling that is indestructible and eternal.

Thy familiar address surely needed no apology. I can most fully respond to thy expressions of affectionate interest, and can truly say that our mingling together at the old homestead, both socially and religiously, was a solid satisfaction to me. I cannot now remember the time when heaven seemed nearer than on that memorable day of the marriage of our dear brother and sister. It seemed as though the angels were commissioned to be near us, and one could almost see the heavenly host hovering over us, and hear seraphic sounds in the solemn hush of the moment. I don't know how it felt to others, but to me it was most solemn. Indeed, all the time I was with you, there existed such a feeling of oneness, that I could scarcely realize that we did not all belong to the same portion of the Christian Church. I am glad that I can often adopt the language I have seen poetized somewhere:

"That every man my brother seems,
And every place my home."

Doubtless it is right for all of us to feel strong preferences for our own little band of brotherhood, but our love and our sympathy

need not stop at that point, but flow on until we embrace all our fellow-candidates for immortality. Our stay here is so short, that if we can only be favored to fill up the measure of our duty faithfully, it is the most we ought to desire, both for ourselves and those who are dear. Thou and I are working in different fields, but our desires are all tending to the same end, "that the glory of the Lord may cover the earth as the waters do the sea." Let us use our little effort to hasten the day. Thou art called upon to labor amongst refined and polished circles of city life, whilst my field seems to be more amongst the lower strata of society—out in the highways and hedges and among the poor convicts of our large prison. May we both know our day's work to keep pace with the day.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 9, 1869.

THE POOR.—"Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." At no season of the year is this Scripture declaration more forcibly presented to the mind than during the inclemencies of winter. When surrounded by all the comforts that competence or affluence can secure, and removed from the immediate sight of destitution and suffering, we sometimes find it difficult to realize that so many of our fellow creatures struggle on from day to day in penury and sorrow, destitute of most of the comforts which to us are essential. Many have no especial place of abiding, and many others keep an uncertain home over their heads by the weekly payment of a portion of the wages earned by daily labor.

Doubtless many are improvident, and might, by economizing during the warm weather, more readily meet the increased expense of living in the winter season; and yet, were we to inquire carefully into some of these cases, we should come to the conclusion that they do the best they can. Many a poor widow, or, what is more to be commiserated, a woman with an indifferent, perhaps intemperate husband, and a family of young children, some of them delicate, has to support them all out of the slender proceeds of her labor. This often involves the necessity of using a considerable amount of fuel, which is a great tax upon the poor working-woman, so that many of them find it almost impossible, even in summer, to provide beyond the necessities of the day, and when winter comes, with many mouths to feed and shivering forms to cover, what marvel, if the means of support prove inadequate to the end, and suffering and sickness follow.

Then, while exercising discrimination in relieving cases which come under our notice that through misdirected charity we multiply not objects of commiseration, let us ever remember those who have not the comforts which we enjoy, and share with the poor a portion of the good things with which the Heavenly Father has enriched us.

The numerous benevolent associations in this city furnish avenues for the distribution of the means of all who are willing to aid in making more comfortable the lives of those bound down by poverty. The various establishments for the destitute of all classes have again resumed operations, but as they are merely distributing agencies, they are dependent for the good they may do upon the sympathies and purses of the community. To some of these institutions we would especially call attention. "The Female Association of Philadelphia for the relief of the sick and infirm poor with clothing" has been in useful existence forty years, and has dispensed aid and comfort to many families, by giving to women sewing and paying them a just compensation for their work, and then distributing the garments in accordance with the design of the Association. This most excellent charity, under the personal supervision of Friends, is well worthy the patronage of those who desire to use their means as good stewards, and who are willing to entrust to others the disposition of them.

The "Friends' Fuel Association," which meets in the same house (15th and Race streets) is also a well-organized system of ministering health and warmth to many indigent households.

Among the public institutions for relieving want are the "Soup Houses," which are a great blessing to hundreds, who, but for these gratuitous dispensaries, would not know when one meal is finished whence another is to come. In the management of these Friends are largely associated.

Among other useful organizations may be enumerated "The Home for Destitute Colored Children," and the "Home for Aged and Infirm Colored Persons." In the last institution there are now twenty-four inmates. It was our privilege to spend the evening of the 25th ult. with them, by invitation of one of the managers, who had, at his own expense, provided an entertainment to vary the monotony of their uneventful life. It was truly gratifying to see them so comfortable and happy after the weary days of toil and hardship through which they had passed. An expression of unspeakable content rested upon the countenances of all. Our friend L. M. and several others addressed to them a few remarks, and three of their number responded in broken sentences of thankfulness. The love of the Infinite Father seemed spread over the company. The religious element, which in the colored people is so apparent, found expression from one of them in this language: "I scarcely know whether I am in the body or out of the body, I feel so happy." We all felt that it was good to be there; for in mingling with those less favorably situated outwardly than ourselves, and witnessing their deep gratitude to the bounteous Giver for what we should esteem insufficient comforts, we may learn that outward abundance is not essential to true happiness, but that, let the situation in life be ever so lowly, a heart that leans in humble trust upon the Divine Sustainer "is happy anywhere."

"Tobacco—its Effects."—Inquiries have been made for the Prize Essay on "Tobacco and its Effects," a notice of which appeared in No. 42 of the present volume.

We have seldom read forty-seven pages more temperately and forcibly written than the pamphlet referred to, which was selected from about fifty MSS. offered for the prize, and we hope it may have an extended circulation throughout our country.

Our Methodist friends have had the pamphlet beautifully printed in clear type, on white paper, and it is offered for sale at the low price of $6.00 per hundred. It may be procured at the Methodist book stores, No. 200 Mulberry street, New York, and No. 1018 Arch street, Philadelphia.

It may also be had at the office of this paper, for six cents a copy, and our agent, Emmor Comly, has agreed to send it to any part of the country on receiving the amount in *Post-Office stamps.*

Married, on the 11th of Eleventh month, 1868, with the approbation of Kennett Monthly Meeting, Thomas Milhous to Martha B. Eachus, daughter of Minshall and Hannah D. Eachus, the former deceased.

——, on the 17th of First month, 1867, with the approbation of London Grove Monthly Meeting, Chandler Pennington, of New London, to Matilda W. Eachus, daughter of Minshall and Hannah D. Eachus, the former deceased.

Died, at Winchester, Virginia, on 14th of Twelfth month, 1868, Hugh Sidwell, an elder of Hopewell Monthly Meeting, in the 75th year of his age.

——, at his residence, Preston Hollow, Albany County, N. Y., on the 22d of Tenth month, 1868, Samuel Coon, in the 77th year of his age, a member of Rensselaerville Monthly Meeting.

This dear friend suffered many years from a pulmonary affection, which he bore with a degree of fortitude and cheerfulness seldom paralleled. For much of the time during the last four years of his life, so great was his prostration that his death at any time would have been no surprise. He early arranged all his outward affairs with perfect calmness, often saying, "I am now ready," but equally desiring to be preserved in patience to the end. Often during the paroxysms of extreme pain he would supplicate the Divine Father, not for an abatement of suffering, but for ability to bear it uncomplainingly. About six years before his death he was bereft of his beloved wife, upon whom he had greatly depended for care in his declining health; this care then rested upon a delicate daughter, who for four years watched over him until the summons came. His funeral was largely attended, and a very appropriate testimony was borne by the Baptist minister of the place to the circumspect life and beautiful death of this departed friend.

——, in 8th month, 1868, at the residence of his son, near Delevan, Tazewell County, Illinois, Joseph M. Laing, in the 58th year of his age, formerly of Plainfield, New Jersey.

——, suddenly on the 12th of Twelfth month, 1868, Pemberton Hallowell, son of Yarnall and Mary A. Hallowell, in the 45th year of his age; a member of Abington Monthly Meeting.

——, suddenly, on the evening of the 9th ult., Daniel Pope, aged 81 years; a valued member and elder of Little Falls Mo. Meeting, Harford Co., Md.

FRIENDS' LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The Committee of Management will meet on Fourth-day evening, First month 13th, at 8 o'clock.

Jacob M. Ellis, Clerk.

HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM COLORED PERSONS.

The Annual Meeting will be held at Franklin Institute, Seventh below Market streets, on Fifth-day evening, First month 14th, at 7½ o'clock. The contributors and all who feel an interest in the Institution are desired to attend.

Dillwyn Parrish, President.

M. Balderston, Secretary.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

First month 12th. Lecture on "Sleep," by Dr. Charles Comly.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Association of Friends for the promotion of First-day Schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will be held in Friends' Meeting-house at Trenton, N. J., on Seventh-day morning, First month 16th, 1869, at 10½ o'clock. It is very desirable to have reports and representatives in attendance from all the First-day Schools and kindred organizations within our limits. Trains leave Kensington depot at 7.30 A.M., Walnut St. wharf 6.30 and 8 A.M., and West Philadelphia at 9.45—(this last will not arrive at Trenton till 11.04 A.M.) Returning trains leave Trenton at 3.53 P. M., and 5.03, 7.05 and 8.50 P. M. The full attendance of all interested is invited.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., } *Clerks.*
LYDIA H. HALL, }

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"SHALL THE SWORD DEVOUR FOREVER?"

If we say nothing of the sinfulness of wars, are not their moral and physical evils of sufficient magnitude to awaken consideration, and to cause the inquiry whether there is not a remedy? Witness at our own doors the vast destruction of human life, and the waste of millions upon millions of property—the legitimate fruits of the late internal war of these United States.

It has been the custom from time immemorial for nations to settle their differences by a resort to physical force and destruction; doubtless a large proportion of this nation are so completely under the influence of this custom that they never give the subject a serious, candid thought or inquire whether the evils of war may not be entirely avoided. Hence, the military system is sustained from generation to generation. But admit that the majority are enslaved by an unrighteous, inhuman custom, it is not so with all. Are there not scattered here and there throughout the nation those who, upon religious principle, cannot bear arms? and still larger numbers who see the unreasonableness of settling national disputes at the expense of human life and grievous taxation? Now if these two classes constituted much the larger number, such a nation would naturally and voluntarily agree to settle their disputes by rational, peaceful measures, just as easily as they now agree to use military and destructive force for the accomplishment of the same object. The subject is one of vital interest throughout the length and breadth of the country, and all countries. Such being its character, it appears to me that the Society of Friends, especially, are loudly called upon to bear aloft their testimony against war, livingly and earnestly. But such a result is only attainable by individual faithfulness; let that become general, and an associated influence would be put forth that would be sensibly felt and blessed. The cause is one of the highest order, and yet it does not receive that consideration, attention and labor it justly merits. Engaged even in a righteous cause, individuals often fall under discouragement by looking too much to the vastness of the field they are about to enter upon, not considering that to do their own share is all that is required of them. This faithfulness on their part may prove a stimulus to others, and thus important objects are achieved. This is a truth which is not only applicable to religious societies, but equally so to national reform.

Now as there is a considerable portion of this nation who really believe that the evils of the war system are but the fruits of an erroneous, unwise choice, repugnant to Christianity and a violation of reason and common sense, are not such called upon to use such means as they are possessed of to arouse in their fellow-men an inquiry into the advantage and duty not only of abating but entirely preventing the evils of war? The case being so plain, such an inquiry could hardly be entered upon and fail of good success. The death penalty must be regarded as but an offshoot of the war system, both being based on retaliation in its worst and most destructive form. When a man illegally murders his fellow-man, he in turn is *legally* murdered. When national rights are considered infringed and redress refused, the war power is called into operation to inflict retaliation. And there ensues wholesale destruction of life and property, perhaps for years; and the dispute, which at first should have been settled by disinterested arbitrators, is still to be settled at last by some treaty arrangement, after the sacrifice of thousands of lives and millions of property. Are such delusions to continue unabated? I sincerely hope not, and am confident they will not, if those who see the folly, injustice, inconsistency and unreasonableness of wars are but sufficiently faithful by example and precept to call forth the consideration of others to this momentous subject—a subject embracing vast inducements for investigation and right disposal. Untramelled thought, unbiased investigation of what is right, Christian and reasonable, is the thing wanting. And were this generally attained by communities, we might soon witness the prophecy fulfilled, that "Nation shall no more lift up sword against nation, neither learn war any more," the sword and spear, instruments of death, being turned into instruments of usefulness for the benefit of man. Oh! glorious day, who would not rejoice to behold it? Then why should it be so long delayed—"Shall the sword devour forever?" D. IRISH.

Dutchess Co., N. Y., 11th of 12th mo., 1868.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

CHARITY.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."—1 Cor. xiii. 1.

In the desire to be found faithful in the discharge of little duties as they arise before me in my spiritual travel, I have sometimes found comfort and satisfaction in taking my pen for the purpose of promoting, through the attribute of love, the growth of that heavenly plant which furnishes daily sustenance for all. There is a diversity of gifts, and I am often impressed with the necessity of rallying to the most important of all virtues—Christian charity. It is declared in Scripture, "Though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing." How prone we are to slide into a belief that we know *we* are right, and that *others* are wrong: forgetful that the valley of humiliation is the safest abode for a Christian, where "charity suffereth long and is kind." My soul hath often sought the throne of grace that I might be led by the still waters of life, and kept in the hollow of that Holy Hand that will ever rescue us from all turmoil and strife; and that I might be instant in season, in speaking a word of encouragement to the drooping soul; not exercising authority, but in that pleading spirit of love which emanates from Christ the light and power of truth, I might seek the welfare of every creature without distinction. He that teacheth in the secret of the heart, who teaches as never man taught, hath declared He is "no respecter of persons. Charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up." Let us as a people be gathered under one name, and be led and guided by the Spirit of Christ. Oh, let us seek to cultivate this heaven-born virtue which our great Pattern held up to view as of paramount value. Then as a Society we would move smoothly on in the highway of holiness. No jarring or hard accusations would be heard in our midst, but it would be said as in olden times, "See how the Quakers love one another." There is no way to command this respect from the observing children of men, except by treading the vale of Humility; and most assuredly if our dwelling-place be there, we will find that the covering of our spirits will be of that "charity that seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, and thinketh no evil."

12*th mo.* 1, 1868. C. W. C.

Advice.—Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into, the mind.—*Coleridge.*

AN ISRAELITE PLEADING FOR SUNDAY—AN IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.

A contributor to the *Israelite*, published at Cincinnati, begins his communication as follows:

"In order, then, that we may have a day of rest, a *real* Sabbath, which can be observed by *all* Israel, we propose to adopt that day which is set apart by hundreds of millions, nay, the whole civilized world, for physical rest and the worship of God. Let *our* prayers and thanksgivings with theirs ascend to His throne on the same day, the Sunday."

The writer who makes this proposition, so repugnant to the ears of a people for many centuries jealous of the slightest variation from the established customs, declares that he has been "selected as the spokesman of a party, respectable in number, respectable in intellect, fully persuaded of the correctness of their views, and fully determined to discuss the subject in all its bearings." The selection is manifestly a fortunate one, for the temper of the article and its logic are remarkable for candor, clearness and moderation.

The old Hebrew word "Shabbas," which lies at the bottom of this controversy, is declared to mean simply rest. Cease from labor and devote to the service of God—this is the literal and spiritual meaning of the word Shabbas or Sabbath. . . How does the fourth commandment read? Does it say on this or that particular day, specifying it by name, Saturday, thou shalt rest, and it shall be your Sabbath henceforward and forevermore? No. Such are the commands of man, but not of the Almighty.

The selection of Saturday by Moses is explained as being most suitable and convenient for the Hebrews at that era. The institution, it is presumed, answered all purposes throughout the past, until within the last half century, when it became obsolete. During this period they have been virtually without any Sabbath or day of rest. Those who most bitterly oppose the proposed reformation are scarcely observing even the day which they recognize as Sabbath. The result is that they are becoming lax, and so, fast tending to utter irreligion, apostacy, and the total destruction of the Jewish faith. Even now their offspring display perfect indifference to religion. The question is accordingly asked:

"Do you not perceive the influence of nineteen centuries on the observances and forms of our religion? And can all the past, present and future exert no influence upon you? You cannot stand still and be passive even if you desire to be so. The irresistible movement of progress, the law of nature and nature's God, will propel you on to that inevitable necessity which we so earnestly beseech you to adopt.

Any day we set apart as a day of rest, to worship God in spirit and in truth, is acceptable to Him. We select Sunday, because in the fear of God, with reverence for His great name, and an eye to His glory, it is more convenient, observed as it is by millions, because it can be hallowed, while ours, as at present arranged, is an utter impossibility."

Having further argued this matter, the writer attacks with vigor the intolerant and persecuting temper which has been displayed by his fellow religionists. It created the Christian Church. Jesus was a Jew, a great man, a second Moses, who desired to purify faith and correct the vices of their church and people, nothing more nor less. "But as a prophet is never appreciated in his own country, he was crucified and made a martyr of, and his disciples made him a God. 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church.' We sowed the wind and we reaped the whirlwind. Our vices, follies, irreligion and cruelty created that church which has been our scourge and oppressor through countless ages."

It is proposed to call a grand religious council, who can settle this Sabbath question definitely; either adopting Sunday for all, or dividing those wishing Sunday and those retaining Saturday as the Sabbath.

These views will naturally create excitement, and probably lead to no immediate results; but they indicate the dissemination of a spirit of inquiry which must eventually break down the wall of partition between the Israelites and other religionists.—*Daily Evening Bulletin.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AN OLD MAN'S MUSINGS.

I'm sitting by my parlor fire; not lonely, though alone;
For loving ones look in at times, with gently uttered tone
Of thoughtful, not obtrusive care, that leaves my spirit free
To hold communion with the past,—my Father —and with Thee.

She with the silvered hair, and eye with tender meaning fraught,
Needs not to hear the spoken wish, but seems to read my thought;
And as her little household thrift, or knitting-work she plies,
Her wrinkled face and time-bleached hair are lovely in my eyes.

She's not the one to whom my heart gave all its youthful love;
The grave closed over her fair form, and I was left to prove
That on the grave of buried hopes God sometimes rears His throne,
And deigns to heal the wounded heart that trusts in Him alone.

He raised my head above the waves that had well-nigh o'erwhelmed,
And gave a mother to my babes—to me a faithful friend;
One who like Mary had been led to choose the "better part;"
And deemed it a blest lot to share a sorrow-chastened heart.

Oh, in that mansion the redeemed inhabit in the skies,
Where pure unselfish love needs not the aid of earthly ties,
She who was early called away will surely welcome there,
The one who trained her lambs, with all a tender mother's care.

My childhood's—manhood's—friends have dropped, here one, there one, away,
And few remain who saw the things that happened in my day;
But yet I find the self same cares, and joys and sorrows too,
Are now, as then, the discipline our Father leads us through;
And so I strive to keep my heart's warm sympathies in tone,
And dwell but little on the past save when I muse alone.

'Tis said that we old people think the "good old times" were best;
And so they seemed, for youth enjoys all things with keenest zest;
'Tis we who change, like autumn leaves when past their summer prime,
And those now young will one day say *this* was the good old time.

I would not now go back again to childhoods' careless joy;
For manhood with its earnest work, is better than the boy;
And age, that waits beside that sea whose tides forever flow,
Has more of Heaven's quiet peace than manhood's strength can know.

Father! I thank thee for my life, and all Thou with it gave;
The care, the conflict, and the toil that made my spirit brave;
For all the sunshine on my path, and for the storm's alarms,
That sent me, when the cloud was dark, for shelter to Thy arms.
And let me bless Thee o'er and o'er, that I have lived to see
Poor Africa's sons stretch forth at last unfettered hands to Thee.

And now I'm ready to depart, whene'er the time shall come
When thy kind messenger shall say my earthly work is done;
I've walked before in paths unknown, led by Thy guiding hand,
And I can trust Thee when I tread the unknown spirit land.

I cannot speak in rapturous words of my "reward in Heaven;"
What! an eternity of bliss for such poor service given?
I will not ask a seraph's harp, or crown of gold to wear,
But just to creep within the door, and love and serve Thee there.

Philadelphia, 1st mo., 1869. S.

From the Christian Recorder.

TRY IT.

I have a way of sitting by my fire knitting and meditating with my old cat Downy by my side. Downy is a tried friend, and she is a great comfort to me when I am lonely. She often gives me thoughts which are profitable and pleasant. I do not think she knows that she does this, but unconsciously she has taught me many a lesson of life and duty. Let me tell you how she gave me one the other day. I should say, perhaps, that Downy usually only *starts* the idea, which afterwards runs on far beyond her capabilities—but the credit of laying the first stone in the pile of meditations undoubtedly belongs to my faithful, sleepy pussy-cat.

Well—there we were the other evening—Downy asleep in a soft ball on the rug, and I at my old occupation of knitting and thinking. Suddenly Downy waked up, stretched herself, yawned, and looked around as if her feline mind was not altogether satisfied. I did not take much notice of her until she came close up to me and put one paw gently upon my dress. Then I looked down at her and saw her golden-green eyes gazing at me earnestly. I bethought me what she wanted, and put my hand down caressingly on her head, rubbing her neck, and saying, "Poor old Downy!" She bent her head to my caress, and lifted her paws up and down with delight. I soon returned to my work, and she went back to her warm place on the rug, and after turning round two or three times to get her body into exactly the right curve, down she laid herself for sleep again.

You understand that all this had been done precisely so, times without number, in the experience of Downy and myself—possibly other cats and other possessors of them may have touching recollections of similar intercourse with each other. But on this particular occasion, Downy's demonstration taught me something.

After she was again roaming in cat dreamland, I thought about her action thus. How little the poor dumb thing needed to satisfy her! A motion of my hand, a kind touch, had brought her all the happiness she wanted. And would it take much more than this, in ordinary cases, to make human beings happy day by day? There are, to be sure, fretful, morose, miserable creatures, who are fond of their misery, and refuse to part with it; or there may be those whose hearts are in truth too sad and weary, or whose tempers are too much soured to be able to take pleasure in trifles or comfort in caresses. But in our homes and our daily lives, with the friends whom God has given us—with the little ones who are alive to every influence—with our servants—how much deeds and words of kindness, trifling in themselves, will do towards cheering and strengthening the heart! Perhaps we have never fully realized *how* much.

For myself, I can remember how a gentle hand, laid for an instant on my head with a caressing motion, has gone through my heart with sweetness inexpressible, and the touch has seemed to linger there with softening influence for hours. A kind word of sympathy with sorrows and vexations which do not really seem to us deserving of much notice in themselves, will often win the griever from the grief, and make way for a brighter and truer view of things.

It does not cost much to give a smile, or a gentle caress, or a kind word to any one—but it may be worth more than tongue can tell to some heart which is weary, or faint, or down for the moment in the battle of life. Try it, my friends, whenever you have a chance, and neither you nor those about you will regret that for once you followed the advice of

DORCAS HICKS.

ONLY A FLOWER TO GIVE.

"Mother," asked little Phœbe Cary, "have you nothing I can carry to poor Aunt Molly?"

Phœbe's mother was poor, and her closet was very scant that morning.

"I wish I had, Phœbe," said she. "Can you think of anything?"

Phœbe thought.

"I've only a flower," said the little girl. "I will take her a sweet pea."

Phœbe had a sweet pea which she planted under her window, and as it grew and flowered, both mother and daughter loved and enjoyed it. Phœbe picked one and then ran down to a poor old sick woman, who for a whole year had lain in her bed suffering with great pain.

In the afternoon a lady called to see Aunt Molly. She saw a sweet pea in a cracked tumbler on a small stand by the poor woman's bed.

"That pretty posy a little girl brought me this morning, who said it was all she had to bring," said Aunt Molly, looking up with a smile. "I am sure it is worth a great deal to know I'm thought of; and as I look at it, it brings up the image of the green fields and the posies I used to pick when I was young; yes, and it makes me think what a wonderful God we have. If this little flower is not beneath his making and his care, he won't overlook a poor creature like me."

Tears came in the lady's eyes. And what did she think? She thought, "If you've only a flower to give, give that. It is worth a great deal to the poor, the aged, the sick to

know that they are thought of."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

"DOING NOTHING."

Many young persons are growing up with the idea that industry—especially manual industry—is not quite respectable. There is no modern notion that more completely cuts at the root of wholesome sentiment and of national or individual prosperity than this. Whether idleness takes the form of street lounging and gossip, that begets more active vices, or of the dreamy sentimentalism, that fritters away life in vague fancies, or the busy idleness that occupies itself in a hundred ways to avoid the steady, energetic pursuit of regular duty, it is equally culpable in its character and pernicious in its effects. To some degree, circumstances may tend to produce this evil. Some climates and some seasons of the year induce lassitude; some constitutions have less energy and power of will than others; and many diseases deprive the body of its strength and the mind of its elasticity. Even in these cases, the complete surrender to such influences is the surest method of increasing their power, while a steady resistance will gradually weaken, and often remove, much of the cause. In by far the larger number of instances, the vice of idleness results from the indulgence of luxurious habits, which breaks down the native energy of character. The person who regards momentary gratification as the chief good, will soon lose the vigor and enterprise necessary to undertake, and the perseverance to carry through any scheme requiring industry and self-command. Some, from a paucity of ideas, lack enterprise and become torpid, being unable to see the utility of proper undertakings; while others, overwhelmed with a vast conception of what is to be done, sit down in the inaction of despair. Others there are who begin with eagerness and hope, but lacking perseverance, are intimidated by the first difficulty, and accomplish nothing because they have not the courage to face obstacles.

The want of method and habit in early life is largely answerable for this evil. Those accustomed in youth to regular and industrious employment, will seldom lose such habits in after life; while those who have been suffered to pass a desultory childhood, will require an extraordinary fortitude of character to become persevering, energetic and industrious in after life. A resolution of character, a firmness of principle, which seeks to do what is right, rather than what is temporarily agreeable, is the great safeguard against this dangerous evil. Impulsive exertions may produce magnificent deeds, but without a methodical and steady resolution, without system and habit, and strength of will, but little that is permanently useful will ever be accomplished. Our natures are so constructed, that it is only in the cultivation and improvement of all our faculties that we can properly enjoy any of them.

The listless lethargy shown by many young people is productive of many evils. To the body it is a predisposing cause of many forms of disease; the want of healthy excitement and occupation leads too often to intemperance in eating and drinking, "to pass away the time," and this, in its turn, brings fever, indigestion and depression, and makes the frame less able to withstand the attacks of any disease. A large proportion of the drunkenness and dissipation of various forms, so common, may be traced directly to this source. Its effect on the mind is quite as bad. While producing instability of purpose, it is in time followed by a humiliating sense of inferiority. No man has a right to go through life, whatever his position may be, without honest, useful and regular employment of some kind.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

COUNT ZINZENDORF AND THE DOVE.

Cruelty to animals is always the sign of a mean and little mind, whereas we invariably find great men distinguished by their humanity.

I remember having read, some time ago, a beautiful story of Count Zinzendorf, when a boy. He was, as I dare say you know, a great German noble, and lived to do a great deal of good in the world.

One day, when he was playing with his hoop near the banks of a deep river, which flowed outside the walls of a castle where he lived, he espied a dove struggling in the water. By some means the poor little creature had fallen into the river, and was unable to escape. The little Count immediately rolled a large washing-tub, which had been left near, to the water's edge, jumped into it, and though generally very timid on the water, by the aid of a stick, he managed to steer himself across the river, to the place where the little dove lay floating and struggling. With the bird in his arms, he guided the tub back, and got safely to land. After warming his little captive tenderly in his bosom, the boy ran with it into the wood, and set it free. His mother, who had watched the whole transaction, in trembling anxiety for his safety, from her bed-room window, now came out.

"But were you not afraid?" she asked,

"Yes, I was rather," answered the little boy; "but I could not bear that it should die so, you know, mother; its little ones might have been watching for it to come home!"—*Tea for the Dumb Creation.*

HOME CHEERFULNESS.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing displeases they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces and words are harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendent, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother, then, try to be happy. Let them look happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy.

There is no exclusive property in truth. It belongs to him that recognizes it.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? The burden of thy life may be thy joy. Lift up thy head. Thou hast all power to go forth clad in clean raiment and with smiling countenance. Thou may'st walk in the midst of the evil and the good, and establish for thyself both thy morning and evening peace."

ITEMS.

The new suspension bridge at Niagara Falls was opened for travel on the 1st inst.

The Library of Congress, according to the report of the Librarian just made, has been increased during the year by 8500 volumes of books and about 2500 pamphlets. The whole number of volumes in the library is 173,965, exclusive of unbound pamphlets, periodicals, maps and manuscripts. The receipts during the year under the operation of the copyright law were about 1700 books and 3400 pamphlets, periodicals, maps engravings, &c. The Librarian complains that many publishers are very slow in obeying the requirements of the copyright law to send one copy of every publication to the Library. About three-fourths of all copyright publications made since the law of 2d mo., 1867, went into effect, have been secured to the Library.

Ever since the time of Captain Cook's observations of the lost transit of Venus, in 1769, it has been supposed that the distance of the sun was ninety-five millions of miles. For a few years past there has been proof accumulating that this distance was too great, and calculations of the velocity of light and investigations of the motions of the planets have independently given us a distance of only ninety-one million miles. Mr. Stone, of the Greenwich Observatory, has lately reviewed all the observations and calculations of the last transit of Venus, and discovered that the error in the time-honored figures arose from a confusion in the different observations of the transit, owing to the atmosphere of Venus, which rendered it difficult to determine the exact instant of the appulse of the planet to the sun's disk. He finds that the corrections due on this account reduce the distance four millions of miles.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Chaucer.—A magnificent stained glass window has been set up in Westminster Abbey, in memorial of the famous English poet Geoffry Chaucer, who died in 1400. The base represents the Canterbury Pilgrims, and the top presents subjects taken from the "Floure and the Leafe." In the tracery the portrait of Chaucer occupies the centre between Edward III. and Philippa; above are portraits of Wickliffe and Strode, and below of Gower and John of Gaunt. Coats of arms are placed in the borders. The window is said to be a very brilliant piece of color.

Some very delicate calculations render it probable that Greenwich Observatory undergoes a minute change in its latitude with every revolution of the moon. This may be due to a real movement of the earth's crust under the influence of tides in the interior of the earth; or it may be only apparent, and due to a change of inclination in the atmospheric strata under lunar influence.

The idea is often ridiculed by uneducated people, that students and those whose professions require constant mental exertion, really work as hard as those engaged in manual labor. But from the chemical experiments of Prof. Houghton of Trinity College, Dublin, it is proved that two hours of severe mental study abstract from the human system as much vital strength as is taken from it by a whole day of mere hard work.

How Weeds Spread.—A writer in the *Journal of Agriculture* says that, for the purpose of determining the propagating power of a plant of purslane, he counted the number of seedpods upon it. There were 4,613. Fourteen of these—seven small, four medium, and three of the largest—were selected, and the seeds counted. They gave an average of ninety seeds to the pod, or 415,170 seeds to a single plant.

It is stated that one of the most remarkable deposits of petroleum is in the region of the Caucasus mountains. The oil-springs have been known and the oil collected there (by skimming) for ages. On the eastern shore of the Caspian 20,000 such wells, all of them quite shallow, are now skimmed. The wells are often quite close to each other, and a new one does not affect the productiveness of another near it. One sunk in 1863, by the very side of another, which had for centuries produced 3,400 pounds per day, yielded 40,000 per day, without affecting in the least the other. The American method has lately been introduced, and flowing wells have burst forth from a depth of 250 feet, which have, until controlled, maintained a jet from 40 to 60 feet high. It is calculated that 19,000,000 pounds are annually produced in the Caucasus region, while 200,000 pounds of paraffine are now made from asphaltum.

A Free Reading Room for working women is about to be established in London under the auspices of the Countess of Portsmouth. The plan is to provide a place where the women, in the interval of work, may safely resort for rest, social intercourse, or, where circumstances and inclination admit of it, for study and self-improvement. The scheme will take the form of a woman's club, which will provide refreshments, good in quality and moderate in price, and a room where perfect quiet and study may be obtained, besides another room for conversation and the reception of visitors.

Sum Total, it is asserted, is not tautological, but perfectly correct English, being a translation of the phrase *summa totalis*, taken from the old treatises on arithmetic, written in Latin. In these books *summa* was used to denote a number, and *summa totalis* to express the result of the addition of several numbers.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 16, 1869. No. 46.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.

SINGLE NOS. 6 CENTS.

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

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Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
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FAITH.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

Human faith is an imperfect thing, like all other things human. The consciousness of God, taking its root and life in the very deepest foundations of our nature, is susceptible, almost indefinitely, of being crushed down and smothered by the superficial passions and interests of life. He who, in his hours of prayer and adoration, has felt most sure of the realities of the spiritual world, must often lament how, in the intervals and amid the crowd of jostling cares and pleasures, these great realities fade in dim perspective, insomuch that, unless he continually renew his vision of them, they seem likely to disappear altogether from his horizon. Nor is it only thus regularly in the ratio of our attention to them, but in a thousand ways which He alone who knows the secret of hearts can explain, the tides of human faith ebb and flow, sometimes slowly and evenly, sometimes with earthquake violence and rapidity, leaving us at one moment dry and bare, and the next rolling up the mighty flood to a mark higher than it had ever reached before.

These alternations of strength and weakness, clearness and obscurity, are doubtless parts of the vast machinery prepared by God for the growth, through trial, of our moral life. * * * *

Faith in the true God is nothing but Faith in goodness at its crystallizing point. When that Faith reaches its right degree, the abstract becomes personified—man believes in God. There is no real antithesis between faith and works: for when the will is true to good works it generates faith, even as faith reacts in added strength upon the will. There is here no unnatural task, for the will to force *belief* in facts concerning which moral insight can reveal nothing. Its work is not to torture evidence, to suppress one band of witnesses and bribe another. It is required only to exert itself in its one clear, natural way, —to rouse itself to that full self-consciousness it obtains by antagonism against the lower desires. *In* that consciousness it will find and feel the great Holy Will of the Universe which works above itself.

When we become aware that the realities of the spiritual world are slipping from our grasp, we ought instantly to rouse all our strength thus to renew our consciousness of them. Nor need this effort be unaided. We may clasp back those realities with the lifted hands of prayer. God *will* give them to us, though not always, perhaps, at once. There are many mysteries in this part of our nature, and any intellectual doubt complicating our difficulties may leave them long unsettled. But grim old Giant Despair is slain from the moment when we learn that an Infinite God must be infinitely good. We may be imprisoned for some sad days in Doubting Castle, or its cold shade may fall across our pilgrim

path; but it has no longer a Master Fear to bolt us into its dungeons. We can force our way forth with the strong will to do it, for there is "sunshine," cloudless sunshine for us beyond its walls. Despair lives no more when that light strikes upon him. "If there be a God, He is absolutely good. If there be a world beyond the grave, it is the good God's world." These are convictions which, once settled in the soul, leave Atheism but a little space to work in. Sooner or later it must die of inanition. By degrees we shall all "grow in faith," feel less and less those dim veils of mist rising from the uncultured places of the heart and obscuring our vision of the heavenly heights. God will then be to us as *real* a Being, His presence will be as much a *fact*, as the friend is real whose hand we press, and whose presence fills our hearts with a joy which no doubt ever dares to mar. It is so sometimes to us even now. What a thought it is, what hope to brighten life, that it will be so always at last! To live in the actual *sense* of God's ever-present love! How little need would there be of a paradise beyond!

To him who asserts that man is incapable, in this stage of existence, of making religion the primary concern of his life, let the answer now given suffice. If it *be* beyond man's nature here to love God above all, it is beyond it no less to love his brother better than his own ease or pleasure, nay, to care for him in any way save as he chances to contribute to his sensual pleasures. But if our human nature revolts from such degradation, if we do actually "love our brother whom we have seen," then may we with irrefutable logic "love our God whom we have not seen." And if we love our brother better than ourselves, then also may we "love the Lord our God above all, and with all our heart, and soul, and strength.

Faith, then, is reasonable. And faith is *right*. If it be asked, How can it be a *duty* to cherish a more vivid consciousness than we spontaneously feel of a certain external Presence? the answer is ready. It is a duty to ourselves and to God. It is a duty to ourselves, because it is equivalent in all ways to the enforcing on ourselves the perpetual sense of moral obligation; it is the same thing as calling up the law itself continually before us; and more even than this, for it is the law personified, and possessing all the added influences of that divine personification. Is it a duty to God, because His benefits and perfections claim of us a homage which the whole worship of life, cannot adequately pay, and which we are therefore bound to offer with all the diligence we can command.

The method of performing this great duty is doubtless one of the problems which has presented itself most frequently to religious minds. I have already touched on some features of it, and will but venture to offer a few suggestions which seem most suitable to the case. The actual *consciousness* of the existence of a Holy Will above us is assuredly most frequently produced by the strong exertion of our own righteous Will, brought into vivid life by antagonism with the lower desires. Thus every possible act of duty, social, personal, or religious, possesses a power of increasing our consciousness of God, and that power rises in the same ratio with the virtue which the performance of the duty develops.

Many special acts of duty have also their peculiar influence. Deeds of forgiveness and loving-kindness to our fellow-creatures prepare our hearts most remarkably for the higher spiritual exercises wherein absolute communion may be attained. Continual practice of truth and purity raises the soul into regions of thought and feeling wherein it perceives God's presence on all sides. Thanksgiving, if ever fully performed, would actually recall God to us in every blessing (that is to say, in every *moment*) of our lives.

In Obedience, then, general and special, to the laws of God, lies our hope of increasing and intensifying our faith. There is no use shrinking from scepticism, and trying to keep the whole subject at a distance. Let us meet our most fearful doubts bravely, with all the weapons our intellectual armory can afford; but let us also bring to bear on the battle those mighty powers of our nature which alone can really achieve the final defeat of scepticism. Let us call forth the righteous Will, fighting blow for blow with every base, selfish, vain, or sensual desire, till its high-strung and quivering nerves recognize beyond mistake ths unseen Hand which is laid in guidance and in blessing on the champion's head. Let us use the all-powerful instrument of prayer, and ask of God that He give to us such influx of His Spirit of Truth as shall forever quell such hesitating fear, and place before us in faith, His own ever-present Deity.

God *is* near us. He is above us, around us, within us; guiding every small and every great event of our lives, and continually speaking to our hearts through conscience. We all *believe* this, or rather we *admit* it; we do *not* deny it. And we are also ready to admit that, if we actually realized this truth of God's presence, we should become holy and happy to a degree of which our present blind existence can give but little semblance. Is it not strange to think this,—that, on the raising our cold *admission* of a truth to a living *faith* in it, depends our virtue and our ineffa-

ble joy, and yet that we do not perform an act apparently so simple, nay, make so little attempt to perform it? Whenever we do chance to grasp a clear sense of spiritual realities, we obtain a strength which lasts us for days and even years. Oh that God may help us to hold it more continually! that He may open our closed eyes to see that Sun which is beaming over our heads and pouring floods of holy light upon our earthly way! He *will* help us, if we but do our own part, and "draw to Him as He will draw to us." Hour by hour we may do something to increase our faith. We may perform every common daily duty; our labor of head or hand, our cares for those around us, our self-restraints of impatience, or anger, or sensuality,—all and each as GOD'S direct task, which his eye is overlooking all the while, watching both the act itself and the spirit with which we do it. We may make every trifling pain, vexation, and humiliation, "the meanest thong of all that whips us, welcome," and bless it as GOD'S justice, GOD'S kindness. We may receive every ordinary pleasure, food, walks, studies, and the caresses of our beloved ones, all as God's dear gifts, tokens of tenderness like the violets a mother strews on her child's cradle We may look on the whole earth as GOD'S world, made beautiful by His artist hand; on science as the unvailing of His wisdom; on history as the tale of His providence. All the happy living things which roam over the fields, or people the air and the waters, are GOD'S brute creatures, cared for by Him who loves *us* too. Our brother men, and those dear babes who seem to have come so short a way to us from heaven,—these are GOD'S sons, GOD'S children. We cannot bless one of them with the smallest kindness, we cannot feel love, or admiration, or sympathy for one of them, but we are blessing and loving a child of GOD.

Alas! how easy it *ought* to be to see in all things, serve in all things, love and worship, and adore in all things, our ever-present Lord! It is a question to ask our hearts why, if it be so simple a matter, we have never attained to that Faith which we acknowledge would give us such power of virtue. Do we *really* wish that God *should* be always present? Are there no words, no feelings, no thoughts, which we desire to indulge, and which we are conscious we never could indulge, if we beheld those pure eyes gazing down day and night upon us? How far is the weakness of our *Faith* the result of the weakness of our *Will?*

How can we expect to live with God in heaven, if we love not to live with him on earth.—*J. Mason.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A REPLY.

The "Query," in the Intelligencer of last week, of the construction placed by Friends upon the 13th verse, 14th chap. of John, would, probably, be differently answered by different minds among us. I have considered that in the Society of Friends each member is at liberty to derive from the interpretation of Scripture such instruction as is adapted to his spiritual growth. As we read these writings with a desire to be profited by the truths which they contain, if the lesson in any especial passage is necessary to our spiritual advancement, it will be opened to our understanding; but until it is, we must be willing to wait, for secret things belong unto God, and can never be unfolded by logical reasonings.

And yet, I would not restrict a proper, candid interchange of views in relation to the meaning of Scripture texts, for as we are designed to be one another's helpers in every good word and work, an honest comparison of sentiment in regard to the lessons contained in the seemingly obscure passages, may tend to quicken our interest in religious subjects and strengthen our resolves to live aright.

But however comforting and refreshing these interchanges of views may be when conducted in a right spirit, we must ever remember that the Supreme Head of the Church alone has the key that will open to us the true meaning of ambiguous passages.

In considering the text alluded to in the "Query," it is necessary to recall the circumstances under which it was delivered. Jesus was addressing his disciples, who had not come into the highest spiritual condition, which he personated. Though he had been a long time with them, yet they knew him not, because they knew not the Father.

How touching is his reply to Philip: "Believest thou not that I am in the Father and the Father in me? The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself, but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." The disciples understood not the spiritual oneness of the Father and the Son, the full and entire surrender of his will to the Divine Will, making him one with the Father, because spiritual things can only be discerned by the Spirit.

They were not prepared to receive his declaration, that "the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." Not enabled him to do them, as we sometimes hear it quoted, but that the Father dwelt in him and did the works, of which frequent evidences had been furnished to their outward senses.

He appealed to them in this language: "Believe me that I am in the Father and

the Father in me; or else believe me for the very work's sake." Thus citing them to the visible proofs of his reliance upon the Father.

Again he says: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me"—that is, on the power which dwelt in him,—"the works that I do, he shall do also; and greater works than these shall he do;"—greater works than these *outward* works, "because I go unto my Father." "And," he continues, "whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." The lesson that may be derived from this text is, that if we dwell in the Father and the Father in us, we shall be so leavened into the Divine Spirit that we shall ask or desire nothing that is not in accordance with His will. Realizing that we are finite and He Infinite, and that without Him we are nothing, we shall rely upon Him and trust Him under all circumstances; and in the full belief that His way is the best way and that "He doth all things well," we can adopt the language of the poet:

"I sit beside the silent sea,
And wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me,
On ocean or on shore."

If we dwell under this influence, we will desire only what the Infinite Father sees best to bestow; and as we ask in His name, that is in His power, (for name throughout Scripture is synonymous with power,) the same power that dwelt in Jesus, making him one with the Father, is also in us; and if we ask in this power, we cannot ask amiss, and we shall assuredly receive according to the promise. "Ye ask and receive not," said the Apostle, "because ye ask amiss."

Philada., 1*st mo.*, 1869. H.

EXTRACT.

It is one of the glories of Christianity that, while it is not a state religion in its nature, and always best does its work when least allied with the state, it nevertheless supplies to the popular mind the brain-power and the heart-power, the ideas and the virtue, which are indispensable to the union of liberty and order, without conflict and without peril to either. Christianity is both radical and conservative—thoroughly radical in its views of and its claims for the individual man, and just as thoroughly conservative in what it demands for civil society. Enlightening the judgment, tempering the passions, purifying the conscience and regulating the conduct of the individual, it educates him for society. Honoring society and the individual in the presence of each other, it subjects both to the restraints of moral law, and teaches both to regard themselves as responsible to the God of both. Controlled by its principles and inspired by its influences, the people are quite sure to adjust the doctrine of liberty to that of order, and the doctrine of order to that of liberty—maintaining each with equal certainty, facility and sacredness. Good rulers and good citizens are the normal expressions of its moral power. The despotism of the king, the despotism of the priest, the despotism of the many against the few or the few against the many, are alike excluded by Christianity. Equal privileges, equal burdens and equal restraints become the common heritage, duty and blessing of all, when society is constructed on the basis of Christian ideas. Let God be thanked for such a benign agency of present good! Though slow in its action, and sometimes sadly perverted by the evil counsels and misdirections of men, it is nevertheless steadily moving humanity forward to the golden age of the most perfect liberty and the most perfect order.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Oh that I could extend my voice to the ends of the earth. and I would persuade mankind to forsake all evil and turn to the Lord, who would abundantly pardon, and be in earnest to initiate themselves into the Chnrch of Christ, which is composed of the pure in heart of every denomination, where a passport will be given to Christ's church triumphant in heaven. M. P.

GAIETY IN THE HOME.

Gaiety is indispensable to childhood, and I doubt whether it can be dispensed with in after life. There is an innocent craving for it even in old age. God has scattered flowers upon our fallen earth, and sent us the songs of birds. Why should we turn away from them? Why should mirth and hearty laughter scandalize us?

If many of us do not love our homes, the reason is far, far from inexplicable. To tell the truth, I have but a poor opinion of homes where laughter and merriment, and jokes and puns, nay, even absurdities, are unknown. Measure the heartlessness of that confession of Fontenelle, "For the last half century I have neither wept nor laughed." The two best things in this life, those which prove that we have a heart and an imagination as well as a brain, were lost to the man whose universe was academies and drawing-rooms. We are quite aware that there is a forced gaiety and a forced laughter, than which nothing is more sad; and that this spirit may become chronic, to the annihilation of very serious thought. It would be

difficult to choose between Fontenelle, who never laughed, and the man who is always laughing; difficult to say which of the two had sunk the lowest.

Without seriousness family life would hardly deserve the name. There is nothing so serious as life; nothing so serious as happiness, duty, responsibility, the education of children, personal education. Is there anything so serious as our sins, or repentance, our prayers? any task more serious than the charge of souls that we love?

But in proportion as seriousness is genuine, cheerfulness will be so too. There will be the "time to laugh and the time to weep." Solomon tells us that the "wisdom of a man maketh his faith to shine, and his countenance is no more sad." This is the magic of wisdom; it is when the heart is turned towards God that the countenance is joyous and beneficent.

A hearty laugh is one of the best and rarest of things; gaiety is the privilege of the simple minded; it is one of the surest symptoms of moral health; though of course this is a rule by no means without exceptions. *Ennui* must not be classed among the virtues; we must not give way to morose and languid moods. I know houses where there is a perpetual sighing over the evils of humanity, past, present, and to come; after the evils come the faults, and after the faults the errors, till the melancholy catalogue is gone through; but that does not prevent it from being resumed on the morrow. There are complaints, political, religious, moral, artistic and literary, always in abundance.

I remember once visiting a neighbor who was extremely deaf; every one made it a duty to contribute something for his amusement; the speaking trumpet was passed from hand to hand; and what were the themes that passed through it but the sorrows and calamities of the neighborhood!—how one poor gentleman had broken his leg; how some poor lady had taken the small-pox, and another had lost a child. The most communicative added details of the faults and mistakes of the Government, the fears entertained as to the harvest, and the failure of sundry attempts to do good; and the unfortunate listener lifted up his eyes to Heaven and sighed piteously; but when the evening had ended, every one congratulated himself on having helped to amuse him for an hour!

If I were asked for a recipe for cheerfulness, I would say, Humbly enjoy the good gifts of God, love those around you tenderly, realize that amiability is a binding virtue, and that we are bound to diffuse joy around us in our homes. But there is just one more item in my prescription; we must be willing to unbend, even to stoop to a little harmless folly. A love for animals will encourge this; the very presence of these true but unassuming friends will do our hearts good. We may talk nonsense to them; they introduce an element of intellectual repose. Dogs, cats, horses, poultry, are so many contributors to the gaiety and simplicity of our daily life. We cannot enjoy them without loving them. I am not going to enter into the ranks of those who contend that they have souls; still I hope my reader holds in equal abhorrence with myself the systems of Descartes and Malebranche, which would make them out to be mere machines. We have but to contemplate the dog that follows us, watches our movements, shares our fatigues and perils voluntarily, either to sink at our side, or perhaps to follow us to the grave and die there—to reply to the theory of mere mechanism. Animals are, in some sort, members of the family. They are the friends of young and old, and young and old alike enjoy and benefit by their gleeful, irrational society.—*Count de Gasparin.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

COMMUNION.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him, and he with me."

This beautiful text is full of encouragement, and fraught with the deepest interest to our happiness here and hereafter. It shows us that the heavenly Master will not force an entrance into our hearts, although He greatly desires to be our guest, but that He stands at the door and knocks; and if we refuse him admittance, saying, "Go thy way for this time," He comes again and again, and waits and waits, until His locks are wet with the dews of the morning. And why is he so mindful of us? Is it because it will add to his happiness? This cannot be. It is because He loves us and desires our happiness here and forever. He knows our weakness—our shortcomings. He knows that we are beset by allurements to evil on the right hand and on the left; and He has volunteered to be our counsellor—to "stick closer to us than a brother;" and He proposes to do all this by communion with us, if we will but open the door and entertain him. My dear friends, young and old, will we accept of His counsels, trust in His wisdom, and follow Him through evil as well as through good report, and even, if needs be, to Calvary?

If we enjoy this heavenly communion, we need not go to the beggarly elements of the world for any other. We need not partake of the bread and the wine, that perish in the

using, as a sacramental offering. How instructive are the words of Jesus at the last supper, where he says, "I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine until I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom." They were told to "tarry at Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high:" and after the doors of their hearts were open to receive Him, He came in the demonstration of the spirit and with power. He there and then drank it new with them in His Father's kingdom, and caused them to "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Ah! he verified the promise that He would not leave them comfortless, but would give them the spirit of truth that leads into all truth.

Now I apprehend that after this pentecostal shower of God's love to man, all worship was to be spiritual; that we should henceforth "serve God in the newness of the spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter." That the apostles sometimes used outward ordinances I conceive to be no reason that we should do the same, taking all things into consideration. They also thought salvation was only for the Jews, and it required a vision, miraculous in its character, to convince them otherwise. They circumcised as their fathers did before them: and Jesus said, "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot hear them now." There are many now up and down in the land that tell us, if we would be saved, we must be baptized with water; we must partake of the bread and the wine. But it is declared in Scripture that "Jesus Christ abolished the handwriting of ordinances, nailing them to his cross," and that there is "one Lord, one faith, and one baptism."

Oh, my friends, let us hold more firmly the doctrine of the spirituality of religion, for nothing else can regenerate the world: all forms, ceremonies and confessions of faith retard the progress of the world and the freedom of thought. Our Lord will not be supplanted —it is His Divine right to rule; and if we humble ourselves—"become as clay in the hands of the potter," willing to be moulded and fashioned agreeably to His will—all will be well. He will give us "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Oh, let us come into the ark of safety, for its inviting doors are now open; and "the Spirit and the Bride say come, and all that will may come and partake of the waters of life freely, without money and without price."

Time passes swiftly away. The past is gone forever; the future we know not of. The present is ours to watch, to pray, and to turn our feet to the testimonies of the Lord; and if any of us lack wisdom, let us ask it of "Him who giveth liberally and upbraideth none," and who is "a very present help in every time of trouble."

Wenona, Ill., 12th mo., 1868. D. W.

CHRISTIAN RETIREMENT.

No man, however great, can bear the continual strain of public work; he must relax or sink exhausted. The well at which every one draws must be fed by invisible streams, or it will soon run dry. The secret of perpetual motion has not yet been discovered. We must rest. The silent fingers of the dew repair the ravages of the light, and in the morning nature is once more beautiful with renewed youth. Night is the complement of day. It is everywhere true that the season of action must be sustained by the season of thoughtful rest. This, however, is peculiarly necessary in regard to spiritual effort, which is more exhausting than all other kinds of labor. Who that has intensely longed for the salvation of a soul, or wrestled with the contempt of human indifference, the hardness of human hearts, the sinfulness of human lives, but has realized a strange loss and prostration of natural energy succeeding that endeavor? I believe our Divine Master felt all this. "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." Those grand thoughts of His profoundest sympathies, called forth by the numberless sick, and sorrowing, and poor, who gathered around Him—all helped to exhaust His physical, mental, and spiritual resources. And this was the secret reason of His frequent retirements. Speaking simply of His human nature, we may say that He was unable to withstand the heavy demands made upon Him without constant renewal. The golden pitcher must be replenished at the Fountain of Living Waters. And so when the close of day came, He would retire, worn and weary, to the unbroken silence of some mountain-top or solemn glen, and there, amid the hush of the midnight scene, would be alone with God. And oh! who shall describe those wondrous communings between the Holy Father and Beloved Son? Who shall dare to tell of the outpouring of the care-worn, anguish-smitten heart? Who shall dare to tell how the Father's infinite tenderness gathered about the Son, and the Father's blessed face beamed its richest compassions upon the Man of Sorrows, until He was refreshed, and again prepared to return into the world of scornful, sinning souls, pursuing His noble work? Christ is our example. We cannot neglect what was necessary for Him. It will be impossible for us to bear testimony to God by the holiness of our lives and the earnestness of our lips, unless we too obtain secret help. The more prominent we are, the greater is our need of privacy. The source of all our

power is communion with God, and as a stream never rises higher than its source, so our life in the world will run on the same level as our life in retirement. If we have no more fellowship with Divine things in secret than men of the world, we shall not only be as weak as they are, but weaker, because we have a profession to maintain and a work to do which they have not, yet our power is no greater than theirs. Demands are made upon us of which they know nothing—we must, therefore, have funds in reserve to meet these claims. The balance must be evenly maintained; the more the activity, the greater the need for rest. There is a danger in these days lest our enterprises should outgrow our strength. We have so much to do in the Christian Church, so many agencies to maintain, every one who will work has so much thrust into his hands, that there is considerable fear lest the spiritual energy which must vitalize all our organizations to make them effective should not be powerful enough to influence any well. The irons may be too numerous for the fire to heat, and, in the end, may extinguish the fire itself. It is constantly reiterated that prayer must always be combined with work, but we may have so much work to do that there is no time for prayer. This will be a sad calamity, and must be guarded against. The hour of devotional meditation is the hour of renewal. Hope springs into a more ardent life, and earnestness is girded for nobler conquests. "While I was musing," says David, "the fire burned, my heart was hot within me."—*Braden.*

SCRAPS FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Thou and I have lived to see strange, overturning times. Thou wert born (spiritually) on the edge of a dispensation that appears to be passing away, and I within the verge of the new. Not that I have any prospect as to the forms that religious thought may take in the future, or whether our portion of the Society, regenerated, is to be a nucleus around which shall gather those who are looking and longing for something better than now exists. It may be asked, can *any* organization supply this something? I answer, yes, to many, perhaps the larger portion. They must be nourished with milk, a kind of food which has been elaborated in the digestive system of another. By far the fewer number are those who are fitted by mental and spiritual constitution for more direct and intimate communion with the Father of spirits; these, whether vocally or silently, consciously or unconsciously, are the teachers. They are baptized into suffering for the former class—into weakness, poverty, loneliness,—that they may abound. It is not always given to these to know *whom* they have fed,—nor perhaps those they would fain have made their children, for *spiritual* affinity is not always coupled with natural or with sectarian affinity.

I am not discouraged at the state of things amongst us; we are perhaps under the cloud and may have to pass through the sea; but not one *precious* thing will be destroyed. Mere sectarian bonds are not precious, and our young people are breaking them for us. If our few forms no longer enshrine the Truth, let them go. Truth can take to itself new forms, for some form it must have. Our Heavenly Father has not left these things dependent on *our* faithfulness or unfaithfulness. We have only to do with *present* duty; and whether in our faithfulness to this we have been preserving the old temple until the time comes for it to be taken down, or putting a stone into the new one, is of little moment to us, if we have preserved our spiritual life.

Our two valued female friends procured Minutes from our last Monthly Meeting to visit the families of a little meeting in a remote part of the country. They left here with a companion, and I have not the least doubt of the rectitude of this instance of dedication, and that it will be most cordial to the few solitary friends who inhabit a part of the country not so frequently cared for as where the tribes of our Israel are more numerously planted. The fruits of righteousness and peace, resulting from labors of love like these, while the instruments made use of, are preserved in humility, and, in the beautiful simplicity of the Gospel, can only be enjoyed to the full by those who are exercised in, or rather baptized into the work.

I am inclined to think that Gospel laborers in general look for more wages in the present world than would be consistent with our safety to receive, not always remembering the expression of one who had some experience in the work. "For ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise."

If after our feeble efforts in the good cause, we are permitted to retire without condemnation, we ought to be content, though I am aware it is very hard to become perfect in the lesson; for after all that we can say or do, we are, as those who followed the great *Exemplar* in person were taught by Him to consider themselves, "unprofitable servants;" but we may derive encouragement from another declaration, that "he that reapeth receiveth wages (sooner or later, no matter when) and gathereth fruit unto Life Eternal.

LEARNING—The end of learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love him, and to imitate him, as we pray the nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue.—*Milton.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 16, 1869

USELESS REGRETS.—If it were possible to apply the science of statistics to such a subject, it would be instructive to ascertain how much time and mental energy are expended in useless regrets. Among these, may be reckoned the dissatisfaction which is often felt at the situation in life to which we were born, and the untoward circumstances, physical, intellectual and moral, attendant upon it. If all the mental energy expended in mourning over our lot in life were employed, first, in accepting it cheerfully, and then in improving it to the extent of our ability, there would be many happy persons where now there are many unhappy ones.

It cannot be denied that some persons appear to inherit advantages of almost every kind, and the consciousness of this, to a grateful, noble mind, is a stimulus to use them rightly; while the consciousness of having been entrusted with very few, is in itself depressing. The first class must guard against self-indulgence, the second against despondency. The Parable of the talents is to this point. He who found himself possessed of but one was discontented and desponding. He therefore made no progress and was miserable. He who had five, might have been equally dissatisfied that ten were not given him; and if so, he would have been equally miserable; but he chose a wiser course and improved his five talents, reaping the reward of having them doubled, and also the approval of "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Much time and energy are also lost in looking back with regret to what might have been done, or what might have been avoided. Beyond the lesson which error and failure of every kind should teach us, namely, to endeavor to do better in the future, this kind of regret is worse than useless. It is acting with no more wisdom than the man who stumbles and falls, and who, instead of rising immediately and pursuing his way, lies mourning over his fall. Indeed it is a question whether the expression, "I might have done differently," always contains a truth. Perhaps in most cases the experience of suffering attendant upon the failure was necessary to impress the lesson.

In that depressed state of mind, caused by grief for the loss of one near and dear, how often is the sorrow intensified so as to admit of no consolation, by a disposition to look back and fancy that if something had been done that was not done, or if something that was done had not been done, the result would have been different. In all probability the thing done or omitted was too unimportant to have altered the event; but even could it have done so, the fact that neither to watchful affection nor medical skill did it *then* seem so important, places the event beyond human control; and the bereaved heart may well utter the language of David, "I was dumb because *Thou* didst it."

In regard to the remorse felt for errors and sins of omission and commission, there is a limit even to this. F. W. Robertson, in a sermon entitled "Christian Progress by oblivion of the Past," says:

"It is wise to forget past errors. There is a kind of temperament which, when indulged, greatly hinders growth in real godliness. It is that rueful, repentant, self-accusing temper, which is always looking back, and microscopically observing how that which is done might have been better done. Something of this we ought to have. A Christian ought to feel always that he has partially failed, but that ought not to be the only feeling. Faith ought ever to be a sanguine cheerful thing; and perhaps in practical life we could not give a better account of faith than by saying that it is, amid much failure having the heart to try again. Our best deeds are marked by imperfection; but, if they really were our best, 'forget the things that are behind,'—we shall do better next time." . . .

"There is a way in which even sin may be banished from the memory. If a man looks forward to the evil he is going to commit, and satisfies himself that it is inevitable, and so

treats it lightly, he is acting as a fatalist. But, if a man partially does this looking backward, feeling that sin when it is past is not to be wept over forever, he only does that which the Giver of the Gospel permits him to do. Bad as the results have been in the world of making light of sin, those of brooding over it too much have been worse. Remorse has done more harm than even hardihood. It was remorse that fixed Judas in an unalterable destiny; it was remorse which filled the monasteries for ages with men and women whose lives became useless to their fellow creatures. It is remorse which so remembers by-gone faults, as to paralyze the energies for doing Christ's work; for when you break a Christian's spirit, it is all over with progress. Oh, we want everything that is hopeful and encouraging for our work, for it is not an easy one. And therefore it is that the Gospel comes to the guiltiest of us all, at the very outset, with the inspiring news of pardon. You remember how Christ treated sin. Sin of oppression and hypocrisy indignantly; but sin of frailty—'Hath no man condemned thee?'—'No man Lord,'—'Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.'"

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.—As some of our contributors may have been surprised at not seeing in our columns their many different articles in favor of this institution, we may state that their rejection does not proceed from any lack of interest or approval, but from a belief that it is wiser to suffer the effort to make its own way, on the ground of individual duty, than for it to be (to use a figure) taken off its feet and carried on the shoulders. We are aware there are some Friends who are honestly concerned lest, in this effort, we turn aside from a dependence upon the teachings of the Divine Spirit which give life, and promote in the children a dependence upon the letter, which killeth. We are willing to believe there is a general care among the teachers to avoid any just cause of censure on this account, and we trust that in coming years good fruit will be apparent from the present effort.

NOTE.—Our attention has been called to the fact that an Address by Professor H. Hartshorne, which appeared in the 42d No. of the Intelligencer, was not accredited to "The Herald of Peace," the periodical from which it was taken. We were under the impression that the Address, with others of a similar character, had been published in a pamphlet form. The omission therefore was unintentional. We regret it should have occurred, as we wish ever to accredit to its proper source all selected matter.

DIED, at Philadelphia, on the 1st instant, in her 33d year, MARY B. wife of Joseph J. Sellers, and daughter of Kezia R. and the late Jabez Bunting. She was interred at Darby.

——, at her residence in Pittstown, N. Y., on the morning of the 22d of Tenth month, 1868, ELIZABETH, wife of Joseph Lawton, in the 77th year of her age; an esteemed minister of Troy Monthly Meeting. We feel that in the death of this dear friend a mother in Israel has been taken from us; she was from childhood a constant attender of meetings, when her health would permit, and during a lingering illness which she bore with Christian fortitude, she many times expressed a great desire that she might be patient to the end, frequently remarking to her friends that she was ready and waiting to go when her Master should call her. She often expressed a wish for the time to arrive, feeling a full assurance that an entrance would be granted her into her heavenly Father's kingdom. Thus did this devoted servant of the Most High calmly resign her spirit into the hands of her Maker, and we doubt not she has received the full fruition of all her hopes, and is now at rest with the righteous of all ages.

——, on the 2d of Twelfth month, 1868, at the residence of her parents, Joseph and Milcah C. Pyle, East Nottingham, Cecil County, Md., ADA, wife of Ezra E. Phillips, in the 21st year of her age.

Thus has passed away one who a few weeks ago was in the enjoyment of youth and health. A solemn warning for us who remain to endeavor to be always ready, for we know not the day nor the hour when the solemn call may come to "give up our stewardship."

NOTICE.

An effort is being made to form an *adult* class for mutual improvement, in connection with Green Street First-day School, to meet at 3½ o'clock, P. M.

All Friends interested are cordially invited to attend and participate in the exercises.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

Contributors to Swarthmore College and all who feel an interest in the cause of education are invited to meet at Friends' Meeting House, on Rutherford Place, N. Y., on Fifth-day, First month, 28th, at 7½ P. M.

The Annual Report will be read, and other matters of interest connected with the opening of the College will be discussed,—a general attendance is desired.

FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

For the aid and elevation of the Freedmen will meet on Fourth-day evening, First month 20th, at 7½ o'clock, at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room. All are invited.

JACOB M. ELLIS, } *Clerks.*
ANNE COOPER, }

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

Elizabeth W. Hartley, 915 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia, will keep Friends' Almanacs and other Friends' books for sale.

FRIENDS' CHARITABLE FUEL ASSOCIATION.

A Meeting of the Corporators will be held at Race St. Monthly Meeting Room this (Seventh-day) evening, First month 16th, at 7½ o'clock, to take action in regard to the acceptance of the charter recently granted by the Court.

FRIENDS' FUEL ASSOCIATION FOR THE POOR

Will meet at the conclusion of the Corporators' meeting, and the general attendance of all the contributors is invited.

WM. HEACOCK, *Clerk.*

The Society of Friends having for many years extended a fostering care over the Indians, it is natural that they should feel an especial interest in their welfare and deeply regret the conflicts which are taking place upon the Western Frontiers. An address delivered on the 23d ult. at the Cooper Institute, N. Y., on the "Indian troubles," by the ex-Agent E. W. Wynkoop, cannot fail to interest those whose feelings have been awakened by the continued wrongs which are being perpetrated upon these wretched victims of a mistaken policy. A letter from Bishop Whipple, read at the same meeting in which the address was delivered, and a few remarks from others as reported by the New York Tribune, are also given.

OUR INDIAN DIFFICULTIES.

Col. Wynkoop before the American Geographical and Statistical Society.

In response to the request of the American Geographical and Statistical Society, ex-Indian Agent Col. E. W. Wynkoop delivered an address last evening before the Society, in their rooms at the Cooper Institute, on the Indian troubles. Benjamin Satham, esq., presided, who requested the Secretary to read the letter addressed to Col. Wynkoop, which was done. The following letter, from the Rev. H. B. Whipple, Episcopal Bishop of Minnesota, was also read by the Secretary:

FARIBAULT, Minn., Dec. 8, 1868.

My Dear Friend.—I did not think it would be necessary to write you so soon again on behalf of the poor Indians. I beg you, as you pity God's poor killed creatures, to ask the Executive Committee of your Indian Commission, to employ some competent, fearless person to investigate the recent events connected with our Indian war. I have not the proof, or I would appeal over my own signature, to the people of America, to stop this system of iniquity. You cannot cure by wrong; you cannot atone for robbery by murder. It is my firm belief that every provision of the treaty made with the Indians by the Peace Commission was violated and they left to destitution last Spring, and that, by failure of Congress to make early appropriations, they were compelled to leave their reservation and go to the Buffalo ranges to escape death.

Second. That our refusal to give them either food, or the means (arms, &c.) to kill game, was regarded as a violation of the treaty.

Third. That as early as August or September, officers of the United States so far forgot every principle of humanity and fear of God, as to issue an order that no mercy should be shown to women and children, and that expeditions should be fitted out to strike a blow on the families of Indians.

Fourth. That it will be found that at least a portion of the Indians killed recently, Black Kettle and his party, were friendly Indians.

Fifth. That even if there had been several acts of hostility committed by individual Indians of peaceable bands, and by hostile bands, this shameless disregard of justice has been the most fool-hardy course we could have pursued.

I need not go on. You know, and the whole world knows, the sin of the original cause of strife is at our door. We are guilty before God of winking at robbery; we know it, Congress knows it, the people know it. Will we escape the sure retribution of God's eternal justice by seeking to murder every Indian?

I said you must have a fearless man to examine and plead for the Indian. You will come in contact and conflict with men who are honored by the whole people. Congress will whitewash it all over; the press and the people and army will act on the principle; "Dead men tell no tales." Human kind like to throw mud on people they have wronged.

Nothing could show as plainly as recent events that the reform of the Indian Bureau will not come through the army.

When distributing goods recently at Fort Wadsworth, the Chiefs asked me to take the names of certain squaws from their lists because wives of officers and soldiers justified their shame by example. Dear brother, time is short, eternity is long, God is just. We must be up and doing, and God will help us.

Your friend and brother,

H. B. WHIPPLE.

ADDRESS OF COL. WYNKOOP.

Gentlemen: In reference to your first question as to what induced me to resign the office I held as agent of the Arapahoe and Cheyenne Indians, I would state, that the causes have already been set forth in my official communication to the Department of the Interior, to which publicity has been given, but I have no objection to recapitulate. After hostilities had been existing for a short time

with the Indians on the Upper Arkansas, and particularly with those of my agency, I received an order from the office of the Indian Bureau to proceed to Fort Cobb on the Washita River or to that vicinity, and congregate at the point I might select, such Indians as were disposed to be friendly, to subsist and take care of the same, to act in cooperation with Gen. Hazen, who was detailed by the War Department on special duty of a like character. While en route to Fort Cobb I learned that the different columns of troops who were in the field were making that locality their objective point; that a volunteer regiment from Kansas was marching in the same direction, with the expressed determination to kill all Indians they might meet, under any circumstances. Knowing, if I fulfilled my instructions, I was only acting as a decoy to induce these Indians to present themselves in a locality where they were liable to be fallen upon at any moment and murdered, I had nothing left me but to resign the commission I held, or else, by following my instructions, become an accessory to the crime, which I knew must be the inevitable consequence, under the state of affairs that then existed, of congregating the Indians at the point mentioned.

In regard to the causes of the Indian war which has existed, at intervals, since 1863, speaking from my own personal knowledge, I would say, without hesitation, that the *initiative* has in every instance been taken by our own people. Ten years ago I was one of a party of 17 adventurers who started from the Territory of Kansas to seek their fortunes in the region of the Rocky Mountains that was then known as the Pike's Peak country, now the Territory of Colorado. During our journey thither we passed through numerous bands of Indians, viz: Kiowas, Camanches, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, and Apaches. Thousands of them were camped along the Arkansas River, all the way to the Rocky Mountains. We were treated hospitably by them and with the utmost kindness; we were the van-guard of an army of emigrants, who were soon to take possession of their hunting grounds, and it would have been but a simple effort, for them to have crushed us at that time; had they felt so disposed. But, on the contrary, when the nucleus which we formed had gathered together hundreds of gold seekers at the mouth of Cherry Creek where now stands the city of Denver and the Indians knew that the supposed treasures of these mountains would attract thousands who must necessarily encroach upon their rights. Still their intercourse was of the most pacific character, and as the emigration continued to flow in during the years '58, '59, '60, '61, and '62, I know of no instance in which the friendly relations existing between the Indian and the white man were interrupted. But during the year 1863 the commander of a military District, in which was included the Territory of Colorado, whose position gave him absolute sway, Col. J. M. Chivington, having had his command reduced by frequent calls for troops to take the field against those who were endeavoring to dissever our Union, found that it was necessary to do something to retain him in the most exalted position he had ever held—that of a commander of a military district where troops were not really required. He, therefore, thought it was politic to inaugurate an Indian war. Finding a good opportunity, on the pretense that a certain hunting party of Cheyenne Indians had run off some stock which they had found on the prairie, and at the time were driving toward a ranche to return to their lawful owners, he ordered a detachment of his troops to make an attack upon them. They naturally defended themselves, and the consequence was a skirmish, in which some lives were lost; and from that arose the cry of an *Indian war*. Under orders, the troops then took the field to kill all Indians that they might meet. The Indians, in retaliation for the wrongs that had been imposed upon them, naturally committed depredations whenever they had an opportunity; but after this state of affairs had existed for a couple of months, under the influence of the older and wiser heads of their race, retired from the highways and the vicinity of the settlements, and sued for peace. An armistice existed for a short time, and then came the fearful massacre of Sand Creek, with the details of which almost every one is familiar, where the Indian women and children were murdered in cold blood by United States troops, and their bodies mutilated in the most horrible manner. I will pass from this sickening reminiscence to the time when the Government first awoke to the realization of the state of Indian affairs—which attention had before been distracted by our intestine warfare—and the matter appeared of such moment that a Committee of United States Senators was appointed to investigate. The Committee consisted of Senators Foster and Doolittle and Representative Ross, and their report, to which publicity has been given, not only shows that these poor Indians were the aggrieved but that the white man was rapacious in his cruelty. As a result of the report of the said Committee a Peace Commission was appointed to treat with these wronged Indians, which Commission, numbering among its members such honored names as Gens. Harney, Sanborn, and Kit Carson, met and held council at the mouth of

the Little Arkansas, in Kansas, in the month of October, 1865, made such a treaty as was perfectly satisfactory to the Indians, and which the Government should have sustained; but when the said treaty was submitted to the United States Senate there were such amendments made prior to its ratification, as entirely changed the face of the document; notwithstanding their knowledge that the Government had not fulfilled its promises, the Indians bore bravely up under their wrongs, and remained in amity with their white brothers. From the date of the treaty, in October, 1865, up to the Spring of 1867, there was no overt act committed by them as a people; but in April, 1867, Major General Hancock made an expedition into the Indian country, and, without just cause, destroyed by fire a village of 300 lodges of Cheyennes and Sioux, with all the property they contained, leaving their women and children destitute, in a starving condition, and without shelter on the open prairie; in consequence of which the band most injured became hostile, and good reason had they in my opinion to follow the war-path.

A Commission was again appointed to make a treaty with these Indians, which took place in October, 1867, on Medicine Lodge Creek, 80 miles south of the Arkansas River. The treaty then made was a good one, did honor to the gentlemen of the Commission, and was satisfactory to the Indians. But here again was the Government to blame for not immediately fulfilling their portion of the requirements of the treaty. The Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs unceasingly urged Congress to take some action in regard to the said document, but no attention was paid to their solicitations, and the Indian became wearied and heart-sick in waiting, and, finally, when the annuities reached him, he was denied what he most coveted, arms and ammunition. Some of the wilder spirits, incensed at treatment which they supposed to be most unjust, started on the war-path against the whites, but they were the outlaws of their tribe, and were so declared by those chiefs whom I saw after they had committed their depredations. Their whole race should not have been made responsible for the evil doings of a few, for the head men of their tribe, with whom I had council, considered that these outlaws had done more injury to their own people than to mine, and were willing and anxious to deliver them up to me to be handed over to justice; but the troops were in the field and the Indians in flight before the same could be consummated.

In answer to your question of how the late troubles might have been avoided, I would state that notwithstanding the wrongs the Indians had suffered at the hands of Col. Chivington in the massacre of their women and children and also in the destruction of their village by Gen. Hancock, had Congress made the appropriation that was asked by the Department of the Interior, to be used in subsisting these Indians, the war that is now existing would have been prevented. The withholding of arms and ammunition disabling them from procuring game for subsisting their families, which game was becoming more scarce every day, and the neglect to supply them with the absolute necessaries of life, drove some to desperation.

In reply to your questions as to my view of the remedy, to me it is a very simple one. Let us, when we make pledges to these untaught savages who, like children, judge of good faith by performance, redeem those pledges, never fail to fulfil our contracts, and the cure will be complete. It matters but little in which Department the Indian Bureau may be. As it exists at present I do not know how it can be bettered. I have failed to see, so far, how the Department of the Interior or the office of the Indian Bureau has been to blame for any of our Indian troubles; let the sympathies of the people of this great country be aroused for the Indian as they have been for the African, and irrespective of Indian Bureaus or Congress, there will be such a radical change in the condition of the Indian as will be of incredible benefit to him in the future, and consequently to our whole country. Your noble Commission is taking the proper steps to secure this, and if you continue, success is certain. In connection I would call the attention of your honorable body to the fact that there has never been among the Indians with whom I have been connected, viz.: the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Camanches, and Apaches, any missionary or instructor whatever.

To conclude by answering your question in regard to my knowledge of Black Kettle, who has recently been killed in the attack upon his village on the Wachita River, I would state that Black Kettle was 56 years of age at the time of his death. He was the son of High Back Wolf, once a powerful chief of the Cheyenne nation, and the particular friend of Gen. Harney, who many years ago took considerable interest in the boy Black Kettle. Upon the death of High Back Wolf, his son Black Kettle succeeded him, and soon, by means of his administrative ability and wisdom rather than by deeds of prowess in the field, became a great chieftain. He was not only regarded as the ruling spirit of his tribe but was also looked upon by all the nomadic tribes of the plains as a superior, one whose

word was law, whose advice was to be heeded. His innate dignity and lofty bearing, combined with his sagacity and intelligence, had that moral effect which placed him in the position of a potentate. The whole force of his nature was concentrated in the one idea of how best to act for the good of his race. He knew the power of the white man, and was aware thence might spring most of the evils that could befall his people, and consequently the whole of his powers were directed toward conciliating the whites, and his utmost endeavors used to preserve peace and friendship between his race and their oppressors. After the Indian war commenced in the Spring of 1864, which war had been inaugurated by the infamous Chivington, Black Kettle endeavored to restrain the just resentment of his young warriors, and finally succeeded in gathering all of his people together upon the head waters of the Smoky Hill River, far removed from the settlements and highways, and from that locality endeavored to communicate with some commanding officer, for the purpose of sueing for peace, and letting the whites know that his people had never desired to be at war; after many failures, his messengers invariably being fired upon when approaching a United States post, he at last succeeded in communicating with myself, then commanding Fort Lyon in Colorado; immediately after, he delivered up to me four white captives that he had purchased from other Indians for that purpose, and offered himself and his brother, White Antelope, as hostages for the good faith of his people should we give them peace. An armistice was declared for the time-being, and Black Kettle, by my instructions, brought in his lodges, his women, and his children, located them near Fort Lyon, with the understanding that he was under the protection of the United States flag; then occurred the Chivington massacre; at that time White Antelope, the brother of Black Kettle, was murdered, and nearly all his relatives killed, his wife receiving ten wounds; with folded arms, exposed to the fire of the troops, he stood until carried by main force off of the field by his young men; from confiding too much in the faith of white men, he was blamed by his people, who came near putting him to death as being too good a friend to the whites; from that time he lost caste, and fell from the position of a Sovereign to that of a subject, but he still continued to strive for peace, and gradually regained his former influence, until he succeeded in bringing his young men off of the war-path, where they had been terribly avenging the murder of their women and children; and finally brought them into the treaty made in October, 1865, at the mouth of the Little Arkansas. After hostilities were again created by the action of Gen. Hancock, Black Kettle was once more the bearer of the olive branch, and brought his people to meet the Commissioners at Medicine Lodge Creek in October, 1867. After the war that is now existing had broken out, and the country was filled with troops, Black Kettle sought a refuge for his family and a few of his individual band where he had been led to believe was the point of safety for those Indians who desired to remain at peace, only to meet his death at the hands of white men, in whom he had too often fatally trusted, and who triumphantly report the fact of having his scalp in their possession.

Gen. Cullom of Dakota, late Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Minnesota, was the next speaker, who said that the subject was one in which he was deeply interested. His experience among Indians had been extensive during a period of 10 or 12 years, and in that time he had traveled a great deal in the Indian country, and so had become intimately acquainted with their habits. The Indian is a simple-minded race of people; as easy to govern as any people in the world, if they are only treated right. We need only refer to the success with which Penn met, in his labors among them, to show how true this is; and the speaker believed if we could only interest the Quakers of the present day in such a mission, they would be equally successful. One great cause of our difficulty with the Indians is the manner in which treaties are made and fulfilled with them. The Indian comes to Washington, is an object of curiosity there for five or six weeks; then he becomes homesick and is ready to sign any treaty that is presented to him, so that he may return to his family. Our Commissioner makes as good a treaty as he can for the Government, and when the Indian goes to his home he is met by his dissatisfied and injured people. This has been the cause of many of our Indian wars. The speaker then referred to the deterioration that civilization had upon the Indians, referring to his experience among them at Lake Superior, where, he said, 10 or 12 years ago they were a happy and prosperous people; well-dressed, plenty of furs, and plenty to eat. Lately he had visited the same people and he found only poor, miserable creatures. Whisky and civilization had done their work. Gen. Cullom in this connection referred to a treaty which had been made with the Indians of Lake Superior, which had cost the Government $75,000, and had resulted in great injury to the Indians.

Peter Cooper, esq., next addressed the So-

ciety and said: When, my friends, we listen to such a revelation of horrors as we have heard to-night, for one, I feel like using the language of the poet who said that "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Some number of years ago I had occasion to look up some records of the first settling of this island on which we live, and in those records of a time shortly after the settling of the island I found an account of horrors equal to anything that you have heard to-night. It seems that when Hudson first landed here he was rowed to the shore by an Indian chief, who took him to his cabin and treated him with the greatest kindness. Shortly afterward a Governor by the name of Keift called together a number of his friends and colleagues and proposed to them that they should sally out in the night and kill as many Indians as they could. They prepared themselves, and did sally out, and killed between 90 and 100 Indians, and that massacre brought upon the people an Indian war which came very near exterminating the whole white population. Such was the beginning of these troubles, and it has gone on from that day to this. One party after another has shoved the poor Indian until he has been driven into the wilds of the country. Even there he is hunted, persecuted, and cheated. Another instance of great cruelty happened in New Orleans, which can hardly be described fittingly in language. It seems that in the early settlement of New Orleans a difficulty occurred between the settlers and the Indians, and the settlers, with their better provision for carrying on war than the savages had, took quite a number of prisoners. They took those prisoners and sold them for slaves at Jamaica. That horrible cruelty lived in the memories of their descendants, and finally resulted in the well-nigh total extermination of the white people there. In conclusion Mr. Cooper said that the only remedy for these troubles was to give the Indian an equal chance with the white man, in all that pertains to American citizenship. Let him send representatives to Congress and his wrongs will speedily disappear.

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

Two gardeners had their crops of peas killed by the frost, one of whom, who had fretted greatly and grumbled at the loss, visiting his neighbor some time after, was astonished to see another fine crop growing, and inquired how it could be.

"These are what I sowed while you were fretting," was the reply.

"Why, don't you fret?"

"Yes, but I put it off until I have repaired the mischief."

"Why, then, there's no need to fret at all."

"True, that's the reason I put it off."

For the Children.

SNOW-BIRDS.

Soft from the sunless sky
Falls the pure snow,
Clothing in spotless white
All things below.

Cold blows the bitter blast;
On the poor birds repast,
While fall the light flakes fast,
One thought bestow!

Come in, little birds,
From the cold and the snow,
And feel the sweet warmth
Of our fireside glow.

Come join us at breakfast,
Confiding and free;
Then sing as you sang
On the snow-laden tree.

"Be happy and cheerful,"
Your notes seem to say,
"For troubles, like snow-flakes,
Will soon melt away."

"Be calm and contented,
Whatever betide,
And fear not the morrow,
For 'God will provide.'"

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a nervous dread
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
There's the meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned
And all to be done this day.

It has rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be;
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
A loaf of cake for tea.
And the day was hot and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said,
"If maidens but know what good wives know,
They would be in no haste to wed!"

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half bashfully fell;
"It was this," he said, and coming near,
He smiled, and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek—"'twas this, that you were the
best,
And the dearest wife in town!"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone, and the cloth
Were white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet,
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, I know, if he only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down and the good wife smiled
To herself, as she softly said:
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,
It's not strange that maids will wed!"

THE REST NEEDED BY HEAD-WORKERS.

Head-workers need more rest than hand-workers. The old saw precisely inverted the proprieties of the case, so far as it involved them, declaring that "seven hours' sleep suffice the student, eight the laboring man, and nine the fool." Three hours of hard brain-work, destroy, as before observed, more nervous tissue, and cause a greater subtraction of the phosphates from the system, than an ordinary day's work at mere mechanical labor, the proportion in grains (of weight) being as 86 : 77, Above everything else, brain-workers need sleep, early sleep and late sleep, and enough in the middle to feel "real stupid' at the end of it. Stupidity is precisely the condition into which this class of toilers should manage and devise and strive to get themselves for a time, longer or shorter, each twenty-four hours. Nothing rests the brain and the whole working system like it. Narcotic stupidity is not the thing referred to—though in emergencies this may perhaps be had recourse to as a medicine—but the quiet, reposeful readjustment of the nervous conditions and the recharging with vital force of the nerve-batteries, the contacts not yet closed, the galvanic currents therefore not yet set in motion, but only filling up the system with a blind, diffused feeling of healthy sensations and reserved efficiency.

In particular, it is believed that all workers, both men and women, in all departments of labor, and especially in the department now in debate, will find it greatly to their advantage to *lie down*, for a time longer or shorter, during the day, preference being given to the hour after dinner, and to lie long enough, if possible, to just fall asleep. Every other working animal than man, if left free, will, after having eaten at noon, lie down for a nap, or, if from any cause it fails to get it, shows decided abatement of efficiency for the rest of the day. Judicious teamsters teach their horses to lie down in their stalls, or compel them to, and many have to be compelled to it in such narrow quarters that they are liable to chafe or wound themselves in getting down or up. In a recumbent posture the pulse is slower by eight or ten beats a minute than in standing, and four or five slower than in sitting; the breathing also is less rapid and is deeper; digestion begins sooner and progresses more rapidly. Accordingly, the worker can recuperate faster in the recumbent than in any other position; and if in a quiet place his nerves get composed more speedily and thoroughly in a given time. Working-people understand this well enough, but not "feeling tired," they hate to camp down on a bed or settee, it is such dull business. Dull enough truly when the head is swarming with plans, work is ready to go on, and the worker feels ready to go on with it. But it pays well—this is our argument—it pays well by the day, month, year or lifetime, and for the great majority of workers.—*Lippincott's Mag.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

TWELFTH MONTH.

	1867.	1868.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	5 days.	2 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	0 "	1 "
Snow, includ'g verylight falls	11 "	11 "
Cloudy, without storms	7 "	10 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	8 "	7 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1867.	1868.
Mean temperature of 12th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	31.78 deg.	32.16 deg.
Highest do. during mo., do.	54.00 "	48.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	10.00 "	15.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	2.73 in.	3.59 in.
DEATHS during the month, being four current weeks for each year,	974	880

Average of the mean temperature of 12th month for the past *seventy-nine* years.	32.53 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1848	45.00 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1832	25.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.	1867.	1868.
Totals for first six months	30.20 inch.	26.31 inch.
" last "	29.90 "	25.66 "
Totals for twelve months	60.10 "	51.97 "

In reference to the record of snows it may be well to make one general remark, viz.: when it both snows and rains the same day, the first is recorded and the last dropped. This will account for the small number of rainy days sometimes recorded during the winter season. And in reference to sleighing, as compared with last year, many persons think we had a good deal of it long before this time in 1867. This is an error. Our diary, on 12th month 12, of that year, reads: "a tremendous snow and hail storm all day," and on the 13th, "some snow and good sleighing." But the bulk of it came much later in the season. On the 27th, 28th and 29th of the succeeding month snow fell, reaching a depth of several inches; and at the close of the Second month we find the following entries: "The snow of 28th and 29th ultimo made excellent sleighing, which continued in the city, with the patching up of 5th and 6th insts., until the 13th inst., and in the country until the 18th." On the 24th of Second month "good sleighing" is again recorded, and on the 28th "sleighing just about gone." While on Third month 1st and 2d, we had heavy snows, making sleighing that lasted till about the 6th.

Although the temperature did not reach quite as

high a point during the month under review as it did in 1867, the mean temperature was a little higher, and with the exception of a few keen days we have had a remarkably fine open winter thus far, while the sanitary condition of the city, as exhibited in the above comparative record of deaths, is very gratifying. J. M. Ellis.

Philadelphia, First month 9, 1869.

The Treasurer of "Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen" has received during the month:

From City contributions		$155 00
" Estate of J. D. Thurston		50 00
" H. R. Llewellyn, Del. Co., Pa		3 00
" Caroline M. Reeves, Richmond, Ind.		10 00
" Sarah T. Crozier, Upland, Pa		25 00
" Emma Crozier, " "		25 00
" Caleb Heald, Hockessen, Del		5 00
" Ruth Jackson, "		5 00
" Friends of New Garden, Pa		42 00
" " Salem, N. J.		18 00
" " Wilmington, Del.		200 00
" " and others, Pilesgrove		97 50
" " Women Friends of Wrightstown, Pa		14 00
" " " " Sadsbury, Pa.		12 50
" Friends of Goshen Monthly Meeting		20 00
" " Pennsgrove "		16 00
" " Chester "		51 00
" " Makefield "		42 00
" " Alloway's Creek Preparative Meeting, N. J.		8 00
" " Wrightstown Monthly Meeting, Pa.		5 00
		$784 00

Henry M. Laing, Treasurer,
Phila., 12th mo. 31, 1868. 30 N. Third St.

Consult duty, not events. We have nothing to do but to mind our duty. O how quiet as well as holy would our lives have been had we learned that single lesson! To be careful for nothing, but to do our *duty*, and leave all consequences to God.—*Wesley.*

ITEMS.

A letter from Colima, Mexico, gives an account of a terrible earthquake experienced in that city on the morning of Twelfth month, 20th, 1868. For several days previous the volcano of Colima, thirty miles from the city, had exhibited symptoms of internal commotion, sending forth smoke and steam, accompanied by rumblings and shakings of the earth.

On the morning of the 20th, there was a gentle rocking of the earth, which gradually increased in violence until walls cracked and everything breakable in the houses was demolished. The vibrations were from northeast to southwest, and lasted nearly forty seconds. The cathedral warehouse and brick buildings were cracked from top to bottom. The people, startled from sleep, rushed frantically for the plaza. It is reported that several persons were killed by the falling of the National Hotel. The shock was felt a long distance, and in several places the ground opened and trees were uprooted, hills levelled, water courses changed, and a general upheaving of the earth took place. At the city of Manzanillo, the Cathedral building, which had stood the shocks of earthquake and storms for over a century, was riven from top to bottom, and even the tiles of the roof were broken. Some eighteen or twenty persons were crushed by the falling walls of the American Hotel, and three persons were buried in the ruins of the warehouse of Wasserman & Co.

At Charlestown, West Virginia, the scene of John Brown's execution, a school for colored children has been started, after infinite trouble, by the commissioner of freedmen's affairs. The laws of the State provide for a separate education of colored people, but such is the animus of this model town that the directors have been overawed. After an offer to furnish the bricks, and fourteen visits to the place, sufficient courage was infused in the school officers to enable them to accept the aid and begin the work, and now a township which sent 467 out of its 500 voters directly or indirectly into the rebel service can enjoy the sight of a neat brick school-house for its despised children.

Young ladies of culture, from the State of Maine, have been sent to this school to teach, but they have never been able to obtain board in a white family. Even the hotel-keeper refused to board them, although a Union man and member of the school board, for fear it would injure his business. How long! oh, how long will the night of barbarism sit upon those who are now more miserable than their former slaves?

A white oak tree was lately cut near Haney's Bridge, on the line of the Brandywine and Reading Railroad. It was two hundred and twenty-five years old and six feet across the stump at the ground, and contains seven cords of wood. It was sound and healthy, and had the railroad not encroached on it, might have lived several hundred years longer. When William Penn founded Philadelphia and formed a treaty with the Indians it was a good-sized sapling, and was more than one hundred and twenty-five years old when the battle of Brandywine was fought. It was a giant, not of the forest, but one that had outlived the forest, and a good-sized tree when the Indians fished in the Brandywine and roamed the thick, tangled wood that lined the banks of their favorite stream in pursuit of game.

Coal Dust.—It has recently been found that waste coal dust makes an admirable mulch for plants. Thousands of tons of this substance lie about mines and coal depots, and become a nuisance. Experiment shows that it is worth hauling a short distance for a mulch and fertilizer.

The Almond Trade.—A recent visitor to Malaga describes the process by which the chipped, cracked, or otherwise damaged almond kernels are prepared for market in the extensive fruit establishments of that city. The defective kernels are scrupulously sorted out and conveyed to a large, low table, round which half a dozen women are seated on the ground. Before each woman is a pile of the damaged almonds, a little jar of liquid gum and a tiny mound of brown dust, gathered from the inside of the almond shells; by her side a basket and in her right hand a camel's hair brush. Her business is to pick up almonds from her pile (which is constantly being fed by an attendant), paint over the damaged place with gum and dip it in the mound of brown dust. She then brushes off the superfluous grains of powder, and drops the apparently perfect almond into her basket, the latter being emptied at intervals into a heap of shelled fruit that occupies a whole corner of the room. In some establishments a simpler and less adhesive liquid of gum is used in this department of the trade; the gum being a recent innovation.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 23, 1869. No. 47.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.
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T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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EXTRACTS FROM "THE FELLS OF SWARTHMOOR HALL."

In the summer and the autumn of 1663, Margaret Fell, accompanied by one of her daughters and Leonard Fell, paid a religious visit to Friends in the South-western, Midland and Northern counties. On reaching her own home after that visit was accomplished, she might well have hoped for a prolonged season of peaceful rest. So much was concentrated in that home, of the good and the beautiful, that it must have been a choice spot indeed, both within and without. But external peace, and rest, and pleasant homes, were held by very uncertain tenures in those days. Nevertheless, now that she was with her "dearly beloved lambs" again, after so much separation, with an overflowing thankful heart, she must have felt joy and gladness in the consciousness of possessing such daughters—her richest earthly treasures, and the brightest ornaments of her home: so devoted as they were to the cause of truth and pure religion, so loving, so united, and some of them so talented and beautiful.

Our early Friends in their writings seldom make allusions to personal beauty,* it is only when other fingers than theirs hold the pen, that we occasionally hear about the external graces of their women, or the eloquence or noble bearing of their men. Of course they were not insensible to the *aspect* of the good, the great, and the beautiful; but admiration for *appearances*, instead of looking through operative principles for the mental *realities* that constitute the Christian character, had been carried to such an extreme, by others around them in the world, that the Friends became excessively careful not to follow in that common direction. How much too careful and cautious they were, or how much too far they went, in acting out their own ideas on this other side, or whether or not they were all too cautious, considering the times, we shall not at present pause to discuss; but it is quite clear that whilst governed by such views, none of them would indulge in drawing such a graphic picture, either with pen or pencil, of the Swarthmoor sisters and their surroundings, as we now so much desire to possess. In one instance, however, I have met with a few strong words worth quoting about the personal appearance and accomplishments of one of these young ladies. It is from the Dutch author Croese; when speaking of Sarah Fell, he says, "She was not only beautiful and lovely to a high degree, but wonderfully happy in ingeny and memory. She was so stupendously eloquent in discoursing and preaching, and so effectual and fervent in her addresses and supplications to God, that she ravished all her beholders and

* As regards the non-observance in the writings of early Friends of external graces, we must make an exception in favor of Thomas Elwood. But none of his descriptions apply to the Swarthmoor family.

hearers with admiration and wonder. She applied herself to the study of the Hebrew tongue, that she might be more prompt and ready in defending and proving their doctrine and principles from the Holy Scriptures, and in this the progress she made was so great, that she wrote books of her religion in that language."

What Croese says of her great eloquence and her literary attainments, especially the writing of books, must have applied to a later period of her life. In the beginning of 1664 she was only about 21 years of age. She had been abroad on that religious visit with her mother in the preceding autumn, to which allusion has been made. In many respects Sarah seemed like a second mother to the younger children, and she was soon called on to fill their mother's place at the Hall.

The restoration of the King had not produced all the happy consequences at first anticipated by Friends and other dissenters. It is true he wished to be tolerant, and as we have seen, willingly promoted the liberation of Friends from prison, whenever he could do so without offending his ministers. But his marriage to Catherine of Braganza, a Roman Catholic princess, had again brought that faith under royal auspices. The mad insurrectionary attempt of the Fifth Monarchy men had frightened the King; and the Roman Catholic religion in the palace frightened his Parliament and his other Protestant subjects. Very stringent laws were accordingly made against the public exercise of any other form of religious worship than the Protestant Episcopal; and very stringent orders were issued, that the oaths of allegiance and supremacy be tendered to all persons whose loyalty or whose views regarding the Papacy were doubtful; and in case of refusal to take them, there were Acts which decreed that the recusants be outlawed, imprisoned for life, and all their property confiscated. These laws, in the hands of magistrates who entertained sinister designs, or partizan antipathy to the Friends, were employed as instruments of bitter persecution against a people entirely and manifestly innocent of the predilections they were professedly designed to crush.

The prospect of obtaining a confiscation of the Swarthmoor property, stimulated the cupidity of some who hoped to profit by its distribution. Among these, Margaret Fell's neighbor, Colonel Kirby, of Kirby Hall, appears conspicuous. He did not commence by directly assailing the widowed lady of Swarthmoor Hall, but he went to work more cunningly, by first accusing of disloyalty those men Friends who visited there, or assembled in the meeting for worship held in her house. The earliest victim was George Fox, who details his case in the following letter to a friend in London:—

GEORGE FOX TO GILBERT LATEY.*

"*Dear Gilbert.*—Coming out of the south into the north, above a year ago, to visit Margaret Fell's house and to visit my friends, as I was passing through Yorkshire, a friend told me that the Sheriff of Yorkshire had told Dr. Hogson, that there was a plot in the North. When I got to Margaret Fell's house, I wrote several papers to the magistrates against the plot and plotters, to take all uneasiness out of their minds concerning me. When I was gone from Margaret Fell's, Colonel Kirby sent soldiers to search in boxes and trunks for me. When I came again to Swarthmoor, a few days after, I went myself to Colonel Kirby, to his house, and he said none should meddle with me if I would stay at Margaret Fell's, and not have great meetings. I said to him, they that met at Margaret Fell's house were his neighbors, and were peaceable people. After some other words we parted. In a few days some other magistrates and lieutenants sent for me by a soldier to come before them—so I was not taken out of a meeting. When I came before them (at Holker Hall) they asked me if I did not know of the plot—I must needs know of it, else how could I write against it? I said, that I never heard of a plot till I came into Yorkshire—that the Sheriff of Yorkshire had said to a Friend in that county that there was a plot in the North. They (the magistrates) saw that this (about the plot) would not do their business. Then they put the oath to me, knowing that I could not swear because Christ and the Apostle forbids it, so they made this their snare to send me to prison."

However, he was suffered to be out on bail till the assizes came round, and the above letter was evidently written during that interim.

Ere long Colonel Kirby made his appearance at the little meeting which continued to be held at Swarthmoor Hall, and took down the names of all the men present. That was followed in the course of a few days by sending an officer to bring Margaret Fell to attend a special meeting of magistrates assembled at Ulverstone, which consisted of Colonel Kirby, of Kirby Hall, Justice Fleming, of Rydal, and Master Preston, of Holker Hall. They questioned her respecting the meetings, held at her house, and she was told if she did not engage to discontinue them, they would tender her the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. "What have I done," asked she,

*Gilbert Latey was an influential London merchant who had joined the Friends.

"or what has been done or said in my house, that you thus bring me here from my own home to question me, as if you doubted my loyalty?" But they soon let her understand that the oath of allegiance would not be tendered if she would consent to have the Friends' meetings at the Hall discontinued. To this she replied, that whilst it pleased the Lord to let her have a house, she would in spirit and in truth endeavor to worship Him therein. Then the oath was read and tendered, which she refused on the ground that she could not take an oath of any kind, because the Lord Jesus had forbidden all swearing. The magistrates then had a mittimus made out, and forthwith committed her to Lancaster Castle for trial at the ensuing assizes.

Some months elapsed before the assizes came round, during which time she remained in prison.

It was near the close of the year 1663 that Margaret Fell was brought to trial. She made her appearance at the bar accompanied by her four daughters. The Judge ordered the jailer to bring "a cushioned seat for Mistress Fell;" seeing the young ladies, he added, "Let not Mistress Fell's daughters stand at the bar; let them come up hither, they shall not stand at the bar." So the four sisters were seated near the Judge. After a while the mittimus was read, and when the Judge commenced speaking to her case, Margaret Fell stood up.

He said, "Mistress Fell, you are committed by the justices of peace for refusing to take the oath of allegiance, and I am commanded and sent by the King to tender it to any that would refuse it."

M. Fell.—"I was sent for from my own house and family, but for what cause or transgression I did not know."

Judge.—"I am informed by the justices of peace in this county that you keep multitudes of people at your house in pretence to worship God, and it may be that you worship Him in part; we are not to dispute that."

M. F.—"I have the King's word, from his own mouth, that he would not hinder me of my religion. 'God forbid,' (said he,) 'that I should hinder you of your religion, you may keep it in your own house.' And I appeal to all the country, whether those that meet at my house be not a peaceable, quiet, godly, honest people, and whether there hath ever been any just occasion of offence given by the meeting kept in my house?"

Judge.—"If you will give security, Mistress Fell, that you will have no more meetings, I will not tender the oath to you. You think if there be no fighting nor quarreling among you, that you keep the peace and break no law, but I tell you that you are a breaker of the law by keeping unlawful meetings. And again, you break the law in that you will not take the oath of allegiance."

M. F.—"I desire I may have liberty to answer those two things which are charged against me. First, that which is matter of fact—our meetings. There are several of my neighbors who are of the same faith and principles that I am of, and these are they that meet at my house. I cannot shut my doors against them."

Judge.—"Mistress, you begin at the wrong end, for the first is the oath."

M. F.—"I had supposed the first occasion of tendering the oath was because of the meeting; but as for that, if I have begun at the wrong end I shall begin now at the other. As to the oath, the substance of which is allegiance to the King, this I shall say for my allegiance, that I love, own, and honor the King, and desire his peace and welfare; and that we may live a peaceable, a quiet, and a godly life under his government, according to the Scriptures. But as for the *oath* itself, Christ Jesus, the King of kings, hath commanded me not to swear at all, neither by heaven, nor by earth, nor by any other oath."

Then the Judge demanded the statute-book to be brought and had the Grand Jury called over. One of the justices that had committed the prisoner said, "Mistress Fell, you know that before we tendered the oath to you, we offered that if you would put in security to have no more meetings at your house we would not tender the oath?"

M. F.—"I shall not deny that."

Judge.—"If you will yet put in security that you will have no more meetings I will not tender the oath to you."

M. F.—I would speak to the Judge and the Court and the rest of the people on this question. You all here profess to be Christians, and likewise you profess the Scriptures to be your rule (of faith and conduct.) Jesus Christ hath left upon record in the Scriptures that God is a Spirit, and that His worship is to be in Spirit and in truth, and that He seeketh such worship. In this spirit, I, and these that meet at my house worship God, in obedience to Christ's doctrine and commands. The same Christ Jesus hath commanded me not to swear at all. For obedience to His commands am I here arraigned this day."

Judge.—"You are not here for obedience to Christ's commands, but for keeping of unlawful meetings."

M. F.—"What law have I broken by worshipping God in my own house?"

Judge.—"The common law."

M. F.—"I thought you had proceeded by a statute." Then the sheriff whispered to him, mentioning the statute of 35th of Elizabeth.

Judge.—"I could tell you of a law, but it is too penal for you. It might cost you your life."

M. F.—"I must offer my life and all, for my testimony if it be required of me."

Then the latter part of the statute was read, and the Judge informed the jury and the prisoner concerning the penalty upon refusal. It would be the forfeiture of all estate, real and personal, and imprisonment during life."

M. F.—"I am a widow, and my estate is a dowry, and I have five children unpreferred. If the King's pleasure be to take my estate from me on account of my conscience, and not for any evil I have done, let him do as he pleaseth. And I desire that I may speak further to the jury of the occasion of my being here."

Judge.—"The jury is to hear nothing but me tendering you the oath, and hear you refuse it, or take it."

"You will surely let me have the liberty other prisoners have?" replied Margaret Fell, turning and addressing the jury, and entering at greater length into the subject of worship, oaths, and obedience to God. Then, in relation to the law on which she was tried, she said, "You are to consider this statute, what it was made for, and for whom. It was made to manifest who were Papists, and the oath was to test allegiance to the King. Now let your conscience judge if we be the people it was made for who for conscience' sake cannot swear at all."

The judge at length growing impatient said she had "an everlasting tongue," and why should she thus draw the whole Court after her. Then he cried out, while she was speaking, "Will you take the oath or no, Mistress Fell?"

M. F.—"I have already said, I own allegiance and obedience to the King in his just and lawful commands. But I do also own allegiance and obedience unto Christ Jesus, who is King of kings, and He hath commanded me *not to swear at all.*"

Judge.—"That is no answer. Will you take the oath or will you not?"

M. F.—"If you should ask me ever so often I must answer to you that the reason why I cannot take it, is because Christ hath commanded me not to swear at all: and I owe my first allegiance and obedience unto Him. Jesus Christ is King of my conscience."

Then the clerk held out the book and bade her pull off her glove, and lay her hand on the Bible.

M. F.—"I never laid my hand on the Book to swear in all my life; I was never at any assizes before this, but I bless the Lord that I am here this day, on this account, to bear testimony to the Truth." When she would not extend her hand to the Bible to swear the Judge asked once more if she would give security that she would have no more meetings? She replied, "Nay, I can give no security; I have spoken enough on that."

Then the Judge said to the officers, "Take her away." So they took her civilly away.*

Thus ended the first day of Margaret Fell's trial, which commenced on the 14th of 12th mo. (old style,) 1663.

On the 16th she was again called to the bar, and Judge Twisden opened the case by addressing her thus:—

"Mistress Fell, you stand here indicted by the statute, because you will not take the oath of allegiance; and I am here to inform you what the law provides for you in such a case." The Judge then explained the three courses that were open to her. She asked his advice as to which she had best adopt, informing him that her desire was to have sufficient time to communicate fully with the King on the subject. The Judge said he would advise her to traverse, and then she could apply to the King before next assizes. After a lengthened conversation on some points that arose he said, "You may inform the King in half a year's time. So now let us have your friend† called up, and if you will put in bail you may go home and have your liberty till next assizes; but you must not have such frequent meetings."

To discontinue any of the meetings held at her house for Divine worship, Margaret Fell regarded as unfaithfulness to Almighty God; therefore she could not accept her liberty on the understanding that those meetings would be less frequent. She replied that rather than accept her liberty with that restriction, she would prefer remaining in prison till the assizes arrived. "I must keep my conscience clear," said she, "however I may suffer." And so this worthy daughter of Anne Askew returned to take her place within the gloomy old walls of the castle prison.

Meanwhile the children of that devoted mother, true to the example she had set them, true to the principles she had taught them, to serve and obey God, trusting in His protecting arm, and undismayed by worldly denunciations, continued to keep up the meeting of Friends at the Hall. Sarah sometimes spoke in those meetings, and very affecting, we can have no doubt, as well as edifying and consolatory, were her utterances to the stripped but faithful band, who continued to assemble

*The above and succeeding details were taken down in court by a reporter, and afterwards corrected by M. F. herself.

†The Friend alluded to was George Fox, whose trial succeeded that of M. F.'s.

there, week by week, to worship God under that same roof, and amid every discouragement, from whence their fathers, husbands, and other natural protectors, had been dragged off to prison.

During the interim before the next assizes, the two sisters who were in London (Mary being on a visit with her sister Rous,) having persevered till successful in obtaining access to the King, exerted themselves by personal appeals, in endeavoring to procure their beloved mother's release. King Charles seemed pleased with their visits, and evidently enjoyed the earnestness with which the two young Quaker ladies pleaded in behalf of their mother and her imprisoned Friends. We may now doubt whether his feelings went any deeper, but at the time, his courtesy gave some hope of justice and real generosity from him; and they were encouraged to call again and again at the palace. The following letter from Mary, then about twenty years of age, gives a good idea of the easy superficial kindliness of that debonair monarch:—

"Mile-end Green, near London,
27*th of* 4*th mo.* (6*th mo.*), 1664.

"Endeared and tender-hearted mother,—My duty and very dear love is freely given unto thee, as also my very dear love to dear George Fox.

"This is chiefly to let thee understand that sister and I were at Whitehall yesterday, where we spake to the King, and told him that if he would please to signify something to the judges before they went their circuit to release you, otherwise it would be late, for the time of the assizes drew near. He said he would release you, if *we* would promise you would not go to meetings. Sister said we could make no such engagements, for the meeting hath been kept many years, and never hath done any harm. He said, 'Cannot your mother keep within her own family, as she may have five present, but she must have such tumultuous meetings?' We said she had no such meetings; they are only her neighbors that come.

"The King said, there were some Quakers in the last plot. Sister said that could not be proved. He said he had letters about it, and the names. So Chifines (the King's favorite page) bid us come on the Fourth day, and we do intend to go to-morrow. When there, about a week since, I told the King that now the assizes drew very near, if he did not do something for thee soon, they would run thee into premunire, and get thy estate from thee and from thy children; and I requested him to take it into consideration. He was then very loving to me, and said he would take it into consideration, and added, 'They shall not have her estate from her.' He took me by the hand as soon as he came near me. I also spoke to Prince Rupert, and asked him to put the King in mind of it; and he said he would do what he could in it; and then went to the King, and spoke to him. Prince Rupert hath always been very loving to Friends, and hath often spoken to the King about you.

"Sister gives the renewed remembrance of her entire love to thee and G. F., as also doth my brother. I suppose sisters Isabel and Sarah will be gone. Remember me to sisters Susanna and Rachel.

"I am thy dutiful and obedient daughter,
"Mary Fell."

(To be continued.)

Wisdom consists in the quiet employ of learning the law of the Lord, written in our own hearts. The want of attention to this, will ever occasion a dwarfishness among the professors of Truth.

BLASTING AND MILDEW.

BY HUGH MACMILLAN.

"I smote you with blasting and with mildew and with hail in all the labors of your hands."—Haggai ii. 17.

Summer's viewless boundary is past. The warmer tints and softer outlines of the landscape; the brightening, through decay, of the sombre green night of the foliage, like a strange dawn upbreaking through the earth; the deepening calm of the blue skies, and the shortening beauty of the mellow eves,—all indicate that the year has reached its golden summit, and that henceforth its course must be down the western sunset slopes in bleakness and shadow. The air is filled with a tender sentiment of sadness, which makes the hectic beauty of all things more touching. Nature now empties her cornucopia of fruits, for the reign of the flowers is over. Only a few late autumn ones linger lovingly on the spots, where a fragile sisterhood of beauty marked the long summer hours by the opening and the closing of their petals. The blue-bells toll their "Angelus" on the wayside banks; the heather-blossoms blush at their own loveliness on the lonely moorlands; and all the upland pastures are strewn thick with myriads of the purple scabious, the earth's last efforts to remember the fair skies of June. A new class of objects is now ushered upon the scene. In the open glades of the woods, and in hidden nooks in the fields, the mushroom tribe begin to appear, first as solitary spies—the advanced guard of a large army of invaders, destined for a brief season to carry everything before them. True as the stork and the swallow to their appointed time, they come as harbingers

of decay and prophets of desolation. Kept in check by the luxuriant growth and overflowing, energetic life of summer,—prevented from germinating by the dryness of the air, and the heat and light of the sun, they now take advantage of the feebler powers of vegetation, and the damper and milder atmosphere, to put forth their own claims to a share of the common earth. The conditions that bring decay and death to other plants are highly favorable to them; and while the flowers are fading and the leaves falling, under the operation of a new, inexplicable law, they are rejoicing in the possession of the fullest life and vigor. Where the shade is deepest, and the soil most impregnated with the products of corruption, they love, gipsy-like, to pitch their tents; and very picturesque they look when seen in the dim green light of these silent haunts. In every wood may be found a whole "Divina Commedia" of mushroom forms, more fantastic than the weird human forest which Dante saw in the invisible world. They are plants in masquerade. The functions of vegetable nature are reversed in these fungi. In their appearance and structure they resemble animals. Their substance is nitrogenous like flesh, and their pores inhale oxygen, and exhale carbonic gas like animals. They are in the vegetable kingdom what zoophytes are in the animal. As the sea anemone reminds us of the wind-flower in the woods, so the mushroom reminds us of the jelly fish in the sea; and these connecting links between the creatures of two different elements, prove the harmony of creation and the unity of the Creator. Although bred only from the decay of higher organisms, these mushrooms are not without their own beauty of shape and color. Their uncomely parts have frequently more abundant comeliness. In no class of plants are more vivid tints of orange and crimson, scarlet and purple, to be found; while the exquisite contour of their caps, and the delicate carvings of their ivory gills and stems, might form studies for any painter. The splendor of their coloring is in fine harmony with the solemn sunset of the year; and in the flames of crimson fungi, purple flowers, and brilliant autumn woods, Nature yields up her life as on a gorgeous funeral pyre.

Very useful and important are these fungi in the world's busy household. They are working at "chemical problems which have puzzled a Liebig and a Lavoisier," converting the noxious products of corruption into comely forms and nutritious substances, absorbing into living tissues effete matters, which are fast hastening downwards to join the dark night of chaos and death. Parasites, most of them, upon dead plants, they economize the gases which would otherwise escape into the atmosphere and pollute it; and conserve, for the use of nobler forms, the subtle forces of light which would otherwise pass unprofitably into the mineral kingdom. It is one of the strangest things in the world, when we think seriously of it, to see a vigorous life-full cluster of fungi springing, phœnix-like, from a dead tree, exhausted of all its juices, bleached by the sun and rain of many summers, and ready to crumble into dust at the slightest touch. Death is, indeed, here a new birth, and the grave a cradle. It is one of Nature's many analogies of the human resurrection. But the resemblance is superficial and incomplete. The common analogies of the corn-seed and the larva of the butterfly, imply a development from a lower to a higher form of life through the medium of death; but in the case before us it is a process of degradation that takes place. The higher organism decays, and rises again in the form of a lower organism. The majestic oak of centuries appears in the mushroom that, like Jonah's gourd, springs up in a night, and perishes in a night.

Wisely have the fungi been provided, in the rapidity of their growth, the simplicity of their structure, the variety of their forms, and their amazing numbers, for their appointed task in the economy of nature. Not a leaf that falls from the bough, not a blade that withers on the lea, but is seized by the tiny fangs of some special fungus organized to prey upon it; not a spot of earth can we examine, where vegetable life is capable of growing, but we shall find a vegetable as well as an insect parasite, keeping its growth in check, hastening its decay, and preserving its remains from being wasted. Out of the eater, too, cometh forth meat. The fungi raise from the lower soil nitrogenous substances, which, strewed on the surface by quick decay, form food for higher plants than themselves. The spawn of the mushrooms, which cause the mysterious fairy-rings in our meadows, both consume putrescent organized matter and manure the land. To the insect world, all the species yield an inexhaustible store of nourishment, and though some kinds are virulently poisonous, yet a large number are highly useful to man. In many places on the Continent, they constitute the staple article of food among the poorer classes, during the summer and autumn months. In this country, strange to say, they are sadly neglected; and while God is now showering this manna with lavish profusion around the dwellings of the poor, and offering it to them without money and without price, they leave it thanklessly to rot on the

ground, or turn from it with loathing, longing for flesh-pots which the plague has placed beyond their reach.

In carrying out the wise and gracious purposes for which they have been designed, the fungi not unfrequently overstep the limits of usefulness, and commit wholesale destruction. Like the storm that is intended to purify the air, and in so doing incidentally destroys life and property, the fungi are intended to hasten decay, and limit the injurious influence of putrescent matters; but in so doing they are not unfrequently the occasion of blight and famine. They purify man's atmosphere, but they also destroy man's food. If their ravages could be confined to useless plants; if they were employed solely in reducing weeds to decay, they would be welcomed by man as among his greatest helps and blessings. But nature knows no straight, arbitrary line of demarcation, such as we draw, between what is useless and what is useful. To every natural good there is a recoil of evil. The fungi are indiscriminate in their attacks. They seize upon the corn which strengthens man's heart, as readily as upon the thorns and briars which cause him to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow. The law impressed upon them is to help in reducing all organic nature to its ultimate elements; and in obeying this law, they know no respect of persons or things, no will save that of Him "whose tender mercies are over all his works." In this aspect they may be numbered, along with thorns and briars, among the disorders of the original beauty of creation, the various impediments to the earth's bringing forth the needful sustenance for man. In this our fallen condition, we must always count upon the blasting and mildew; upon the years to be eaten by the locust, the canker-worm, the caterpillar, and the palmer-worm, as surely as upon the covenant faithfulness of Him who promised that seed-time and harvest would never cease, and to whom we are encouraged to offer up the daily petition, "Give us this day our daily bread." Nature with reference to nature completely accomplishes her purposes; but nature in reference to man is not a perfect means to an end. There is a want of adjustment between him and his dwelling-place; he has to work within a machinery to which he is imperfectly adapted. Sin is the cause of this want of harmony. It has thrown everything out of gear, and subjected the creature to vanity. All the blights and storms from which man suffers, are but the echoes in the natural world of the mischiefs wrought by sin in the spiritual. Every phase of the evil within man finds some reflection in the evil without him: and everywhere we see a groaning and travailing world, full of labor and sorrow, because full of sin and guilt. This is the gracious purpose of the Creator, in order that man may be conformed to His will and moulded to His image by the discipline of suffering. Blasting and mildew, thorns and briars, had no place in the Divine ideal of a pure and holy world; they will have no place in the restored Eden from which sin, and therefore its *shadows*, have been banished.

(To be continued.)

REPLY NO. II. TO "AN INQUIRY."

Respected Friends.—After reading "an inquiry," "What do Friends understand by asking in the name of Jesus Christ," the feeling arose, would it not have been better had the inquiry been more privately asked.

To understand the pure living knowledge of Jesus Christ, and what it is to ask in His name, there must be a feeling of His rising life and a sense of His quickening power. "Now, that thou mayest obtain this feeling, mind the inward appearance,—the root, the fountain, the rock within,—its openings, its springings, its administering life to thee,—take heed of running into the outwardness of openings concerning heavenly things, but oh, learn to keep in the inwardness of life." L. F. Z.

SCRAPS FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

. . . It looks probable poor ——— will soon be released from the suffering which he has so long borne with patience and resignation. I think there is ground for hope that the termination will be happy for him after a life of unusual vicissitude. How wonderful is the love and condescension of the ever blessed Shepherd, in bringing wanderers to his fold, and in this instance how are the promises fulfilled.

He that seeketh shall find; he that asketh receiveth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. He has passed, I believe, through great exercise of mind, which has been crowned with access to the house of prayer, in which he is frequently engaged, sometimes in broken accents not distinctly heard.

My visits to the poor sufferer have been profitable to myself. We need such mementos of mortality, exercise and affliction, because when we yield the mind in sympathy on these occasions, we partake of the benefit, and are amply compensated for every sacrifice of ease and selfishness.

Were we more generally faithful in yielding to the unfoldings of duty, which would regulate the life and conversation, and produce the peaceable fruits of righteousness, it would do more in drawing the people towards

the principles we profess, and cause them to embrace them, than abundance of vocal declaration.

I often feel it is indeed a serious charge to train the infant mind, and that the position of parents is a very responsible one. How the children watch every action and listen to every word, and think what father and mother say or do must be right! We cannot be too careful or too watchful over ourselves when with them, lest a word inadvertently spoken, especially if it relates to the conduct of others, may wound the precious life of innocence and truth in them. But sometimes with all our care they stray into forbidden paths, far from the straight and narrow way in which we would have them walk, and we are made to feel that Paul may plant and Apollos water, but God alone can give the increase; and yet, my dear friend, I have faith to believe that if we, parents, are faithful to our trust,—if we do the best we can, according to the strength given us, thus nurturing the good seed, the great Husbandman will, in his own time and way, cause it to spring up and bear fruit, even though it may have long lain hidden—buried as it were under the sins and the follies of the world.

I hope you may have a good Quarterly Meeting. May it be to you who assemble a season of refreshment. "Times of refreshing in the presence of the Lord," how precious! Why are we not always thus fed, when we gather together? Partly, no doubt, because we are not deserving, and sometimes it may be that the state of poverty—of hunger and thirst unsatisfied—is best for us; but have we not found that enough has been dispensed *to keep us alive* on our journey. I believe, my dear friend, thou hast had to pass through many seasons of trial—inwardly. Why so, I have not been able to fathom, and sometimes have feared thou gave way too much to feelings of poverty and discouragement. This has sometimes been my own condition, and I have been *aroused from it* by a conviction that I ought rather to number my blessings, and to feel that they were more than I deserved. What *is* this life? Only a journey to a better state; and though the journey be wearisome, and we are ready to faint by the way, if the promised land is reached in the end, how will all the transitory trials of time diminish into insignificance!

The prayer which Socrates taught his disciple Alcibiades deserves a place in the devotions of every Christian: "That he should beseech the supreme God to give him what was good for him, though he should not ask it, and to withhold from him whatever would be hurtful, though he should be so foolish as to pray for it."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 23, 1869.

Silent Meetings.—The practice of the Society of Friends, in this regard, is based upon our fundamental principle—Christ, the Divine Light, inwardly manifested as the alone safe guide; and in this we consider our practice is consistent with our belief. In assembling and sitting down as upon one common platform, we make public acknowledgment of individual accountability and of our allegiance to the one great eternal Power; and by silent waiting we practically declare our dependence upon the immediate illuminations of the Divine Spirit for ability to perform whatever service may be required of us as children of the one universal Parent; for as these illuminations are not at our command, they must be waited for under a sense of this dependence.

We believe it is the will of the Great Father to teach his people himself, and that He does this by the immediate impression of his Spirit upon our spirits, and therefore, when we are gathered for public worship, we wait for the manifestation of the Spirit, under the ordering of which our Meetings are professedly held, whether in silence or subject to the teaching of vocal ministry, which may be offered at the call of duty, for the purpose of mutual comfort or instruction. The value of our mode of worship is realized in our assemblies, when we are able to attain a state of true spiritual introversion, for then we can understand and feel the great Truth, that "the tabernacle of God is with man."

These reflections have been suggested by a recent circumstance, which, though trivial in itself, may convey some instruction, and encourage us as Friends still to hold inviolate the testimony to silent spiritual worship.

The circumstance alluded to was the attendance, at an evening meeting held at Green street Meeting House, of a person who had found his own place of worship closed on account of a prevailing storm. He "had never before been," as he afterwards said,

"to a Quaker Meeting." The Friend to whom the remark was addressed, alluded, in reply, to the smallness of the meeting, and to its having been held *in silence.* The stranger replied, "Yes—but I was very much impressed with that silence; and I said, mentally, what an opportunity for individual spiritual worship."

Thus we can perceive that while we may be in danger of slighting such opportunities, or may sometimes fear that strangers coming to sit with us will conclude we are a lifeless body, there is still that among us which others can appreciate as savoring of life, and to the value of which they can bear testimony, even though accustomed to a widely different form of worship. It is evident the visitor recognized in this silent meeting an opportunity for every mind to attend to its own condition, and surely if we believe in a state of union and intercourse between the mind of man and the Divine Mind, we can admit that a preparation to worship God in spirit and in truth may be most especially known during the silence of a religious meeting. We wish not to be understood as believing that the vitality of a meeting for divine worship consists in silence, or that sitting in silence alone constitutes acceptable worship. We believe that through a reverent waiting, under a sense of our dependence upon the great Source of all good, ability is received to offer acceptable worship, even that worship which consists in obedience to known duty.

Under this conviction we desire that such opportunities may be increasingly prized, and that when assembled for social worship, whether in our larger or smaller meetings, there may be an individual effort to make the time of silence available for our highest good.

SILENT LABORERS.—There are many among us whose voices are seldom or never heard in our religious gatherings, but whose prayers and whose alms go up as memorials before the Father. And though it is sometimes discouraging to those actively interested in business meetings, that comparatively few participate in the exercises, yet there are doubtless many, even among the young, who are often on these occasions drawn into silent labor to the strength of our assemblies.

Some shrink from manifesting the interest they feel lest more should be expected of them than they are prepared to render, resting satisfied in the belief that the work will go on without their aid. Others, while acknowledging an interest in our principles and testimonies, are seldom seen at our religious meetings, and appear almost indifferent to the privileges of membership.

But perhaps a time comes in their experience when they are removed from opportunities of social and religious fellowship with those of kindred faith, and then they may feel the need of these outward aids. The little seed sown in the heart in early life has taken root, and may spring up and bear good fruit.

This train of thought has been induced by a circumstance which came to our notice a short time since. A young woman, who had not been a zealous member of the Society, removed to reside in one of our north-western cities, where her surroundings were different from those to which she had been accustomed, and she longed for the sympathy and companionship of Friends: and under this feeling she sought and found probably the only one beside herself in the city, with a view that they should unite in holding meetings for worship or for the reading of the Discipline, and invite the attendance of such as were disposed to meet with them.

Doubtless there are others scattered here and there who would also rejoice to meet with the one or two of similar faith, and if in simplicity they would come together at appointed seasons, and wait upon the Father of Spirits, they might often find that He would be in their midst. If Friends in the different Monthly Meetings to which these scattered members belong, would remember them in their isolated situations, and occasionally address to them a friendly letter by way of stirring up their minds to faithfulness in every known duty, much good might be effected. The weekly visits of the Intelligencer in some of these solitary places have been acknowledged to be as springs of water by the wayside, comforting and refreshing to the

traveller. The simple fact of sending two papers to the same post office, was, in one instance, the means of introducing those who otherwise might have remained strangers to one another. Then let us do whatsoever our hands find to do in faith, nothing doubting, for we know not which may prosper, this or that.

Vick's Floral Guide for 1869 is a work of 100 pages, giving direction for the culture of flowers and vegetables, and is illustrated with about 150 fine wood engravings. It has been published for the benefit of customers, but for ten cents will be forwarded by mail to all who will apply. Address James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

MARRIED, on the 17th of Twelfth month, 1868, according to the order of the Society of Friends, B. FRANKLIN WATSON, son of Charles and Martha P. Watson, to MARY L. MALONE, daughter of James and Sarah B. Malone, all of Buckingham, Bucks Co., Pa.

DIED, on the 1st of Eighth month, 1867, in Drumore, Lancaster Co., Pa., SARAH PENNOCK, in the 88th year of her age. And on the 26th of Twelfth month, 1868, SIMON PENNOCK, in the 88th year of his age; both worthy members of Little Britain Monthly Meeting.

——, in Camden, N. J., on the evening of 26th of 12th month, 1868, HANNAH D. C. BROWN, aged 72, a member of Haddonfield Mo. Meeting. Her sufferings, which were great, were borne with Christian fortitude, and her life closed with brightness and peace.

——, at his residence near Lloydsville, Belmont Co., Ohio, on the 21st of Ninth month, 1868, after a long and severe illness of bronchitis, which he bore with great patience and christian fortitude, LOT GREGG, in the 60th year of his age. He was a diligent attender of meeting, and for several years held the station of Elder, also of Clerk and Overseer of Plainfield Monthly Meeting, of which he was a consistent member. He was a firm adherent of Friends' principles and testimonies, and a plain, honest, unpretending man, without vanity or ostentation, loving his duty as instructed by the light that was within him. He frequently expressed his willingness to go at any time his Master should call.

——, at Orange, N.J., on Sixth-day, First month 8th, ELWOOD BYERLY, a member of New York Monthly Meeting, formerly of Philadelphia.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

First month 26th, at 7½ o'clock. Exhibition of Stereopticon, with explanations, by Dr. J. Gibbons Hunt.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The Executive Committee of the Association of Friends for promoting First-day Schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet at Race Street Meeting House, on Seventh-day, First month 30th, at 10 o'clock, to consider subjects referred to them by the recent meeting at Trenton, particularly in reference to the issuing of a Monthly paper for Children at a cheap rate.

PHEBE GRIFFITH, *Clerk.*

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

Contributors to Swarthmore College and all who feel an interest in the cause of education are invited to meet at Friends' Meeting House, on Rutherford Place, N. Y., on Fifth-day, 1st mo., 28th, at 7½ P. M.

The Annual Report will be read, and other matters of interest connected with the opening of the College will be discussed. A general attendance is desired.

NOTHING TO LIVE FOR.

Read before Friends' Social Lyceum, 1st mo. 12th.

With what a sad and mournful cadence fall such words upon the ear, language only of unhappiness and despondency, born of discontent and gloom.

"Nothing to live for!" Can it be so? The morning dawns in brightness upon a flower-strewn world, the glowing orb sends forth the dancing sunbeam, the air is glad with sunshine and with music, inviting every heart to beat in unison with nature; but *all* that behold these are *not* joyous and happy.

"Nothing to live for!" What mean such murmurings? For whether we look above or below, to the right hand or to the left, we find one great design in all the works of God, and this, written in unmistakable characters, is *usefulness, something* for each to do. More numerous than the "leaf-tongues of the forest, or the flower-lips of the sod," are the voices that rise to tell us there *is something* to live for. The summer winds pass us by laden with stolen sweets; the rippling streamlet dances lightly o'er its rocky bed; those "stars of earth," the beauteous flowers, blossoming in our way, give us a happy greeting, and in silvery tones re-echo, "*We* have work to do."

The waters breathe to gentle murmurs; the dazzling fly, with pearly wing, has naught but joy in its swift course; the ever active bee buzzes out a contented song as it bears from the dew decked flower-cup the exhaustless sweets; and, not less, the joyous birds that "hymn their raptures in the ear of God," join in the grand chorus, "*We* have something to live for;" and surely *man* was never created to weep his life away. The Great Architect has infused a portion of his almighty energy through all His works, but to him into whom He has breathed a living soul, He hath given a will to choose whether he will follow out the design of his being, or mark out his own course.

Weary and sad as life may seem when poverty, sickness, and sorrow throw their lengthened shadows across life's pathway, light and shade alternate in the heart as day and night in the outward world, and though the clouds may gather thickly around, in the far off horizon we are cheered by the clear rays that tip their shadowed edges. "No-

thing to live for!" Can we say this and look abroad upon the vast world? Stretched out as far as the eye can reach is the vineyard in which we are to engage as laborers. Here we view the myriads of animate and inanimate nature in their appointed sphere, and shall *we* permit the noble faculties with which we have been endowed to rust away? Time and life were given for a noble purpose. The intellectual and physical alike must receive the proper nourishment ere they can attain their full proportions. The position in which we have been placed was not directed by chance, —there is a life of ambition, pure and holy, open to us.

Toil, self-sacrifice, and devotion to those we love, as well as to the general good, are our higher destiny; and though the air may be colder there, it is but to make the spirit harder, that it may take bolder and stronger flights, to the Eternal. "Nothing to live for!" falls from the lips of one on whom life's burden has fallen heavily; sunlight is shut out from that heart, and a dark cloud of sorrow has taken its place.

The soft moss and daisy spring up unheeded on the pathway, the bursting of buds of summer give forth an unnoted perfume, the radiant hues that gild the clouds are all unseen, and the pure light beaming from the stars speak not of Heaven.

Can *we* stand idly by? Is there no labor of love and of duty for *us* who have strength and life? Can we resist the appeal, "Come and help us?" Can we sit in calm indifference, or working only for our own selfish ends?

The truly great of every age have found *something* to live for, and their wisdom and goodness have shed a lustre over our world. Can we become familiar with the life and labors of our Great Pattern, the untitled one, whose work on earth breathed forth peace and goodwill to men, and who by precept and example has spoken, "Bear ye one another's burdens," without being actuated to labor in the same spirit? Let us not repine if called to labor in an humble sphere; the violet and lily send up sweet incense, though in the silent valley. Guided by those fair sisters, Faith, Hope, and Love, though difficulties may oppose, and faintness overcome, yet we will be borne up by loving hands, and, even in the darkest home, we may experience through the inner life something of the happiness of Heaven.

A lady once asked a minister whether a person might not be fond of dress and ornaments without being proud. "Madam," said the minister, "when you see a fox's tail peeping out of a hole, you may be sure the fox is within."

SLEEP.

Dr. Isaac Comly delivered a lecture before the *Friends' Social Lyceum* of Philadelphia on this subject, on the 12th inst. The Secretary has furnished us the following brief synopsis of his discourse:

After describing the phenomena of sleep, as though it were never witnessed before, the query was raised, why this sleep? Is it but a lazy, idle habit? A luxurious indulgence? Far from this. It supplies a want, a necessity of our nature, so overpoweringly expressed that it cannot long be resisted; although it is admitted we may indulge too long, and hours may be wasted in slumber which should be given to active life. It is believed that during sleep, the brain and nervous system are mainly repaired, or renewed and invigorated—as not a moment passes during our wakeful hours but they are exercised with thought or emotion—showing the necessity of a period of rest, of entire cessation from action. The speaker mentioned incidents where sleep had occurred under singular circumstances. The courier has slept on horse-back, the soldier has slept as he marched with the column, and the sentinel at his post of duty, when he knew that the penalty of sleep was death, has been overcome by this natural demand.

When should we sleep? Does not everybody say at night? The day is best suited for work, for activity, for those pursuits which weary and exhaust the brain; "and the night cometh wherein no man can work,"—except by artificial light. Not only may it be regarded as the best economy of time, but darkness aids sleep; one of the first movements is to close the eyes, thus excluding the influence of light.

How long should we sleep?

The time varies with age, and with different individuals. In infancy it occupies most of our time, being the period in which the organs for future activity and usefulness are to be moulded, formed and adapted. In youth, sleep is in greater demand than at a later period. In adult life much less is required. A person enjoying good bodily health, will generally require from six to eight hours sleep; more persons require the latter amount than the former—while some remarkable instances are on record where persons have allowed themselves but two hours and even one hour and found it sufficient. Each one attentive to his own feelings will find the rule best adapted to his condition, as to what amount of repose his system requires. We must not think that time devoted to healthful sleeping is lost time, nor be startled with the idea that we spend between one-third and one-half of our lives in

this delightful oblivion. Deficiency of sleep is a cause of disease. The evidence of its being the exciting cause of acute disease may not be regarded as very decisive, but the frequent attacks of violent neuralgia headache following the loss of sleep, justifies my advancing it as a positive opinion. Loss of sleep, irregular sleeping and sleeping at unseasonable hours I regard as the most common cause of neuralgia.

Insufficient sleep is the cause of disease of the brain and of insanity. Southey lost his intellect by watching at the bedside of a sick wife through the night and excessive literary labors during the day. And Newton's mind is said to have suffered in the latter years of his life from deprivation of sleep. Many brilliant minds have, no doubt, been lost or impaired from devoting the hours to thought which should have been spent in sleep. The means of inducing sleep are numerous, but with good health and a clear conscience none are needed.

From the Press of 13th inst:

JOHN CASSIN.

The announcement of the death of John Cassin will be received with deep regret by a large circle of relatives, friends, and acquaintances in this city and State, as well as by public men in other portions of the country, and learned societies here and in Europe. He was a gentleman of rare attainments, marked ability, and sterling character. Imbued in early life with an eager thirst for intellectual improvement and a desire to enlarge the domain of learning, he became one of the most active members of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, and he was for a long period one of the most industrious, useful, and distinguished ornaments of that honorable institution. Familiarizing himself with the general principles of all departments of natural science, and with all branches of literature, he made a special study of ornithology, with such success that he acquired the well-earned reputation of being the foremost American authority on this complex and attractive subject. Where the labors of Wilson and Audubon ceased, Mr. Cassin's toil commenced, and it fell to his lot to define and describe, with great skill and accuracy, the many new species of the feathered tribe which were discovered by the modern explorers of Texas, New Mexico, California, Oregon, and the Rocky Mountains. New birds from other portions of North America, as well as from South America and Africa, were also first classified and first named by him. Independent of his individual publications, containing elaborate descriptions, with beautiful colored engravings of the "Birds of California and Texas," and a "Synopsis of the Birds of North America," he was the author of the "Ornithology of the United States Exploring Expedition," "Ornithology of the Japan Expedition," "Ornithology of Gilless's Astronomical Expedition to Chili," and portions of the ornithological reports published with the Pacific Railroad explorations and surveys. He also made valuable contributions to the "Proceedings" and "Journal" of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, and superintended various publications connected with his favorite subject, in addition to those enumerated. These labors gained for him not only the esteem of learned bodies at home, but the recognition and approbation of European celebrities devoted to kindred pursuits, and he justly won enduring fame in the world of natural science. Ever on the alert for new discoveries, and ever ready to direct liberality in productive channels, he had no little influence in bringing about the result of which Philadelphians may feel justly proud—the establishment here of one of the most, if not the most complete collection of ornithological specimens which has ever been made. He also did much to advance the arts appertaining to the accurate illustration of his feathered favorites, and under his direction they were represented with a degree of fidelity in color, as well as form, which was rarely or never before attained.

Mr. Cassin was descended from Quaker ancestors, and he was, we believe, educated at the famous Quaker institution, Westtown School.

Mr. Cassin was a sincere friend, a good citizen, a kind husband, and an affectionate father. His conduct in all the relations of life, public and private, was exemplary. He was one of the most thoroughly educated men, in the best sense of the phrase, we have ever known; and while his capacious mind grasped all useful subjects, his large heart gave a wide sweep to his affections and sympathies. His death leaves an aching void, not only in the domestic circle, but in the highest arena of thought and action, as well as in humble spheres cheered by his advice and friendship.

Let the weakest, let the humblest remember, that in his daily course he can, if he will, shed around him almost a heaven. Kindly words, sympathizing attentions, watchfulness against wounding men's sensitiveness,—these cost very little; but they are priceless in their value. Are they not almost the staple of our daily happiness? From hour to hour, from moment to moment, we are supported, blest by small kindnesses.

THE OLD WORLD SPARROW.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

We hear the note of a stranger bird,
That ne'er in our land was heard.
A wingéd settler has taken his place
With Teutons and men of the Celtic race;
He has followed their path to our hemisphere—
The Old World Sparrow at last is here.

He meets not here, as beyond the main,
The fowler's snare and the poisoned grain,
But snug-built homes on the friendly tree,
And crumbs for his chirping family
Are strewn when the winter fields are drear,
For the Old World Sparrow is welcome here.

The insect legions that sting our fruit,
And strip the leaves from the growing shoot,
A swarming, skulking, ravenous tribe,
Which Harris and Flint so well describe
But cannot destroy, may quail with fear,
For the Old World Sparrow, their bane, is here.

The apricot, in the summer ray,
May ripen now on the loaded spray,
And the nectarine, by the garden walk,
Keep firm its hold on the parent stalk,
And the plum its fragrant fruitage rear,
For the Old World Sparrow, their friend, is here.

That pest of gardens, the little Turk,
Who signs with his crescent his wicked work,
And causes the half-grown fruit to fall,
Shall be seized and swallowed, in spite of all
His sly devices of cunning and fear,
For the Old World Sparrow, his foe, is here.

And the army worm and the Hessian fly
And the dreaded canker-worm shall die,
And the thrip and slug and fruit-moth seek
In vain to escape that busy beak,
And fairer harvests shall crown the year,
For the Old World Sparrow at last is here.

Hearth and Home.

From The Methodist.

A SUNSET RAMBLE.

BY B. C. LEECH.

My evening walk through the outskirts lay
By the poor man's night retreat;
A few flowers I saw, but no display,
Except little naked feet.

Wee ones waiting father's return
From the toils of the summer day,
Anxiously gazing out to learn
Each step that came that way.

Many a home scene met me there;
Many a poor man's heart made glad
By the smile of his lassie fair,
By the kiss of his rosy lad!

Some have but little here, 'tis true,
Of this world's goods in store;
The cabin's small, the things are few,
And bare the poor man's floor.

Yet he hath precious jewels fair
That shed their glittering light,
That warm his soul and gild each care,
And make his cottage bright.

Though humble, yet 'tis "home, sweet home!"
Smiles beam as sweetly there,
And hearts are as warm, when night doth come,
As those in the palace fair.

Never let your honest convictions be laughed down.

Extracted from The Radical.

NATURE'S WARNINGS.

BY J. WEISS.

It was the latest news from the Pacific coast of South America, that the bodies of those slain and buried by the rnined cities were breeding pestilence; that the robber and the plague were at large together, as if to finish what the earthquake spared; that towns and villages, with all the inhabitants, had gone under the surface, as a stone drops into water: and that in Ecuador alone the number of the dead was more than forty thousand. Was that whole coast only a great man-trap, cunningly baited with gold and silver mines, diamonds in the mountain streams, beds of guano sixty feet thick, and positions of commercial value, to attract unsuspecting thrift of every kind, and people in abundance, that it might be sprung upon them about once in forty years, or at intervals large enough to dull traditional impressions, and create the proper degree of unwariness? There are minds whose dubious conjectures concerning the divine Being dispose them to ill-feeling over these stupendous transactions of the elements. And, the more humane such minds are, the more shocking and indefensible the facts appear. The brotherhood of man asks some curious questions about the fatherhood of God. Has the fatherhood anything to urge in reply? Something; and it may be called the language of presentiment, or the warnings which the elements are by their very nature obliged to give to all animated beings who are likely to be involved in their action.

What, for instance, was the intent of the phenomenon which occurred in South America the evening before the late destructive earthquake? A broad and steady light, like that of a large conflagration, appeared to the southeast of the seaport and town of Arica, the place which seems to have marked the centre of the subterranean movement, and to have suffered most. This luminous vibration, which was the announcement of a serious disturbance of the earth's magnetism, was doubtless seen at many other points along the axis of the disturbance; but owing to the want of intercommunication, and the difficulty of obtaining intelligence from those countries, we have not heard that it was noted. Nor could it have been telegraphed from place to place. Yet it was the plainest hint that the earth could give, short of shaking, that something dreadful impended. "A presage shuddered through the welkin." And if the inhabitants of Arica, or any one of them in whom the rest had confidence, had understood that great earthquakes heralded their approach by magnetic and atmospheric disturbances, which

were reported by light, by slight barometric variations, and by a peculiar condition of the atmosphere, they could have had the whole night to flee to the mountains with provisions for a few days, and with all the shelter that the climate renders needful. Not a child nor a mule, not a cat nor a dog, need have staid behind, to be caught by the terrific tidal wave, which rises when the subterranean motion is propagated from the earth along the sea's bottom. And if the whole line of the coast, from Quito to southernmost Chili, including all the mining stations, had been connected by the telegraph, as it would have been by this time under governments maintained by genuine republicans, the loss of property might still have been great, but the loss of life would have been insignificant. And all custom-house, court, and law documents, all mercantile records and receipts, everything that confirms important transactions, and involves the honor of individuals, could have been removed to a place of safety. For the telegraph continues to work dnring the most violent magnetic storms. There is no reason why the preliminaries to an earthquake should paralyze it.

Here, it is plain, is a lesson that ignorance is a calamity greater than all others that befall man. It is told of Goethe, who was a philosopher as well as poet, that he once rang up his servant in the middle of the night. "'Have you seen nothing remarkable in the heavens?' asked he; and, when I answered in the negative, bid me run and and ask the same question of the watchman. He said he had not seen anything remarkable. When I returned with this answer to my master, I found him in the same position in which I had left him, lying in his bed, and gazing upon the sky. 'Listen,' said he to me, 'This is an important moment; there is now an earthquake, or one is just going to take place.' Then he made me sit down on the bed, and showed me by what signs he knew this." In a few weeks the correctness of his observation was confirmed by the news that a part of Messina was on that night ruined by an earthquake. If, at a distance of hundreds of miles, a man can be sensitive to the approach of such a calamity, some knowledge that is on the spot ought always to be able to neutralize its worst effects.

Even if no warning were given, men should have learned by this time the law of periodical visitation. Experience has furnished the Peruvians with the right to expect two great earthquakes in a century, and the period between the two is from forty to sixty years. The last visitation of this kind occurred in 1806, so that the destruction of Arica was a little overdue. If any person thought his life was valuable to himself or family, or to any public interest, he would have spent the last two years out of the range of the vibration. Now it is safe to return, for forty years at least: but he has gone whence no man returns. If a man will live in a region that is subject to earthquakes, two years of anxiety is a small tax to pay for immunity to whatever he holds dear. Yet the nation that lives over Herculaneum and Pompeii builds its villas and plants its heedless grapes nearer than ever to the crater whence the ashes came that makes the foundations of his dwellings. Meanwhile, as if to have a bit of persilage with death, it digs through this ashes down to the old unconcern, and arranges the relics in museums.

Some public authority should enforce the regulations that are suitable to all localities, for it is a part of good governmant to bring about a harmony between man and nature. When the inhabitants of Guanaxuato left their city in January, 1784, terrified by slow rolling sounds and thunder beneath their feet, the magistrates issued the following order: "The flight of a wealthy family shall be punished with a fine of 1,000 piastres, and that of a poor family with two months's imprisonment. The militia shall bring back the fugitives." And a proclamation also declared, "The magistrates, in their wisdom, will at once know when there is actual danger, and will give orders for flight: for the present, let processions be instituted." We are ignorant whether the authorities had, in this case, any justification for their peculiar interposition. Perhaps long experience yielded the theory that subterranean noises were not presumptive of an earthquake in that locality. But their presence of mind on this point fell away to a lamentable absence of it when they prescribed processions in deference to results that did not threaten or that could not be averted.

"It is a generally received opinion at Cumana," says Humboldt, "that the most destructive earthquakes are announced by very feeble oscillations, and by a hollow sound. It rarely happens that a false alarm is given by a native. Those who are most apprehensive observe the motions of dogs, goats and swine. The last-mentioned animals, endowed with delicate olfactory nerves, and accustomed to turn up the earth, give notice of danger by their restlessness and their cries." Some gaseous emanation from the earth affects them first. Crocodiles will suddenly quit the bottom of the rivers, where they feel the earliest trembling of the ground, and take refuge in the forest. Here are warnings, provided by nature herself, without expense to man, who is capable of observing and interpreting her gestures.

In tropical latitudes, the experienced sailor saves the lives of all the land-lubbers on board, who deride him for taking in his sail and making everything snug in a clear sky. He sees a hint, and takes it. The stifling blasts of the Arabian desert are always preceded by a peculiar yellow thickness of the horizon, and a sensation as if a furnace door had been just thrown open. Travelers have time, if they have wits, to dismount from their camels, and bury their heads in garments. Sometimes a party in Australia or Colorado will be traveling in the dry bed of a river, with a sky overhead out of which not a drop of rain has fallen for months. What is the distant murmur that approaches, swelling on the ear? It is the rain that has fallen in the mountains, coming down in the form of a wall of water twenty feet high or more. Such a wave must make a great deal of noise about it, and has to betray itself to the party below, which has time to reach the bank.

At some seasons of the year fogs have a peculiar smell, which announces the existence of miasma in the lower stratum of the air, such as generates ague and typhus fever.

A lurid appearance, with dense masses of cloud, fiery red and threatening, are the signs of a coming typhoon and hurricane. A sudden fall of the mercury in the barometer invariably attends them. "The wind rises and falls with a moaning sound, like that heard in old houses on a winter's night: it is akin to the 'calling of the sea,' that melancholy noise which, in a dead calm, 'is the presage of a storm on many coasts.'"

When the Alpine streams are coffee-colored the people know that the rain and snow-water is loosening the soil and letting it slip down the stream to threaten a freshet. Then the fords and bridges are trod more warily. The glacier imparts to the mountain-guides the terms on which it may be explored with safety. There are signs of firm ice and rotten ice, of solid snow and of snow that conceals a chasm. They know by heart this Medusa's face whose only artifice of congelation betrays itself. So, in Lapland and Norway, the ice reports the very day when travel begins to be unsafe upon it, by the complaining of the rarefied air beneath, and the startling sound of cracks that score and split up the surface. The diamond point of the sun is traveling over it.

Many a good vessel has brought home its cargo safe because part of it was a man who knew the color of shoal water, or felt the breath of an iceberg through its fog domino, or noticed how the water had begun to chill, or could recognize a coast by its rote, or a sunken rock, not laid down in any chart, by the bulge of water over it. Earth and sea faithfully keep their compact with men who concede to their conditions. They are confidential by certain changes of physiognomy which all men might learn to notice just as well as their favored few. And we may trust to that invariable law of all the elements, from common wind to subtle magnetism, that compels them to portend, in some way or other, by the very acts of mustering. It is the rattle which is only produced by the gesture of coiling up to spring.

From the Watchman.

SAY NO!

No man, woman, or child has acquired a good education who has not learned to say No!

A man may have mastered the ancient languages so that he can unlock the literary treasures of buried nations, and yet his education is sadly imperfect unless he has learned to say No!

He may have at perfect command the whole science of mathematics, and yet be profoundly ignorant, because he has not learned to say No!

He may have traversed the whole cirele of the sciences; he may have explored the mysteries of the heavens; he may have digged down into the earth and read the testimony of the rocks; he may have learned the secrets of the tidal phenomena in the deeps below and the deeps above; he may have grasped the hitherto unknown laws of the occult forces of Nature; and yet, with all this, he is not well-educated unless he has learned to say No!

His whole salvation, temporal and eternal, may depend upon knowing how to say No; and without this knowledge all his other acquisitions sink into insignificance.

The poor wretch hanging upon the gallows for the crime of murder, hangs there because he had not learned to say No!

The convict, deprived of the society of his loved ones, shut in from the glorious sunlight and chained in the dungeon, is another victim of imperfect education, and is where he is because he has not learned to say No!

The men who reel through your streets, brawling drunkards and obscene jesters, became such because they had not learned to say No!

Large numbers of those who occupy your lunatic asylums lost their reason because they had not learned to say No!

It is therefore an important—nay, an indispensable—part of a good education, to learn to say No!

The acquisition of this knowledge requires the possession of some moral courage, which

its constant practice will continually develop and augment; but, unfortunately, the tendency of the times is to diminish rather than increase moral courage, and hence the fewness of those who ever learn to say No!

There is so much love of fashion; so much conformity to false standards; so much fear of stemming the popular current; so much reluctance to give offence; so much dread of ridicule; so much horror of appearing singular; so much unwillingness to stand alone; so little individuality; in short, so little moral courage in the community; that it is not a wonder that so few ever attain that integral, indispensable and crowning part of a good education, knowing how to say No!

"My son, if sinners entice thee, say No!"

Does a friend invite you to take a drink with him? Say No!

Does the young woman whom you love offer you a glass of domestic wine? Say No!

Are you solicited to visit a billiard saloon or bowling alley, where liquors are sold? Say No!

Have you already yielded to such enticements, so that now a diseased appetite incites you to drink? Say No! a thousand times No!

Remember that tens of thousands, as good, as brave, as strong, as self-reliant as you, have gone down to death, hopeless and remediless, because they have not learned to say No to just such solicitations as are now beckoning you to a similar fate!

LEARN TO SAY NO!

HOW TO GIVE.

Proportion thy charity to the strength of thy estate, lest God proportion thy estate to the weakness of thy charity. Let the lips of the poor be the trumpet of thy gifts, lest in seeking applause thou lose thy reward. Nothing is more pleasing to God than an open hand and a close mouth.—*Quarles*.

The grace which makes every other grace amiable, is humility.

ITEMS.

THE LAST CENSUS. *Washington*, Dec. 21.—The totals of the last census show the following facts relative to the population of the United States:

Six New England States—Whites, 3,480,397; colored, 30,701. Total, 3,111,098.

Five Middle States—Whites, 9,072,647; colored, 352,469. Total, 9,425,116.

Thirteen Southern States—Whites, 6,764,928; colored, 3,884,352. Total, 10,649,460.

Thirteen Western and Pacific States—Whites, 12,356,081; colored, 311,493. Total, 11,667,574.

Nine Territories—Whites, 435,774; colored, 54,176. Total, 489,950.

Total number of people in the United States in 1867—Whites, 32,109,829; colored, 4,403,371. Total, 36,743,198. Total in 1860—Whites, 26,975,575; colored, 4,469,505. Total, 31,445,080.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SUSPENSION BRIDGES. The Niagara suspension bridge, which was opened to the public on the 1st inst., is reported to have the longest single span in the world. The width of the chasm from cliff to cliff, over the Niagara river, is 1190 feet. The span between centres of towers is 1268 feet. The length of the suspended portion of the roadway is 1240 feet. The height of the centre of the roadway above the water varies at 85 feet at high water to 91 or 92 feet at low water. The height of the water is much affected by the direction and force of the wind. The floor is suspended from two cables, formed of twisted wire ropes, seven to each cable, laid one in the centre and the others around it. The cables are seven inches in diameter, contain nine hundred and thirty-one single wires in each cable, and weigh sixty-three pounds per lineal foot. The cables are anchored in solid limestone rock on the Canadian side, and in solid masonry on the New York side.

A LONDON telegram, dated 1st month 4, says: "Latest news received here from Africa confirms the recent report relative to the safety of the great African traveller, Dr. Livingstone.

"It is said he is somewhere in the vicinity of Lake Nyassa, near the confines of Zanzibar.

"Owing, it is thought, to the wars between the native tribes, his progress has been impeded, and consequently he has been unable to reach the sea coast."

ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.—On the 27th instant an eclipse of the moon will take place. The time of beginning at Philadelphia will be 7 hours 28 minutes in the evening, of the middle 8 hours 38 minutes, and of the end 9 hours and 48 minutes. The moon will only be eclipsed 5½ digits on the upper limb, that is, nearly one-half of the disk will be obscured.

THE OLDEST TREE on record in Europe is asserted to be the Cypress of Somma, in Lombardy, Italy. This tree is believed to have been in existence at the time of Julius Cæsar, 42 years before Christ, and is, therefore, 1901 years old. It is 106 feet in height, and 20 feet in circumference at one foot from the ground. Napoleon, when laying down his plan for the great road over the Simplon, diverged from a straight line to avoid injuring this tree. Superior antiquity is claimed for the immense tree in Calaveras county, California. This is supposed, from the number of concentric circles in the trunk, to be 2565 years old.

RAMIE OR CHINA GRASS.—Among the new agricultural staples which the United States Agricultural Department has been endeavoring for some time past to introduce into the United States, is this substance—known to botanists as the *Bæhmerie nivea or tenacissima*, and belonging to the same family as the common nettle. Although many textile fibres have been presented of late as candidates for popular favor, none seem of so much promise as the Ramie, as it is especially adapted for cultivation in the Southern States, admitting of a large yield per acre, and being raised and managed with but little difficulty. The only preparation for market consists in drying the crop thoroughly, when from green it becomes white. The fibre is somewhat like that of jute and hemp, but is finer and more pliable, and is generally worked with cotton or silk. Large quantities are used in England, and there seems likely to be no limit to the demand for a long time at least. Fabrics made from it are often known as Japanese silks, from the resemblance of the fibre to silk. The present value of the raw material, in the green state, is about $200 per ton; dried and white, $250, and dressed for mixing with cotton or silk, $1200 to $1500 per ton.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 30, 1869. No. 48.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.

SINGLE NOS. 6 CENTS.

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

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EXTRACTS FROM "THE FELLS OF SWARTHMOOR HALL."

(Continued from page 741.)

Whilst the King was thus amusing himself, listening to the touching appeals, and trifling with the feelings of the daughters of that admirable mother, the Parliament was busy preparing an Act to secure more easily the punishment of all who, like her, would dare to absent themselves from the assemblies of the Established Church. That Act against conventicles, after having received the royal sanction, despite the declaration from Breda, came into operation just about a month after the date of the foregoing letter. It was to continue in force for three years, and it decreed that "If any person above sixteen years of age were convicted of being present at any meeting or conventicle, under color or pretence of any exercise of religion, in other manner than is allowed by the liturgy of the Church of England, he should be fined five pounds; or, if he has no property, be imprisoned three months. For the second offence ten pounds, or six months' imprisonment; and for the third offence to be transported for seven years; the offender's goods to be distrained for expenses of transportation. In each case one-third of the fine to go to the informer."

How great were the sufferings of the Friends in every part of the United Kingdom, where intolerant churchmen and avaricious informers were to be found, after the passing of this most cruel Act, would be harrowing to relate. However, these dauntless reformers could not be deterred from assembling to worship God according to their consciences, from the fear of punishment, therefore the prisons were soon crowded with Quakers.

It is not probable that the King liked the new Act; but the needy monarch felt that he must either curtail his expenses, or sacrifice all minor considerations to the wishes of those who held the purse-strings of the nation. So his word of promise about liberty of conscience went for nothing, when set against his debts, his pleasures, and his other necessities.

Seeing no result but fair words from the appeals of the sisters to the King, George Fox and Margaret Fell wrote a statement of their cases, and that of the other Friends confined in Lancaster Castle, and sent it to Gilbert Latey, in London, for presentation, before the approaching assizes, both to the King and to the Lord Chancellor. The Conventicle Act did not apply to them, as it was not in existence when they were imprisoned. George Fox had been treated with especial cruelty, at the instigation of Colonel Kirby, having been kept during the winter in solitary confinement in a miserable cell in the castle, with unglazed apertures for the admission of light, whilst awaiting his trial.

He therefore wrote some strong representations of the cruelty of his treatment, and of the illegality of the preliminary proceeding of the magistrates towards persons who were not disloyal, and had committed no disloyalty or breach of the law. The original of Gilbert Latey's reply, as follows, is still in existence:

"London, 1st of 7th mo. (September,) 1664.

"Dear G. F. and M. F.,—Whom I unfeignedly love and dearly salute, these are to let you know that I have received your letter, and George Whitehead (who has been released) drew me up the heads of it in a very good manner, and I carried it to the Lord Albany as directed. He had been sick of late, and not very well when I came to him. I told him my business, and from whom it came; so when he had heard me what I had to say, this to me was his answer: 'That all was shut up, and nothing could be done, and that neither the King nor Chancellor would do anything at all for us. Neither could any man be heard to speak for us. Then I told him of the unjustness of thy imprisonment [G. F.'s] and of the badness of the jury, and its being contrary to law, and that thou desired nothing but a [decent prison, and a] fair trial; that the thieves and murderers had more liberty than thee, that thou wast locked up in a bad room, and Friends not suffered to come to speak to thee; and I told him I had a paper of it, and desired him that he would hand it. He told me he was sorry with all his heart, but he would tell me no lie; he was sure nothing could be done, and he believed they did it on purpose to vex us. So I parted with him, as he said he could do nothing, for all the clergy were against us, therefore nothing could be done at all. Neither did he care to meddle with the paper; so I was fain to leave him.

"George Whitehead was a saying it might be well if we knew the judge who promised thee more liberty, that some might speak to him of it, and see if he would do anything in it.

"So with my dear love to thee and dear Margaret Fell, and John Stubbs and the rest of Friends in prison,

"I remain, thy assured friend,

"Gilbert Latey."

The assizes having commenced, the trial of the Friends was resumed, by Margaret Fell being called to the bar before Judge Turner, and the indictment being read, the Judge addressed the prisoner thus:—

"Come, Mistress Fell, will you take the oath?" She answered, that the indictment declared the churchwardens had given information against her, on which information the indictment was founded. "I desire to know," said she, "what that information was, and what the transgression was by which I came under this law."

Judge.—"Mistress Fell, you are here indicted, and you are here to answer, and to plead to your indictment."

M. F.—I am first to seek out the cause wherefore I am indicted. The law is made for the lawless and the transgressor, and except I be a transgressor, you have no law against me, neither ought you to have indicted me. My question is, of what matter of fact did the churchwardens inform? I was sent for and taken from my own house, from amongst my children and family, when I was about my outward occasions, and when I was in no meeting, neither was it a meeting-day. If I be a transgressor, let me know wherein."

Judge.—"You say well, the law is made for transgressors. But, Mistress Fell, do you go to church?"

M. F.—"I do go to church."

Judge.—"What Church?"

M. F.—"To the church of Christ."

Judge.—"But do you go to church amongst other people? You know what I mean."

M. F.—"What dost thou call a church: the house or the people? The house, ye all know, is wood and stone; but if thou call the people a church, to that I shall answer. As for the Church of England, that now is, I was gathered unto the Lord's Truth, for which I now stand a witness, and which Truth existed before the Church of England was a church. I was separated from the general [mode of] worship in the nation, when there was another power up than that which now is, and I was persecuted by that power which then was; and would you have us now to deny our faith, for which we have suffered so many years, and turn to your Church, contrary to our consciences?"

Judge.—"We spend time talking about these things, come to the matter in hand: what say you to the oath, and to the indictment?"

M. F.—"I say this to the oath, as I have said in this place before, Christ Jesus hath commanded me not to swear at all, and that is the only cause why I cannot take your oath, as the righteous Judge of heaven and earth knows. And this I do testify unto you here, where the Lord's eye beholds us all, that for the matter or substance of the oath, and the end for which it was intended, I do own truth, faithfulness, and obedience to the King in all his just and lawful demands and commands; and the same power, and by virtue of the same Word, which hath commanded me not to swear at all, the same doth bind me in my conscience that I can no more plot nor contrive against King Charles

man I can disobey Christ Jesus his commands. I do also deny all Popish supremacy.

"I do not refuse taking this oath only because it is an oath of *allegiance*. I refuse it because it is an *oath*, seeing Christ Jesus hath said, 'Swear not at all, neither by heaven, nor by earth, nor by any other oath.' If I might gain the whole world for swearing an oath, I could not; and whatever I have to lose this day for not swearing, I am willing to offer it up."

Judge.—"What say you to the indictment?"

M. F.—"What should I say? I am clear and innocent of wronging any man upon earth, as is my little child that stands by me here." (She had little Rachel by the hand.) 'If any have ought to lay to my charge, let them come forward and testify to it here before you all. But if I be clear and innocent, you have no law against me. You have work enough to do without meddling with the innocent and them that fear the Lord."

A pause ensued. Colonel Kirby, who sat near the Judge, leaned over and whispered to him; the Sheriff did the same. The prisoner fixed her eyes on Kirby and said, "No whispering; I should not have so many judges. If thou hast anything, Colonel Kirby, to lay to my charge, come down here and testify against me. Here is one Judge [who has a right to judge the case] he represents the King's person and his power, and that I own." "No, Mistress Fell," said the Judge, recognising the impropriety of their whispers, "I will not heed them." He then desired the Jury to take notice that the prisoner refused the oath of allegiance.

Margaret Fell spoke again; when she paused, the Judge said to the Jury,—"Are you all agreed?" They replied in the affirmative. "For whom have you found it?" "For the King."

"Then I spake to the Judge," says M. F., "and told him I had counsel to plead to my indictment. He said he would hear them afterwards, in arrest of judgment. So the Court broke up at that time." "As I was stepping down to go my way, the Judge called me back again, and said:—'Mistress Fell, you wrote to me concerning the prisons, that they are bad and let rain in, and are not fit for people to lie in. I spoke to the Sheriff of it, and the Sheriff said he did not know.' I answered, 'the Sheriff did know, and hath been told of it several times,—now it is raining, and if you will send to see at this present moment you may know whether they are fit for any people to lie in or not.' Colonel Kirby stood up and spake to the Judge, to excuse the Sheriff, and the badness of the room. I spake to him and said, 'If you were to lie in it yourselves [Kirby and the Sheriff,] you would think it hard; but your minds are in cruelty. William Kirby here hath committed ten of our Friends, and put them in a cold room with nothing but bare boards to lie on, where they have lain several nights, some of them ancient men above threescore years of age, and known to be honest men—yet they were not even given liberty to shift for themselves for beds.' Then the Judge spake to them and said they should let them have prisons fit for men, with several more such-like words."

Twice more Margaret Fell appeared at the bar, and her lawyers pleaded, but all in vain. On the 21st of 7th mo. (9th mo.) 1664, Judge Turner passed sentence of premunire against her, by which she was outlawed—condemned to imprisonment for life, and all her property, personal and real, was confiscated to the Crown. But neither faith nor courage forsook her in that period of extremity; looking back on it long after she said, "The Great God of heaven and earth supported my spirit under that severe sentence, so that I was not terrified, but gave Judge Turner this answer:—'Although I am out of the King's protection, I am not out of the protection of the Almighty God.'"

With the prospect before her of the confiscation of all her property and the sentence of imprisonment for life, that widowed mother retired from the Court. Pressing her youngest little darling to her heart, she commended her to the care of the Lord; and taking an affectionate leave of her other beloved children with the assurance that God would watch over them for good, she returned to her damp, gloomy prison. But even there the light of the Divine presence shone around her; peace and comfort from the Most High filled her soul. She rested under the conviction that the Lord in His own time would bring light out of darkness, good out of evil,—and that her suffering would eventually bear fruit to His praise.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ANSWER TO AN INQUIRY.

In No. 45 of the present volume is an inquiry for light or for Friends' opinion on a passage of Scripture, John xiv. 13, which kindled a feeling of brotherly love which causes me to speak, saying, "Seek, brother, and thou shalt find." There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth it understanding. By living up to the law of our higher nature, and developing our spiritual understanding, the Mosaic veil will be removed, and the spiritual meaning or understanding of Scripture will shine forth

like the noonday sun. Seek on, brother, and it will be revealed to thee.

Columbus, Mich. A. C. D.

ANSWER TO AN INQUIRY.

To ask in the name of Christ is to ask in the power of the Spirit, for we know not what to pray for as we ought; but as the Spirit itself maketh intercession, and these petitions are always in accordance with the will of God,—hence always answered,—the Father is glorified in his own begettings. I sometimes think the Christian's prayer is all comprised in the few words, "Thy will be done."

S. H.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

PRAYER.

The inquiry in the last No. of Friends' Intelligencer, as to "what Friends understand by asking in the name of Jesus Christ," referring to the text, John, xiv. chap., 13th verse, arrested my attention from the evidence it bore of sincerity and integrity of purpose. My own mind having been at different times occupied upon the same subject, which embraces the most interesting and solemn one of prayer, I feel a willingness simply to express the conclusions to which my judgment has arrived.

I trust every one believes that the idea designed to be conveyed is a Truth; and hence it must accord with *all* Truth, and, consequently, with the experience of the pure-hearted and with the manifestations to our enlightened spirit and consciousness, which are the strongest possible evidences of Truth.

Now, although the blessed Jesus says, "Ask and ye shall receive," it is the experience of all that every petition or prayer is not granted. "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss." James iv. 3.

All the purposes of Deity *must* be just, true, good, pure and the *very best* in all things that possibly can be, so that any change whatever would necessarily be injurious.

A prayer which will be answered must be in harmony with the Divine mind and purpose. God sees the future, as well as the past and present. He has the view of all time and events before Him, and knows what is and will be best; and *that* it is His will to dispense to all. Hence, the Spirit of true prayer is that in which the soul is wholly influenced by the Spirit of God, so that its aspirations will be in harmony with His mind and will; and any petition it is strengthened to utter or make in this condition of consciousness, undisturbed, will accord with the Divine will, and will be granted. "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him."

It is this *oneness*—this *entire union* of the soul with the Spirit of God in true prayer,—which renders the engagement so purifyin and strengthening to the spiritual natur and establishes the condition in which th breathing of the heart is, "Nevertheless, n as *I* will, but as *Thou* wilt," with the peaceft and confiding assurance that all will be th very best that possibly can be. Let the seaso of true, secret prayer be often sought. brings the heart nearer to God than an other engagement; and even though what immediately petitioned for may not be grante the soul will be strengthened in patient resi nation to the Divine will.

The preceding view seems to accord wit what Paul expresses, Romans, viii. 26, 2 "Likewise, the Spirit also helpeth our i firmities; for we know not what we woul pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itse maketh intercession for us, with groanin which cannot be uttered. And He th searcheth the heart, knoweth the mind of th Spirit, because He maketh intercession f the saints *according to the will of God.*"

The interesting and instructive account Saul and Ananias in the 9th chapter of Act and that of Cornelius and Peter in the 10t chapter, are both to the same effect that ha been adverted to, manifesting a harmoniou enlightenment among the spirits of th servants of God, all in obedience to His wil and, under His guidance, tending to the spiri ual growth and edification one of anothe and thus glorifying the Everlasting Father.

The history of Elijah and Ahab in regar to rain, (1 Kings, chaps. 17 and 18,) tends t the same point. The language of Elijah t Ahab (xvii. 1,) "As the Lord liveth, befor whom I stand, there shall not be dew no rain these years, but according to my word, indicates that he spoke as the prophet of th Lord, and was dependent to know the min of the Lord, when to pray that there shoul be no rain, and when to pray that the should be rain, in accordance with the will the Most High; that thus the power of th God of Israel, in whose name the proph spake, might be magnified in the minds the king and his people, and they be draw into obedience to Him.

Again, in the xviii. chapter, there is th same evidence. When there had long bee no rain, it says, "The Lord came unto Elija in the third year, saying, Go, show thyse unto Ahab, and *I will send rain* upon th earth." "And Elijah said unto Ahab, G thee up, eat and drink, for there is a sound abundance of rain. And Elijah went up t the top of Carmel: and he cast himself dow upon the earth [in prayer], and put his fa between his knees. And the heaven w black with clouds and wind, and there w

great rain," which the Lord had previously
id to Elijah he would send upon the earth,
ie prayer of the prophet thus harmonizing
ith the mind and will of God.

"The effectual, fervent prayer of a right-
ous man availeth much," (James v. 16,)
ecause, he being righteous, his spirit is in
armony or union with the Spirit of God,
nd what he is thus enabled to pray for in a
ontinuous harmony of feeling, and an un-
roken trust, will accord with the mind and
ill of the Holy One, and will be granted.

No form of words can constitute prayer.
he utterances or aspirations of true prayer
ust be from the immediate promptings of
ie Holy Spirit, to whose influences the soul
ngaged in supplication is brought in humble
nd confiding union, obedience and resigna-
ion.

In the language of the blessed Jesus, then,
Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that
ill I do," "My name" I understand to
ean obedience to and conformity with the
ind and will of God; and "that will I do,"
o imply what is thus asked for will be ac-
omplished by the wisdom and power of God,
t being in accordance with His gracious pur-
ose.

The context of the chapter (John xiv.)
hence this text is taken, shows that Jesus
as endeavoring to comfort his disciples, by
ringing them to understand that he spoke
he mind and will of the Father, to increase
heir faith, and that if they see *him* and obey
im (that is the Spirit of God by which he
as governed), they see and obey God. "He
hat hath seen me hath seen the Father."
The words that I speak unto you I speak
ot of myself: but the Father that dwelleth
n me, He doeth the works."

In like manner as in prayer, blessing and
ursing do not and cannot consist in the
vords uttered. These of themselves or in
he mere will of man can effect nothing. It
s only when uttered in harmony with the
Divine mind and by the promptings of the
Spirit of God, *as indicating His purpose*, that
hat is declared exists or will take place.

The Prophet Balaam understood this well,
hen Balak sent for him to "come and curse
srael," Numbers, chaps. 23 and 24. He said
nto Balak, "Lo, I am come unto thee; have
now any power at all to say anything? the
ord that God putteth in my mouth, that shall
speak."

"And Balaam took up his parable, and
aid, Balak has brought me from Aram, out
f the mountains of the East, saying, 'Come,
urse me Jacob, and come, defy Israel.' How
hall *I* curse whom *God* hath *not* cursed?
nd how shall *I* defy whom the Lord hath
ot defied. God is not a man that He should
lie, nor the son of man that He should re-
pent; hath He not said, and shall He not do
it? or hath He spoken, and shall He not
make it good? Behold, I have received
commandment to *bless*. *He* hath blessed,
and *I* cannot reverse it. He hath not beheld
iniquity in Jacob, neither hath He seen per-
verseness in Israel; the Lord his God is
with him, and the shout of a king is among
them. God brought them out of Egypt.
Surely there is no enchantment against
Jacob, neither is there any divination against
Israel. How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob!
and thy tabernacles, O Israel! As the
valleys are they spread forth; as gardens by
the river's side; as trees which the Lord hath
planted." So safe are those whose trust is
in God! He turns the evil purposes of men
into blessings.

It is the belief of Friends that these great
favors of discerning the purposes of the Most
High through the revelations of His Spirit
are yet continued to the faithful and devoted
servants of God, and on this belief rests the
force and importance of the comprehensive
injunction of George Fox, "Mind the Light."
To live in the Spirit, to walk by the Spirit,
and to speak and act with the Spirit, and
thus be spiritually minded and know life and
peace—this is the high privilege of all. To
this are all called. Here is the condition of
true prayer. Here is the only foundation
upon which repose the hope and trust of the
true Friend. "Mind the Light,"—that is,
live up humbly and faithfully, day by day,
in every thought and act, and in all engage-
ments, to the higher convictions of right and
duty which are revealed to our watchful con-
sciousness; then is the whole law and every
requirement of us fulfilled, for these *convic-
tions* are the *voice* of *God* to *our souls*.

BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

Sandy Spring, Md., 1st mo. 14th, 1869.

We have received the following, with the
request that it might be published. We com-
ply cheerfully, though we think the Friend
who forwarded the extract is under a wrong
impression, if he supposes that there are many
First-day Schools which are "but as intro-
ductory to regular theological institutions."
Our views in relation to these schools have
been briefly stated in an editorial so recently,
that we think it unnecessary to repeat them.
It is our conviction that in order that the
great work be rightly performed, teachers
must be impressed with the necessity of seek-
ing wisdom and strength from the Fountain
of good, and if they labor under such an in-

fluence, their efforts will receive the Divine blessing. EDS.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

Thou asks my views on the subject of First-day Schools. My judgment is, so far as they promote moral improvement, they will be beneficial. But when any thing foreign to this object is introduced, I think it may do much harm; for instance, when it impresses upon the minds of children the idea that they must believe, or take for granted, things which they do not comprehend. Matters that tend to build up *sectarianism*, or fill the mind with *traditions*, which can neither profit in childhood nor advanced age, but which, being taught by those in whom the child has confidence, becomes deeply fixed in its mind, growing stronger and more unyielding with increase of years, until, like the traditional religion of the Pharisees, it may be so tenaciously held as to exclude the *True Light*.

With regard to debates on Scriptural subjects in such schools, or elsewhere, I have not been able to perceive any substantial benefit resulting from them. Though we consult all history—all books of controversy on religious subjects—we shall find that but little good has ever resulted therefrom. That which does not inculcate or encourage *practical righteousness* is no better than a dependence upon the "letter which kills," for *practical* truth is what is necessary to the condition of man, and essential to his wants; at least, so I find it in my own case, and so I understand the teachings of Jesus.

Truth needs not the argument of men, however ingeniously framed, to uphold it; but man *cannot* properly fulfil *his* mission here without *Truth* is the foundation of his work.

BLASTING AND MILDEW.

BY HUGH MACMILLAN.

Concluded from page 743.

The fourth species of blight which I shall mention is *mildew*. This term is very vague and unsatisfactory. By the Hebrews it was employed in the most general sense, to designate all the diseases of vegetables caused by fungi, and often including very different plants. In modern times the term is hardly better understood. It represents no definite idea, or a very different idea to different individuals. The farmer, the vine-grower, the hop-cultivator, the gardener, the housewife, apply it indiscriminately to the effect produced by different species, and even genera, of fungi upon the objects of their care. Speaking with scientific accuracy, the term "mildew" should be restricted to that disease of corn which is caused by the fungus known to botanists as the *Puccinia graminis*. It is derived from the Saxon words *Mehl-thau*, meaning *meal-dew*. Although familiar to the tiller of the soil from the earliest ages, it is only since the beginning of this century that its true character as a vegetable parasite has been known. Previously it was regarded simply as a meteorological product, or a diseased appearance of the corn itself. It makes its appearance in the corn-fields in May or June, and first takes possession of the lower green leaves, which become sickly, and break out through the skin which rises round them in blisters, into rusty patches, as though the corn-stalk had been powdered with red ochre. Examined under the microscope, these red patches resolve themselves into dense masses of round one-celled spores, rising from the midst of delicate branched threads, which insinuate themselves in a complete network amongst the cells of the diseased leaf. At this stage of growth, mildew presents so close a resemblance to rust that it is regarded by some as a mere form of it. A month or two later, however, it presents some differences. Not only is it more abundant than before, but it changes its color gradually from a rusty red to a deep brown tint, and under the microscope its spores become pear-shaped, each tapering gradually into a stalk—and also two-celled, each cell filled with granular contents. Finally, when the corn is nearly or fully ripe, the straw and the culm are profusely streaked with blackish spots, ranging in length from a minute dot to an inch. This is the fully developed mildew, and, once seen, is not likely to be mistaken for anything else. It is very common on all the cereals grown in this country, and also on many of the grasses, and often proves very injurious. Its effect seems to be to intercept the sap intended to nourish the grain, which, consequently, becomes shrivelled and deficient in nutritive matter, yielding a superabundance of inferior bran. When the fungus is abundant, a field which promises well in the blossoming time grievously disappoints the farmer in the harvest and the threshing season; the reason of the deficit being often wrapped up in mystery to him.

Such are the blights which affect the cereal crops in this country. They occur on all parts of the plants infested. One is found on the straw; another on the leaves and chaff; a third attacks the flower, and a fourth the grain. At no stage of growth is the wheat-plant free from some species or other. Season after season, as regularly as the corn grows, so regularly do these parasitic fungi appear with it. They have become at certain periods epidemic, like the plagues and pestilences in human history. They have repeatedly caused famines in our own and in

other countries. In this form they were familiar to the Jews and the Romans of old, and were common in the Middle Ages. And though now, owing to an improved system of agriculture, they seldom inflict wide-spread suffering, yet they have become chronic, and every season duly levy a lighter or a heavier tax upon the produce of the fields—without any hope of its being repealed. The geographical range of these parasites is co-extensive with that of the corn. They have followed the march of cultivation into the wilderness; and wherever new ground has been broken up for the growth of human bread, there they have sprung up though unknown before. On the virgin soils of new colonies, they spread with the same rapidity as on the exhausted fields of old countries. They are perfectly naturalized amid the fern-brakes of New Zealand, and in the clearings in the primeval forests of Canada. They are found conspiring with the inhospitable climate, against the scanty produce which the Peruvian peasant wrings from the lofty tablelands of the Andes; and the Laplander regards their presence with dread amid the pitiable rye-fields, which struggle into existence on the borders of the Polar ocean. Every species of cereal has a parasitic fungus of its own, The maize or Indian corn of the New World is attacked by a virulent smut called *Ustilago Maydis;* a kind of bunt commits great ravages among the fields of Sorghum or durra, a grain extensively grown in Africa and Asia. Rice and millet are infested with several kinds of smut and rust, which occasionally prove very destructive. Thus, every where, these insidious parasites, possessing the power of indefinite extension and localization, lie in wait to frustrate the goodness which is crowning the year, and to disappoint the hopes of the harvest.

The cereals, however, are not the only food plants which are exposed to the attacks of blasting and mildew. Not a single plant which man cultivates, but is the prey of some species or other of fungus. The produce of the garden and the field, luxuries and necessaries, are destroyed and polluted by these vegetable harpies. Some plants are more susceptible than others, having no less than a dozen parasites; but on every cultivated plant two or three species establish themselves. Onions, cabbages, turnips, beetroot, peas, spinach, gourds, in short all the green crops we raise, often suffer severely from this scourge. In wet seasons and damp localities they spread like wildfire, and destroy everything before them. Leprous mildews of different species are now and then fearfully fatal to the coffee plantations of Ceylon, the orange groves of St. Michael, the olive woods in the south of Europe, the mulberry-trees of Syria and China, and the cotton-fields of India. The leaves of these different plants, upon the produce of which the welfare and industry of whole provinces depend, are clothed on such occasions literally with sackcloth and ashes. Vegetable epidemics have raged with fearful violence over our fields and gardens. The hop, the vine, the potato, the peach have been nearly extirpated by the Oidium and the Botrytis; and their cultivation is still rendered exceedingly precarious in wet seasons from the same cause. All the horrors of famine followed in some places in the wake of these epidemics, and the violent commotions which they stirred up in society have not yet subsided. The fungi concerned in these wide-spread plagues are different from those of the cereal group. They are called moulds, and consist of a web of delicate threads, penetrating the tissue of the plants on which they grow, and producing clusters of little jointed stalks bearing oval-shaped fruit. A lovelier spectacle than these moulds present under a microscope it is impossible to conceive. No language can give an adequate idea of the forests of crystalline vegetation with their transparent trunks and their wildering mazes of exquisite flowers and bead-like fruit, growing in snowy purity on a fragment of potato-leaf, or a small bit of decayed grape-skin. One can gaze at them unweariedly for hours, marvelling at the inexhaustible fulness of glory which God must possess, when He can afford to lavish so much of it on objects so mean and insignificant. Beauty such as theirs—beauty nowise essential to the performance of their functions—is surely the stamp of God upon all the works of His hands, by which we recognise their excellency and perfection.

All these blights and mildews on the corn-crops and the green-crops may well be called by God, "My great army." Individually minute and insignificant, by the sheer force of untold numbers they are mightier for harm than storms and earthquakes. They have been fearfully and wonderfully made for their dread work. No less than four kinds of fructification—spores, acrospores, zoospores, oospores,—have been discovered on the same plant, each capable of reproducing it. When one mode fails, another is developed to take its place, so that absolute failure, even in the most unfavorable circumstances, is almost impossible. The germs produced by these different kinds of fructification are of various sizes and different powers of germination, so that, when a large-sized seed fails to find a lodgment in the pores and cells of plants, a smaller one is sure to succeed; and the conditions that prevent the growth of one kind

of seed will prove favorable to another. Thus armed at all points, provided against all emergencies, the seeds of these moulds and mildews go forth on their work of destruction. They are produced, besides, in incalculable myriads. On one individual mould upwards of ten millions of spores have been counted. One acre of mildewed wheat will produce seeds sufficient to inoculate the whole of the wheat of the United Kingdom. The atmosphere is charged to an inconceivable extent with them; the soil of every field is sown thick with them. Almost every grain of corn, or wheat, or barley, from the finest samples, is found, under the microscope, to have one or more seeds adhering to its husk. They effect an entrance either through the roots or by the stomata or breathing-pores of the plants they infest; and hardly ever can these organs perform their functions of inhalation or assimilation, without taking in from the atmosphere or the soil one or more of these sporules. It is indeed a fortunate circumstance that they refuse to grow generally except in stagnant, ill-drained places, and under peculiar conditions of warmth and moisture; for otherwise, if, quick with life as they are, they were to germinate wherever they alighted, the fig-tree would not blossom, and there would be no fruit in the vines, the labor of the olive would fail, and the fields would yield no meat.

Solemn thoughts in the summer season arise in my mind, as I go out, like Isaac, to meditate in the fields at eventide. I see a rich table preparing for a hungry world in the presence of innumerable enemies. I see Ormuzd and Ahriman—the powers of light and darkness—contending for the harvest; the sunshine and the breeze quickening and ripening it, and baleful parasites lying in wait under the shadow of the dark cloud to convert its milk into poison. I seem to see, in every dark head of smut and bunt among the corn, the vision of the black horse of the third seal, and its rider, holding the balances in his hand, proclaiming, "A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny." It appears to me that God's design in allowing these black fungoid ears to spring up year after year among the healthy crop, is just to show us the "hidings of His power;" to show us how easily, if it so pleased Him, He could let loose these destructive agencies to break the staff of bread and cover the land with desolation and woe. And when I find that, as the season advances, these ominous heralds of famine disappear, and the golden harvest fills, in all the beauty and fulness of its promise, the emerald cup of the hills, I seem to hear the voice of the Merciful One, in the midst of the four living creatures symbolical of creation, restraining the ravages of the black horse, and saying to its blasting and mildew, "See that ye hurt not the oil and the vine." The destroying angel, whose waft is famine, the tremor of whose plume is death, folds his wings and stays his hand now, as of yore, by the threshing-floor of Araunah. And there, where the plague has been stayed and the shadow of famine dispersed, let us rear an altar; and, besought by the mercies of God, dedicate the threshing instruments and the first-fruits, and yield ourselves a living sacrifice unto the great Husbandman. And thus we shall fear no blasting or mildew; bread shall be given to us; goodness and mercy will follow us all the days of our life; and we shall at last rejoice in the great harvest-home of heaven, and shall hunger no more, for the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed us.

SCRAPS FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Those of us who are permitted to remain longest on the stage of life have to pay the penalty of many bereavements; but I have an unshaken confidence that all things are ordered in Divine wisdom. It has been said wisely by some one, that nothing can be *an evil* that is so universal and so inevitable as death.

I suppose a transient cloud has obscured the radiance of the Sun of righteousness, who is, in himself, always the same, but sometimes obscured to our vision by our doubts and fears, or by the interposition of the earthly nature with which we are connected. These seasons of trial are doubtless good for us, in order that we may feel our weakness and lean upon His all-sustaining arm, that is ever near to sustain those who trust therein.

Although we know these things, I find sometimes there is comfort and help in being reminded of them by a fellow traveller, for thus the pure mind may be stirred up by way of remembrance. It is the same also with regard to gospel ministry. We who are called, as we believe, into that service, and at times are brought under the baptizing power of Divine Truth while ministering to others, are no less grateful than they are, to have the Fountain unsealed by the instrumentality of our brethren and sisters. Hence I rejoice when our meeting is visited by the Lord's messengers, and the holy oil flows from vessel to vessel.

No doubt it is the intention of Divine Goodness to unite His servants together more closely in the fellowship of the gospel, by making them mutually helpful to each other.

I felt a little comforted by the aid of thy

spirit on Fourth-day afternoon, and went home with more of cheerful trust than I have felt for a long time, and then thy note caused the cup to overflow. I feel that for all the blessings dispensed—and they are indeed many—increased and cheerful dedication is called for, and I trust will be rendered. I am glad thou alluded to thyself; I would often like to know how thou art faring, and when I think of thee and the mission with which thou art entrusted, I want to be near thee and hold up thy hands, and say to thy fearful heart, "Be strong—fear not." I know there is but One who can say this effectually, but I want to encourage thee to obey with *cheerful alacrity* even the "*pointing of the finger.*"

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 30, 1869.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.—Second often in importance to the feeling itself is its manifestation, especially if it be that of an earnest concern for the welfare of a beloved child. An examination of this view has appeared to us to involve much more than on cursory glance may be adjudged to it.

We believe an earnest heartfelt concern for the welfare of those under our charge ought to be availing. Those who have the care of children are often discouraged because their labor appears to be so nearly fruitless. Why is it so? If we examine closely, we will sometimes find it is because the *manifestation* is not in proportion to the extent, or warmth, or earnestness of the feeling. If the feeling, however earnest, or the concern, however deeply religious, or the love, however purely parental, be confined within our own breasts, we cannot reasonably expect the children to be influenced thereby. A child is undoubtedly drawn more closely to a parent if privileged to enjoy a manifestation of parental concern, than when this is withheld; for then the child's heart is deprived of that which is its due, and which would prove a healthful aliment, and promote the growth of those affections, which return more than double measure of consolation to the parent.

The heart of a child, even while very young, craves a closer companionship with a parent than it often receives. A *personal* companionship is generally allowed them, but they are too often shut out from an intimate knowledge of those exercises or conflicts on their behalf, which most parents know and which they think their children are too young or too thoughtless to share. Under these feelings they often hold secret counsel with each other concerning the welfare of those dear to them; but were the objects of this parental anxiety sometimes admitted to share these serious conferences, we believe the good results could scarcely be estimated; for when children through this close and confidential companionship see and feel the concern of a parent, and recognize the ground upon which it is based, we believe there are few among them who would disregard such a claim upon their affections and duty.

We know of one who was blest with upright, concerned parents, and yet this person, after having now arrived at mature age, can look back over the years of childhood and youth, without being able to recall a single instance in which this concern was manifested by *expression.* That it existed, there was no doubt. It was shown by a watchful care and a kind parental restraint, but there was a sense of loss felt by the child for want of that close companionship which would have been known had the feelings of the parents been more freely shared.

In conclusion, we express our belief that the view which often obtains, that a child at an early age cannot even measurably sympathize with the deep feelings of a parent, closes an avenue through which, were it kept open, much pure enjoyment and mutual benefit would be derived.

Try it parents. Test it for yourselves, and see if there be not truth in our testimony.

In corroboration of the foregoing, we append an extract from "Home Life," by John F. W. Ware. "As another law of home intercourse, I should say, not only have and show that you have confidence in your children, but, *give your confidence to them.* I think as children grow into years, they desire to have their confidence reciprocated, and I suspect parents would gain very much if they now and then took their children, even while very young, into their confidence. I well remember the effect of such confidence

upon my boyhood, how it drew me toward my father and how he trusted me, asked and took my advice, explained his purpose and left me to work it out. I allude to this, because I think it an important thing in domestic intercourse, which is not apt to be thought of, and which will help to cement and bind parents and children just at that dangerous transition season, when they are outgrowing the tutelage of childhood and putting on the self-sufficiency of youth. There are coming up every now and then, in every household, matters which excite the curiosity of children, which we exalt into mysteries by our secrecy or evasion. There are very many matters upon which a growing child is capable of expressing an opinion; there are many things in which your boy or your girl can help you, if you only think so; and it were far better for both you and them to put confidence in them, than that they should feel that they are passed by for others. Your own child is not unfrequently a better adviser than a stranger of twice his years and general wisdom; and if he were not, the mere showing of a disposition to trust him in your affairs is a valuable aid to the strengthening of his character and the establishment of a just self-respect. We err greatly, and ourselves lose much, by not leaning more on the generation that rises about us. I think this may be the one thing that youth wants at that dangerous transition season,—that neutral ground between childhood and manhood,—to prevent its running from the control of home to those dangerous scenes and companionships, which pay the coveted respect to its advancing years. What is perhaps the cunning of the world should be the wisdom of the parent. It is not policy alone, but the mutual good of each, that should lead parents to give their confidence to their children."

Swarthmore College.—We have been handed the following extracts from the correspondence of Edward Parrish, President of Swarthmore College, in response to the recent appeal of the Board of Managers for an additional payment of ten dollars on each share of the stock:

From Wilmington, Del.—"In response to circular received this morning, I have to say that I will take four additional shares of stock in Swarthmore College, and enclose a check for $100 to thy order."

From Delaware County, Pa.—"I hereby acknowledge the receipt of circular, but with my slender means and the many demands which seem to have prior claims on me, I do not feel warranted in laying myself under further liabilities at present. If, however, as the time for handing in the money approaches, I should find that I can with propriety advance something on each share of stock as suggested, I shall gladly do so."

From Burlington County, N. J.—"The circular in relation to Swarthmore College is received. Please find my check for $50, which, according to the circular, entitles me to two shares of stock. From what I hear of the character of the building and from the energy of the Managers, I think they have proved themselves entitled to the full confidence of those interested, and hope they may not be discouraged,—where there is a determined *will* there is generally a *way*."

From Bucks County, Pa.—"I received your communication enclosing a subscription paper, and while I feel deeply interested in the success of its completion, I do not feel in circumstances at present to add anything more to the trifle already subscribed. I am a widow in quite limited circumstances. With desires for its speedy completion, I subscribe, &c."

From Wilmington, Del.—"It is not convenient for me at present to comply with your request. You have, however, my earnest wishes for your success in procuring the necessary funds for the completion of Swarthmore."

Another.—"The circulars respecting Swarthmore College were received this morning. I respond promptly, that you may depend upon the contribution on the amount of shares I hold as early as I can make it convenient."

From Gloucester County, N. J.—"I lately received a circular on the subject of an increased subscription to Swarthmore College. In answer, I am willing to state some of the reasons why I have not heretofore responded to such calls. I think Society has long suffered for want of greater facilities for obtaining a good common education; and an Institution where the great bulk of our members could be accommodated, either immediately or through teachers instructed therein, and thus the benefit of such an education be generally diffused, has been greatly needed; and it was with a view to such an institution that I made a small subscription in the early part of the concern, and for such a one sufficient funds have long since been obtained.

"The concern as now in prospect seems a different affair, and if I am rightly informed, will be one of which the benefits can only be enjoyed by a few of the wealthier members, which must increase rather than lessen the disparity in the literary attainments of Society. With these views, and without wishing to discourage those who are favored clearly to view the subject in a different light, I must be excused from any further action at present."

Reply.—"Thy letter has been duly received, and notwithstanding the great number of communications to which I have to respond, I think it due to thee and to the Managers of Swarthmore that I should call thy attentian to the fact that no change in the character of the proposed school has taken place since we started, except perhaps that it has had a rather larger scope given to it in deference to the views of such as thyself. It was never designed to come in competition with neighborhood schools, but rather to promote and elevate these, by its influence upon the whole Society, through the well qualified teachers which it will aim to send into every neighborhood.

"The money subscribed has been well and economically spent upon the plot of ground and a plain and substantial building, not too large for the obvious requirements of the Society. Those who think enough money has been expended already to have finished and opened such a school as we need must have a very limited idea of the educational demands of the Society; we continually find evidence that we have done wisely in laying out from the start for a large number to be well accommodated, and have every reason to believe that the large majority of the stockholders are well satisfied with the work thus far. Thy friend, E. PARRISH."

MARRIED, on the 17th of Twelfth month, 1868, in accordance with the order of the Society of Friends, at the house of Thos. Bonsall, Christiana, Lancaster Co., Pa., AUGUSTUS W. CAIN, M. D., of Chester Co., and MARY ANNA BONSALL, of the former place.

DIED, on the morning of the 17th inst., BENJAMIN NAYLOR, aged 63 years.

——, on the 1st inst., SARAH P. EDSON, in the 58th year of her age; a member of Philada. Mo. Meeting.

——, on the 16th inst., MARY T., daughter of Samuel T. and Sarah L. Child, aged 22 years.

——, on the 18th inst., at his residence, Penn's Manor, Bucks Co., HECTOR C. IVINS.

——, in Middletown, Bucks Co., Pa., on the 13th of Twelfth month, 1868, WILLIAM MITCHELL, in the 82d year of his age; a member and for many years an elder of Middletown Monthly Meeting.

——, in Middletown, Bucks Co., Pa., on the 13th of First month, 1869, of consumption, ABIGAIL, daughter of Edward Wildman, aged 19 years, 9 mos. and 23 days; a member of Middletown Monthly Meeting.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

Those who were in attendance at *Friends' Social Lyceum* on the 19th inst. enjoyed a rare intellectual treat. The entertainment consisted of a few select readings, given by Rachel W. Shoemaker, which occupied the hour usually devoted to a lecture.

Her first selection was a poem entitled, "Over the River,"—a most beautiful and touching description of one meditating on the Spirit World, to which some loved one had departed. Her next, from the pen of Whittier, was "Maud Müller"—old and familiar to us all, yet perhaps never more fully appreciated. This was followed by "State of the Soul," the author of which is unknown to us, but it must be one who has *seen* and *felt* the blighting influence of the "dark beverage." An extract from Tennyson's *Loxley Hall* was her next selection. "High-tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire" by Jean Ingelow, was very well rendered. The "Bells," by E. A. Poe, closed the entertainment on her part. Quite a large audience was present, and felt rewarded for any effort made to be present on the occasion. G.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

No. 19.

The following letter, addressed to the Association by one of its faithful teachers at Charleston, S. C., possesses so much of interest, and covers so many points of vital importance to the colored race in that section of country, that it was deemed best to offer it for publication *entire*. In doing so, it may be well to call attention to their industrial efforts in the way of *sewing*. In this school, as well as in every other within our knowledge where it has been attempted, the results have been not only very gratifying, but of almost incalculable benefit to the recipients of that kind of instruction. But to continue it, they *must* be furnished with *materials;* and for the purchase of these, the Association has not the funds to appropriate.

A special appeal is therefore made to our generous friends, either for contributions of suitable dry goods, or of the means to procure them. In this connection, it is scarcely worth while to allude to the "material aid" requisite for continuing the schools, as a perusal of the accompanying interesting epistle will at once show the *necessity* for this.

In reference to the *holiday presents*, the writer would remark, that the funds of the Association are not used for their purchase, they being procured with private contributions made for that especial purpose; and further, these presents were not confined to *toys*, (im-

portant as it is to gladden the hearts of the children,) but embraced a large number of useful articles, such as scarfs, gloves, handkerchiefs, knives, scissors, &c., &c.

Philadelphia, First month, 1869. J. M. E.

Mt. Pleasant, S. C., 1st mo., 1869.

Friends' Assoc. for the Aid and Elevation of Freedmen.

Dear Friends.—I have felt a desire to write you what of interest has transpired in your school here ever since my return, but until the holidays, time has not offered. The short days fly so quickly by, that little is accomplished but the regular school duties.

The school was opened on the 18th of Eleventh month, and has been steadily increasing in size until the enrolment now numbers *one hundred and fifty-five.* The children are making steady progress in their studies, and very much has been their reform in conduct. When I remember how much care the recess used to be to me, for fear in their rude play or in anger they would injure themselves, and how now they play so peaceably and kindly together,—this is one way I note a great change. Since the opening of school this term, but one child has had even to be spoken to at recess. When they collect in one room in the morning at the opening exercises their deportment there for the large number collected in a small space is remarkable, so still and attentive to all that is said. On New Year's day we celebrated it as being their Emancipation day. One room was cleared of all the desks and benches, and a large tree was fixed in the middle. This year we darkened it and lighted the tree, and the effect was very pleasing to the children. The candy and small toys graced the tree, and the larger presents were disposed upon three separate tables, where the children could choose according to their rank in their class. They were all assembled around the tree, and repeated the 23d and 100th Psalms and sung "There is a Beautiful World." We had one spectator from the North, William Jackson, (a cousin of Fanny's.) He expressed much pleasure with their prompt recitations. The work of disposing of the presents was accomplished for all in about twenty minutes, each supplied with a cornucopia filled with candy, and with a happy heart were soon comparing notes in the yard. I wish all the children who contributed presents could have seen the delight these children felt. Among the toys was a "grocery store" that was to be presented to the boy who knew his tables best. There were so many boys in my school who felt confident that they could stand that little ordeal, that the trial had to be given to the boy who had the highest number of marks during the preceding month, and he was duly examined, repeating them before two teachers and five scholars, who felt anxious to see justice done; and the feat was accomplished to the satisfaction of all. He said them backwards, and did not make a falter or mistake. We asked him if he did not think he would be embarrassed saying them before two teachers and five critical scholars? He said no, he could say them anywhere, or anyhow. Such certain knowledge as that, I told him, was always useful. He walked away with his "grocery store" very triumphantly. The presents were all substantial, and general satisfaction seemed to pervade all their minds. We have an interesting First-day school. I think there were about fifty present to-day; being three teachers this year, with the help of one colored teacher we can instruct them separately, and hope to make some good impressions. I would be very glad to have a set of the Question books prepared by Jane Johnson, for the use of these children, they seem so much more suitable than most of the publications of the kind. As the weather becomes more settled the First-day school will be larger. There is one influence that always detains them from attending,—they think they must be dressed differently to appear on First-day. I do not know that they are different from the rest of humanity in this respect, but I have tried very hard to instil in their minds, if they are clean, all other considerations will be laid aside; but argument falls powerless. The sewing school is doing so much towards supplying their most presing wants, that need of nice, neat sacques will soon not be a want among them. The sewing school is carried on successfully now with the aid of four colored dressmakers, who render efficient aid. Lizzie Heacock and myself take the last hour on Sixth-day afternoon to devote to sewing, while Fanny Gause takes the boys into a drawing class. I think there have been as many as fifty sacques made since vacation, and it is a great relief to the teacher to have some of their rags removed from view. Some very liberal donations have been made to this enterprise, and it has always been an interesting part of the school to me, and I hope benevolence will prevail to an extent sufficient to keep it in operation during the year. The children who come to school as steadily as we oblige them to (never missing five days in the month) cannot earn their own living, much less clothe themselves, and their parents have a hard enough time to support them while they are attending school. They have to make the effort to make the garment in the sewing school, and that seems to me better than to just give them the garment already made. The grown people are having all kinds of experience now, incident to their condition of ignorance and their tran-

sition state. They still cling to the idea of obtaining land, and many of them have struggled along and paid as much as one hundred dollars upon certain tracts, and the owner has given them imperfect titles, or in many cases become bankrupt, and could give none. And when they have money, they fear to put it anywhere to draw interest, they have so little confidence in the white people, and say they cannot read or write, and therefore fear to let the money out of their own possession. One old woman told me she had had fifty dollars for eight years, but did not want to lend it for fear she would lose it. I tried to explain to her how she could obtain interest, but she said it would do for them that could read and write, but it would not do for her. All she said she was willing to do was to buy a piece of ground with the money to leave to her daughter. Although nearly all the planters about here are so poor they can hardly get the necessaries of life, they will not part with their land to the colored people; they are so afraid of breaking down that caste that is so precious to them. The difference between the land owner and the cultivators of the soil is so great, that to mingle the two, which would so soon make prosperity here, is what is so obnoxious to them. This prejudice must give way in time, but nothing but the pangs of hunger will ever bring these Southern people to it. They have got this much of their lesson learned, to be willing to dispose of some of their vast tracts of land to Northern men coming here desiring to plant, so as to retain and be able to cultivate on the old plan a small part of these plantations. Poverty exists to a discouraging extent among both white and black, owing to the failure of the crop for two years past. The colored people have the advantage, however, as they are willing to work; but of course they are very ignorant and lack management, and have much suffering to endure. Still, when we contrast their present with their past, then their destiny is glorious: and there is so much promise in the children. For some of the brightest minds in our school their future seems a good thing, and to all there is such a steady improvement. If there only could be plenty of schools spread through the South, so as to uproot the dense ignorance that pervades all minds, reconstruction would then be commenced at the foundation, for without ignorance the South could never have kept the war going on as long as it did. We have kept a night school this winter, although it is questionable whether a teacher ought to expend so much mental energy, thus depriving the day school of part of her power; but Lizzie Heacock being new, and zealous to do all she could, it has been kept in operation so far. The tax of ten cents has been exacted of our scholars every month so far, and in some instances it is cheerfully paid. That amount supplies the school with suitable books, and after the wants are met in that direction we shall endeavor to liquidate salary. If a crop is raised here another year the tax should be increased, but I do feel that it should not be until then. One of the scholars in my school has to assist Fanny in hers all the time, as her school numbers over seventy pupils. If you would feel like encouraging her to do well by a little compensation, I would be glad, for she has to work hard teaching and endeavoring to keep up with her classes. We are at the end of our capacity in taking in scholars, even with this assistant. We now take the name and residence of the child, and wait for some one to be delinquent in attendance, and dismiss the delinquent and take in the new scholar. It seems to me this school might be extended *ad infinitum*, as scholars seem to increase daily, so many are boarding their children within walking distance of the school. It is very encouraging to the teacher to see such unabated zeal manifested, and should incite to earnest labor for the good of the children so implicitly entrusted to their care. I enjoy my school more every day, as they develop and take an interest in new studies. I have several scholars who seem much interested in Physiology. The library sent to them is very beneficial; some of the children in First-day school to-day could repeat the substance of the whole book lent to them; it will create in them such good taste in reading to be surrounded with such nice books and papers. I have again to invite some or all of you to come and visit this school. Thanking all for your continued interest in the welfare of the "school," and your practical sympathy in all my enterprises connected with it,

I am sincerely your friend,

CORNELIA HANCOCK,

Charleston, S. C.

An Original Essay read before the Meeting of the First-day School Association, held at Trenton, 1st mo. 16th, 1869.

"Say not ye there are yet four months and then cometh harvest; behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest." John iv. 35.

The field of First-day Schools is one which surely is white unto harvest; and many reapers are engaged therein, gathering up sheaves.

Beautiful sheaves, white with purity and truth,
Which ever lie scattered in the pathway of youth.

And should we not accept it as an encour-

agement, that so many are willing to enter into this field of labor?

Throughout the Society of Friends these institutions are springing up, here one, and there another, until they are becoming extensively multiplied.

That they will be, if properly conducted, instrumental in effecting much good among the children and youth, (as well as adults), who may become recipients of their benefits, is a question which it is believed by many admits not of a single doubt.

George Fox, the founder of the Society, saw and felt the importance of religiously educating children, and urged, in his day, the establishment of schools in connection with almost every meeting set up. And when we remember that with early Friends religion was the business of life, we may readily comprehend what must have been the character of their schools. Hence the necessity for First-day schools was not then manifest. But at the present time we find the case far different. Thus it has remained for us in this age to institute this class of schools among us, and there are those who are deeply impressed with our utter inability to dispense with them.

Society requires of its members a compliance with certain rules and regulations, and that no violation of principle shall occur—a requirement that places our Society under an obligation to prepare its members for the fulfilment thereof. And may not these schools be regarded as one of the means to be made use of for the accomplishment of this purpose? Can we reasonably expect good fruits without first sowing or planting good seed, and doing all that we can to promote its growth? There are some, doubtless, who consider this the exclusive duty of parents and guardians. Much, truly, necessarily devolves upon them; and in no wise can scholastic training release these from their beautiful and sacred obligations. Neither can their faithfulness exonerate Society from the performance of its special allotment towards its young members. Hence the necessity of associated effort, in the form of these schools, in order to endeavor, under the Divine guidance and blessing, to assist in erecting the standard of Eternal Truth in the hearts of the young.

Here Biblical knowledge may be acquired during the important period referred to, much of which, perchance, will never be forgotten; a love for Christian principles be stimulated and strengthened, as enunciated by the blessed Jesus in His sermon on the mount; and impressions received, the beneficent influence of which may be potent to mould the character and shape the course of their lives. Therefore I would entreat all who feel themselves called to this work as teachers to be not weary in well-doing, but gird up the loins of the mind, put on the armor of love, and go forth, shielded by faith, on your holy and beautiful mission, training these immortal natures for immortal life: and be assured your recompense will be just, your reward will be great, for

"He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal, that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." John ix. 36.

From the London Friend.

A WINTER SONG.

"The day is Thine, the night also is Thine; Thou hast prepared the light and the sun; Thou hast set all the borders of the earth; Thou hast made summer and winter."—Ps. 74: 16, 17.

Hope on my soul, for summer days
Will surely come again;
And winter may be bright with praise,
Though often dark with pain.
Imprisoned safe the harvest lies,
Until the showers of spring,
Until the sunny summer skies
Their warmth and music bring.

Fear not the chill and wintry wind
That whistles round thy cot,
The gusts may chinks and crannies find,
The tempest enters not.
And thou shalt have a better home
In glory bright and fair,
Where pelting rain can never come,
For all is sunshine there.

Be patient then, a little while;
The howling storm may roar,
'Tis but to herald summer's smile,
Its discord soon is o'er.
Come driving sleet; come snow and hail;
Come chill and wintry blast;
The rainbow promise cannot fail,
And summer comes at last.

Selected.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands—
Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on
That the children might be glad.
I almost weep, as looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not,
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
They're growing feeble now;
For time and pain have left their work
On hand, and heart, and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will folded be.

But oh! beyond this shadow-lamp,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear.
Where crystal streams, through endless years,
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

The following, taken from an editorial of the Philadelphia Ledger, we commend to the practical attention of the class to whom it especially refers:

PERILS OF THE YOUNG.

Young people cannot be too careful to avoid bad habits. If a young man be idle, he will make others idle. If he be dishonorable in business or extravagant, or does not pay his debts, he saps that credit, confidence and honor, which is the life of business prosperity. Where these or other vicious principles prevail among the youth of a nation, it may sink into degradation, and eventually be destroyed. On the other hand, where an industrious, orderly, just and honorable character pertains to the youth of a people, it insures the welfare and progress of the nation at large. In youth comes the crisis of life. Those who choose well, rise like the morning sun higher and higher, but those who fail at this crisis, sink among the perils that surround them, often to rise no more. At no time are passion and energy so strong, and experience so weak, as at the point where parents and guardians relinquish authority, and the young man assumes the responsibility of directing himself. It is then that the mind and the body are strong, courage, hope and enterprise ardent, and the appetites and inclinations powerful. Passions, when latent in the breast, need but a spark of temptation to inflame them. If they were all pure, and properly harmonized, the young man would perhaps find in them that which would give strength to his virtue, and an instinct, which, supplying the place of experience, would guide him aright. But it is not so. He may have inherited the moral delinquencies of the parent as much as his physical disorders. The currents and fashions of prevailing wickedness make it difficult for a young man to keep clear of them. What avails the skill of the mariner in the midst of the whirlpool? He may steer by his compass, and set his sails, and seem to be moving aright, while he is really drifting into the fatal current. The young man, led by his youthful associates into the haunts of dissipation and vice, is being insensibly drawn into the fatal current. He may be amiable, and even innocent at first, but after a time his face is flushed, and his brow contracted with anxiety, for he feels that he is rushing into the whirlpool of guilt that may end in his destruction.

Good habits firmly fixed are the best thing to guide the young through the journey of life in a wise and honorable manner. Money cannot do it; nor talents and education, nor powerful connections and fashionable manners. Neither can philosophy, or even innocence and amiability do it. All these may fade before temptation, like snow before the sun. Earnest and active devotion to duty, to virtuous principles and the practice of honor, honesty, morality and justice, are necessary to combat the dangers by which the young are surrounded. Some habits should be checked; others stimulated; some need pruning, and others weeding out, root and branch. If taken in time, it will be a pleasant duty to keep the garden of the mind in order, but if the weeds get the upper hand, the task will be one of increasing difficulty.

WHAT A KINDERGARTEN IS, AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

Madame Matilda H. Kriege writes on this subject as follows:

"There exist some false suppositions and misapprehensions as to what a Kindergarten is. Several schools for young children have adopted the name, and it is generally understood in this country to mean a primary school where the discipline is not so strict as in other regular schools—a kind of play-school where children are allowed a little more freedom, but are otherwise instructed in the way which is customary in primary schools. Some bring it in connection with object teaching, as being the only feature which distinguishes it from the primary school.

A Kindergarten proper, according to Froebel's system, as it exists in Germany, is yet to be established in this country. It is my intention to do this. I do not wish to enter into competition with other Kindergartens existing. They have done a great deal to prepare the way for the real Kindergarten, which must upon its own merits, and will be appreciated in time when it becomes fully known.

A true Kindergarten is *the primary stage of a consummate system of education.* It is education while young—education in its widest sense, not mere teaching. Froebel's method is nature's method, for he has found the laws of what has at all times been serviceable for the education of the human race, and has systematized these laws. He clears away all obstacles and hinderances to the proper development of the human being, physically, morally, and mentally, and aids by proper treatment and care, as a gardener does for

his plants, their perfect development, according to each individuality. Object teaching is only an element that enters somewhat into the instruction in a Kindergarten. It is not a system by itself which could supply all wants, and never can become one.

Play is the mode in which the activity of children manifests itself; to make play serve as the means of instruction and development of *all* the faculties of children, artistic and inventive, without taking away its character as play—this was the great discovery of Froebel. How this is done, cannot here be described, but every true Kindergarten will exemplify it. Of course, it is not idle play. To let the children play at random, or to let them mechanically imitate a few occupations of the Kindergarten, does not do this, nor answer the purpose. There has to be system, gradation, progression in it, which is to be regulated by the teacher according to laws.

Froebel's system is no specialty, nor is it a hobby. It comprises the whole of human education and development, and does *not* end with the Kindergarten, which is merely its beginning or stage for the earlier period of life. Herald of Health. *Boston Transcript.*

ITEMS.

The Indians.—Gen. Wm. B. Hazen, commanding the Southern Indian District, has written a letter to the President of the U. S. Indian Commission, calling attention to the fact that there is collecting at Fort Cobb, for the care and protection of the Government, under his direction, some 8,000 or 10,000 of the wild Camanches and Kiowas, and other Indians, who of all those upon the plains have been least affected by contact with the white man. Gen. Hazen suggests that some person should be sent by the Indian Commission to Fort Cobb, to study and learn the condition and wants of the Indians. He further writes that practical missionaries, of good moral character, who should be young and active, of the following vocations—farmers, house builders, gardeners, fruiterers and cattle raisers, with such aids as will enable them to instruct in all these branches—can do much in the cause of humanity, and assist greatly in solving the true problem of Indian amelioration.

One thousand miles on the Union Pacific Railroad completed, is the announcement of a telegram from the canyons of Northern Utah. One year ago the terminus of the road was at Evans' Pass, the summit of the Black Hill Mountains, 540 miles west of Omaha. To-day it is 1000 miles. The difference between these figures gives as the achievement of a single year 460 miles of telegraph and railroad built and supplied with all the machinery, equipments, and fixtures necessary to a first-class railroad. This 460 miles, if built upon the route and parallel to the New York & Erie Railroad, would cover the whole distance from New York to Dunkirk. And as the engineering difficulties are probably as great on the Union Pacific line as they are on the line supposed, the candid reader who has carefully noted the work upon the Erie Road will get a better idea of the wonders accomplished by the Union Pacific Company, which seem, even to practical men, so much more like fiction than reality.

The Tunnel under the English Channel, at Dover, it is asserted, will have to be bored through a chalk formation, and though the actual perforation will be easy, yet the pressure of the sea upon the yielding rock will be immense. In building the Thames tunnel, the water burst through the roof several times, and Brunel, the engineer, nearly lost his life during one of these irruptions of the river. In the event of a violent storm the danger of a breal would be imminent, and the workmen, having t run several miles to obtain a refuge, would hav but poor opportunity to escape. The difficulty o ventilating such a tunnel must prove to be very great. But, notwithstanding these serious objections three eminent English engineers have pronounced the plan to be feasible, and the estimated cost, forty five millions dollars, to be reasonable.

Family Ice Houses.—A plan of constructing a cheap ice house, sufficient for the wants of a large family living in the country, near a pond of fresh water, has recently been suggested. A frame building, twelve feet square and eight or nine feet high it is asserted, will be sufficiently capacious for all purposes. The house should be supported on posts elevated a few inches above the ground, to secure proper drainage, and should be constructed of three inch joists, with an outer boarding, and having inside another series of uprights, also boarded, from six to ten inches removed from the outer shell. The floor should be made of solid plank, and the space between the two walls should be filled with tan, sawdust, straw or chaff; when a roof of good pitch is added, the ice house is complete. A drain for water should be made from the floor, and the space above the uprights, between a loose flooring and the pitch of the roof, filled with straw or hay, or some similar dry, porous material. On the roof should be a ventilator, the top defended from the rain or snow.

The ice should be packed in one solid mass, the sides not reaching the inner walls of the building, but allowing a space of from six to twelve inches all around. The top of the ice should be covered with straw, and the door should be like the sides of the building, or double doors should be made, one in the outer and the other in the inner wall. Morning-glories or any climbing vine should be planted around the building, and should be made to creep up the walls and over the roof, as an additional defence against the burning summer sun. A building of this kind, it is asserted, could be erected in one or two days by two men, even if they were not practical carpenters.

The great lifting power of growing trees is illustrated in the cemetery at Old Cambridge, Mass. A small tree has grown through a chink between two stones, lifted another heavy tomb stone some inches, and pushed a stout iron railing off the perpendicular by the force of its growth.

Mars is better known than any other body in the solar system. Its physical relations resemble those of our earth. The same may be said to some extent of Venus, Jupiter and Saturn; but some of the physical characteristics of all of them differ so greatly from those of the earth that there is strong reason to doubt whether living beings, such as inhabit our globe, could exist in those planets at all. The subject is deeply interesting, however, as showing the far-reaching character of modern science, which can penetrate distances hundreds of millions of miles from the earth, and by a mere analysis of light and vapors determine with a reasonable certainty the materials of which those far off worlds are composed.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 6, 1869. No. 49.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,

At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.

SINGLE NOS. 6 CENTS.

REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.

AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*
Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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EXTRACTS FROM "THE FELLS OF SWARTHMOOR HALL."

(Continued from page 755)

The following letter, written just two months after the sentence of premunire was confirmed against Margaret Fell, alludes to very critical family affairs.

John Rous to Margaret Fell.

"MILE-END, 21st 7th mo. (November), 1664.

"Dear Mother,—My very true and fervent love is hereby given, and very dearly remembered to thee, with dear G. F. and my sister Rachel. Thy letter to my sister Mary, by last post, we received. I was once with my sister, to speak with my brother Fell, but he was not at home, and since, I was there and carried thy letter to him, and then they said he was gone to Whitehall; we have not seen him now about a fortnight, and so know not what he hath done, nor how far he hath proceeded; but I spoke with Thomas Speed, who was last week with him at Whitehall, where he searched the record where all such things, if they are given away, are entered, and T. S. told me they could not find that it was then granted to any one. My sister told me my brother was with Col. Kirby, and that he was very courteous to him, but it is well known what his fair words come to. I forgot in my last to give thee an account of what I had done about the £36 my brother was to pay Robt. Pring. I, perceiving that my brother was in a great strait about the money and knew not where to get it, and that the non-payment of it would turn much to his discredit, upon his promise to repay it me in a month, I told Robt. Pring I would see him satisfied; this I did before I received thy first letter about it, and before I saw thy last to my sister Mary I had paid the money. I was not willing to drive it off long after I had passed my word for it, lest Robt. Pring should have had any hard thoughts concerning me for not paying it, and so when rents come in I would desire thee to reserve so much for me, lest my brother when he come down dispose of it otherwise, which would turn my kindness to him into a prejudice to myself. When I have an answer to my last to thee I may write further to that business, not having much at present to write, only last week I received a letter from P. Evans, wherein was inclosed one to thee, which I do not judge worth paying postage for so far, nor worth troubling thee with; but this I perceive by his letter, they were all much troubled at thine, and he thinks it may be much prejudice to me, for he thus writes: 'I desire thee by the next to write to thy father and mother and excuse thyself in this matter, for I perceive the thing may work much to thy prejudice else, and thy father will not sign the bond, neither will there be need for thee to press it either in relation to thyself or wife, for I perceive his intentions are clear concerning thee without such things.' I am

well satisfied concerning his intentions towards me while I live, but my desire is to get the bond signed, that if I should die my wife or children, if the Lord please to give me any, may not suffer; but I think it may be well to forbear urging it till their spirits are more down, and, in the meantime, if my signing a bond may do any good, I shall be very willing, and shall after awhile, as opportunity may offer, write to my father to sign that; but I perceive that the greatness of the obligation, being £20,000, is something stumbled at, so that if thou think fit it be £10,000, or £12,000, which it may be, will not be so much looked at, I shall be willing to do what may be thought necessary for me to do, for I would not have anything wanting to secure to my wife that which is already granted her; for I look upon it she very well deserves it if it had been more. My wife received G. F.'s dear lines, which I forgot to mention in my last, being taken up so much with that business. There were about 50 taken from the Bull and Mouth yesterday, and about 18 from Mile-end. My wife and sister are both well, and remember their dear love to thee and G. F. There is great expectation of a war with the Dutch, and many ships are a fitting for it. This with my dear love to thee is all at present from

"Thy dear son, JOHN ROUS."

"I had this day a letter from my brother Yeamans, and they are both well. Thy letter to my brother and sister Yeamans I sent by the post last 7th day."

The above remark about "brother Yeamans" is the first indication in any of the letters we have of Isabel's marriage to Wm. Yeamans, which took place in the summer of 1664.

By the forepart of the letter we see the Fells were anxiously watching, if the confiscation were followed by the grant of Swarthmoor Hall to any of those virulent persecutors who no doubt had their eye upon it, but in this one particular the King had kept his promise so far. Still they felt by no means secure, for they well knew that at any future day he might assign over all Margaret Fell's property, personal and real, to whomsoever he chose.

It seems to have been very soon, almost immediately, after the despatch of that letter from John Rous, that Mary, who was still on a visit with her sister in London, became extremely ill. The nature of her disease is not stated in the only communication which alludes to it; but we know the metropolis was just then on the eve of that dreadful plague, which suddenly swept thousands on thousands into eternity, the earlier form of which was spotted fever, and whether or not it were one of these premonitory cases of the fearful malady is not clear, yet it seems most probable. The spirit of perfect resignation felt by the mother to the will of the Lord, be that will life or death for her beloved child, is beautifully manifested in the letter which follows:—

Margaret Fell to John and Margaret Rous.

Lancaster Castle, 1st of 10th mo. (Dec.) 1664.

"My dear son and daughter,—In tender compassion and love, and the feeling of that life which never has an end, do I write unto you. It is in that I do enjoy my dear Mary; her spirit is near and dear and seems present with me, whether in the body or out of it, with the Lord. To the Lord of heaven and earth she is given up freely. To His heavenly and holy will I freely submit that every jot and tittle thereof, may be fulfilled to the glory and praise of His great name.

"My dear daughter, in the name of the Lord Jesus—He who has all power in heaven and earth, who gives life and breath to all His creatures, and takes them away at His pleasure—keep down all unworthy anxieties. In the invisible holy life which thou art made partaker of, solace thy soul, and in a sense of the superintending power of Almighty God, rest satisfied and be content. As I have said often to thee, give up to be crossed,—that is the way to please the Lord, and to follow Him in His own way and will, whose way is the best; and blessed and happy are they that repose on His arm, and in His bosom. Theirs is an enduring inheritance where there will never be any more change. Dear Margaret, let nothing enter thy mind concerning me, for I am very well content with the work of the Lord. I know your care and tenderness was not wanting to her; and so be all satisfied and content with the will of the Lord; let neither murmuring nor repining enter any of your minds. Let not sorrow fill your hearts, for we have all cause to rejoice in the Lord evermore, and I most of all. I who brought her up for the Lord, whom I am sure is her true owner, and therein is my joy—blessed be His holy name who has given me her to that end, that He might take her away at His pleasure.

"All your three sisters were here with me when we received the letters, and it was well it was so. I intend they shall stay two or three days more [in Lancaster] till the sessions be ended. Thus it hath pleased the Lord to divide us equally;—you being together there, and we together here: blessed be His holy name!

"Last week I wrote my mind concerning your brother Fell, and I would desire to know his mind as to what he intends to do as shortly as may be, for we wish to make a sale

of some part of the goods. But if he comes to live in the country and to take things into his own hands, we should make a sale of all, and he shall have what he sees fitting. I would have you to persuade him to come to the country, and as soon as may be.

"Your sisters Sarah, Susan, and Rachel, who are all here, remember their dear love to you and to their brother Fell, and their brother and sister Yeamans. No more, but rest your dear mother,

"MARGARET FELL."

"It is much satisfaction to me that you let me know all along how it was with her. It was very well done of you.

"Colonel Kirby causes our bonds to be renewed and straitened more and more. They lock up George Fox, under pretence of an order that came from London. Get the enclosed letter of G. F.'s sent to Gilbert Latey, that G. Whitehead and he may draw out from it what they see convenient. The enclosed to thy brother Fell, deliver to him thyself."

The original of the above letter, which is in the Devonshire House Collection, is thus directed :—

"To JOHN ROUS, Mercht.
at the Bear & Fountain in
Loathbury in
London.
These deliver with care."

(Endorsed by G. F.) "M. F. when she was a prisoner, sent this to her son John Rous, 1664."

Mary recovered again, and returned to her ancestral home amid the lakes and mountains of the north; whilst deeper and deeper the dark and fearful clouds of pestilence and persecution spread over the metropolis. Again her dedicated mother pressed her to her bosom, and blessed the Lord with fervent thankfulness that He had given her back her child from the very brink of the grave. But that meeting between mother and daughter took place within the gloomy confines of the castle prison, not as in past times in their own fair Hall. Yet even in prison her joy could be full. She who before in that darker hour declared from within those same walls, "We have all cause to rejoice in the Lord evermore, and I most of all," was happy even in bonds, *because the Lord was with her*, and it was His presence shed around, that peace and joy, "which passeth understanding."

Meantime, Ellis Hooks, of London, kept Margaret Fell duly informed of the general proceedings in and near the Metropolis respecting the Friends. In one of the many letters he wrote to her about this time, he says :—

"I think it is two weeks since I wrote to thee, therefore I must now give thee an account of what passed at the Session house last week Yesterday, at Hicks' Hall, four women Friends were sentenced to eleven months' imprisonment or 40*l.* fine, they having husbands. Twelve or thirteen men and women were sentenced to be transported to any of the foreign plantations. At the Old Baily, about forty-six Friends were called, and sixteen of them would not answer [not guilty] according to their form, and so yesterday they were sentenced by the Recorder, those that had husbands to Bridewell for twelve months, or 20*l.* fine; the men were sentenced to Barbadoes, and the women-maids to Jamaica. About sixteen last Seventh-day pleaded, and were tried by a jury, which jury were twice sent out, not agreeing in their verdict. The judges (Hide and Keeling) talked much to them, but they could not agree, six of them standing very much for Friends. Some of them pleaded notably for Friends, saying they did not deny but that they were guilty of meeting at the Bull and Mouth, but they said they were not guilty of the fact charged against them, viz., attending a seditious meeting. One of the jury declared the witnesses were not competent persons (being common drunkards) to swear against honest men. So the judges were very angry with the jury, and bound them in 100*l.* bond a-piece, to answer it at the King's-bench bar. The four jailers at Newgate were all the witnesses that came in against Friends, except one of the marshal's men.

"The seven Friends at Hertford, that were first sentenced to be banished, are come back from Gravesend again, and all their goods are set on shore. I hear the owners intend to send their ship another way. They have sentenced twenty-one at Hertford since."

(To be continued.)

THE TRUE LIFE.

The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and to light; to pace around the mill of habit and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper, and turn thought into implements of trade—this is not life. In all this, but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth, which vibrates through the heart; the tears, which freshen the dry wastes within; the muscle, that brings childhood back; the prayer, that calls us near; the doubt, which makes us meditate; the hardship, that forces us to struggle; the anxiety, that ends in trust —these are the true nourishments of natural being.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"THERE IS A PLEASURE IN THE PATHLESS WOOD."

How delightful are the mind's wanderings through the magnificent works of Deity, halting at times to take a survey of beauty and grandeur where the touch of His finger has left an ever-abiding glory. Nor does the eye tire in its gaze when the heart is lifted up in thanksgiving and praise. The lofty pine, the tall cedar, ever green, emblems of virtue and love, through summer's heat and winter's cold, stretch their limbs toward heaven, and seem to say to the *all Father*, here we are, uprising in all the beauty wherewith Thou hast clothed us. We have obeyed thy behest, moved only as the gentle breezes moved us, and bowed as the fierce gales passed over us. To stand in the shadow of these in summer's heat, is indeed a pleasing gratification, for while enjoying the refreshing influence outwardly, there may come also the charm of that ever-presiding Spirit, that out of chaos brought forth all this perfection. Oh! if human beings would stand as true to the Author of their being, what moral improvement and loveliness in every day life would shine forth! As the violet blooms under the outspread branches of the oak, and the vine twines around its trunk, so would all the kind and soothing attentions flow out through associations of intelligent beings, the strong sustaining the weak, selfishness yielding to duty, obligations of trust fulfilled, harmony and peace presiding and blessing communities and households.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods." But description fails to portray what the heart feels in contemplating the munificence of the great Creator. I would invite all who are at all disposed to ennui or distrust to turn their thoughts upward and number their blessings. The sun shines alike on the evil and the good, the rain descends on the just and on the unjust. The rich and the poor share alike in these bountiful provisions. Art thou pressed with cares or tired with the perfidy of men, retire, at least in mind, into some quiet nook, or sit thee down by some sweetly-gliding brook, or if too much ruffled for this, turn in thought to the vast wilderness where the feet of men never trod, view its sublime solitude, the length and breadth of its undisturbed domain, and the majesty of eternal goodness will surround thee, and show thee the littleness of all these vexations and the sources whence they rise when compared with the Power that spoke worlds into existence. Then will He say to all these disturbing things, "Peace, be still," and commission his angels to prepare a repast, as he did for his Prophet Elijah, that will strengthen thee for the remainder of life's journey. "There is a rapture on the lonely shore." Who has not felt it while standing by the great deep, viewing its fathomless expanse, with heart uplifted to Him by whose fiat the waters were gathered into one place and bounds set,—"Thus far shalt thou go and no further." Who has not felt it, when these have rolled and foamed mountain high and receded again to their allotted place; nor is the ecstasy less when in their more gentle murmurs, never ceasing, they rise and recede, loving the feet of the admirer as they pass.

"There is society where none intrude." Oh, yes, the highest, purest, and best of all. "The soul's well beloved," the presence of Him, who to the humble wayfarer journeying to the land of Beulah is "the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely." Were it not so, seclusion would mean desertion; but it is far otherwise. The chamber of the suffering ones is hallowed by His presence, gloom is chased away by the smile of His countenance, while in confidence they look up and say, "Though Thou slay me, yet will I trust in Thee;" and in love He answers, "There shall not a hair of your head perish; in your patience possess ye your souls."

1*st mo.* 15*th*, 1869. S. HUNT.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A CALL TO DUTY.

That the great truths which form the underlying principles of Christianity, as expounded by our fathers, were adapted to the wants of the human family, is abundantly proved by the readiness with which earnest-minded seekers after truth, in every condition of life, amongst many of the nations of Europe, and on this continent, embraced them. Many of these, following the example of the first disciples, "went everywhere preaching the word." Multitudes were gathered under the banner of the Prince of Peace, through their instrumentality.

The world owes much to those steadfast champions for truth, and we, their descendants, owe it to them and ourselves to carry on the work so faithfully begun.

"If we depend on birthright as a means of recruiting our ranks, we become at best a hereditary organization."

It is well for us to think of this, weighing carefully the evidences of our condition as compared with the various religious organizations of the present time.

It is well, too, for us to recognize the fact, that each age has its wants, which influences its acts.

This is a period of great activity. With the disenthralment of the body comes the breaking off of the shackles of the mind.

Old creeds are being re-examined; old ideas weighed in the balance of our enlarged humanity, and, if found wanting, are cast aside. The sects into which the Church is divided, are making the most of this condition of things.

They have Sabbath School Societies; Missionary Societies, both home and foreign; Bible and Tract Societies; Young Men's Christian Associations; Evangelical Alliances; Publication Societies; all independent of the individual organization, in all of which are to be found Societies auxiliary to these, which furnish labor for all, and in one or another of which, each member finds his or her place.

Now how is it with us? Resting on the rock of our faith, Christ the teacher of his people, and believing in the sufficiency of *this light* for ourselves, we have not made the effort that our predecessors did, to bring others under the influence of its Divine rays. We have not heard the voice of those Watchmen who have been calling to our children to turn from the inner light, and seek through some other way for acceptance with the Father of all our mercies. *We have not* raised our banner before the world, in the sight of all men, calling on them *to come* away from the forms and ceremonies in which the ingenuity of man has too often shrouded the *Truth, and to come* to that law written in the heart, which, if lived up to, will guide into all truth.

We have seen our dear young people, when awakened to a consciousness of their obligations to our Heavenly Father, feeling that in his vineyard there is work to be done, and the query "Why stand ye here idle?" urging them to effort. They have looked over our meetings,—have seen nothing there that *they* could take hold of; have grown up with the idea that all the labor of the Society must rest on the shoulders of the aged and the middle-aged; and, fearful of laying an unholy hand upon our ark, have suffered themselves to be drawn into other organizations where provision for the wants of such has been made.

Thus have been gathered elsewhere awakened and sincere minds, that might have been shining lights in our Church. We, who advocate the establishment of First-day schools, believe that this and analagous efforts, under the Divine blessing, may prove instrumental toward the enlargement and prosperity of our heritage.

Our young people are asking bread. Shall we disregard their appeal, and thus virtually send them to seek it elsewhere, or shall we, as loving parents, give them that which their spirits crave, and thus strengthen the band which binds them to us, so that their language will be, your people shall be our people, and your God our God. L. J. R.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.—NO. XIII.

Charity.

There are two kinds of charity. That which is most commonly understood by the term charity, is liberality to the poor, or to benevolent institutions. It is not this, however, of which it is now proposed to speak, but of that other kind of charity which is defined to be, "liberality in judging of men and their actions; a disposition which inclines men to put the best construction on the words and actions of their fellow men." It is, however, more fully defined, and its nature and value set forth by the Apostle Paul in his epistle to the Corinthians; and his language as there used cannot be too often repeated. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil. Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

There is nothing more essential to the true Christian character than that which is here portrayed;—a disposition to be content with what we are, envying not, and vaunting not ourselves upon any assumed superiority;—avoiding all pretensions and high professions, according to all others the full merit to which they may be entitled, and regarding and holding up to view their virtues rather than their faults. Such is charity.

There are some things in regard to which it may be well to inquire whether Friends do not need the invocation of this eminent virtue, as a means of placing themselves more in harmony with the divine government, and thereby promoting their growth and prosperity as a religious body. Whatever there may be in our discipline or usages that is obnoxious to the imputation of a want of charitableness, should be open to criticism and examination, as it is only by this examination that we can move forward and better our condition.

Is there not reason to fear that a disposition has prevailed among Friends, more in

times past than now, but still to too great an extent, to consider themselves a select and chosen people, peculiarly favored of the Almighty. In the introduction to our Discipline there occurs the following passage: "As it hath pleased the Lord in these latter days, by His spirit and power, to gather a people to Himself; and, releasing them from the impositions and teachings of men, to inspire them with degrees of the same universal love and good will by which the dispensation of the gospel was ushered in," &c. The same character of expression is also sometimes heard from our galleries; and much as we have in many respects outgrown our discipline, and advanced in general intelligence and moral and religious culture, it may be well feared that a sentiment of this kind yet prevails among us to some extent. Any assumption of superiority on our part involves as its correlative the assumption that others are our inferiors, and hence its uncharitableness. We cannot be too thoroughly impressed with the great truth, that it is by *works* alone, as distinguished from mere *profession*, that we can promote the cause of truth and our own welfare.

Again, as it seems to me, do we disregard the wise teachings of Paul in applying the opprobrious term "hireling" to the paid ministry of other religious denominations. We have a right to our own views on this subject, and to think our own views correct, and to promulgate them to the world; but have we a right to apply to those who may think differently from us, but to whom in a spirit of Christian charity we must accord the same sincerity that we claim for ourselves, terms conveying the accusation of mercenary venality? It is true that the term "hireling" *may* in a literal sense be applied to any one who serves for hire or wages, but as in common acceptation it implies mercenariness or the prostitution of one's talents or services for hire, its use in this connection is unbecoming a people making the profession we do as to meekness, peace, and good will toward all men.

It is not intended to counsel any abatement of our opposition to a system by which a class of men are educated, set apart and supported by salaries, as professional teachers of the way of salvation, but simply to urge that in maintaining our own peculiar views, we avoid the use of offensive and uncharitable epithets, which, so far from promoting our own principles, do but recoil upon ourselves, doing us an injury without any countervailing good.

It is worthy of inquiry also, whether, in the treatment of offenders, so-called, Friends are accustomed to exercise a degree of charity consistent with their professions of meekness and love? "Do you take due care regularly to deal with all offenders in the spirit of meekness, without partiality or unneccessary delay, in order for their help, and where such labor is ineffectual, to place judgment upon them in the authority of Truth?"

The injunction here given "regularly to deal with all offenders," and when labor is ineffectual "to place judgment upon them," read and answered as it is required to be three times a year in all the Preparative, Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, and also in the Yearly Meeting, and the protracted proceedings incident to most cases of alleged breach of discipline, seem to make this too much the business of the Society. Ought we not to look forward more, by a zealous advocacy and holding up of the principles we profess, rather than to look backward so much, by devoting so large a share of our attention to dealing with offenders.

The words "to place judgment upon them in the authority of Truth," thousands of times repeated from the desks of our clerks, have ever sounded to me harsh and unpleasant. How can we assume that any has the right to usurp the judgment seat of the Almighty, and undertake in the authority of Divine Truth to place judgment upon their fellow members?

These are criticisms upon what is regarded as law among us,—that is the Discipline; but we must not consider anything too sacred for criticism that *may be* susceptible of improvement, bearing in mind that criticism does not necessarily involve change, unless upon due deliberation it proves to be well founded.

Apart from the discipline itself, is there not occasion for a larger charity in its administration, much as we have improved in this respect? It is painful to think of the vast numbers that under a mistaken policy and uncharitable spirit have been disowned in times past for marrying others than members of our Society; and though this has mostly passed, is there not yet much room for improvement?

1st mo., 1869. T. H. S.

It is a sad, heavy thing to do anything as in obedience to God, while the heart is straitened, not enlarged toward Him by his Divine love; but, that once taking possession, and enlarging the heart, that inward principle of obedience makes the outward obedience sweet; it is then a natural motion. Indeed, the soul runs in the ways of God, as the sun in its course, which finds no difficulty, being naturally fitted and carried to that motion. "He goes forth as a bridegroom, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.—*Leighton.*"

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A PLEA FOR A NEW YEARLY MEETING.

The settlement of the Central States has collected in its tide of immigration people of all sects and almost all nationalities. Finding here no sea-girt or mountain-bound localities, but a wide and nearly level area of fertility, it is not surprising that the population has spread over a surface almost as boundless as the sea. Those who seek a home here have generally no special local attractions, and are not so much influenced by distance as by convenience; hence charity will palliate, if it does not excuse, the remoteness of many Friends from our meetings. Yet those silent influences which touch and teach the heart, incline us not only to re-union in worship, but to desire to perpetuate the name of a spiritual church, that can satisfy our human needs; and there are yearnings with all those who have kept their integrity to be gathered to the wonted fold.

Though beyond the territorial limits of any Yearly Meeting, these remote members are yet as amenable to disciplinary requisitions as those are who reside in the vicinities where meetings are regularly held, and the charge of delinquency or apathy may be made against some who, were they differently circumstanced, might receive the meed of approval. Pressing home duties so nearly fill up the time of these, that long and expensive journeys can only be of special and not of general requisition.

These considerations are a plea for the establishment of new meetings, so near to all who have a desire to attend, that neglect may be presumed to indicate indifference. It is a truth that where two or three are gathered in the Divine Name, a Saviour is there in the midst; hence a few may hold and establish meetings for spiritual worship. It may interest the readers of the *Intelligencer* to know that some Friends in Iowa and Illinois have for some time believed that the best interests of Truth require the establishment of a new Yearly Meeting, central, within the compass of (at present) four Monthly Meetings, besides other indulged meetings, from which latter, it is expected, two other Monthly Meetings will soon be formed, A circle of 150 miles, from centre to side, would comprise the limits of this new Yearly Meeting. West Liberty, in Iowa, where, and in the vicinity of which, it is thought, the largest number of Friends reside, is the local centre; and radiating lines of railway make it convenient for all within the limits to attend. Those Friends who on account of remoteness do not attend the Yearly Meetings to which they now belong, cannot be of much real strength to them; hence, if requests are properly made to the Yearly Meetings of Baltimore and Indiana, it is probable they will grant us the privilege desired. In the meantime, such as feel this concern should be encouraged not to look too much to others, but do what is required at their hands. Though not the first to whom this prospect opened, I have felt impressed to give it my earnest support. SIDNEY AVERILL.

Prophetstown, Ill.

SCRAPS FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

While here I try to put aside every thing but present enjoyment, but my desire is not to violate any of the precious testimonies upon which I feel my convictions of truth are based. The older I grow, the dearer they become to me, and I could know no greater joy than to see them advanced. I will relate a conversation which occurred since I have been here, which strengthened me in believing the movement now commencing among us may result in bringing others to see the excellency of our principles.

A few evenings since, while in conversation with a gentleman whom I always considered adverse to Friends, I used the expression, "our principles." He instantly observed, "You call them principles; I call them notions." I said, "That is because thou dost not understand them." "No," he replied, "I do not, nor any one else." "I know many that do, I responded;" but I did not think best at that time to pursue the subject further. On the following day he apologized for the remarks he had made on the previous evening, saying, "Early this morning I awoke with a feeling of regret for the rude language I had used to you last evening, and the manner in which the Quakers bear their testimonies came forcibly before me, and I must acknowledge of all the different sects I know of none whose members more nearly live up to the principles of their profession than the Quakers. Why do you not publish your belief, that all may understand it? When our young friend S. was at my house some time since, I asked her to explain to me the principles and testimonies of the Quakers. She replied she knew not what they were. I asked her if she had not been instructed in them? She replied she had not. Since then she has joined another religious Society, and I believe it was because she was not educated in your principles and testimonies. I think it is a great mistake that you do not impress the great truths which you profess upon your children. I believe, if they were thoroughly educated in them, they would be instruments of good to others."

I thought such a testimony must stimulate

me to greater faithfulness in doing the little I can to exalt the standard of right and truth.

We have travelled so far about 1200 miles, and for the most part have enjoyed the scenery. In one or two instances the rides have been tedious and monotonous, but we have felt fully compensated in meeting with our friends.

The dear uncle whom I had desired so anxiously to visit received us with an emotion that choked his utterance. We are the first of his relatives he has seen since he came out West. He is old, and has not been successful in the accumulation of property. His children are hardy, inured to toil, affectionate, and possess good natural abilities, which will lead to aspirations higher than any they have as yet known.

We were there over First-day. Being desirous of getting a better knowledge of the people of the settlement and to know something of their religious character, we went with the family to "Sunday school." We learned that it is the custom for persons of all ages to attend, there being very few religious privileges among them, except such as this school affords.

The teacher of the Bible class was absent. S. was asked to supply his place; he declined, but referred them to me. This was what I was not prepared for. I looked at the class. They were all full-grown, and among them one of the "boys in blue." With a fervent, secret petition for divine help, of which I never felt the want more than at that moment, I yielded to their request. The lesson for the day was from the Sermon on the Mount, beginning with "Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, thou shalt not kill," and four other verses. I could not have chosen within the lids of the New Testament a better portion of Divine Truth. The Master was my helper. The class was attentive, and I tried to impress upon the minds of each the spirituality of our religion,—the inner life,—which all this chapter illustrates, and was led to review in brief the blessings promised to the various states into which the seeking soul may be brought when hungering and thirsting after the bread and water of life. To the young soldier this appealed with a force that I am sure will not be soon forgotten. He had known what it was to hunger and have the natural appetite unappeased—to thirst for the cool brook by the wayside, and have no friendly hand to offer the cup; yet this bread and this water of life shall never fail to nourish and support the soul under every privation and discouragement.

As I looked from one to another, and observed the interest with which they listened to the simple truths of our simple faith, my heart was lifted in thankful praise for that Providence that had led me to view the truth untrammeled by any outward observances.

The hour passed rapidly. At the close a warm pressure of the hand from each assured me that deep in the heart the good seed had found a lodgment, and under the Divine Husbandman's care would yield an abundant harvest.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 6, 1869.

A SUGGESTION.—We have received a letter from a correspondent, extracts from which will be found in this number, intimating the desire of some members of our Society who have settled in Illinois and Iowa for the establishment of a Yearly Meeting in the latter State. We have learned from various sources that many Friends from the East and South are scattered over the large tract comprising what our correspondent calls the Central States. Some of these are isolated and with large families; and his suggestion revives the desire which has been often expressed that Friends so situated should not neglect their religious obligations, but regularly meet together on the First-day of the week for the purpose of Divine Worship.

The records of the early settlement of some of the older States inform us that when a few Friends settled in the same locality they met for Divine Worship at each others' houses. They were often joined by others not in profession with them—perhaps making no profession—and in this way some of the large meetings in the Eastern States were settled. Many sober-minded people are annually emigrating to these Central States who are not in membership with any religious society, and some of these would esteem it a privilege to attend such a meeting, even if it were held in silence. As a right exercise was maintained by the "two or three" gathered in the name of Christ, we cannot doubt but the influence would be acknowledged in the neighborhood—the children would often be preserved in the fold, and many might become convinced of the Truth as we profess it, and be made instrumental in encouraging others

n that spiritual communion which our profession enjoins.

PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—A Meeting of the "Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" was held in this city on the 22d ultimo, and the Academy of Music, one of the largest public halls, was filled by an appreciative audience, to hear the remarks of Henry Bergh, President of the Society instituted for the same purpose in the city of New York. Many interesting statements were made, which have been largely published in the daily papers, and we trust the influence of the Society will be extended, not only in our large cities, but throughout the entire country. The practice of inflicting cruelty upon animals is widespread, and there can be no doubt that a familiarity with it has a tendency to brutalize and debase not only those who practice, but those who witness it. It was well remarked by one of the speakers, that there was an intimate connection between cruelty and vice. "I do not know," said he, "how you can better train a child to violence and blood than to teach him to torture the insects and domestic animals about him. Very soon after that, you will have the cock-pit and the dog fight, the street fight and the prize fight."

The Society proposes to check not only brutal drivers from maltreating horses and mules, but also the cruelties practiced in transporting cattle to market, tying them in the most painful positions, packing them in large numbers in insufficient cars without food or water, the overloading of wearied and worn out horses, mutilations of animals, dog fighting, cock fighting, &c.

It was stated at the Meeting that "there were in England thirty-two societies similar to the one in this city; three in Scotland, six in Ireland, one in Australia, one in India, seven in Austria, two in Baden, one in Bavaria, ten in Mecklenberg Schwerin, one in Mecklenberg Strelitz, eighteen in Prussia, one in Reuss Principality, eight in Saxony, three in Hansiabique, two in Wirtemburg, one in Belgium, four in France, four in Italy, four in Norway, two in Holland, one in Poland, seven in Russia, seventeen in Switzerland, and six in the United States of America, making a total of one hundred and forty-two societies in the world."

The office of the Society in this city is at 1320 Chestnut street, and the terms of membership are five dollars per annum.

In another part of the paper will be found some remarks made at that meeting by William A. Porter, as reported in *The North American.*

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—A Friend has kindly manifested his interest in Friends' Intelligencer by suggesting that the Editors propose that subscribers not only *continue* their subscriptions, but endeavor to increase the circulation of the paper, which, as at present conducted, he considers worthy the confidence of Friends, and thinks that if there was as much exertion used to increase the subscription list as is made by some other papers, it might easily be doubled to the advantage of the community.

We do not feel like saying much on our own behalf, trusting that the efforts made to render the Intelligencer a welcome weekly visitant, will be recognized by those who have sympathized with the Editors in their concern to combine interest with instruction, and to foster in the young mind a love for that which is elevating and strengthening to the moral being. We have often been cheered on our way by words of encouragement from different sections of the country; and it is for those who hunger for such mental aliment as it is in our power to furnish, that we continue to labor.

In three weeks the present volume will end; and it is important, in order that a correct list may be kept, that such subscribers as wish to *dis*continue their subscriptions should notify our Agent at once. Those not furnishing this information before the close of the volume, will be considered as subscribers another year.

In order to promote the safe delivery of the paper, it is desired that when a change of name or post-office is proposed, the address *heretofore used* as well as *hereafter to be used*, shall be *plainly written in full.* Initials often lead to confusion and trouble. Our paper is issued weekly at three dollars per annum. Two dollars and fifty cents for clubs. Any

one procuring a club of ten, shall be entitled to a free copy, he being responsible for the entire club. Terms payable *in advance*.

All communications must be addressed and payments made to the Agent, Emmor Comly. Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

For other particulars we refer to the first column of our periodical.

ERRATUM.—In the report of Friends' Social Lyceum of last week, on page 763, instead of "State of the Soul," read "Hate of the Bowl."

MARRIED, on the 17th of Fourth month, 1867, with the approbation of Chester Monthly Meeting, at the residence of the bride's father, EDWARD L., son of Wm. and Abigail Evans, to EMMA, daughter of Asa R. and Hannah D. Lippincott.

——, on the 7th of First month, 1869, with the approbation of Chesterfield Monthly Meeting, N. J., THOS. A. ROCKHILL to ELIZABETH G. TAYLOR, daughter of Isaac D. and Ann G. Taylor.

——, on the 28th of First month, 1869, according to the order of the religious Society of Friends, at the residence of the bride's parents, HOWARD WOOD to MARY, daughter of Wm. Canby Biddle, all of this city.

DIED, on the 25th of First month, 1869, MARSHALL GARRIGUES, aged 54 years; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philada. held on Race St.

——, suddenly, on the 7th of 12th month, 1867, AARON BELLANGEE, in the 84th year of his age; a member and elder of Bordentown Monthly Meeting.

——, at the residence of her son, near Hartford, Burlington Co., N. J., an the 30th of Ninth month, 1868, LYDIA EVANS, in the 74th year of her age; a member and elder of Chester Monthly Meeting, and widow of the late Josiah Evans.

——, on the 12th of First month, 1869, SARAH H., daughter of the late Josiah Bunting, in the 46th year of her age; a member of Darby Mo. Meeting.

——, on the morning of the 26th ult., ANNIE HILLBORN, in the 37th year of her age; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

——, at her residence in Fallsington, on the 18th of Eleventh month, 1868, REBECCA, widow of Amos Satterthwaite, in the 68th year of her age.

——, at her residence in Solebury, on the 30th of Twelfth month, 1868, HANNAH SIMPSON, aged nearly 65 years.

——, at his residence near Mt. Pleasant, Henry Co., Iowa, on the 20th of Twelfth month, 1868, CHAS. W. GRIFFITH, in his 73d year. He was born in Chester Co., Pa., and in 1818 moved, first to Ohio, then to Illinois, and in 1860 settled in Henry Co., Iowa. He was a man of peace, and ever tried to shun strife and contention. Some time before his death he felt impressed with a sense of the change awaiting him, and settled up his business to the satisfaction of his mind; and having finished his course upon earth, like a shock of corn fully ripe he was gathered to the heavenly garner.

——, at his residence, Barclay Hall, Philadelphia, on the evening of the 27th ult., JOSHUA LONGSTRETH, in the 94th year of his age.

FRIENDS' LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The Committee of Management will meet on Fourth-day evening, Second month 10th, at 8 o'clock.

JACOB M. ELLIS, Clerk.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE CASE OF THE RECUSANT TRIBES.

As a proof that the purpose at least o prophecy is still a vital element in those in tuitions that blend with duty, we may note the fulfilment of words of warning uttered, it may be years ago, under a pressure we could not control, and often under convictions that our reason could not approve. An example may be cited that probably will be recalled by some of the readers of the Intelligencer who feel a like interest in the Indians, pressing and peculiar. It occurs in an article published, I think, nearly three years ago, in which the statement was made that a war for subduing the recusant tribes of Indians would yet be carried to the home lodges, thus involving the slaughter of women and children. This has now been done. General Custer, in a recent raid, and under the sanction and approval of one of the chief military officers in the nation, attacked a large number of lodges while they were occupied by entire families; thus repeating a massacre that a few years previous, under the command of Col. Chivington, became the topic of general condemnation. Military men may take such a course under the plea that it is the only available way open to them, but nothing, even in the cruel code of war, permits or allows such atrocities. There is neither in common law nor in the gospel any moral distinction between man and man, or between race and race. If an indiscriminate slaughter of enlightened nations is under the ban, that of the lowliest must be also, for the Almighty Being has made of one blood all the people who dwell on the face of the earth; hence human accountability is the same in either case. It seems a humane officer on the plains, Col. Wynkoop, had a similarly merciful view of the case. He writes: "I must certainly refuse again to be the instrument of the murder of innocent women and children. While I remain an officer of the Government, I propose to do my duty; a part of which is to obey my instructions. All that is left me under the circumstances, and with the present state of feeling, is to respectfully tender my resignation and resign my commission." "The noted Black Kettle and his band," this officer writes, "were friendly Indians, and on their way to a reservation when attacked. Brief and merely suggestive as this article is, I cannot omit to express a belief that the violent and unprovoked death of that famous chief will be a lasting disgrace to our country, and a severe loss to the peaceful tribes.

Knowing the intense energy of many of the Western people, and their determined hatred of the Indians, I have long felt, in common with many others, the pressure

of solicitude, and have made the most earnest entreaty that I felt conld be permitted to one in an unofficial station. But I do not feel excused without again assuring Friends that I am persuaded we have the moral power as a people to avert these sad calamities; to stay the avenger's hand, even if no others join with us in a humanity second only to that which moved them in the abolition of slavery. In furtherance of this same end a large meeting assembled in New York a few months since, in which the whole nation were pressed to petition Congress for a peaceful redress of the Red Man's wrongs.

I was lately informed by an intelligent Friend, now resident in this State, that several years ago a Friend was sent from Washington as a member of a commission to visit the Indians, when such was their regard for our Society, that he was chosen by them to divide the money paid to them; and was, also, strongly urged by them to go back as their agent, with overtures that they believed would secure to them a just and lasting peace. If a confidence so implicit was reposed in one person—and probably not misplaced—how much more effective would the representatives of all the Friends in America be with the Government and with the Indians. Have we not compassed a mountain too long already? Does not the concern we have so long felt indicate a call from a Voice that never errs? And can we fail with Divine aid? This movement in the cause of mercy cannot be long delayed, for the sanguinary portent of a ruthless war points to a predetermined extinction.

Prophetstown, Ill. S. A.

From The North American.

Remarks of WM. A. PORTER *at a meeting for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.*

Judge Porter opened the meeting with these remarks:

Ladies and Gentlemen—This meeting has been called by the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with whose history you are somewhat acquainted. The plan and purpose of the Society are not new. Such institutions have existed for many years on the Continent of Europe. In England they have been conducted with an energy, skill and success worthy of the Anglo-Saxon character. In their meetings I observe that the most important men in the kingdom, including the most eminent divines, take part; and even the Sovereign does not fail to give them her patronage. Why should it not be so? The dumb brutes are essential to us.

The horse is as necessary as the ship. Step out into one of your streets by day or by night, and see what the horse is to commerce, to labor, and even to fashion. As the dumb animals are necessary to us, we are necessary to them. Providence has made us their guardians. The mute appeals they make to us when injured or oppressed must, I think, be felt by every man who has a spark of generosity or even sensibility in his heart. But there is a higher motive for treating them kindly. Familiarity with cruelty begets cruelty.

In reading the other day an article in one of our most influential journals, I found some such remark as this, that it was as important to the cruel man as to the cruelly treated beast, that such practices should cease. This remark was well founded. There is an intimate connection between cruelty and vice. I do not know how you can better train a child to violence and blood, than to teach him to torture the insects and domestic animals about him. Very soon after that you will have the cockpit and the dog fight, the street fight and the prize fight.

Writers on law have maintained that as civilization advances offences against the person diminish and offences against property increase. I am not sure that our Philadelphia civilization bears out this remark. There are more persons now in our jail awaiting execution than there have ever been at any one time. There are more capital cases now untried than there have been at any previous time, though I am sure the public officers have done their best.

There were over sixty murders in Philadelphia, in 1868, and, in addition to these, over one hundred infanticides. I will remind you here of the outrage committed recently on the horse of a well known gentleman in this city. A villain went into a livery stable, apparently without any motive but that of personal gratification, and deliberately cut out the tongue of the animal with a knife. The sufferings of that poor horse brought tears to many an eye, and I believe they reached the throne of the infinite God.

There is, I say, a connection and a very close connection between cruelty and crime; and there is just as close a one between kindness and virtue. I do not know how you can better train a child to be gentle and kind, to be humane and forgiving, to respect the rights of others, and thus to make him a true gentleman, than to inspire him with an affection for the dumb creatures about him. Teach him that his dog is to be caressed and fondled, not scolded or whipped. When you put him on horseback—where every boy ought to go if you want to give him courage, quickness and self-possession—teach him that the horse and the man were intended to be friends, and

that the whip and the spur are not to be used except in an emergency. Let him never mount or dismount without passing his hand gently over the face of the animal; and by the way, ladies, the softer the hand which does that the better. The horse will repay such tenderness with something very much like human affection. I have known a vicious horse reclaimed by it, as a vicious man may be by the arms of an affectionate child thrown about his neck.

Mr. Burke once went into a field to see the horse of a deceased relative. The animal came up and placed his head on the statesman's shoulder, and the man whose bitter denunciation of Hastings and the French revolution had startled the world, threw his arms around the neck of the horse and wept like an infant. I tell you, my friends, we have much to learn in these matters. If kindness to animals cannot be secured otherwise, it must be enforced. This society has done something and is doing more.

You must have observed that the cruelty practiced on our streets, especially on the mule teams, is not so great as it once was. The courts have acted very promptly on these cases, and their sentences of imprisonment have had a wholesome effect. Much remains to be done. A larger number of officers should be distributed about the city to make arrests if necessary, but especially to remonstrate and to interfere in cases of overloading, overdriving, insufficient feeding, and the many horrible cases of clapping harness directly on the raw flesh. We are far behind New York in this matter.

It is unfashionable, disreputable, penal, and I was going to say impossible, to do these things which we permit on our streets without restraint. This is chiefly owing to the exertions of one man. A large number of our most influential citizens joined in a letter to him, asking him to come here and tell us how his work was accomplished. He is here to-night. A brief report of the doings of the society will first be presented, and then you will hear Mr. Bergh. I bespeak for him a cordial greeting and an attentive hearing. He will be followed by the distinguished clergymen who are now on the platform, and whose reputations are so well known.

Oh what carefulness, what watchfulness, what circumspection, what awfulness of God, and what dread of his power was upon our spirits, lest we should speak our own words, *work our own works*, walk in our own ways, or think our own thoughts! So diligently did we keep watching over our hearts, being conscious to ourselves, that we should give an account of every idle word; which caused us to learn a bridle for our tongue, that our words might be few and savory, ministering grace to the hearers.—*John Crook.*

JAMES ARNOLD.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." This Scripture text was brought to mind upon reading the remarks of Wm. J. Potter on the character of James Arnold, who was formerly a member of the Society of Friends, but whose connection with it was dissolved at a period of religious excitement in some portions of the New England States.

It is evident from the testimony of W. J. P., the authenticity of which we doubt not, that whatever may have been the religious tenets of James Arnold, his *practice* was in harmony with that taught by the blessed Jesus, and brought with it its own reward.

We republish the extracts from the sermon in question by W. J. P. as given in The Christian Register, with the feeling that there is instruction as well as interest to be derived from the unostentatious manner of doing good which characterized the life of one who preferred the secret approval of his own conscience to the plaudits of men. EDS.

"That which made him worthy of our tribute here at this hour, and gave him his deserved place in the reverent regard of this community, is not that he had these good and strong materials to work with, but that from these materials his character grew year by year into fairer proportions, and took on a finer quality and grace.

"And this leads me to speak more in detail of the practical benevolence into which his life gradually rose, and which especially marked his latest years. For here was the crown of his career. In the last twenty-five or thirty years do I find the great glory of his long life,—in the deliberate consecration of himself, of his opportunities, and of no small portion of his time and means to the interest of charity and philanthropy; in his conscientious painstaking effort to be true and just and helpful to his fellow-men; in the ripening of his successful career of accumulation into wise and generous usefulness. He seemed to come more and more to believe, as his years increased, and more and more to act on the belief, that all material success and material possessions are only so far worthy of human aim as they can be made to minister to human welfare and advancement. It cannot be said, I think, that he was indifferent

o any cause of human well-being. Yet mong the many objects of philanthropy pre- ented to him, he selected and held with a ood deal of tenacity certain ones which he elieved himself best adapted to advance. And because he did not give to *all*, he has ometimes been thought illiberal. But he was iving constantly and largely in his chosen ways. Few knew how much he gave, for his ver repeated charge was that his name was ot to be published. And very few requests vere turned away without something, even vhen he might doubt their utility and argue ong against them.

"During the war he was for a time not a ittle criticised and judged somewhat harshly, ecause he would give nothing towards rais- ng bounty-funds for helping enlistments in he army. But no criticism or argument ould move him from his position. It was with him a position of conscience. He did ot believe in war—he adhered to his Quaker rinciples in this—and he would not give a dollar to equip men for fighting and killing ach other. Yet the battles fought and the men wounded and killed, he was ready and nwearied in relieving the suffering in field and hospital. Let those, he said, who be- lieve in fighting (and he would not say it might not have become a necessary retribu- tion for national sin,) do it and pay for it. For himself, he only believed in staunching blood, in binding up wounds, in saving from suffering and violent death. And by that position he stood; and from the beginning to the end of the war, the gentle, healing stream of his bounty flowed down to the Southern battle-ground, into camp and hospital, to bear witness to his conviction. One member of his household reckoned up fifteen thousand dollars, coming under his knowledge, as going in the direction of this benign charity to the country and its soldiers. And he does not profess to have counted all.

"Another of the special objects of philanthropy to which he felt himself called, was to befriend and aid the colored race. Of this he often spoke to me. There were comparatively so few, he said, who cared for this wronged and unfortunate people, there was so much prejudice against them, that he felt it to be a peculiar obligation resting on himself to aid their cause, whether in the way of escape from bondage, or of education, or of relief to want and suffering. Few if any of this class were ever turned away unhelped. Aid has gone from that house in times past to help many a fugitive slave on to liberty, and after the great act of emancipation came, aid continued to flow from his hands, to palliate the freed people's condition, and give them the school and the meeting-house and the home. One of his latest acts was to fill a check for $1000 for the destitute and homeless among this class, an act of which no one knew at the time but the receiver and one other member of his household. During the days of the anti-slavery agitation and struggle he was a regular and large contributor to the funds of the anti-slavery societies, and also loved more to give to individual workers in the cause. Yet it must be added that he did not connect himself as a member with the anti-slavery societies, nor much attend their public meetings.

Nor did he associate himself directly with any other *organized* enterprise of social and moral reform. This came in great part from the fact, not that he did not sympathize with the objects sought, but that he had little faith in associated action of any kind, and especially suspected all reforms that connected themselves with politics. The politics of the country, he was accustomed to say, are holplessly corrupt, and the moral Reform of Philanthropy that becomes political in its action he feared would be contaminated and lose something of its high aim. In this fear of associated action I think he was mistaken, though his moral instinct in the matter doubtless pointed to a great danger, and one from which some of our great reforms have not entirely escaped. I think he was somewhat mistaken, too, in the general principle of his charities, which was to *relieve* suffering rather than provide methods to *prevent* it,—though it should be added that it is a principle to which he did not by any means very strictly adhere. And the kind of benevolence, too, in which he most largely interested himself, is so necessary, so blest, and so Christian withal, that it seems almost invidiously critical to compare it with any other that exists in our ideal.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowded round our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little loses
Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For the lack of thrift and gain—
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our heart a stain?

If we knew that clouds above us,
Held by gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away, all trembling,
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows,
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our womanhood dare doom them
Back to haunts of vice and shame?

Life has many a tangled crossing,
Joy has many a break of woe,
And the cheeks, tear-washed, are whitest,
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach within our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love to erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, dear Father, judge us
As we judge our fellow-men.

ENTIRE SUBMISSION.

God's ways are not our ways, His thoughts are not as ours,
He wounds us sore with cruel thorns where we have stooped for flowers,
But oh, 'tis from the oft-pierced heart those precious drops distil,
That many a life, else all unblest, with healing balm shall fill;
Then give, oh give the flowers to those who pray it so may be,
But I would choose to have the thorns, with thee, dear Lord, with thee.

Man judgeth man in ignorance, he seeth but in part,
Our trust is in our Maker—God—who searcheth every heart,
And every wrong and every woe, when put beneath our feet,
As stepping stones may help us on to His high mercy seat;
Then teach us still to smile, O Lord, though sharp the stones may be,
Remembering that they bring us near to thee, dear Lord, to thee.

Mist-veiled and rough the path we tread, e'er haunted as we go
With piteous sights of wretchedness, and many sounds of woe;
And eagerly for happiness we look on either side
To find all pleasure time can give leaves us unsatisfied;
Oh make me of those blessed ones, from earth's vain troubles free,
Whose constant souls rest every hope in thee, dear Lord, in thee.

So bitter is the cup of life, we fain would drink no more,—
O let this cup but pass from me, in anguish we implore;
But days and months and years roll on, and lo! 'tis asked, at length,
When was it that our souls put on new majesty and strength?
All is revealed, the Marah-draught no longer we would flee,
'Tis held in wisdom to our lips by thee, dear Lord, by thee.

Our nearest and our dearest go—go from us one by one;
Where now are those who walked with us 'neath youth's unclouded sun?
Sadder than separation, sadder than death came change,
And our once blooming Paradise is now a desert strange;
Yet in this desolation I ask but faith to see
That nothing can divide us now from thee, dear Lord, from thee.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

The beautiful stanzas on the English sparrow which appeared lately in the Intelligencer portrays a bright picture for the lovers of fruit. We would willingly believe all that the poet's glowing rhyme claims for our friends the sparrows, but we fear Bryant's visions are more of what we wish them to be than what they really will prove. They are certainly a very interesting family as we see them at all seasons of the year in the parks of New York, and they truly are great benefactors to the citizens.

That innumerable host of measuring-worms that yearly despoiled the beauty of every shade tree except the Ailanthus, have succumbed to these destroyers of the insect race, and now they rear their heads clothed in their verdant livery instead of the russet of former years; and the citizens may enjoy their shade without the fear of worms falling on their heads as they pass beneath.

Many years ago a few English sparrows were introduced into this country about six miles from New York, but they were soon lost sight of. Since their introduction into the parks of New York they have increased greatly, and with good reason, for they have had the best of care. They are fed plentifully when their insect food is not sufficient. Boxes for building their nests in are hung about among the trees; feathers are scattered around, and woe to the unruly boy that molests them. The consequence is they are very gentle, and one can almost put the hand on them in the parks. Last fall one of these sparrows, finding perhaps his city cousins were too numerous, made us a visit, a distance of twenty-three miles from home. We first noticed him on a high bush cranberry, busily engaged in eating the berries; as we came pretty close to him he gave one of his usual chirrups, their only note, and moved to another limb. But the little fellow, so long unmolested in the city, cared so little for us that he was soon caught, and after a closer examination, and a little complaining from the sparrow for our breach of friendship, he was released, and the next day he was on the same bush again eating the fruit. A small flock came chirruping around the house soon after, but we suppose, finding they had strayed far from their city home and that their was a famine of both seeds and insect life here, they returned again to the land of plenty. This bird, in its old home in merry England, belongs to that class which the farmers and horticulturists think do about as much harm to them in the consumption of grain and fruit as they benefit them by the destruction of insects.

If the English sparrows would or could migrate to the summer climes of the South-n States, like our native sparrows and other ummer birds, when the winter binds the arth in its frozen embrace or covers it with snowy mantle, then the poet's vision of pened plums, luscious apricots and blushing ectarines might be realized. But we fear ke too many of those beautiful evergreens hat brighten the wintry landscape in Eng-nd, but which, when transplanted here are nder, so will the open country be an unfit ome for the sparrow. ISAAC HICKS.

THE SLAVE TRADE ON THE PACIFIC.

A despatch received from San Francisco on aturday presents some additional evidence of he extent of the slave traffic on the Pacific Ocean. The Coolie trade between China and Peru has been carried on openly for many ears, under a system which assumes to be a egitimate method of hiring the labor of Chinamen to be employed in the Peruvian ines, for a term of years, at regular rates of ompensation, the terms of which are fixed y contract. But it is well known that the Chinese who are thus induced to emigrate to South America never return to their native and. On the passage across the Pacific hey are subjected to all the horrors of thirst nd hunger to which overcrowded passenger hips are always liable on that ocean of pro-onged calms and baffling winds. They are lecimated by scurvy and kindred diseases re-ulting from the hardships of the passage, and ometimes the vessel reaches her destination vith less than half of the human freight with vhich she left the Chinese port. Sometimes he coolies rise and murder the crew, and suc-eed in working their way back to China; ut frequently we hear of such a vessel hav-ng been overhauled at sea by a man-of-war, r regular merchantman.

Thousands of Chinese are landed at ports n the Pacific coast of South America every year. They are disposed of to capitalists at o much per head, and once landed are doomed to a life of hopeless slavery. The fact that no women are "imported" for the South American market is suggestive. The demand is exclusively for men to work the mines. For a few years past the traders have experienced great difficulty in procuring this class of persons at the Chinese ports. The coolies have taken alarm, and it is more than hinted that armed force has been employed in several instances lately to procure human freight for the Peruvian traders. At any rate it appears that the persons engaged in the traffic have been driven to undertake bolder enterprises to supply the demands for labor in South America.

The missionaries in the Micronesian Islands report that the slave trade is openly carried on between those islands and the South American coast. We have also received news of a large brig heavily armed and manned by a crew of Americans, Europeans and Manila men, which is cruising in the waters of the Micronesion group to the terror of merchantmen. It is safe, perhaps, to believe, in view of what we already know of the traffic, that this vessel is simply a tender to the craft engaged in running off the islanders for the Peruvian and other slave markets on the Pacific South American coast.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

From the Cultivator and Country Gentleman.

ONIONS—THEIR CULTURE AND USE.

I cannot say if I were consul of the realms of epicures, I should permit the passport of these habitants of the garden into good society at all; although the proper dressing gives them, as it does human adventurers, considerable assistance in taking desirable positions. But being of the most republican faith, *i. e.*, that the good of the masses should ever be the paramount consideration with the good citizen, I place onions at the very top of the list of *large* families' edibles. These bulbs are not only popular, healthful and nutritive, but absolutely medicinal. I have known inveterate dyspepsia cured by the use of raw onions as a daily tonic, and on philosophical principles. They have the same exciting influence on the coats of the stomach that they have on the eyes, calling out gastric juice as freely as they do tears from the visual organs. For poultices they are invaluable.

Onions are multiplied, as all know, by various methods. In this climate, by sowing the little black seed very early, they can be raised large enough the first year for table use; these are called rareripe. But it is usual to pull the product of these little seed, dry them for sets and plant them in the fall or ensuing spring. The top onion is a sure dependence for a general crop. In this climate any onions will grow, but the red and silver skinned are better keepers, and the last generally attains the finest size. Strong ground, shallow planting and clean culture, insure success. But the most valuable fact I have leaned concerning onions is, that, like potatoes, you may eat and then plant them.

In the days when my family was of patriarchal proportions, I used to make a point of having an onion bed commensurate with my greens patch, for spring use. I had a hardy variety called Welsh onions. The tops and bottoms, being trimmed off in preparing for use, were thrown on a compost heap. One day a child brought me some of these bot-

toms to show me that the onions I had thrown away were growing again. I took several bunches of these bottoms to the garden, set them out, and they grew as thriftily as if they had been perfect offsets from the old row. Taking the hint, I cut off the bottoms of other varieties pieces as large as a silver 25 cent piece, with the fibrous root attached, and set them out. They also sprouted, and, being satisfied that they would grow, I allowed the thorns of other cares to choke them out of my memory, and so I cannot say what sized bulb they would have produced, but record this for the benefit of persons with small gardens who will be at pains to plant the bottoms of the onions as fast as they use them, thus enjoying two crops from the same piece of ground and same seed in one year.

HETTIE HAYFIELD.

Central, Ky., Nov. 16, 1868.

He properly prays, whose heart is exercised in supplication to God, whether his body is standing, sitting, kneeling, or in any other position. He whose heart is not so exercised, let him put his body into what position he will, and let him repeat what form of words he pleases, prays not at all.—*Beese.*

The Treasurer of "Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen" has received during the month:

From	City contributions	$322 02
"	Friends of Kennett Monthly Meeting	15 00
"	" Fallowfield "	6 00
"	" Upper Greenwich Mo. Meeting	30 00
"	" Byberry and Bensalem	40 00
"	" Women Friends of Darby	45 50
"	J. S. B. and R. M., West Liberty, Iowa	11 00
		$469 52

HENRY M. LAING, Treasurer,
PHILADA., 1st mo. 30, 1869. 30 N. Third St.

ITEMS.

THE body of William Penn lies in a little churchyard scarcely twenty miles from London. The church and surroundings nestle in a deep gorge among the Chiltern hills, in Buckinghamshire. The grave is enclosed in a little square of hedge, and no marble or other ornaments mark the spot. The founder of Pennsylvania had but little in life in common with English pageantry. In death, only the faithful can guide the stranger to his grave. His philosophy and religion were of that kind which needed a country like America to develop in.

THERE are now five inebriate asylums in the United States: one in Boston, opened in 1857, called the Washington Home; one in Media, near Philadelphia, opened in 1867, called the Sanitarium; one at Chicago, opened in 1868; one at Binghamton, N. Y., called the New York Inebriate Asylum, founded in 1858; and one in San Francisco, founded in 1857.

A CHEMICAL device for indicating the presence of carbonic acid in a room and giving an alarm on a bell, has been invented and tested satisfactorily in Berlin. It consists of a galvanic battery with a bell and a glass tube filled with liquid chloride of palladium. This metallic salt is extremely sensitive to the pressure of carbonic oxide gas. A small quantity of the gas will at once throw down some of the metal from the solution, and this precipitate collecting in the bottom of the tube, at once establishes a connection in the current of electricity, and the violent ringing of the bell will warn the sleeper of his danger.

REFINED BORAX, it is reported, is used by the women of Holland and Belgium as washing powder instead of soda. The proportion of a large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water, it is asserted, makes the linen beautifully white and saves half the expense of soap. All the large washing establishments in the countries mentioned adopt the same mode. For laces and cambrics, an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (requiring to be made stiff) a strong solution is necessary. Borax, it is contended, being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on the toilet table. To the taste it is rather sweet; is used for cleaning the hair; is an excellent dentrifice, and in hot countries is used in combination with tartaric acid and bi-carbonate of soda as a cooling beverage.

RECENT foreign journals announce that Cambridge University in England is to be thrown open to women students. The first examination for admission is to take place on 7th mo. 5th, 1869. Candidates are required to be eighteen years of age on 1st mo. 1st, 1869, and to make application before the 1st of 5th mo. Examination will be held in any place where twenty-five fees are guaranteed, provided a committee of ladies will superintend the examination and provide accommodations for strangers.

THE distinguished astronomer, Faye (of Faye's comet), endorses a novel theory of Dr. Blandet. It is generally admitted that the solar system originally formed one vast nebula, from which the planets were separated, and that the great central mass gradually condensed into the present bulk of the sun, which even now, by reason of its fiery gaseous envelops, is much swollen beyond the bulk of its solid core. Dr. Blandet believes that the sun did not reach its present size till a late period in geologic history, and that in the carboniferous period it was still a nebula 47 degrees in diameter; that is, when fairly risen, the sun at that time would have reached more than half way from the horizon to the zenith! Its light would have been a little violet and very favorable to vegetation. The heat need not have been much greater than now, as it would have been diffused through the whole mass, and by familiar laws would have become subsequently intensified by condensation of the sun's mass. This theory would explain the occurrence of a tropical carboniferous flora in the polar regions, but not the late discovery of an abundant Arctic flora as late as the chalk if not the tertiary. It is curious that this theory, if true, agrees with the Mosaic record that the sun was not created till the fourth demiurgic day; that is, till long after the carboniferous period.—*N. Y. Independent.*

A REMARKABLE example of the exactitude of engineering science is given in the fact that the borings for the Mount Cenis Tunnel, begun at the two ends and at a distance of seven miles and a half from each other, were yet so accurately directed that when the work was completed the greatest deviation was found to be a single foot.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 13, 1869. No. 50.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.
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T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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EXTRACTS FROM "THE FELLS OF SWARTHMOOR HALL."

(Continued from page 771.)

The case of the seven Friends at Hertford above alluded to, who were condemned to transportation for attending their own place of worship, is worth pausing to relate. As stated by Besse,—"In accordance with the sentence of banishment pronounced by the Judge, the Sheriff of Hertfordshire directed the jailer to contract with the master of a vessel bound to the West Indies to take the Friends thither. When they were brought to the ship the captain was not ready to sail, and he gave them a written permission to go more till he should summon them, merely trusting to their word of promise to return. On the 1st of October, 1664, they were summoned, and accordingly went on board. The ship then sailed down the river as far as the Red-house near Deptford, when a sudden change of wind drove her back to Limehouse, where the prisoners were again set on shore. On the 6th again the ship weighed anchor, with wind and tide fair, yet the seamen declared that, notwithstanding their utmost efforts, they could not get the ship to sail, and were, consequently, obliged to anchor again about a stone's-cast from where they lay before. Some of the seamen were both amazed and alarmed: they raised the murmuring cry, 'We shall never get out of England while these Quakers are on board.' So they set them ashore the third time. On the 8th they sailed again; the Friends, as they had promised, having duly returned, the vessel sailed down to Greenwich, when a sudden storm obliged them, in order to secure the ship, again to cast anchor; then the prisoners were sent on shore the fourth time. On the 10th they were ordered on board the fifth time, and sailed again; but now the ship with much ado was kept from running aground, then they set the prisoners ashore at Blackwall, and she went down the same tide to Gravesend. Thither the prisoners followed, and by the captain's orders some tarried there, and others went back to London, till the 28th, when they were ordered aboard the sixth time, and the ship sailed that night to Leigh-road, where they cast anchor till the next day. At night the captain set them ashore, and directed them to Deal, where he met them altogether, and before several witnesses declared, that though they had followed the ship so long, he was resolved not any further to attempt to carry them, and gave them the following certificate in writing:—

"Whereas, there were seven men, called Quakers, brought on board my ship, called the 'Anne of London,' by William Edmonds, jailer of Hertford, viz: Nicholas Lucas, Henry Feast, Henry Marshall, Francis Pryor, John Blendall, Jeremiah Herne, and Samuel Traherne, all which have continued waiting on my ship from London to Deal, from the

14th of September last till this day. I seeing that Providence hath much crossed me hitherto, whereby I perceive that the hand of the Lord is against me, so that I dare not proceed on my voyage to carry them, they being innocent persons, and no crime signified against them worthy of banishment; and seeing that there is a law in force that no Englishman shall be carried out of his native country against his will, and also seeing that my men refuse to go the voyage if I carry them, which would be much to my hindrance, men being very scarce by reason of the long-press. For these reasons, therefore, and many more, I will not carry them.

"These are, therefore, to certify any person or persons who may question them, that they did not make an escape, but I put them on shore again to go where they pleased. All this is certified under my hand this 10th of November, 1664.

"THOMAS MAY.

"Witnessed by four persons."

"Being thus set at liberty," says Besse, 'they returned to London and then to their own homes; and they sent a letter to the King and Council, stating the circumstances, and accompanied it with a copy of the ship-master's certificate. This letter being read at the Council-Board, produced an order which, after setting forth the fact of their having been put on board the aforesaid ship, pursuant to their sentence of transportation, and having been by the master set ashore at the Downs, 'leaving them at liberty to go whither they pleased; it appearing to be matter of contrivance and design between the said master and the persons before mentioned, it was ordered 'that the High Sheriff do again apprehend and secure them until means of transporting them can be made by some shipping bound unto those parts.'

"By this order they were again committed to prison, and remained there seven years, until discharged by the King's proclamation."*

As the year 1664 drew to a close, persecution, imprisonment, and transportation continued their unrelenting violence against the unflinching Quakers throughout the metropolis. The King declared he could do nothing in their favor, that the city authorities must have their way in carrying out the laws, and therefore he wished neither to see the Quakers nor hear from them. Thus were they circumstanced when the year 1665 opened. It was evident that to crush them utterly was the determination of the then dominant Church, and to frustrate its fulfilment their dependence was on God alone. No Friend who had conscience and courage sufficient to meet with his brethren in the worship of God could be sure when he left in the morning to attend meeting, whether his face would ever again be seen within his own home. Yet with all this the Friends' meetings were kept up; and when the doors and windows of some of their meeting-houses were secured so as to prevent them from obtaining admittance, they collected together outside, and from thence arose the voice of exhortation and prayer.

As the early months of 1665 rolled on, the fearful cry of spotted fever in the city deepened into the hollow undertones of terror that whispered *plague*. The cry of "The plague has broken out!" smote many a stout heart with horror and dismay as the spring advanced. Whilst some of the Friends continued week by week to be haled from their meetings to prison, Newgate became crowded to excess, and the dreaded plague soon made its appearance among the prisoners. The King, doubtless urged by the Court physicians, at length broke the silence he had imposed on himself, and declared authoritatively that no more Quakers should be sent into Newgate. The crowded state of that prison, it was feared, would increase the infection, and that the air which passed over and through it would taint the whole region. Hence, in a letter from Ellis Hooks to Margaret Fell under date 3d mo. (May), 1665, we find the following paragraph:—"Last First-day our meetings here were quiet, only at the Bull, where they pulled them out and let them go. I hear the King has issued an order that there should be no more sent to Newgate by reason of the plague, which increases very much, thirty dying of it last week, as I hear. Friends are still kept close in Newgate—now about seven score. There is a report of sending away eight more shortly."

Ever and anon came tidings to the north of the fearful progress of the plague. That God was pouring forth the vials of His wrath, because of the wickedness of the great Babel, was the general feeling among the religious people of the day. Fear and trembling fell on the thoughtless votary of pleasure, when "the pestilence that walketh by noonday," and respecteth neither rank nor beauty, had penetrated from the prison to the palace. The King and his Court fled to Oxford, and the city generally became deserted by those who had the means of escape. A witness of the sad scene says:—"What eye would not weep to see so many habitations uninhabited, the poor sick not visited, the hungry not fed, the grave not satisfied! Death stares us in the face from every coffin which is hourly carried along the streets

*Besse's "Sufferings," vol i. p. 249.

The custom was in the beginning to bury the dead in the night only; but now both night and day will hardly give them time enough to do it."

"How sunk the inmost hearts of all
As rolled the dead-cart slowly by,
With creaking wheel and harsh hoof-fall!
The dying turned him to the wall,
To hear it, and to die."

Amid these scenes of dismay and death, instead of opening the doors of the pestilential prisons to allow uninfected persons therein confined, who were not criminals, to seek a purer atmosphere, those whose intolerance had pent them up merely ordered fifty-five Friends to be taken out of Newgate, and placed on board a ship in the Thames, called the "Black Eagle," in order for banishment. They were very much crowded on board, and the plague soon breaking out there also, out of these fifty-five victims, twenty-seven died. "I visited the Friends on the ship," says George Whitehead, "and had a meeting with them on board, and the Lord my God preserved me both from the distemper and from banishment, wherein I do humbly confess His power, to His own praise and glory." The "Black Eagle," after considerable detention, sailed away at last from the Thames, but she was taken in the channel by a Dutch privateer, and, passing round by the north of Ireland and Scotland to avoid recapture, the two vessels at length reached Holland. Only one-half of the Friends were alive, the other half having died as above stated, but the residue were liberated by the Dutch, and afterwards all but one of them returned to England.

George Whitehead was one of the few who remained in London throughout that terrible plague without taking it. Thus he speaks:— "That which added to our Friends' affliction was the hardness of our persecutors' hearts—their cruelty and barbarity in imprisoning and detaining so many of them in Newgate, and in the White Lion prison in Southwark, after the plague had broken forth and many people swept away. I had not freedom or peace to leave the city or the Friends in and about London, during that great calamity, even when the mortality was at its height. I was given up to stay among them, to attend Friends' meetings, to visit the Friends in prison, and at their own houses, even when many of them were sick of the contagion, both in prison and in their own habitations. In all that time the Lord preserved me from the infectious distemper, which mercy I hope ever thankfully to remember. On First-days I took my nightcap in my pocket when I went to meetings, not knowing but I might be apprehended and committed to prison. However the Lord gave me faith to be resigned to His will either to live or to die for His truth's sake." George Whitehead was witness to many a deathbed scene in the terrible Newgate, and in other prisons where, notwithstanding the dreadful surroundings, peace and comfort from the Lord often reigned triumphant, though sorrow and sadness, he says, seized on his own spirit in view of "these harmless lambs stretched on such beds in noisome holes and prisons;" "but," he adds, on the other hand, "my spirit was often refreshed and revived, seeing that Christ their salvation and redemption was manifest to and in them, and that the Lord had thus appointed the final deliverance of many, through death, from the cruelties of their oppressors."

Ellis Hooks, writing from London to his friend in Lancaster prison, on the 7th of 9th mo. (November), when the disease began to subside, says, "I have been preserved well, but as a brand is plucked out of the fire, so has the Lord delivered me. I have often laid down my head in sorrow, and rose as I went to bed, not having slept a wink for the groans of them that lay dying. Each morning I counted it a great mercy that the Lord had given me another day." "But," he adds, "our meetings now are quiet, and Friends are generally well, both in prison, in the ship, and at Newgate; and there is not above one a day buried in the Friends' burial ground."

We have another letter, written a month later than the foregoing, still further confirming the subsidence of the pestilence. It is from

Morgan Watkins to Margaret Fell.

London, 5th 10th mo. [December], 1665.

"I suppose thou heard of our releasement a while since. I have been something weak since I came out into the air; but through the great love of my God I am wonderfully preserved to the praise of His name. But the two imprisonments in Newgate and the one at Gatehouse, in which I had several battles with death, have much weakened my body. It was the arising of the power of God that gave me dominion over the distemper, and over the weakness of the flesh. The day was dreadful to all, and few were able to abide it, and stand the judgment; but the Lord is very merciful to the remnant of His people.

"Our meetings are now quiet, save only the Bull and Mouth, from which we are still kept out; they are beginning to be very large, of strange faces and good honest countenances, who with exceeding hungerings receive the Truth. Gilbert Latey is in health, and Amos Stodart also, but he hath buried his wife. Alexander Parker is at Bristol. There is no stranger Friend here at present but myself, and the work is very great.

"The city doth begin to fill again. I have

account of 920 Friends, and Friends' children and servants, that were buried in our burial-place since the 25th of the 1st mo. (March), 1665, but I think not much above half were Friends. The ship in which the Friends are, is yet in the river, and all in Newgate are now pretty well and have much liberty. The Bishop of Salisbury is dead, and this day I heard that Canterbury was dead also, but I am not certain of its truth.

"I rest thy loving friend and brother in the fellowship of the everlasting Gospel,

"MORGAN WATKINS."

(To be continued.)

Honest, resolute faithfulness to the requirements of truth, by no means excludes Christian courtesy and charity.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE LORD'S NAME.

"A subscriber," through "Intelligencer," calls for views in respect to what is meant by the text, (John xiv. 13,) "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do."

I doubt not there are many inquiring minds which have been exercised with this or similar questions. What is asking in the Lord's name? How shall I so ask? It seemeth right to help one another in regard to any stumbling-block which may be in the pathway of the spiritual traveller, just as by kind words, good advice, and encouragement we help one another in the perplexities of this outer life.

Some of the Father's children learn important truths by experience; sometimes by meditation and secret prayer for light, the door of the mind has been opened, enabling the party to see the subject in a new and clear light. Therefore why not let your light so shine before men to help them. All will admit that there may be two kinds of prayer, —one kind genuine, the other not.

Friends, I believe, acknowledge the indwelling of the Holy One in man. That He is there the source of all light and life, seems in harmony with the Divine assurance, "I dwell in the high and holy place, with him that is of an humble and contrite spirit." May we not then fairly say that it is from this inmost or high place that He "stands and knocks" for admission into the thoughts, hearts and habits of men, and that all sincere and heavenly desires must needs proceed from this internal Fountain of all good. If this be so, that He is in the soul,—its conscience, its light, its guide, its Saviour, and from thence calls upon men everywhere to repent,—how plain appears the expression, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you," &c., that "whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, He may give it you." (John xv. 16.) Scripture, it is admitted, has been given by inspiration. It is God's truth then to man; and having been given to him for his instruction, is written in man's own language. In ancient times, names of persons were given as significant of the quality or character of the person, or were intended as such. Instance the case of Nabal, of whom his wife Abigail said, in excusing him to David, "As is his name, so is he, Nabal; or fool is his name, and folly is with him." (1 Sam. xxv. 25.) So much importance seems to have been attached in sacred history to names, that they were changed by Jehovah, as in the case of Abram and Sara, to that of Abraham and Sarah. The state of their minds had been changed, from being idolators, to that of worshippers of the one true God; and so becoming better qualified to be the chosen "Father and Mother of a multitude of nations," as their new names implied. In the New Testament the Saviour acknowledges this principle in practice when he said of Herod, "Go tell that fox, &c." and when Peter, who had acknowledged an important truth, viz., that he was the Christ, Jesus said to him, "Thou art Peter, that is, thou art rightly named rock or truth—and upon this rock (or the truth which thou hast uttered) I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." By examining the Scriptures we will find such a variety of names given to one and the same Lord that we will be unable to imagine any heavenly virtue or quality that is not to be found in one or more of these names. Notice Exodus xxxiv. 5–7, where His name is said to be "the Lord, the Lord God, merciful, gracious, long suffering, of abundant goodness and truth, keeping mercy, forgiving sin." Also in Num. vi. 24–27, where His name is shown to be, "to bless," to "preserve," to "enlighten," to be "gracious," and the "giver of peace." He is known also by the following significant names: Jehovah, or "I will be;" Jehovah raphi, "Him that healeth thee;" Jehovah Shummah, "I will be there;" Jehovah Jivah, "I will provide;" Jehovah Shalom, "Thy sent peace;" Jehovah Nissi, "Thy banner;" Jehovah Tzedeck, "Our righteousness;" Jehovah Malak, "The covenant messenger."—Again, the prophecy concerning the advent of the Christ declares, as in Isaiah, that "His name shall be called the Wonderful Counsellor, Mighty God, the Eternal Father, the Prince of Peace." In the New Testament He is known by different names, of which the following, with their meaning, is given: Christ, or "the Anointed," or a king, whose sceptre is truth; "Emanuel," "God with us;" "the

Lion;" "the Powerful one;" "the Lamb of God;" "Divine Innocence;" Jesus, "Saviour from sin." To be a Saviour from sin to men, He must needs be a being without sin, or the sinless one. Such as admit His holiness and submit to His guidance will readily believe Him to be all that His name can imply. Innocence, purity, holiness, trust, mercy, pity, forgiveness; the Instructor; the creative energy, power; the provider; love, and all that love suggests. Hence, in a prayer to the Father, He declares, "I have made known unto them (such as sincerely followed Him) Thy name, and will declare it; that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them. (John xvii. 26.) It would seem, then, that he who prays because of this love, or the Lord, in his own heart moving him, doth indeed ask in the Lord's name; and that when two or three meet together in the life of those qualities which constitute His Divine character, they meet in His name, and He is in the midst of them—the teacher, the comforter, their peace, their priest and king. So, too, to ask in our own will, for our own gratification would seem to be to ask in our own name or quality of mind and heart, which is the reverse of His name or character. True, one might name the name of Jesus with the lips, but in the end be likened to those who will declare that in His name they have prophesied—cast out devils,—and in this name done many wonderful works, only to hear the response, "I never knew you." So that they who make their religion consist in calling on the name of the Lord are not on that account more worthy. From what has now been said, one may get some suggestion of what is meant by being baptized in His name or with His holy Spirit, and the fire of His love, which burneth continually upon the altar of the holy place in the living temples of the great "I am,"—the true "Mount Zion," which he loves. Whosoever shall receive this baptism shall have fixed or written upon him the Lord's "new name," mentioned in Rev. iii. 12.

Newark, Ohio. W.

They who truly fear God have secret guidance from a higher wisdom than what is barely human, viz.: the spirit of truth and godliness, which doth really, though secretly, prevent and direct them. Any man that sincerely and truly fears Almighty God, and trusts and relies upon Him for His direction, *it as really as a son has the counsel and direction of his father;* and though the voice be not audible, nor discernible by sense, yet it is as real as if a man heard a voice saying, "This is the way, walk in it."—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

From "Religious Duty."

HYPOCRISY.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

Assuming that we are bound to "love God with all our hearts," and that He, at all times, sees into those hearts, and knows whether we fulfil this obligation, it is clear enough that to act before Him the living lie of a pretended piety is, in an outrageous degree, offensive and insulting. It is unnecessary to enlarge on a topic so fully understood.

Not equally recognized, however, is the guilt of some of the milder forms of this vice, wherein the simplicity of religion is still, although less grossly, violated. Nay, to many the concealment of serious religious feelings under a light demeanor is, doubtless, an act of hypocrisy done out of the very hatred of the offence in its opposite development: yet, in whatever way we *falsify* our true religious condition to the eyes of our fellows, must it not always involve offence before God? Are we not bound to live out simply and uprightly before men that which He sees us to be; to acknowledge alike our heart's fealty to our liege Lord, and the miserable short-comings by which we fail in our allegiance?

In the first place, there is an hypocrisy of appearing *better* than we are, which shelters itself under the pretence of serving as an example to others. The man is not base enough to seek worldly gain or aggrandizement by such means, but he conceals his sins and errors on the ground of "preserving his usefulness," "saving the credit of his sacred profession," not "throwing a stumbling-block before the weak," or "giving occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme." He also attends public worship, observes the Sabbath, frowns down free talk, and affects great gravity on religious matters; all for the sake of good example, and because such things, though of no consequence to *his* soul, are doubtless so to the weak and ignorant. What ruin to the singleness of a human heart must be such a course as this! How all real, earnest repentance for a sin must be stopped, when, instead of sorrow for the past and resolution for the future, the mind is occupied by efforts to make the spectators believe it has never slipped, or, perhaps, that its fall was no moral lapse at all! To be a contrite sinner in the eyes of God, while we strive to be a stainless saint in the eyes of men,—what a contradiction! The pretence, too, of avoiding injury to the cause of religion is utterly futile. The world always *does* know, sooner or later, the most secret errors. There is no word more true in the Bible than that which declares "that what is spoken in the ear shall be proclaimed on the house-tops." Hypocrisy only adds a double shame to the sins of "pro-

fessors." And if there be any way in which erring man may really help his brother's soul, it is by showing him that he hates his own sin so heartily that he is willing to bear its shame, and hastens to renounce it openly and utterly. The more the repentant man is raised above us by age, character, parenthood,—the more his frank avowal of error would affect us beneficially. As for the attendance at worship, &c., "for the sake of example," it is marvellous how any human creatures have ever had the presumption to entertain such an idea. Let any sane man consider what he does when he enters a church, and ask himself how his "exemplary" behaviour therein must appear to God, and I cannot but suppose he will be sufficiently shocked to abandon such attempts for the future. For, either he must intend really to worship, to thank, to adore, and pray to the great Lord of all, or he must intend to make an outward show of so doing without any uplifting of soul. The latter conduct is grossly insulting to that God who watches him entering, with affected meekness, His house of prayer, and going through a pantomime of supplication and adoration which he declines to offer in earnest to that awful Searcher of hearts! On the other hand, if he intends really to pray and give thanks, is it not the extreme of folly and presumption to think of performing such acts (the most solid and sublime a created being can aspire to do) for the sake—*not* of his own soul, which he is imploring God to save—*not* of the endless mercies for which he is thanking his Benefactor—*not* of the Holiness he is adoring, but to show his neighbors that he thinks it fit and proper that men should worship God! Conceive a man speaking out to God such ideas as these! Conceive him commencing his prayers by the preamble, "O Lord, I come into Thy presence principally that I may show my servants, and my poor neighbors, that I consider it right and proper to honor Thee. And, being here, I confess I have sinned grievously," &c., &c.

Either "going to church for example's sake" means this, or it means nothing, and the sooner we abolish the cant of it the better.

On the other hand, the man whose hypocrisy consists in making himself appear *worse* than he is, stands in a position scarcely less false and morally wrong. Whatever his motive be,—the fear of ridicule, or hatred of the opposite canting sort of hypocrisy or false humility,—in any case he sins both against God, his fellows, and his own soul. For ourselves, nothing is more needful to the health of conscience than that our inward life and outward profession should be in harmony. Well said Chaucer,—

"Truth to thine own heart thy soul shall save."

If we desire to grow *better* than we are, w must, in the first place, be openly *what* w are. We must live out our own life of dut faithfully, uprightly, humbly, never trying t conceal our faults, and making no pruder about such poor withered charms as our vir tues ever possess. The life of virtue is befor all things a life of simplicity. The man wh professes selfish, worldly motives when he i conscious of better ones, who jests about la and vicious habits when his own are pur runs most imminent risk of very shortl adopting those motives in earnest, and fallin actually into those evil habits. When goo thoughts come to him, as they come to us al he is placed in the contemptible dilemma c either keeping silent *because* they are good, o uttering them with a blush, mayhap a apologetic sneer. But in larger ways tha these, also, the position in which w stand with our fellows reacts on our ow minds, and in a thousand different channe brings to us good or evil influences accordin as this position is true or false.

In social duty such hypocrisy makes us o fenders also. To show our brothers th "practicability of virtue," that is, of a heart pursuit of it, even with all the failings the see, is the one great service we can render t their moral natures, and instead of this we c them the grievous injury of countenancin their errors. None may calculate the infl ence which we exert over each other in the ways for good or evil; none may calcula the good which one individual may accor plish by simply and invariably (whenever may be done without presumption) upholdin the right in every argument at which I chances to be present, the true, just, kin noble view of every question mooted befo him; none may calculate how the petty, b most grievous oppressions of domestic life a repressed by the knowledge that one spectat sees and reprehends them, if it be but by reproving look to the offender, an encoura ing smile to the sufferer; none may calcul how many bad feelings die out under the co sciousness that their utterance will find sympathy, and how many good ones blosso and bear precious fruit in their natural a mosphere of confidence. In the case of ve close relationships, where such influences good or evil go on reacting immediately, t result is soon visible. A little preponde ting good or evil at first start often deci the whole upward or downward tendency the characters of husbands and wives for l It is true that mere *negative* virtue is alw impotent. Divines tell us that "man bri with him a corrupt nature into the worl that "one bad example can draw him i

further wickedness than twenty good ones will avail for his reformation;" that "one corrupting discourse will instil more evil than twenty demonstrations from the pulpit will be able to overcome." It is all very true as regards the powerlessness of "twenty examples" of no other good than external decent demeanor, or "twenty demonstrations" of utter platitudes, such as we commonly hear from the pulpit. But let the examples be of living, loving, energetic virtue, the "demonstrations"—

"Words fierily furnaced
In the blast of a life which has struggled in earnest,"

and we shall hear another story of their influence. The kingdom of heaven will spread like the "little leaven," and shoot aloft like the tiny "mustard seed." But all influence for good is abdicated by him who is either weak enough to be ashamed of his true honor, or unfaithful enough to shrink from *committing* himself in the eyes of men to a consistent course of virtue. And lastly, toward God what cowardice, what meanness it is for a man to hesitate to own openly his allegiance to duty, to fear to wear always on his breast the badge of his liege Lord! Truly there are canting, whining formulas, which a self-respecting spirit will infallibly spurn; but when is a man ever so manly as when, amid the thoughtless or the scoffing, he simply avows that he does believe in the God of heaven, and does desire to obey His righteous law?

It must not be urged that such simple acknowledgment of fealty as this is in the remotest way to be identified with that profaning of sacred feelings by exposure, which is even more odious as regard religious affections than human ones. The distinction is immense, and is recognized on all hands in every other relation. Before an *enemy* every son will proudly confess his father, every soldier his sovereign. If either ever stand by silent while parent or king are insulted, and claim not to be his child or servant, we do not deem it "delicacy," but meanness and poltroonery. But, on the other hand, to speak to a stranger of the inner affections of the heart, for a husband to describe his tenderness for his wife, a friend for a friend, is felt by every one to be worse than indecorous—unfeeling. The deep personal sentiments, whether human or religious, are so sacred that no hand save that of love should ever be permitted to draw aside their veil. There is a spiritual immodesty as well as a corporeal one, and both are hideous.

Yet I have sometimes thought that there is a large margin beyond these purely personal experiences and sentiments, wherein we well might strive to meet our fellow-creatures' sympathies far oftener than we do. Our brothers are not *all* enemies, *all* scoffers, for all that fanatics may say. In thousands and millions of hearts at this moment we may be assured a love warmer than we know is glowing unseen, or smouldering for want of aid which we perhaps might give with a few words. That we ought sometimes to share such blessed sympathies, to strive to kindle and cherish each other's good, none will deny. But how is this ever to be done if we take such precautions never to reveal any share of our own feelings till our brother has shown us his? Who is to begin? I doubt not, if we sought it more, and in fitting time and place, we should often find that between us and God's other children, instead of a barrier of separation, there is a bond of tenderest and holiest union.

SCRAPS FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

We were gratified with the information thou gave us respecting our venerable Friends ——. Whenever I have thought of those dear Friends of latter times, the thought has been accompanied by a depression of spirits. I feel much for them, and do ardently hope that their sun may set in brightness, as a fit close to a life so long and earnestly devoted to the Master's service. If such a thing could be possible of such seemingly dedicated ones, we would be almost bound to conclude, from the domestic and other difficulties they have witnessed, that *some enemy* had been left alive, which the Lord had commanded them utterly to destroy, and that this has proved, as such always does, a torment and a snare, making greater manifestations as the powers that may have partially kept it in check are enfeebled. Oh, how important for all to obtain, in early life, a *complete victory* over *all* the soul's enemies; and this, through the mercy and grace of God, I believe it is our privilege to do; and then, to *maintain* the mastery. If, having been favored with Divine help to conquer the enemies of our soul's happiness, we voluntarily let even one come back into our hearts, and have quiet residence there, it will ever after, through life, remain to be a torment and an object of warfare.

I quite intended to send a response at once to thy welcome message, but hindering disabilities have so multiplied, that I have been unable to take my pen availingly in hand, and I had nothing worth sending across the ocean; yet, my dear friend, are we not taught that in the Divine economy it is not "for the eye to say to the hand, I have no need of thee, nor for the head to say to the feet, I have no need of you." I truly believe it is intended that we should *all* minister to each other ac-

cording to the ability *bestowed*, whether that may be through the *one* talent, or the many, and even though the less gifted may have again and again humiliatingly to feel their subordinate part, even in *social* intercourse. The most favored and gifted have not always to "abound;" there are alternating seasons I know with all; but I believe the highest spiritual participations do not unfit for, nor cause to feel unworthy, human interests and human sympathies.

I thoroughly sympathize in thy remark that "*all our doings*," if rightly prompted, have in them the "religious element." Perhaps Friends cultivate the conscientious principle beyond any other sect, sometimes to a degree of morbidness,—injurious to their own peace, and consequently to the full benefit of those they are placed amongst. The foundation is a most valuable one; but I have often inwardly queried whether all the activity of the present day *can* spring from the same; yet it is not for *us* to judge the motive.

The wide separations which occur in families will bring deep feeling, but under this feeling the great solace to each one must be an abiding sense of the same protecting Providence everywhere. I indeed know when human means and agencies are powerless, how the fearful heart will at times sicken with uncontrollable reflections or misgivings; but the love and sympathy of those who are near and dear to us are as an oasis in seasons of solicitude, and cloudy and dark days.

Very closely indeed hast thou been called to deathbed partings, and to experience outward bereavements, which cannot fail to affect the mind with human sadness; but to the hopeful believer in all the rich fulness and joyful reality of that blessed state beyond the tomb, there is something extremely beautiful and animating in contemplating the loved and prepared spirit throwing off its clogs and the shackles of mortality as a *stage of progress;* not decay, but growth; not a punishment, but a privilege; an unfolding of higher faculties. The why and the wherefore of such dispensations we may not always see, but we may believe they have a deep meaning.

"Though sin may abound, grace doth yet much more abound." The power to resist is with us—graciously offered us. The need is that we humbly and faithfully avail ourselves of it. As *righteousness* is voluntary obedience to the "law of God written upon the heart," or made manifest to the soul, so *sin* is the voluntary or wilful *dis*obedience to the known law and both are equally positive. When under temptation, we are, if attentive or watchful, conscious of power to yield or resist, and it is only when we yield our wills, and act as tempted, that it becomes sin.

I have been reading a work containing some beautiful ideas mixed with some very gloomy and hurtful speculations. It made me feel thoughtful and sad, till I remembered it was merely speculation; but its tendency is to diminish instead of to increase hope and faith in the human mind on a point of the highest general interest.

In regard to reading, writing and hearing generally, I am often reminded of the sublime prayer of Thomas à Kempis, and I crave the condition in which my soul can adopt it. "O God, who art the Truth, make me one with Thee in everlasting love. I am ofttimes weary of reading and weary of hearing; in Thee alone is the sum of my desire. Let every teacher be silent; let the whole creation be dumb before Thee, *and do Thou only speak into my soul.*"

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 13, 1869.

To Subscribers.—In two weeks the present volume will end; and it is important, in order that a correct list may be kept, that such subscribers as wish to *dis*continue their subscriptions should notify our Agent at once. Those not furnishing this information before the close of the volume, will be considered as subscribers another year.

In order to promote the safe delivery of the paper, it is desired that when a change of name or post-office is proposed, the address *heretofore used* as well as *hereafter to be used*, shall be *plainly written in full.* Initials often lead to confusion and trouble. Our paper is issued weekly at three dollars per annum. Two dollars and fifty cents for clubs. Any one procuring a club of ten, shall be entitled to a free copy, he being responsible for the entire club. Terms payable *in advance.*

All communications must be addressed and payments made to the Agent, Emmor Comly. Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

"The Probe.—An inquiry into the use of Stimulants and Narcotics, the social evils resulting therefrom, and methods of reform and cure." This is the title of a new Quarterly, edited by Dr. Joseph Parrish, and issued from "The Sanitarium," Media, Pa. Price $1.00 a year.

The utility of a periodical devoted to the discussion of the main causes of poverty and crime in every community, and to the best means of correcting these, will be apparent to every one who has taken thought of the sad failure of our modern civilization to develop the highest good of all. Those whose ideal of a civilized community is founded on Christian principles must often feel how very deficient we are in understanding, much more in practising the Christian virtues which lie at the basis of true prosperity.

The Editor of the "Probe" and those who contribute to this first number seem in earnest in their attempt to grapple with this great subject. Some of the writers are evidently experienced in the trials and temptations of the inebriate, and feel keenly the cruel sentence by which Society thrusts them out from its pale. We here see a different side of the temperance question from that most commonly presented by those who, not knowing the bitterness and sorrow which are inherited with an undue appetite for stimulants, are ever ready to denounce the victims of the sad habit of intemperance.

At the Sanitarium whence this periodical is issued is the very class who know most about the causes and results of indulgence, and one of the interesting features of the paper is, that in it they have a hearing.

The scientific aspects of the alcohol question are partially presented in the present number with a view to ascertain the true relation of this dangerous stimulant to food and to medicine; and whatever may be thought of the conclusions of the writers, there can be no question as to the advantage of such a full discussion as a journal of this kind is calculated to elicit.

The first number contains an article on Prison Discipline, which will be read with interest, as suggesting humane considerations in regard to the proper treatment of those who are necessarily shut out from society. This contains strictures upon the Pennsylvania system, which we notice is being much discussed elsewhere, in the light of recent experience. Originally devised in the interest of humanity, with the best intentions, it now seems to demand a full discussion, and perhaps important modifications.

An article on "Professional Criminals" is worthy of a perusal; it contains facts and arguments tending to show the inefficiency of the present systems of punishment, and suggesting modifications well worthy of consideration, as part of that newly-awakened interest which is being felt among the humane and philanthropic in the reformation of those who, having violated the laws of society, are necessarily subjected to discipline and punishment.

We shall look with interest for other numbers of this periodical, and commend it to our readers as worthy their attentive perusal.

Oberlin College.—From the Independent we extract a sketch of the College of Oberlin, Ohio, founded in 1835, on the basis of "no distinction of color or sex." Although differing in many respects from the views held by Friends, yet there is much to excite our interest in the broad step taken by the Directors toward the extinguishment of the prejudices which have withheld from women the opportunities for culture and true development which we believe her nature demands. The Christian principle exercised toward the colored class of the community is not without its teaching, even to the members of a Society which was among the first to disclaim the right of men to hold their fellow beings in bondage; but not having closely attended to the testimony that in the sight of our Heavenly Father *all men are equal*, not a few of us have grown up in the nurture of a feeling, which, if indulged, excludes the people of color from an equal participation of the privileges enjoyed by the whites. True there are some noble exceptions, whose adherence to individual convictions of right there is an increasing disposition to respect, as the result of the enlightenment of Truth; and we trust that at no very distant period every sentiment adverse to the law of love and Christian charity may be overcome, so that our works may accord with the faith that of one blood are made all the nations of the earth.

We have received the first number of the second volume of "The Bond of Peace," a monthly publication, edited by a committee of "The Universal Peace Association,"—American branch. Published by E. James

and daughter, No. 600 Arch Street, Philada. Price $1.00 per annum. The object of its conductors is to call attention to the sinfulness of war, and to labor for the promotion of peace on earth and good will to all men. We wish success to every right effort to promote this desirable state of things.

Died, on the 21st of 2d month, 1867, Ann Thomas, in the 91st year of her age, a member of Fall Creek Monthly Meeting, Madison County, Indiana, formerly of West Vincent, Chester County, Pennsylvania. Many Friends of Fall Creek Meeting have long felt that a short account of this faithful and long tried laborer in the Lord's vineyard was due to her memory; that others seeing her good works might be encouraged to a like faithfulness.

She removed with her husband, Jonathan Thomas, to Indiana in 1834, the latter purchasing and deeding to Friends the present site of our meeting-house and graveyard. An indulged meeting was held at their house for some time before the meeting-house was built. She was a diligent attender of all our meetings for worship and discipline, and particularly useful in the latter, and to extreme old age her seat was seldom vacant, even in the most inclement weather. When over 80 years of age, she attended our Yearly Meeting at Waynesville, more than one hundred miles distant, travelling the whole way in a carriage, and several times after attended the Quarterly Meeting at Richmond. For several years previous to her marriage, which occurred in 1806, her husband had been a laborer among the Oneida and Seneca Indians, in the State of New York, and three years after believed it his duty to leave his little family and again labor among that people. This was a sore trial to the young wife—the distance being three hundred miles, and the way at that time being through an almost unbroken wilderness, and mail communication very uncertain.

In a letter to him, dated 6th mo. 14th, 1809, she says, "It was a great trial—our late separation—and it was more than I could say for many days,—I am resigned; but now it is otherwise, and I can say in sincerity—Go thy way, and be thou faithful to what is made manifest." And again, under date 11th mo. 5th, 1809, speaking of their separation, she says, "For a length of time I could not think of thee without my eyes filling with tears, and I often went aside to give vent thereto; but, as often as I reflected on my lonely situation, my mind was turned to the lonely widows who had no hope to build upon, but must forever bid adieu to their bosom friend; this I have esteemed as a favor from heaven, being fully satisfied it is right at this time."

After an absence of 16 months he returned on a short visit, to be again absent for another 16 months. During all this time of trial to her, she was not willing he should deviate from what he apprehended to be his duty; and in the year 1816 was made willing to join her efforts with his in endeavoring to turn the minds of these untutored children of a common Father to the gospel of peace and the arts of civilization. After remaining eighteen months, she returned to her father's house, where she remained five months, during which time her third child was born. With this babe in her arms she again traversed the wilderness, to remain for three years longer among the Indians. In 1821, they felt their mission was closed, and they returned to Chester county, where they resided until they removed to Indiana. As old age drew on, she mellowed as ripe fruit, and seemed to be all love and tenderness to her friends, encouraging them by example and precept to be faithful to the manifestations of duty.

Died, suddenly, on the morning of the 18th of First month, 1869, at the residence of her son Ezekiel, near New Castle, Ind., Rebecca, widow of Nathan Livezey, Sr., aged 88 years and 7 months. She was formerly a resident of Lower Dublin, and a member of Abington Monthly Meeting, Pa.

——, on the 19th of Tenth month, 1867, Abel Lewis, in the 82d year of his age; a member of Fall Creek Meeting, Madison Co., Ia.; formerly of Chester Co., Pa.

——, in Huntsville, Madison Co., Ia., Essie I., daughter of Wm. and Jane Kirk, in the 10th year of her age.

——, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on the 11th of 5th month, 1868, Avis C., wife of Richard C. Southwick. At the same place, on the 18th of Eleventh month, 1868, Richard C. Southwick, aged 64 years; both exemplary members of Oswego Monthly Meeting, New York.

——, at Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 21st of First mo., 1869, Hugh Laing, aged 85 years.

——, on the 26th of 12th month, 1868, Elizabeth M. Moore, a member of Little Britain Meeting, in the 84th year of her age. Although many years she was an invalid, and for the past five years mostly confined to her bed, yet a murmer never escaped her lips; on the contrary, she ever manifested a cheerful countenance, and entire resignation to the Divine will, often expressing her readiness and willingness to go hence, whenever it was the Master's will. She was favored to enjoy her sight and hearing to the last, which she esteemed a great blessing. Her end was peace.

——, on 1st month 18th, at Firebaugh Ferry, California, John I. Wilson, late of this city, eldest son of Edith I. and the late David Wilson.

——, on the morning of 1st month 3d, 1869, of Scarlet fever, in the 13th year of her age, Estelle Evangeline, ; on the 8th, Herman Frederick, aged 2 years and 1 month; on the 9th, Warren Lacy, aged 10 years and 7 months, and on the 16th, Alice Maud, aged 6 years and 11 months,—beloved children of Charles and Susan H. Reese, of Baltimore County, Md.

——, on the 5th of 11th month, 1864, Evan Jones, in the 24th year of his age; on the 1st of 4th month, 1866, Anna G. Jones, in the 22d year of her age; on the 30th of 1st month, 1869, Mary Ellen Jones, in the 22d year of her age; all children of John L. and Margaret Jones, of Three Tuns, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, and members of Gwynedd Monthly Meeting.

CHEAP AND EXCELLENT INK.

We copy from the *Country Gentleman* the following receipt for the benefit of those who sometimes find it difficult to procure good ink:

"Buy *extract of logwood*, which may be had for three cents an ounce, or cheaper by the quantity. Buy, also, for three cents, an ounce of *bichromate of potash*. Do not make a mistake and get the simple chromate of potash. The former is orange red, the latter clear yellow. Now take half an ounce of extract of logwood and ten grains of bichromate of pot-

ash, and dissolve them in a quart of hot rain water. When cold, pour it into a glass bottle, and leave it uncorked for a week or two. Exposure to the air is indispensable. The ink is then made, and has cost five to ten minutes labor, and about three cents besides the bottle. This ink is at first an intense steel blue, but becomes quite black!"

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

Edward Parrish lectured before Friends' Social Lyceum, on the 2d inst., on Henry Cavendish. The following is a brief synopsis of his remarks:

"Moral power and intellectual greatness are not confined to rich or poor, to men of high or low degree. History furnishes us with noble examples of those who have risen from the humblest stations in life to positions of place and power and eminence in art and science.

"But Cavendish was a man of wealth—an aristocrat, so to speak. He had a long line of noble ancestry, which he could trace back some eight hundred years. The history of the family shows that each generation preserved the high social and moral standing of the one preceding it, and the subject of our sketch was a man highly esteemed and honored by his contemporaries. He was born in the year 1731. Of his early life we have but little account. He was sent to Cambridge to complete his education in preference to Oxford, as at the former place he was not required to subscribe to any religious creed.

"He remained at this University four years and then left, refusing to graduate. He went to London, and commenced the study and practice of chemistry.

"Previous to this time it was believed that air was a single element. He was one of the first to discover this scientific blunder. Although his fame principally lies in his successful chemical experiments, yet this is not all. He travelled throughout England on a geological survey, adding largely to his stock of information, and the knowledge thus obtained was freely imparted to the scientific world.

"Cavendish was in many respects a very singular man. Although possessed of immense estates, he lived in a small way, and does not seem to have had a knowledge of the amount of his wealth. His banker called on him one day and informed him that they had quite a large balance in their hands to his credit, and suggested that he invest forty thousand pounds. Evidently vexed that he should be disturbed by one on such an errand, he said they might invest the forty thousand, but never come to him again and trouble him about his money. He was extremely bashful, and used every means to avoid the society of women. Even among men he was very reserved, shy and diffident in conversation. He had no appreciation of the grand or the beautiful, and in his travels never took note of the scenery, his mind being totally absorbed by the subject of his scientific research. So far as is known he never so much as entered a place of worship during his life, and he died as he had lived—alone. He was no enthusiast, and not imaginative; he was intellectual only. He was one that could not be loved, neither could he be despised. Yet with all his peculiarities he was a great genius. He kept apart from men, not because he felt that he was better than they, but because of his exceeding bashfulness, which we will call an infirmity. He used no means to perpetuate his memory after death, but left his money and his estates to his relatives."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

No. 20.

In introducing the following synopsis to the readers of the Intelligencer, it may be well to quote the following from No. 19, published during last month:

"In reference to the '*holiday presents*,' the writer would remark, that the funds of the Association are not used for their purchase, they being procured with private contributions made for that especial purpose; and further, these presents were not confined to *toys*, (important as it is to gladden the hearts of the *children*,) but embraced a large number of useful articles, such as scarfs, gloves, handkerchiefs, knives, scissors, &c. &c."

And to add: That while some Friends may honestly question the propriety of our recognizing the day called Christmas, and even entertain a fear of its compromising the principles and testimonies of the Society of Friends, it should be borne in mind that these poor people have ever occupied, and still do, a very different position from ourselves, and that they *must* be looked at, and co-operated with, to a certain extent, *from their own standpoint*, if we expect any good results from our labors.

Sarah Ann Steer writes from Waterford, Va., under date of Twelfth month 30, "I enclose my School Report for this month, and although I have two more pupils on my list, the average attendance is less than that of last month, owing to inclement weather. The winter has been unusually severe, with a great deal of snow, which prevented those coming regularly who have a long distance to walk. The members of my *Sewing Class*

have been very industrious, and some of the girls have learned to sew very well. I told them when I commenced school last fall, I wanted to have all the sewing (twenty-two garments) finished by Christmas. This the sixteen girls have accomplished; only sewing one afternoon in the week, until the last two weeks, when I found they would not get through with it, and allowed them *two* afternoons. I distributed these articles on Christmas eve, together with the contents of the box sent by our Philadelphia Friends. The children were delighted with them, and send many thanks to you for your kind remembrance of them.

"The books for the Library are a very welcome gift, as are also those for the school, while the map is a perfect treasure."

It was deemed best to close for the winter the First-day school at this point, partly on account of the difficulty in getting about during inclement weather. The teacher describes the closing exercises, which were held on Christmas day, as consisting of "reading from the Testament, examination in the Catechism, and reciting some very beautiful and appropriate Hymns by the children. After they were through, they had a long table set and spread with an abundance of cake and confectionery, contributed by the parents and friends of the scholars. All seemed to enjoy the day; and the older ones said to me—how much more profitable it was to meet and spend their Christmas in that way than to be idly strolling about, as they used to do. I gave the Bibles, Testaments, &c., to the teachers and pupils of the school.

"I hear favorable accounts of the Temperance Society—nearly all of the colored people in this neighborhood belong to it. I still have the *forty-five dollars* contributed by the freedmen in aid of our school awaiting your instructions as to its appropriation."

Mary E. McBride, at Fairfax Court House, Va., continues to have a good school, and notwithstanding her suffering from an affection of her eyes, is still laboring faithfully. She states that Col. Lee has initiated arrangements for making their "*Academy*" habitable; (the contemplated repairs have probably been completed ere this;) and any one who has seen what may well be termed the "*impromptu*" school-houses, too often found in the South, can readily comprehend how much they need this kind of attention. She also gives us the gratifying information that *Mr. Sagee*, the owner of the *land* on which the school-house stands, has kindly given us the use of it for another year or more.

For this and past favors received from him, the *Association*, and doubtless the Freedmen, who are most intimately interested, feel very grateful, and the more so, knowing, as some of us do, the sacrifices necessarily accompanying the act. She further alludes to a visit from a "Captain commissioned by Gen. Howard to report concerning schools in this county. He spent nearly all day with us, and was very much gratified. He thought (and so did I) that my little ones passed a very creditable examination. On Christmas day the children were delighted, and happier than on any previous occasion, judging from their remarks and actions. They all told me to thank their kind friends for their trouble and expense."

Frances E. Gauze, having charge of our Primary School at Mt. Pleasant, writes:

"My school is increasing, now averaging sixty-eight in daily attendance. There are several large boys who can only come through the winter, and I feel anxious to give them every chance. *Cornelia* has one of her large girls to assist me, and it keeps us both busy to get through with the exercises. My assistant exhibits considerable proficiency in teaching, and I would suggest whether some little remuneration for her services would not be an incentive for her to prepare herself for a teacher.

I have a number of large boys and girls *who come five miles* to school, and there are others who go to the expense of boarding their children in the village, that they may avail themselves of our school. It is certainly very important these should receive good attention. One man came to make application for the admission of four, saying *his* "eyes was dun shut up, and his children's eyes was dun shut up, but he wanted his children's eyes opened." I must say I never had children's eyes "*opened*" sooner than theirs. They did not even know the letter A when they commenced, *and in two weeks time they were spelling out of book, and reading in the Primer!* It does my heart good to see them in such earnest, and appreciating what is being done for them. In reference to our Christmas festival, if the good people *North* knew how many hearts were made light by their beautiful and useful presents, they would feel amply repaid.

Isadore Brinkerhoff, at Herndon Station, Va., writes: "I feel an increasing interest in the school, and every day I can see the rapid progress of the scholars in all their studies, and this rapidity is wonderful. When I commenced teaching they would not ask me any questions, but now, when I am reading or talking, if they do not understand all I read or say, they will not let me proceed until I satisfy them with explanations. I have encouraged them in this, and many of the questions which they ask almost puzzle me.

Harriet Jenkins, the colored teacher at Falls Church, says: "My school still increases in number, and those who have attended regularly are doing very well in their studies. The new *Grammar Class* is delighted with the study, and they get on very well. I thank the good people of Philadelphia for the reading matter sent me every week. I receive the *Friends' Intelligencer* regularly, and have become much attached to it, on account of the true Christian principles it sets forth." She has 52 pupils enrolled, with an average attendance of 35. The whole of these spell—45 write—while 39 are between 6 and 16 years of age.

"I feel under many obligations for my Christmas present, the more so, when I think of its coming from those I have never seen; be assured I value it highly. The barrel of clothing has not reached us yet."

Jennie Spear, writing from Manassas, Va., alludes to the "well chosen assortment of articles sent out for Christmas presents," adding, "the responsibility of distributing these I feel deeply, but shall try to do it impartially." In a subsequent letter, she describes the scene as doubtless the "merriest Christmas they ever spent, and they will not soon forget it." She also states, "We are getting along nicely in our school and the number is increasing quite fast. The Sabbath School is also increasing, and since we received the books I feel much encouraged. Many of the scholars are quite old—cannot come to Day School—and are very anxious to learn to read the Bible." In referring to a promise made some time since by the freedmen at that place to raise fifteen dollars per month in aid of the school, and of their present inability to fulfil it, she remarks: "They have a church and school-house here which is not finished, and they are anxious to complete it as soon as possible; although I am teaching in it now, it will not be comfortable until completed. It has been rather a hard year on them, as they have not yet realized anything from their *crops*, and have everything to buy. They are very anxious to have the school continued, and one said to me, "Write to them and tell them to help us a little longer and then we can help ourselves." She adds, "I feel much encouraged—can see that they learn very fast and *love* to come to school."

Benjamin F. Grant, the colored teacher also at Manassas, appears to be faithful and energetic. He reports 28 pupils in attendance, 21 of whom are between 6 and 16 years of age, with only 3 in the alphabet. The freedmen contribute about *five dollars* per month in aid of the school, and are very grateful for the assistance we have rendered them. To use their own language, "are happy to think we have friends to help us. May the good Lord bless you and the work that is in your hands."

The condition of the schools and the freedmen at Mount Pleasant, S. C., was so fully represented in a letter from *Cornelia Hancock*, published a short time since in No. 19 of this series, it is scarcely worth while to quote much more at present from that section. In a recent letter she pleads for more teachers, and speaks of two bright boys she was compelled to turn away, who had been brought in sixteen miles from the country, to be placed at board, for the sake of coming to school. She adds, "There is no school in two parishes above us, and our school is their only hope." (It may be proper to remark, notwithstanding the depleted state of our finances, these appeals could not be withstood, and the employing of another teacher has been authorized. Let it be remembered, that this, as well as other similar acts, has been committed very much *in faith*, confidently believing *the means* will follow.)

It is a matter of regret that almost every month, first one and then another of our teachers send us only the regular statistical report, when their every-day life *must* be full of incident, and of that character, that, if narrated, could not but deeply interest their friends, and the friends of the Freedmen at the *North*. We are fully satisfied this does not arise from any decrease of interest, but probably from a fear that we tire of such narratives. Let us assure them this is not the case, and encourage them to perfect freedom in their correspondence.

The schools under the care of *Catharine E. Hall* at Vienna, *Sarah E. Lloyd* at Woodlawn, and *Helen A. Hurley* at Gum Spring, are all increasing in size, and their reports show both the progress and the conduct of the pupils to be satisfactory.

The teacher at Woodlawn being indisposed, a faithful friend volunteered to supply her place in the distribution of presents at Christmas, of which scene he gives a graphic description; the "ceremonies" of which consisted of reading select pieces from *Whittier* and other authors, appropriate remarks, and the narration of suitable anecdotes. Upon an invitation given to those present to express their feelings, an old lady who had been born a slave to General Washington, expressed her thanks to the *Lord* for his bleesings, and "to the people of the North a tousand times," for the presents, as well as for the teachers they had sent. Several others followed to the same effect, while the little children manifested the same feelings of thaukfulness. The meeting was closed by reading the poem, "Talk to me of Heaven."

The aggregate number of pupils in the twelve schools reported is 463. Of these 366 *read*, 367 *write*, 276 are in *arithmetic*, with but 31 in the *alphabet*.

A letter from "Calvin Fairbanks, bearing date 'Norfolk, Va., December, 1868," presents a number of items of interest, from which the following are selected:"

Finance—Freedmen's Bank.—The bank here exhibits a good bill of health, showing fidelity on the part of its officers, and industry and thrift on the part of the freedmen. It was opened in 1865—has now, 1869, accounts, and holds $49,409.67 of depositor's money.

Of these accounts, 7 have each a balance of $,000.
" " 14 " " " $500.
" " 26 " " " $800.
" " 80 " " " $100.

Over sixty Societies have together about $10,000.

Sand Bank Deposits.—Not unfrequently freedmen come in bringing in from $50 to $1,100—which had been kept in sand banks and cellars, and hollow logs, etc., for from five to twenty years. Here is a case:

An old man, Mr. James C——, who lives about four miles from the city, who for some time has been inquiring about the Bank, came in on Saturday last saying he had "persuaded himself to try the new Bank." He had been keeping his careful savings hid away in various places, but having lost a good deal through robbers, had at last thought best to ease his mind in his old age. On producing his bank, which was tied up in a clumsy bundle, we found a rough board box about a foot long and six inches wide, strongly nailed together, which he had himself made over twenty years ago for the purpose. This box was full of *gold and silver coin!* and on counting we found there were *eleven hundred and sixty-seven dollars!* ($1,167.) This he deposited, and now holds the heaviest bank book we have issued.

Mr. C. said he had the most of this money twelve years ago. If so, and he had then deposited the money in bank, he would now have had nearly ($3,000) three thousand dollars.

This man is doubtless but one of many, if we could find them out, who have large deposits in "Sand Banks." J. M. E.

Philada., 2d month, 1869.

THE FRUIT OF SORROW.

BY A. A. PROCTOR.

Do not cheat thy heart and tell her,
"Grief will pass away;
Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day."
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.

Cheat her not with the old comfort,
"Soon she will forget;"
Bitter truth, alas! but matter
Rather for regret.
Bid her not "Seek other pleasures,
Turn to other things;"
Rather nurse her caged sorrow,
Till the captive sings.

Rather bid her go forth bravely,
And the stranger greet;
Not as foe, with spear and buckler,
But as dear friends meet.
Bid her with a strong clasp hold her
By her dusky wings,
Listening for the murmured blessing
Sorrow always brings.

[In deepest sympathy with the bereaved parents, I contribute to the obituary column of our *Intelligencer* a sad record, and have felt at liberty to accompany it with the subjoined lines from a recent number of the *Baltimore American*.—A. R. H.]

OUR TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

Ere one little moon had half grown old,
There were four dead lambs within one fold;
Ere a handful of violets withered and died,
There were four vacant chairs at one fireside;
In four little lamps the last faint spark
Went flickering out, and all grew dark.

O God! the agony of that long hour
Was known to Thee only, for all earthly power
Had failed. Our spirits grew faint with fear,
As we knelt by the side of each loved one's bier,
And saw them departing one by one,
That all would forsake us and leave us alone.

But Thou, dear Lord, whose power controls
The tempest raging within our souls,
And says to the whirlwinds of the will
And its surging billows, "Peace, be still,"
Spoke to our trembling hearts and said,
"*Why seek ye the living amongst the dead?*"

For a moment the veil was drawn aside,
And we saw our little ones glorified,
In the centre of a celestial band,
Who were leading them with loving hand
To realms of bliss, where the skies are clear,
And fields are green throughout the year;

Where bright-winged birds, unfading flowers,
And fruits of love, fill all the hours
With joy and peace, and where endless spring
Is the smile of Heaven's Eternal King—
To dwell forever in the bloom of youth,
In the rosy light of Celestial Truth.

Baltimore County, 1*st mo.*, 1869. C. R.

From the N. Y. Independent.

EXTRACTS FROM "LIGHTS AND SHADES AT OBERLIN."

It is less than forty years since a space was cleared in a dense forest in the Western Reserve for the planting of a colony, a college, and a church—all three in one—under the revered Swiss name of Oberlin; a name which now, on both sides of the sea, is a synonym for self-denying zeal in the Master's cause. The same tough hands which in their brawny prime cut down the trees to make an opening for the settlement now, in trembling age, bear

sacramental bread and wine to a thousand communing souls under one roof. It is the greatest of earthly rewards to live long enough to see one's life-work crowned with triumph in one's life; and such is the reward enjoyed by these old men. Still alive, and sprightly in his feebleness, is Father Keep, now drawing nigh his ninetieth year, and who in 1835, as president of the Oberlin Trustees, decreed by his casting vote that the college, in admitting students, should thereafter make no distinction of color or sex. It was that vote—thus early laying the axe at the root of the tree—that brought upon Oberlin its early and perennial glory. Except for that vote the wilderness might better have been left to its wolves. From that beginning the seminary has sent out nearly 20,000 students, and now gives annually an *Alma Mater's* parting blessing to about 1,200. Of this great army many are clergymen, many lawyers, many teachers, and many more heads of Christian families, in whose households burn fires lighted from the solitary church-altar that, forty years ago, was set up in the wild woods. "These men and women," says President Fairchild, in his historic address, "may be relied on to take the right side of every good cause. They are for freedom and temperance, and all for practical Christianity. If an Oberlin minister can be found who smokes or chews tobacco, let him be caught as a specimen for the cabinet." . . . . . .

The long effort of some very critical Christians in the East to exclude Oberlin from the fellowship of Congregational and Presbyterian churches, and to represent it as a seminary known for theological heresy and political fanaticism, was an attempt to put a ban on some of the noblest men and women.

Arthur Tappan's early confidence in Oberlin—a confidence which he expressed by giving $10,000 toward its endowment—showed how much more Christian wisdom a layman could possess who placed religion above theology than the hot Gospellers who place theology above religion. The Oberlin type of theology is of small account in comparison with the Oberlin type of religion. The Oberlin opinion concerning the freedom of the will is of far less consequence than the Oberlin practice concerning the freedom of the negro. The good people of that world-famed settlement have proved themselves such practical Christians, so zealous in every good word and work, so devoted to the uplifting of the lowly, so diligent in building up the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, that liberal-minded Christians everywhere ought to love Oberlin, wholly irrespective of the Oberlin form of faith.

Oberlin was the first of American colleges to give a degree either to a negro or a woman. The joint companionship of both colors and both sexes in the same institution is itself one of the most needful lessons for American students to learn. Oberlin puts forth a mighty influence, day by day and year by year, to melt away the mountain of political prejudice under which women and negroes still lie, crushed in a common degradation. The co-education of the sexes—a plan which God foreshadowed in the very constitution of human nature—is the only just and wise policy for any college to pursue; and even Yale and Harvard must sooner or later admit the daughters as well as the sons of New England to an equal participation in those educational advantages which by right are the common prerogative of both sexes and of all classes. Oberlin, resisting at first with stubborn obstinacy her own destiny, long ago chose "the more excellent way." The results, after many year's trial, are thus stated in an official report by the president:

"The first eight years of my work as a teacher was in the department of the ancient languages—Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; the next eleven in mathematics, abstract and applied; the last eight in philosophical and ethical studies. In all these studies my classes have included young women as well as young men, and I have never observed any difference between them in performance in the recitation. The strong and the weak scholars are equally distributed between the sexes." . . In looking at the college buildings, one wants to see their weather-stained walls covered, like the Medical College at Columbus, with an ever-renewing mantle of green. But thirty years ago, Philo P. Stuart and John J. Shepherd, in denouncing all bright apparel as at variance with religion, seem to have banished from their colony not only woman's ribbons but Nature's ivies; and so, although Oberlin has its summer roses, it needs on all its public structures the ornament of growing vines. College walks and grounds ought to be places of sequestered loveliness—like those meadows through which Jonathan Edwards used to wander, "murmuring a low music" and meditating on the "holiness of God;" or like the vision which the church-minstrel saw of "sweet fields beyond the swelling floods;" or like that landscape of landscapes which the Hebrew bard portrayed of "green pastures and still waters." Moreover, if twenty years ago the Oberlin Tabernacle had been wall-clad with ivy, the soft upholstery of Nature would by this time have suggested to the deacons the propriety of softening their chirruping boot-soles, which now go cricketing up and down the bare-floored aisles on communion afternoons.

On the whole, if one looks for a striking outward monument of the Christian progress of the country, he will find it at Oberlin: an institution founded like a log-cabin in the woods; remote at first from all civilization except what itself created; poverty-stricken to such a degree that once it could not afford to publish its catalogue; apprenticing its students to three hours' daily manual labor, in order that while they were receiving their education they might also be earning their daily bread; despised because it admitted the hated negro to his heaven-ordained equality with all the rest of God's children; persecuted for heresy by many theologians; yet an institution which, from such beginnings, amid such discouragements, and the face of such obstacles, has come to be, in many respects, the most influential seminary of learning in the United States.

For Friends Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

FIRST MONTH.

	1868.	1869.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	2 days.	6 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	1 "	3 "
Snow, includ'g very light falls	10 "	3 "
Cloudy, without storms	3 "	8 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	15 "	11 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1868.	1869.
Mean temperature of 1st mo., per Penna. Hospital,	30.12 deg.	37.00 deg.
Highest do. during mo., do.	45.00 "	60.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	11.00 "	19.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	3.62 in.	4.28 in.
DEATHS during the month, being four current weeks for 1868 and five for 1869.	1014	1331

Average of the mean temperature of 1st month for the past *eighty* years	31.23 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1790	44.00 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1857	22.37 "

From the deaths, as recorded above, deduct the extra week of this year, and the comparison will stand for 1868, 1041, and for 1869, 1065. And in reference to temperature, although we may have had "very unusual weather" for the month, it has been *exceeded eight times and equalled twice* on our records for eighty years past. We also learn from the Pennsylvania Hospital in 1858 the highest mean in any one day of the month reached 62 degrees, and in 1863, 63 degrees.

From Richmond we have the following:

RICHMOND, Va., Jan. 30.—A heavy rain and thunder storm occurred this morning at two o'clock, and several places in the city were struck by lightning.

While Camden, N. J., furnishes on the first of the present month striking contrasts, thus:

THE WEATHER.—On Friday and Saturday last many farmers in South Jersey were engaged in plowing. This morning ice had formed at least an inch in thickness.

Philada., Second mo. 2, 1869. J. M. ELLIS.

ITEMS.

THE TRANSITS OF VENUS, to take place in 1874 and 1882, are the subject of discussion by the Royal Astronomical Society of Great Britain, and committees have been appointed to devise the most effective plans for accurate observations of this unusual phenomenon. It is to be hoped that suitable arrangements will also be made in the United States for the same object. The distance of the earth from the sun is so important an element in all practical astronomical questions, that every exertion should be made to secure accurate elements for the calculation. The transits of Venus over the sun's disk, when observed at remote points of the earth's surface, furnish the required data, and every commercial nation should lend its aid by sending out expeditions like that of Captain Cook in 1769. It should be remembered that David Rittenhouse observed the transit of Venus of June 3d, 1766, at Norristown, near Philadelphia, and that his calculations were extremely valuable. From this circumstance the old colonies acquired a highly creditable reputation for astronomical knowledge, and the opportunity soon to be afforded of scientifically observing a phenomenon that hardly ever occurs in an ordinary life time should not be allowed to pass without an attempt to add to the sum of human knowledge.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

AT a recent meeting of the Lyceum of Natural History, Prof. Charles H. Hitchcock described a new species of *otozoum*, from the sandstone quarries of Portland, Ct. This animal is supposed to have been a gigantic batrachian, whose hind feet were eighteen inches long, with a web and pellets instead of claws. His front feet were about one-third the size of the posterior ones. Inasmuch as this new species showed evidence of the existence of a tail by its trail on the slab, it receives the specific name of *caudatum*. The late Pres. Hitchcock described the first example of this genus, and its tracks are the largest of all the impressions described by him as occurring in the new red sandstone of the Connecticut Valley. The Professor also alluded to the discovery by himself of the *che rotherium*, near Easton, Pa. This foot-mark has never before been found in America.—*Moravian.*

AN OBSERVATORY is now in process of erection at Salt Lake City, under the direction of the U. S. Coast Survey, in order to obtain an exact meridian, and for the purpose of determining the difference of longitude at specified points across the continent from Cambridge, Mass., to San Francisco, Cal. An intermediate station has been established at Omaha, Nebraska, 1500 miles west of Cambridge. The Observatory at Salt Lake City is 1000 miles west of Omaha, and a little under 900 miles east of San Francisco. To obtain the requisite piers for mounting the transit instruments, Brigham Young has to send teams to Weber Kanyon, and bring the blocks of stone a distance of 60 miles.

THE CINCHONA TREE, from whose bark quinine is extracted, is a native of Peru. A quintal of bark (112 pounds) brings there $60. This is transported to England or the United States, and the alkaloid extracted; and, when returned to Peru, a single ounce of quinine is sold for as much as the entire quintal of bark. Its cultivation has been successfully introduced into Java and India, and might probably be successful in this country.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 20, 1869. No. 51.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
At Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum, $2.50 for Clubs; or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.
SINGLE NOS. 6 CENTS.
REMITTANCES by mail must be in Checks, Drafts, or P. O. MONEY ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.
The Postage on this Paper, paid in advance at the office where it is received, in any part of the U. S., is 20 cts. a year.
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Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
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EXTRACTS FROM "THE FELLS OF SWARTHMOOR HALL."

(Continued from page 788.)

When the year 1666 was ushered in, the plague had subsided, but the war with Holland was still raging. These two scourges—pestilence and the sword, which, under the old dispensation were accounted the great calamities wherewith God punished the wickedness of the Jews—had at the same time assailed the English nation. The idea of people being punished by such inflictions in this world, for their own aggregate sins, or for particular gross sins of their rulers, characterized the ages prior to the time when the Lord Jesus clearly placed before the world the certainty of an eternal future, as bringing to each individual "the reward of the deeds done in the body." In this, as in some other points, the Puritans, adopting Jewish ideas, were more guided by the enunciations of the old than the new dispensation. Against that tendency in general the Friends spake out very strongly. The sabbatical views of the Puritans and those respecting war and human vengeance, were earnestly withstood as unchristian by the Quaker teachers and preachers of the day. But the assumption of national inflictions from the Lord for the sins of national rulers clung to numbers of the Friends who had been educated under Puritan influence. And no marvel when it did so, that many of them traced the present national calamities as punishments for the injustice and cruelty with which "the servants of the Lord," as they surely held them to be, had been treated by the supreme rulers—the clergy, and the magistracy of the nation. Sometimes under this belief, and sometimes from a conviction that the Lord had commissioned them, they had often warned those who were in power of the approach of calamities, that their injustice and cruelty would bring down on the land. When the Cromwellian dynasty and its leading supporters were ignominiously swept from place and power, many were reminded of the warnings given them by the Quakers. And now, again, the plague had awakened similar remembrances of more recent warnings.

The King asked, with some curiosity, one day, "Have any of the Quakers died of the distemper?" He was told many of them had died of it, especially in the prisons. "Then," said he, "they can't say that the plague is a punishment sent for their enemies because of having imprisoned them, when they are dying of it themselves." To this a Friend replied, "God sends the rain on the just and the unjust; so too with such national visitations." Had the Friends fully applied and followed out this illustration, and also that of the falling of the tower of Siloam, as given by our Divine Master, they might have been more divested of the impression that we are to

look in this world for the punishment of those who treat God's servants unjustly.

Margaret Fell on several occasions regarded herself called upon by her Divine Master to expostulate with and warn both Cromwell and King Charles. It is scarcely to be expected that those expostulations and warnings would not, under a sense of acute suffering, manifest somewhat of the retributive animus above alluded to. Yet the leading impression conveyed was, that Cromwell himself, and Charles himself, would each have the heavy weight of a deep sin on his own head, if he would not use his power to release the servants of the Lord from imprisonment, and if the promises they had each made respecting the establishment of religious liberty were left unfulfilled.

After that faithful woman had been imprisoned in Lancaster Castle nearly three years, once more she determined to address the King. Her letter, though written under the endurance of much hardship and cruel wrong, manifests neither bitterness nor fear. A high, true sense of Christian integrity, and God's approving love, still upheld her spirit. But under a consciousness of how awfully King Charles had violated both truth and justice, she endeavors to make him sensible of his breach of the Divine law, and she calls to his mind her former communications, and then asks for what transgression he (and his advisers) had kept her who had "never wronged any man" incarcerated in that miserable place "for these three long winters." How conscienceless must have been king, clergy, and council, to have suffered such a woman to be thus imprisoned, under pretext of disloyalty, when they knew in their hearts there was no shadow of truth in the pretence!

Margaret Fell's Letter to the King

Commences by her asking him to pause, and in the fear of the Lord to consider what he and his ministers had been doing during the six years that had elapsed since their return to England; then she continues—"What laws have you made or changed, save such as have laid oppression and bondage on God's people? Yet the greatest crime that you could find against them was, that they obeyed and worshipped Christ Jesus. But the Lord hath preserved His people both innocent and harmless, though persecuted to such a height of suffering.

"I wish you would consider seriously what effects and fruits these your persecutions have brought forth. First, I believe they have sent hundreds of God's people to their graves. They have also rendered this realm and the governors of it cruel in the eyes of all people, both within its own body, and in other nations. Besides all this, the guilt of innocent blood lies upon this kingdom. Since that blood was shed, the Lord hath taken many thousands of the inhabitants of the nation away, by His two judgments—pestilence and the sword.

"Before any of this was, I was sent of the Lord, to tell thee, oh King, of the state of our people, and to show thee, that they were an innocent, harmless, peaceable people,—that they were, and are so, I could then, ever since, and now, seal with my blood if put to it. Thy answer to me was,—'*If they be peaceable they shall be protected.*'

"I also wrote to thee several times concerning our faith and principles, how that we could not swear for conscience' sake; neither could we take up arms, nor plot, nor contrive to injure or do any man wrong, much less the King.

"I likewise told thee that we must worship God, for God required it of us.

"And I expressed our desire to have a meeting with the bishops or ministers, that therein they and we might be tried by the Scriptures of Truth, to prove which of us was in the error. Whereupon thou wast pleased to grant our request, and promised that we should have such a meeting. But the bishops and those concerned turned it off, and would not give us a meeting. This action of theirs did plainly manifest them not to be living under the life and power of the Scriptures. For Christ Jesus said to those that He sent forth, that He would give them a mouth and wisdom, that all their adversaries should not be able to gainsay. And the Apostle likewise writing to his son Timothy, in 2d Timothy ii. 24, 25, 26,—'The servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the Truth,' &c.

"If they had been the ministers of Christ and upholding the Apostles' doctrines, they would have taken this way with us before they would have agreed with the civil magistrates, to make laws against us. But the way they took, manifested their spirit and principles, for they choose to deliver us up to them that had the whip and the scourge in their hands, to have us put down by compulsion, when they could not do it by sound doctrine.

"I also warned thee to beware of the counsel of the bishops; for if thou hearkened to their counsel that it would be thy ruin, as it was the ruin of thy father. Their counsel is the same that Rehoboam's young men was,—thou knowest this is true, and that they have counselled thee to make the burden heavier.

"All this, with much more, I can truly say I wrote to thee, in the fear of the Lord, and in much love and tenderness. And now I ask, for which of these things has thou kept me in prison, three long winters, in a place not fit for human beings to live in? A place where storm, wind, and rain enter, and which is sometimes filled with smoke; so that it is much wonder I am alive, and this only because the power and goodness of God hath been with me.

"I never did thee, nor any other man in the nation, any wrong; and the same I may say for many more of our Friends that have suffered even until death. For all the warnings that we gave you of judgments, and all we could write or speak, we were not believed. We told you plainly we had done so with other governors before you, and how the Lord had overthrown them; but all was to no purpose, for as long as there was peace in the land, the main business of the Parliament was to invent laws to punish and persecute Quakers. Laws to punish vice, sin, and wickedness, we had but little of.

"Now after all my sufferings, in the same feelings of love that I visited thee in the beginning, I once more beseech thee to fear the Lord God, by whom kings rule and princes decree justice; who sets up one and pulls down another at His pleasure. And let not the guilt of the breach of that word that passed from thee at Breda lie any longer on thy conscience; but perform as thou promised when thou wast in distress. Hearken not to wicked counsellors that heretofore have prevented thee, they will bear none of thy burden for thee, when the Lord's voice accuses of breach of covenant with him and His people." . . . . . .

"MARGARET FELL.

"From my prison at LANCASTER CASTLE,
the 6th day of the 6th mo. [September], 1666."*

There is no account of how the above letter was received by the King. However, it did not produce any immediate release, as the writer remained in prison nearly two years after its date. What she says reminding King Charles of the advice she had given him on his coming to England, not to take the counsel of the bishops, and further respecting their persecuting spirit, would of course annoy the clergy exceedingly. She must have known it would do so, yet she would not shrink from saying it because she held in her inmost soul that they had united with those who had prompted Charles to disregard his Breda declaration. And whether correct or not, she believed most solemnly, that the bishops continued to instigate the King and his ministry to the wicked course of religious persecutions they were pursuing against the Quakers and some other dissenters.

The spirit of Truth had such entire possession of Margaret Fell's heart and mind, that no timid compromise, or what some would call prudent reticence, prevented her from avowing her principles. However courteous and kind in her manners and demeanor, as many circumstances indicate her to have been, she would not leave an important truth unexpressed, if she believed a good opportunity presented for pleading its righteousness. It is quite probable that this outspoken truthfulness caused her to be feared by some persons in power, who exerted themselves with the King to have her imprisonment continued, under circumstances so indicative of a cruel and unmanly vengeance. But truth was dearer to her than liberty, or even than life itself; and fear of man, whether he be king or bishop, could not deter her from giving utterance to what she solemnly held to be true.

It was probably soon after the contents of that letter were made known, that she wrote the work entitled "A Touchstone, or Trial by the Scriptures of Priests, Bishops, and Ministers." It displays a very intimate acquaintance with Holy Writ, especially a careful study of the New Testament writers, whose enunciations, and the commands and precepts of the Lord Jesus, are very freely quoted in contrast to the *practices* of those who then governed the dominant Church in England.

The Touchstone commences thus:—"Methinks I hear the bishops contemn and murmur at what I have published to the world, how I warned the King at the beginning of his reign to beware of their counsels. I do therefore hereby give to them and to the world the reasons why I did so." This she does at so great a length and with such a crowd of Scriptural quotations as rather distract, instead of concentrating attention on the most telling. If resolved into about one half of the compass, her Touchstone might have formed an admirable treatise on the subject. However, as it was, it may have suited the age in which it came out, though it would not suit now.

(To be continued.)

* From the Collection of M. F.'s writings published in 1710.

PERFECT LOVE.

Perfect love casteth out fear. While the heart is filling, the agitations of fear remain; when the lake is filling by the moon-drawn and star-drawn tides, what commotion is there in its bottom—how the sands are swept about, how the muddy bottom sends its rile through all the waters. There are rip-

ples and eddies, and struggling currents; there is seething and boiling; there are bubbles and foam, until the lake is almost filled. But as the waters deepen, the banks grow less and less, the agitation subsides; the sand settles, the foam is blown away, the bubbles are scattered. And when the lake is filled to its utmost capacity it clears itself, and lies unruffled and serene, reflecting in its calm bosom, the moon, the stars, and the tranquil heavens. Thus is it with the heart of man. When love ebbs low in his soul he is tossed and whirled by the agitations and torments of fear; but when the Spirit of God flows in and fills his heart with Divine love, the tumults are stilled; and looking up with confidence and joy, the man reflects from his overflowing soul the image of his God and Father.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

WORSHIP.

To worship the Divine Being is the most solemn act of our lives. To perform it acceptably, the soul must bow in the silence and stillness of all flesh, in self-abasement before the Supreme Being, feeling its own insufficiency to do any good work, and also the necessity of petitioning the Father of Mercies to direct its steps aright. We must fervently ask for preservation from the many temptations which assail us on every side. In this prayerful condition of mind we shall be favored to realize the precious promise in Holy Writ, "That those who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." In the condescending goodness of our Heavenly Father, we shall be permitted, at times, to feel the overshadowing of His divine presence, and shall know "that His banner over us is love;" and also, at seasons, be enabled to draw nigh the Father of Spirits in sweet communion. Blessed privilege! More precious than the abundance of corn, wine, or oil. We shall then, *in truth*, realize the Scripture promise, that "an hour in His presence is better than a thousand."

In thus offering homage to the Creator of the Universe, either in the retirement of our closet, or the assemblies of the people,—whether a word be spoken in the congregation, or silence reign,—we have the blessed assurance, that such adoration, ascending from the humble, contrite soul, will be acceptable in the sight of God. S. M. H.

2*d mo.* 7*th*, 1869.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AN INQUIRY.

Seeing the interesting replies that have been made to a recent inquiry through your columns, I will venture to make one, hoping that it may receive a satisfactory explanation. I wish to inquire why Friends have adopted the form of rising in the time of prayer.

A YOUNG READER.

DUTY.

It is of the first importance to a happy life to render duty agreeable. Whatever else may be pushed aside, the Christian can never thrust duty out of the way. He grows by its performance, and though he may be happy with it, he certainly cannot be in the disregard of it. There are two ways in which the conscientious seek to do duty, the one by admitting its full claims, and seeking in the proper spirit to meet them, and the other by diminishing the claims and also striving to conform to such as are allowed. It is evident that this latter way must prove unsatisfactory and hazardous. For where the mind once begins the work of lessening its obligations, the spiritual sense rapidly deteriorates, and the whole moral nature falls into looseness and irregularity. Yet this is the method by which many delude themselves. Point after point is yielded. Under the plea that religion is not so strict in its requirements as they thought, nor so positive in its prohibitions as they originally supposed, they go on step by step declining in piety, and yet all the while flatter themselves that they are safe, because not troubled or anxious as they formerly were. With such dishonest hearts we do not wish now to deal.

There is a better class of Christians. They pant to know and to do the whole of duty. They listen eagerly for its least monitions, and would not obliterate the slightest jot or tittle it writes upon the conscience. Such, however, are not uniformly happy. When the life of religion is described as one of peace and joy, they sigh and shiver, and smite their breasts in self-condemnation. They are told of an easy yoke, yet theirs is hard—of a joyous service, yet theirs is grievous. At any rate, if they are not sad; if they feel a degree of comfort in the prompt execution of the offices of piety, still it is rather the complacency which suffuses the soul of conscious integrity, or is consequent upon a sort of undefined faith in the rewards of fidelity. Somehow these earnest souls, who would perish before they would flinch, have got wrong or started wrong. Under some erroneous influence, they have incarnated the Gospel in what is to them an ever-present, hard, bloodless, impersonation, which they call *Duty*. Perhaps a mistaken though well-meaning teacher has talked to them of nothing else but duty. The path of *duty* is the way of safety. Duty first, midst, last; until the poor timid heart had wholly unlearned the precious boon of Christian liberty, or had not so

much as heard there was such a thing as spiritual freedom. Directed habitually to look within—to pick itself to pieces by anatomizing every feeling, until it has become wholly engrossed with *self*—as to the relative virtue of every motive, the comparative goodness of the most trivial thought and act—it at length has come to see nothing but self in all its sin and imperfection, and hence cannot rise to the confidence that any work of which so wicked a nature is capable can be done acceptably to God. The law side of the Gospel—the deficient side of the new nature—is constantly in the eye, its vision becomes distorted, its light, darkness; and so the Son of God's evangel is not one of gladness but gloom.

One word undoes all this wrong, sweeps off all these blunders, and lights up all this darkness. It is the magic word Love. "Thou shalt *love*," goes before everything: and without it as the motive power, all is difficult if not impossible. Love makes duty easy, transforms obligation into privilege, and renders a service otherwise a slavery the sweetest liberty. If this be not true of the Christian religion, then its statements are false and its promises a mockery. We would not be misunderstood. It is not possible, while man is encompassed with a frail nature, that he should reach a sphere of utterly unrestrained spiritual activity; still he may be so far perfect as that freedom, spontaneous and joyous, shall be the law of his life. He will do all duty freely, though it may be occasionally at some cost to himself. A mother may suffer for a child; yet she does it cheerfully, because she loves. St. Paul came to making his very infirmities the cause of his glorying, inasmuch as Christ was magnified in them. The will which imposed them had become his meat and drink. This then is the whole difference. Duty, instead of being regarded as a task to be performed, will be entertained as a privilege to be enjoyed by those who accept every obligation as the spontaneity of love. Duty contemplated in this aspect, cultivated from the centre of absorbing loyalty to the Master, must grow into delight.—*The Moravian.*

PERSEVERANCE IN PRAYER.

The following illustration was used by Dr. Payson in familiar conversation with a friend: "God deals somewhat with us as we do with our children. When I am in my study, engaged in writing or meditation, if I hear one of my children cry, I do not go out to it immediately. The occasion of its tears may be a mere momentary trouble, capable of being removed by others, or from which it may be diverted by some toy. But if its cries continue, and I find nothing but my presence will pacify it, I leave everything and go to it. So, when the children of God begin to cry for his presence, he does not answer them immediately, but waits to see if the cry is repeated; and if he finds that his child will be satisfied with nothing but his Father's presence, this blessing will not long be withheld."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Having frequently had of late years questions to arise during my reading or thinking moments, similar in import to the one recently asked through your columns, and based upon the 13th verse of the 14th chapter of John, I felt quite interested to know what answers would be elicited.

After reading A. C. D.'s, S. H.'s, and Benj. Hallowell's replies, I feel willing to send you this, as perhaps reaching a point in some respects untouched by either of them.

A. C. D.'s remarks embody a truth that should not be forgotten, and one to which the anxious mind can return after finding that human explanations and conclusions are unsatisfactory and short of our needs.

At one time I had almost adopted S. H.'s view, that prayer was all concentrated in "Thy will be done;" but the question came, Why then pray? His will would be done, and needed not man's aid to accomplish it. It is evident that the mind of man desires the existence of a higher power than his own, an all comprehensive power, and having it, naturally seeks its aid, its protection, its blessings, and, in some way, communication with it.

We believe this Power to exist, and to be God. The Bible and our own consciousness furnish ample proof, not only that man may, but that he must, if he remains in harmony with his God, hold communication with him, ask his aid and his blessing, thank him for his bountiful gifts, and petition him for mercy and forgiveness for his evil deeds. Therefore I cannot think that all prayer is necessarily summed up in "Thy will be done." Prayer is an aspiration of the heart, a sincere wish, the accomplishment of which is sought of God. It may spring from a desire to have a life prolonged, or from a desire to lead ourselves a purer life, and may in each case be in our own will, springing from our natural affection, and be directed to God as the result of our faith or our education, yet be a *prayer* and bring healing and strength.

When we *believe* God is *allwise*, that he is *truly merciful* and *is* a loving Father, and also believe the consequent truth that our wisdom is less than His, and is fallible indeed, and, in obedience to the natural impulses of

our hearts, put up our prayers under a Christ-like sense of *his* attributes and *our* weakness, asking not only for what our affections desire, but that our prayer may be withheld or granted as may in his wisdom be best and most conducive to the glory of his kingdom on earth, (or otherwise, that our wishes may be secondary to his glory,) then I think we ask or pray in the name of Christ. Such I conceive to have been Christ's prayer at Gethsemane, a prayer springing from the agony of his human nature, yet wholly subject, not simply in submission, but by absolute choice, to the will of the Father. Such prayers I believe are possible to us, in our measure, and as we more or less fully enter into his condition of submission, and, above all, desire God's will and glory rather than our own, so do we more or less fully ask in Christ's name or power, and receive according to the promise. Can we thus attempt to pray without knowing Christ's presence in our hearts, sanctifying our aspirations, leading us to ask aright, and thereby bringing us into harmony with our Father?

While believing this to be asking in Christ's name, I also desire to add a little more, that none may despair of attaining the condition wherein such prayer is possible. I do not understand that such prayer is always demanded or possible, but that it is the only kind that always carries the promise, that as ye ask, so shall it be given.

Prayer for any good, prayer even for trifles, as we may deem them, springing either from a conviction of the value of prayer in general, or from an impulse of the heart,—if truly sincere, is profitable, and leads us nearer to Christ, nearer where we may receive further light and know of the better way wherein we can ask in his name and receive. P.

Since writing the above we have received No. 49 of the "Intelligencer," in which I was glad to see "A call to duty," by L. J. R. I believe an earlier awakening to the facts therein given would have resulted not only in retaining within our organization many exercised minds, but would have kept them and ourselves nearer the Truth, made us more effective workers for the Truth, and would not have allowed many of our smaller meetings to become "as doors upon their hinges, swinging to and fro," without life or fruits. Let us yet awake, and while keeping out of all action springing from sectarianism or religious pride, be active in that which the "Light" approves. P.

Richmond, Ind., 2d mo. 1st, 1869.

If a man has any religion worth having, he will do his duty, and not make a fuss about it. It is the empty kettle that rattles.

SECRET FAULTS.

"Cleanse Thou me from secret faults."

This may mean not so much faults concealed from others, as those which are hidden from ourselves. Do you think this impossible?

Long ago a friend made the startling suggestion that men are usually ignorant of their greatest faults. Said my friend, "I did not make the discovery myself, but it was suggested by a minister, a man of much experience in life and in the world. It set me to thinking, and what I at first denied, I afterward concluded must be true."

In the first place, if we really saw a thing to be our greatest fault, if we had any true desire for improvement, the first impulse would be to correct that fault, and it would cease to be the greatest. For our own sakes, we do not go on wilfully indulging what we know to be a fault or a blemish in our character, and one which others must recognize; our desire to stand well in their esteem is too strong for that.

Then we may mistake in our estimate of our own characters, and so remain ignorant. For instance, what others regard as obstinacy may appear to us but proper firmness, or perhaps fixed principles. Men do not always know themselves.

I have seen an avaricious man who called himself, and who really thought he was, liberal and benevolent. He had generous impulses, and was always going to do something at some future time. The only trouble was that he had so many schemes for gain, so many present uses for his money, that his generous plans were always in the future and receding. He loved benevolence, but he loved gain better. Nothing could have surprised him more than to be told he was not a liberal man. He was, and is, ignorant of his greatest fault.

I know a woman who is uncharitable and severe; she speaks out just what she thinks, and so says a great many hard things. Yet she does not mean to be harsh and hard; she considers it only commendable frankness, and would be surprised and led to an indignant denial, if she were told that she disregarded the law of love. She does not mean to do so; she has kindness in her heart, but her severe judgment is stronger than love.

I know a person who is thoroughly selfish, and yet is exceedingly kind to his own family or friends, and he thinks he does a great deal for others. But, indeed, he never puts himself out of his way, and what he does, is done for those who are his own—his second self. He would be astonished, if you accuse him of selfishness. Said my friend, "Tell me my greatest fault, and see if I do not know it.',

—"No; you would not believe it, and would only be disturbed; you could gain nothing, and I should not stand as well with you."

This is a hard case, if we are not only ignorant of our faults, but will not bear to be told them. Then the help lies in this—there is One "who searcheth the heart." If we are truly desirous to be better, let us search and try our ways, and turn unto the Lord. Let us honestly pray, "Cleanse Thou us from secret faults."—*The Moravian.*

SCRAPS FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

It is good to take sweet counsel together and to go up to the house of the Lord in company. We may thus be each other's helpers, and sometimes, even unknowingly, be instrumental in strengthening that which is ready to perish. I have a sweet remembrance of the few moments we had together, wherein there was such an evidence of secret fellowship that I felt I could do no other than share with thee the burden of feeling that was pressing upon my spirit. How strengthening is this precious evidence of sympathy to the exercised traveller, who, while he desires not to lean upon anything short of the Father's arm, yet longs at seasons for the companionship of those who have trodden or are treading the same path. My beloved friend, thou sayest truly that He whom I desire to serve is rich in mercy and infinite in power. The manifestations of his loving kindness have been truly strengthening during my late prostrated condition, and I have had again and again to feel how good it is to trust in His holy name. I have nothing of my own, but His treasury hath been unlocked, and thou knowest that no riches can compare with these. Ah! I rejoice with trembling! So frail is human nature that I feel how readily these favors may be shut out, through unwatchfulness.

How are the different members of thy household? My love to them. I hope —— is gaining strength. If this shall *not* be, and he be deprived of laboring in the great harvest field on earth, he may by humble submission weave as spotless a robe, and win as bright a crown, as if the way which was opening with so fair a promise for the future had not suddenly or unexpectedly closed before him.

I too am again on my bed. For any good which I now seem able to accomplish, it would appear as if it made but little difference; but I have been somewhat comforted this morning, as I was under the feeling of being a cumberer of the ground, that it is not in great works only, neither those of minor importance, that our heavenly Father is glorified, but an acquiescence to His will, whether this be to do or to suffer, will perfect the work.

While thou art doubtless seated with thy friends, and holding communion high and sweet, my thoughts stretch lovingly toward thee, with desires that thou may so abundantly partake of that bread that the world knows not of, as to return from the inward refreshing, spiritually strengthened, for the duties of the week. When it is well with thee, remember me, my sister, and if thou hast a spare crumb from the Master's table, gratefully will I receive it. Often I go fasting on my way, but so graciously has the all Father dispensed to me of his bounties, that I cannot murmer when the times of abstinence come. I can often say, "Even so Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." I am willing to fast forty days and forty nights, or even until the end of the journey, if at last I may be accounted worthy of a place in His kingdom.

I have a wish that my name shall not appear conspicuously as a contributor. For a long time I have felt most comfortable to let my left hand know as little as was convenient what my right hand had done in the way of helping along. Thou mayst thus perceive that I am very selfish; the object is to obtain comfort and consolation, which the world with all its praise cannot give. I have found for all acts of kindness, or of benevolence, or charity, or helping forward any good object for the benefit of others, the real reward springs from within, while even the praise from good people may in some instances promote feelings of pride, or may be of vanity.

I felt disappointed at missing thy farewell visit, because we may not now meet for some time, but I think it acted like a stimulus to make me write sooner. I hope thou art having a good time among thy friends. A quiet, meek, but firm and persistent course in that which seems right, however it may seem to separate us somewhat from those we love, will in time make way for us everywhere—and how often has it at last been found to strengthen those bonds of affection, which at first seemed likely to be weakened. The promise of the blessed Master to those who had left houses and lands, father and mother, &c., for his sake, was, that even these should be restored, and very many have found it so.

While —— has been writing to thee, I have been engaged in reading the various papers which occupy different standpoints of thought, —the Methodist, Moravian, Presbyterian and

Episcopal periodicals; and I am gratified in finding in each a tendency to more liberal views, and to something practical rather than the desire to press points of doctrine and creeds upon the attention of the people.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 20, 1869.

To Subscribers.—One more number will close the present volume; and it is important, in order that a correct list may be kept, that such subscribers as wish to *discontinue* their subscriptions should notify our Agent at once. Those not furnishing this information before the close of the volume, will be considered as subscribers another year.

In order to promote the safe delivery of the paper, it is desired that when a change of name or post-office is proposed, the address *heretofore used* as well as *hereafter to be used*, shall be *plainly written in full.* Initials often lead to confusion and trouble. Our paper is issued weekly at three dollars per annum. Two dollars and fifty cents for clubs. Any one procuring a club of ten, shall be entitled to a free copy, he being responsible for the entire club. Terms payable *in advance.*

All communications must be addressed and payments made to the Agent, Emmor Comly. Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

Rising in Time of Prayer.—In our columns of to-day is an inquiry upon this subject. We do not remember to have seen in the writings of Friends any reason given for the practice, but we believe it is one of the few forms retained by our Society on coming out from other denominations. It was no doubt adopted as an attitude of veneration toward the Supreme Being, and is by many considered as an implied participation in the act of prayer.

John xiv. 13.—In addition to those which have appeared in our paper, we have received a number of answers to the inquiry respecting the meaning of John, 14th chapter, 13th verse. While they vary in regard to clearness of expression, they all bear testimony to one fact, namely: that the religious teaching in our Society has led its members to search for the spiritual truth concealed under the letter of Scripture. How far the simple faithfulness of many among us who believe that "the life is more than meat and the body than raiment," may have tended to the spread of these spiritual views outside of our pale, it is not necessary, perhaps not profitable, for us to know.

We presume the motive of the friend who made the inquiry respecting the passage in question was not mere curiosity, or a disposition to start useless discussions; neither is there in the replies any want of that serious and reverent spirit with which such subjects should always be treated; but as these replies are all much to the same import, those already published, with the one inserted in the present number, may be sufficient.

Errata.—In last week's issue, a notice of the death of Avis C. Southwick, gives the date, 11th of Fifth month, 1868. It should read, "5th of Eleventh month, 1868."

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

Third-day evening, Second mo. 23d, at 7½ o'clock, Lecture by Dr. J. Gibbons Hunt, in conjunction with the Stereopticon Exhibition.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, Second mo. 19th, at 3 o'clock.

Thos. Garrigues, *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

Demas C. Worrell, Mount Holly, N. J., has been appointed Agent, and will keep an assortment of Friends' books for sale.

FRIENDS' CHARITABLE FUEL ASSOCIATION

Will meet on the evening of the 20th inst., at 7½ o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting Room, Race Street Meeting-house.

Wm. Heacock, *Clerk.*

Musk is taken from a small animal known as the musk deer, so called from its shape. The odor is exceedingly powerful and lasting. According to the accounts of travellers in Asia, it is so strong when first taken from the animal, that those who are exposed to its influence are in danger of hemorrhage from the nostrils, even when the nose and mouth are protected with coverings of linen. A proximity to the sacks containing it, even in the open air, will produce violent headache. The power of retaining its perfume which it possesses is wonderful. A room has been scented with it for thirty years without any visible loss to the article; and specimens a hundred years old have been found to be as strong as fresh musk.

From the American Naturalist.

THE WAVY-STRIPED FLEA-BEETLE.

BY HENRY SHIMER, M. D.

This beautiful little beetle, also called "Striped Turnip-fly" (*Haltica striolata* Fabricius) at the West, is well known and abundant. Every gardener is conversant with the fact that like fleas, grasshoppers, etc., it springs away to a great distance when he attempts to put his finger upon it. It appears in early spring, and is a constant annoyance to the gardener during the whole summer.

The Striped Turnip-beetle is less than one-tenth of an inch in length. Its general appearance is black, with a broad wavy yellowish, or buff-colored stripe, on each wing-cover. The larva is white, with a faint darkened or dusky median line on the anterior half of the body, being probably the contents of the alimentary canal seen through the semitranslucent skin. The head is horny and light brown. On the posterior extremity is a brown spot equal to the head in size; and there are six true legs and one proleg. In its form and general appearance it somewhat resembles the larva of the Cucumber-beetle, but it is much smaller. Its motion is slow, arching up the abdomen slightly, on paper or any smooth surface, in such a position that its motions are necessarily awkward and unnatural, because in a state of nature it never crawls over the surface, but digs and burrows among the roots in the ground. Its length is .35 of an inch, and breadth .06 of an inch. It feeds upon roots beneath the ground.

The pupa is naked, white, and transforms in a little earthen cocoon, pressed and prepared by the larva, in the ground near its feeding place. This period is short.

From my notes I see that on June 14, 1865, I put a number of the larvæ into a breeding-box with a supply of their natural food. June 17th, some of the larvæ had disappeared beneath the ground. July 4th, I found in the box the beetle. This gives us seventeen days from the time the larva entered the ground, having ceased eating, until I obtained the perfect insect. I did not open the breeding-box every day, but as the insect was yet quite pale and soft, conclude that it was not more than a day or so out of the ground. The actual time, however, in the pupa state, was less than seventeen days, for, like the larva of the Cucumber-beetle and other beetles, these worms pass a kind of intermediate state, in a quiet, motionless condition, in their little dirt-tombs beneath the ground. During this time they decrease in length very much, becoming a shorter, thicker "grub." This period is a peculiar part of the larval state, and may be called the quiescent, or "shortening period," in contrast with the feeding period. At the end of this preparatory, shortening period, the little larva casts its skin and becomes a pupa.

During the past summer I bred a good number of these beetles from the larva and pupa, taken from their breeding places beneath the ground; but as I took no precise notes of the date, I can say no more regarding the time of the pupa state, except that it is short, only a few days.

Every gardener knows that these insects are very injurious to young cabbages and turnips as soon as they appear above the ground, by eating off the seed-leaves; he also almost universally imagines that when the second, or true plant-leaves appear, then the young plant is safe from their depredations, then the stem is so hard that the insect will not bite it, and the leaves grow out so rapidly as not usually to be injured by them; but if we would gain much true knowledge of what is going on around us, even among these most simple and common things, we must learn to observe more closely than most men do.

The gardener sees his young cabbage plants growing well for a time, but at length they become pale or sickly, wither and die in some dry period that usually occurs about that time, and attributes their death to the dry weather; but if he will take the pains to examine the roots of the plants, he will find them eaten away by some insect, and by searching closely about the roots will find the larva, grub, worm, or whatever else he may choose to call it; from this he can breed the Striped Turnip-beetle, as I have often done.

I have observed the depredations of these larvæ for ten years, and most of that time had a convincing knowledge of their origin, but only proved it in 1865; since that time I have made yearly verifications of this fact.

Every year the young cabbage plants and turnips in this region receive great damage from these larvæ, and often when we have dry weather, in the latter part of May and early in June, the cabbage plants are ruined. A large proportion of the plants are killed outright in June, and the balance rendered scarcely fit for planting, but when the ground is wet to the *surface* all the time by frequent rains, the young plant is able to defend itself much more effectually, by throwing out roots at the surface of the ground, when the main or centre root is devoured by the larva; but in dry weather these surface roots find no nourishment and the plant must perish.

This year I saw these beetles most numerous in early spring, but have often seen them in August and September, so abundant on cabbages, that the leaves were eaten full of holes, and all speckled from their presence, hundreds often being on a leaf, and at this time

the entire turnip crop is sometimes destroyed by them, and seldom a year passes without their doing great injury.

These observations are not entirely in accordance with the teachings of the masters in entomology. From Westwood's Introduction we learn that the Chrysomelians feed on the leaves of plants; that some of them attach themselves to the leaves to transform, and that others descend into the ground for this purpose, but has no notes of species feeding beneath the ground. Harris was of the opinion that the Striped Cucumber-beetles, in the larval state, fed on the roots of plants, but was never able to find them. I have demonstrated, many years ago, that they feed on the roots of melon, cucumber, squash, and pumpkin vines, and ever since I attempted to raise any kind of vine, my greatest trouble has been *not to find them.*

The Chrysomelians, probably, as a rule, feed on the leaves of plants in the larval state, but in my limited researches I have found the majority of them beneath the ground. According to undisputed authority, they often congregate together in great numbers, and do great injury to the leaves of plants, even so as to compare with the ravages of caterpilars. I myself have observed some of this work.

As the Cucumber-beetle exclusively raises its young on the roots of the Curcurbitaceous (gourd) family, so from these observations I am led to believe from analogy, that the Striped Turnip-beetle raises its young always on the roots of the Cruciferous (mustard) family.

From Boston Transcript.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

Now that this "peculiar institution" has been abolished, it has become safe to issue reports of the operations of those who managed this mysterious line, running from the Gulf to Canaan. The revelations made are rapidly showing that the worst of slavery was known to but few whilst slavery existed. Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, in a communication to the New York Liberal Christian, gives them two among other instances in his experience as a manager of the invisible road:

My eldest son, late one Saturday night, came up from the city, and as he opened the parlor door, said: "Here, father, is another living epistle to you from the South," and ushered in a fine-looking, well-dressed young man. I took his hand to make him sure of a welcome. "But this," said I, "is not the hand of one who has been used to doing hard work. It is softer than mine." "No, sir," he replied, "I have not been allowed to do work that would harden my hands. I have been the slave of a very wealthy planter in Kentucky, who kept me only to drive the carriage for mistress and her daughters, to wait upon them at table, and accompany them on their journeys. I was not allowed even to groom the horses, and was required to wear gloves when I drove them."

Perceiving that he used good language and pronounced it properly, I said, "you must have received some instruction. I thought the laws of the slave States sternly prohibited the teaching of slaves." "They do, sir," he replied, "but my master was an easy man in that respect. My young mistresses taught me to read, and got me books and papers from their father's library. I have had much leisure time and I have improved it." In further conversation with him I found that he was quite familiar with a considerable number of the best American and English authors, both in poetry and prose. "If you had such an easy time and were so much favored, why," I asked, "did you run away?" "Oh, sir," he replied, "slavery at best is a bitter draught. Under the most favored circumstances it is bondage and degradation still. I often writhed in my chains, though they sat so lightly on me compared with most others. I was often on the point of taking wings for the North, but then the words of Hamlet would come to me, 'Better to bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of;' and I should have remained with my master had it not been that I learned, a few weeks ago, that he was about to sell me to a particular friend of his then visiting him from New Orleans. I suspected this evil was impending over me from the notice the gentleman took of me and the kind of questions he asked me.

"At length one of my young mistresses, who knew my dread of being sold, came to me, and bursting into tears, said: 'Harry, father is going to sell you.' She put five dollars into my hand and went weeping away. With that, and with much more money that I had received from time to time, and saved for the hour of need, I started that night and reached the Ohio river before morning. I immediately crossed to Cincinnatti and hurried on board a steamer, the steward of which was a black man of my acquaintance. He concealed me until the boat had returned to Pittsburg. There he introduced me to a gentleman that he knew to be a friend of us colored folks. That gentleman sent me to a friend in Meadville, and he directed me to come to you." "Well," said I, "Harry, if you are a good coachman and waiter withal, I can get you an excellent situation in this city, which will enable you

to live comfortably until you shall have become acquainted with our Northern manners and customs, and have found some better business." "Oh," he hastily replied, "thank you, sir, but I should not dare to stop this side of Canada. My master, though he was kind to me, is a proud and very passionate man. He will never forgive me for running away. He has already advertised me, offering a large reward for my apprehension and return to him. I should not be beyond his reach here. I must go to Canada." He tarried with us until Monday afternoon, when I sent him to Oswego with a letter of introduction to a gentleman in Kingston, and a few days afterwards heard of his safe arrival there.

Not long after I one day saw a young lady of fine person and handsomely dressed, coming up our front steps. She inquired for me and was ushered into my study. A blue veil partly concealed her face and a pair of white gloves covered her hands. On being assured that I was Mr. S. J. May, she said, "I have come to you, sir, as a friend of colored people and of slaves." "Is it possible," I replied, "that you are one of that class of my fellow-beings?" She removed her veil and a slight tinge in her complexion revealed the fact that she belonged to the proscribed race —a beautiful octoroon. "But where were you ever a slave?" I asked. "In New Orleans, sir. My master, who, I believe, was also my father, is concerned in a line of packet steamers that ply between New Orleans and Galveston. He has, for several years past, kept me on board one of his boats as the chambermaid. This was rather an easy and not a disagreeable situation. I was with the lady passengers most of the time, and by my close attention to them, especially when they were seasick, I conciliated many. They often made me presents of money, clothes and trinkets. And, what was better than all, they taught me to read. At each end of the route I had hours and days of leisure, which I improved as best I could. The thought that I was a slave often tormented me. But, as in other respects I was comfortable, I might have continued in bondage had I not found out that my master was about to sell me to a dissolute young man for the vilest of purposes. I at once looked about for a way of escape. Being so much of the time among the shipping at New Orleans, I had learnt to distinguish the vessels of different nations. So I went to one that I saw was an English ship, on board of which I espied a lady—the captain's wife. I asked if I might come on board. 'Certainly,' she replied. Encouraged by her kind manner, I soon revealed to her my secret and my wish to escape. She could hardly be persuaded that I was a slave. But when all doubt on that point had been removed she readily consented to take me with her to New York. To my unspeakable relief we sailed the next day. The captain was equally kind. I was able to pay as much as he would take for my passage, for I had succeeded in getting all the money I had saved, with much of my clothing, on board the ship the night before she left New Orleans. On our arrival at New York the captain took pains to inquire for the Abolitionists. He was directed to Mr. Lewis Tappan, and took me with him to that good gentleman. Mr. T. at once provided for my safety in that city, and the next day sent me to Mr. Myers, at Albany, on my way to you."

I offered to find a place for her in some one of the best families in Syracuse. But she was afraid to remain here. She had seen in New York her master's advertisement, offering $500 for her restoration to him. She was sure there were pursuers on her track. Two men in the car, between Albany and Syracuse, had annoyed and alarmed her by their close observation of her. One had seated himself by her side, and tried to engage her in conversation and look through her veil. At length he asked her to take off the glove on her left hand. By this she knew he must have seen the advertisement, that stated, among other marks by which she might be identified, that one finger on her left hand was minus a joint. She at once called to the conductor to protect her from the impertinent liberties the man was taking with her. So he gave her another seat by a lady, and she reached our city without further molestation, but in great alarm.

We secreted her several days, until we supposed her pursuers must have gone on. She occupied herself most of the time by reading, and we observed that she often was poring over a French book, and on inquiring learnt that she could read that language about as well as English. So soon as her fears were sufficiently allayed, I committed her to the care of one of my good anti-slavery parishioners who happened to be going to Oswego. He escorted her thither, saw her safely on board the steamboat for Kingston, and a few days afterwards I received a well written letter from her, informing me of her safe arrival, and that she had obtained a good situation in a pleasant family as children's maid.

Sanctified afflictions are like so many artificers, working on the pious man's crown to make it more bright and massive.

No cloud can overshadow a Christian but the eye of faith will discern a rainbow in it.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE WASTED FOUNTAIN.

From the mountain's rugged side,
Flowed a streamlet's crystal tide
To its rocky urn,
Where the fragrant violets grew,
Where the moss-cups drank the dew,
'Neath the waving fern.

At the fountain's mossy brink,
Weary pilgrims stooped to drink,
And refreshed arose—
And the wild deer sought the shade
Of the palm-trees in the glade
Where the fount o'erflows.

Thither came with hurrying feet,
From the city's crowded street,
Maidens young and gay—
Filled their pitchers from the spring,
While they made the mountains ring
With their sportive lay.

But, alas! the sparkling tide
By the summer's sun was dried—
Empty was the urn;
No sweet odors filled the breeze,
And no dew-drops gemmed the trees—
Drooping now the fern.

And the maidens, once so gay,
Slowly, sadly, turned away,
Weary, thirsty, faint;
As their steps they homeward bent,
Grieving for the waters spent,
Piteous was their plaint!

Ah! too oft, O restless heart!
As thou watched thy joys depart,
Pleasures end in pain—
For some pleasant, cool retreat,
From the fervid noon-tide heat,
Thou hast sought in vain!

At the wasted fountain's side,
Hast thou not in anguish cried,
"Give me drink, I pray!"
From the "broken cisterns" turned,
And for living waters yearned,
That can thirst allay!

A. R. P.

SPENT AND MIS-SPENT.

Stay yet a little longer in the sky,
O golden color of the evening sun!
Let not the sweet day in its sweetness die,
While my day's work is only just begun.

Counting the happy chances strown about
Thick as the leaves, and saying which was best,
The rosy lights of morning all went out,
And it was burning noon, and time to rest.

Then leaning low upon a piece of shade,
Fringed round with violets and pansies sweet,
My heart and I, I said, will be delayed,
And plan our work while cools the sultry heat.

Deep in the hills, and out of silence vast,
A waterfall played up his silver tune—
My plans lost purpose, fell to dreams at last,
And held me late into the afternoon.

But when the idle pleasure ceased to please,
And I awoke, and not a plan was planned,
Just as a drowning man, at what he sees,
Catches for life, I caught the thing at hand.

And so life's little work-day hour has all
Been spent, and mis-spent doing what I could,
And in regrets and efforts to recall
The chance of having, being, what I would.

And so sometimes I cannot choose but cry,
Seeing my late sown flowers are hardly set—
O darkening color of the evening sky,
Spare me the day a little longer yet!

Alice Cary, in Harper's Magazine.

THE MORAL OF A PAIR OF STOCKINGS.

The following was written by a distinguished literary lady, Mrs. W——, of Troy, N. Y., and sent to a learned judge of New Haven, on the eve of his marriage.—*Washington Republic.*

Dear Cousin.—Herewith you will receive a present of a pair of woolen stockings, knit by my own hands; and be assured, dear coz, that my friendship for you is warm as the material, active as the finger-work, and generous as the donation. But I consider this present as peculiarly appropriate on the occasion of your marriage. You will remark, in the first place, that there are two individuals united into one pair, who are to walk side by side, guarding against coldness, and giving comfort as long as they last. The thread of their texture is mixed, and so, alas! is the thread of life. In these, however, the white is made to predominate, expressing my desire and confidence that thus it will be with the color of your existence. No black is used, for I believe your lives will be wholly free from the black passions of wrath and jealousy. The darkest color here is blue, which is excellent when we do not make it too blue. Other appropriate thoughts arise in my mind regarding these stockings.

The most indifferent subjects, when viewed by the mind in a suitable frame, may furnish instructive inferences, as saith the poet:

"The iron dogs, the fuel and tongs,
The bellows that have leathern lungs;
The firewood, ashes, and the smoke,
Do all to righteousness provoke."

But to the subject. You will perceive that the tops of the stockings (by which I suppose courtship to be represented) are seamed, and by means of seaming are drawn into a snarl; but afterward comes a time when the whole is made plain, and continues so to the end, and final toeing off. By this I wish to take occasion to congratulate yourself that you are now through with *seaming*, and have come to plain reality.

Again, as the whole of these comely stockings was not made at once, but by the addition of one little stitch after another, put in with skill and discretion, until the whole presents the fair and equal piece of work which you see, so life does not consist of one great action, but millions of little ones combined; and so may it be with your lives. No stitch dropped when duties are to be performed; no widening made where bad principles are to be reproved, or economy to be preserved;

neither seaming nor narrowing where truth and generosity are in question.

Thus, every stitch of life made right and set in the right place, none either too large or too small, too tight or too loose; thus you may keep on your smooth and even course, making existence one fair and consistent piece, until, together, having passed the heel, you come to the very toe of life, and here, in the final narrowing off and dropping off the evil of this emblematical pair of companions and comforting associates, nothing appears but white, the token of innocence and peace, of purity and light. May you, like these stockings, the final stitch being dropped and the work completed, go together from the place where you were formed, to a happier state of existence—a present from earth to heaven.

Hoping that these stockings and admonitions may meet a civil reception, I remain in the true-blue friendship, seemly, yet without seeming, yours, FROM TOP TO TOE.

GOOD-MANNERS.

Good manners can be cultivated most successfully only in early life, and in the domestic circle. But it is nevertheless the duty of all Christian men and women to endeavor to improve their manners, and to make themselves agreeable to those with whom they associate. There is nothing which depends so much upon *habit*, as the constantly recurring proprieties of good-breeding; and if a child grows up without forming such habits, it is very rarely the case that they can be so well formed at a later period. The feeling that it is of little consequence how we behave at home, if we conduct properly abroad, is a very fallacious one. Persons who are careless and ill-bred at home, may imagine that they can assume good-manners abroad; but they mistake. Fixed habits of tone, manner, language and movements, cannot be suddenly altered; and those who are ill-bred at home, even when they try to hide their bad habits, are sure to violate many of the obvious rules of propriety, and yet frequently without being conscious of it.

The following are the leading points which claim attention from those who have the care of the young:

In the first place, in the family, there should be required a strict attention to the rules of precedence, and those modes of address appropriate to the various relations to be sustained. Children should always be required to offer their superiors, in age or station, the precedence in all comforts and conveniences, and always address them in a respectful tone and manner. . . .

Another point to be aimed at is, to require children always to acknowledge every act of kindness or attention, either by words or manner. If they are so trained as always to make grateful acknowledgments when receiving favors, one of the objectionable features in our manners will be avoided.

Again, children should be required to ask leave, whenever they wish to gratify curiosity, or use an article which belongs to another; and if cases occur when they cannot comply with the rules of good-breeding, as, for instance, when they must step between a person and the fire, or take the chair of an older person, they should be taught to make apology for it.

There is another point of good-breeding, which cannot, in all cases, be understood and applied by children in its widest extent. It is that which reqires us to avoid all remarks which tend to embarrass, vex, mortify, or in any way wound the feelings of another. To notice personal defects; to allude to others' faults, or the faults of their friends; to speak disparagingly of the sect or party to which a person belongs; to be inattentive when addressed in conversation; to contradict flatly; to speak in contemptuous tones of opinions expressed by another; to talk while another is talking; to talk to another while some one else is talking to him—all these are violations of the rules of good-breeding, which children should be taught to regard.

Under this head comes the practice of whispering and staring about, when a teacher, or lecturer, or minister, is addressing a class or audience. Such inattention is practically saying, that what the person is uttering is not worth attending to; and persons of real good-breeding always avoid it. It is also bad manners to be whispering to another who may be wishing to attend to what a speaker is delivering. Loud talking or laughing in a large assembly, even when no exercises are going on; very loud talking in the presence of a company when only one is addressed; loud outcry on the side of the street, to the annoyance of neighbors and other passengers; yawning and gaping in company; and not looking in the face of a person who is addressing you, are deemed marks of ill-breeding.

Another branch of good manners, relates to the duties of hospitality. Politeness requires us to welcome visitors cordially; to offer them the best accommodations; to address conversation to them; and to express by tone and manner, kindness and respect. Offering the hand to all visitors at one's own house, is a courteous and hospitable custom; and a cordial shake of the hand, when friends meet, would abate much of the coldness of manners which sometimes appears.

The last point of good breeding to be noticed, refers to the conventional rules of propriety and good taste. Of these, the first class relates to the avoidance of all disgusting or offensive personal habits—such as fingering the hair, cleaning the teeth and nails, picking the nose, spitting on carpets, smoking in a room where decent persons are sitting, snuffling instead of using a handkerchief, or using the article in an offensive manner, lifting up the boots or shoes, as some men do, to tend them to the knee, or to finger them—all these tricks, either at home or in society, children should be taught to avoid.

Another branch, under this head, may be called *table-manners*. To persons of good-breeding, nothing is more annoying than violating the conventional proprieties of the table. Reaching over another person's plate; standing up to reach distant articles, instead of asking to have them passed; using one's own knife and spoon for butter, salt or sugar, when it is the custom of the family to provide separate utensils for the purpose; setting cups, with tea dripping from them, on the tablecloth instead of mats or small plates furnished; using the tablecloth instead of the napkins; eating fast and in a noisy manner; putting large pieces in the mouth; looking and eating as if very hungry or as if anxious to get at certain dishes; sitting at too great a distance from the table and dropping food; laying the knife or fork on the tablecloth instead of on the bread or edge of the plate—all these particulars children should be taught to avoid. It is always desirable, too, to require children, when at table with grown persons, to be silent, except when addressed by others, or else their chattering will interrupt the conversation and comfort of their elders. They should always be required, too, to wait, *in silence*, till all the older persons are helped.

All these things should be taught to children gradually, and with great patience and gentleness. Some parents, with whom good-manners is a great object, are in danger of making their children perpetually uncomfortable, by surrounding them with so many rules, that they must inevitably violate some one or other a great part of the time. It is much better to begin with a few rules, and be steady and persevering with these, till a habit is formed, and then take a few more, thus making the process easy and gradual. Otherwise, the temper of the children will be injured, or, hopeless of fulfilling so many requisitions, they will become reckless and indifferent to all.

But in reference to those who have enjoyed advantages for the cultivation of good-manners, and who duly estimate its importance, one caution is necessary. Those who never have had such habits formed in youth, are under disadvantages, which no benevolence of temper can remedy. They may often violate the tastes and feelings of others, not from want of proper regard for them, but from ignorance of custom, or want of habit, or abstraction of mind, or from other causes, which demand forbearance and sympathy rather than displeasure. An ability to bear patiently with defects in manners, and to make a candid and considerate allowance for a want of advantages, or for peculiarities in mental habits, is one mark of real good-breeding. On the contrary, a sarcastic smile, sneer or expression, tending to make sport of plain, uneducated persons, who may act a little awkwardly, would be highly unbecoming in persons of dignified manners, and is pretty sure evidence of ill-breeding.

But it may be asked, what has good-manners to do with a Christian education? It may be answered, much. One of the blessed and happy effects of Christianity is, to lead out of all barbarism and heathenism, and into enlightened civilization; and enlightened civilization leads to refinement of manners, and an easy and happy intercourse among mankind, in which the rights, feelings and opinions of each other will be properly regarded.

It is one of the happy effects of Christianity to soften the heart of the truly converted follower of Christ into love and good-will to men; and that love and good-will will have a powerful tendency to regulate his manners with his fellow-men. When we speak of good-manners, we do not mean that fantastic, insincere and superficial courtesy, which is prompted by the love of flattery and the vanity of the world. The solid Christian cannot undertake to imitate the light and foolish manners of vain people. His conscience and his dignity as a man and a Christian, will set him above it. But at the same time, he will himself practice good-manners and courtesy, prompted by good-will and kindness, and the ennobling virtues of the religion of Christ. There are no manners so truly refined, dignified and graceful as those which are the offspring of a Christian education, and a true and hearty adoption of Christian principles into all the transactions of life.

We find, by reference to the Holy Scriptures, that the manners of those holy men who had faith in God, and walked in his law, were in a high degree dignified and refined. The history of Abraham, of Naomi, Boaz and Ruth, of Mary and Elizabeth, as well as others, sufficiently shows this. Roughness, slovenliness, filthiness, carelessness, form no part of Christianity; they are a part of

heathenism, and, as their tendency is in that direction, Christians should be careful to avoid them, and other kindred evils.

Let us all, therefore, of whatever age, who profess Christianity, give in to the spirit of improvement in good order, neatness, gentleness and good-manners; for all have a warfare, even to old age, to attain to and maintain good habits and good manners; and all ought to strive, even to advanced years, to improve themselves in all those moral and Christian virtues and graces, which will make them more agreeable to those with whom they associate or have intercourse, and increase their own happiness accordingly. And let us all labor in good faith and good earnest, by precept and example, to teach and guide the beloved children and youth in the same way.—*Richmond Tract.*

NESTS OF CONSUMPTION.

BY DR. HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

We know of two families in Massachusetts of whom the following story may be told. Two healthy brothers married two healthy sisters. Both had large families of children. One lived on the old homestead, on the southern slope of one of the numerous beautiful and well-drained hills in that vicinity. The whole house was bathed all day long in sunlight, and consumption did not touch any of the young lives under its roof. The other brother placed his house at a very short distance off, but upon a grassy plain, covered all summer with the rankest verdure. In its front was a large open "common." In the centre of this, water oozed up from between the split hoofs of the cows, as they came lowing homeward at evening, and the barefooted boy who was driving them used to shrink from the place, and preferred to make the circuit of its edge rather than to follow the lead of his more quiet comrades. Back of the house was a large level meadow, reaching to the very foundations of the building. Through this meadow sluggishly crept the mill-stream of the adjacent village. Still further, all three surroundings were enclosed by lofty hills. The life-giving sun rose later and set earlier upon this than upon the other fair homestead. Till late in the forenoon, and long before sunset left the hillside home, damp and chilling emanations arose from the meadow, and day after day enveloped the tender forms of the children that were *trying in vain to grow* up healthily within them. But all effort was useless. Large families were born under both roofs. Not one of the children born in the latter homestead escaped, whereas the other family remained healthy; and when at the suggestion of a medical friend who knew all the facts we have told, we visited the place for the purpose of thoroughly investigating them, we thought that these two houses were a terribly significant illustration of the existence of this all-powerful law. Yet these two homes had nothing peculiarly noticeable by the passing stranger. They were situated in the same township and within a very short distance one from the other, and scarcely any one in the village with whom we spoke on the subject agreed with us in our opinion that it was location alone, or chiefly that, which gave life or death to the inmates of the two.

We might speak of other homesteads which seem to us now to be the very nests of consumption in consequence of this law, and yet not one parent in a hundred acknowledges even theoretically his belief in the truth of our assertion. Parents themselves, during a long residence, may escape from the dire influences of location; and therefore they imagine, if their children are failing, that some other evil agency is at work rather than this law.

Illustrative of this error on the part of parents, we cannot forbear relating the following fact. We know of a house situated about a foot above and just on the edge of a small lake. The cellar, if there be one, must be below the level of the water. The house, built with taste, nestles amid over-hanging thickly leaved trees, through which the sun's rays can scarcely penetrate even at midday. The homestead is overrun with the springing woodbine, clematis, and honeysuckle. Coolness, dampness, and little sunlight are the characteristics of the spot. In the midst of summer it is the *beau ideal* of a quiet, refined country house, which any one, even the most fastidious would desire to occupy. Yet as we have looked at it, and have remembered how one by one the children born in it have been cut off by consumption either at puberty or at early manhood or womanhood, we have turned with loathing from all its external beauties, and have regarded them all as so many false and fatal allurements, bringing inevitable ruin to those who should fall within the sphere of their influence.

These tales are no creations of our imagination, but positive and undeniable facts.—*Atlantic Monthly for January.*

"He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face."

ITEMS.

Cornell University.—The Trustees of this educational institution, now in session in Albany, report that the resources of the University amount to $76,744 per annum, and that the expenses for the professorships reach the sum of $38,000. The endow-

ments amount to $105,000, and $171,000 will be required to place the institution in complete working order. The students number 388, and many more applied for admission. A higher standard for the examinations to enter was recommended at the beginning of the course. The organization of the classes was effected promptly, and only two students have since then been expelled. The library, it is reported, will receive large additions, and the British Government has promised to send out its official publications.

Birds and their Uses.—The following facts are derived from correct sources of information, of the question how to get rid of the worms. Baron Von Tschudi, the well-known Swiss naturalist, says: "Without birds, successful agriculture is impossible. They annihilate in a few months a greater number of destructive insects than human hands can accomplish in the same number of years. Amongst the most useful birds for this purpose may be classed the swallow, wren, robin redbreast, titmouse, sparrow and finch." Tschudi tested a titmouse upon the rose bushes of his neighbor, and rid the same in a few hours of innumerable lice. A robin redbreast killed in the neighborhood of eight hundred flies in an hour. A pair of night swallows destroyed in fifteen minutes an immense swarm of gnats. A pair of wrens flew thirty-six times in an hour, with insects in their bill, to their nests. He considers the sparrow very important, a pair of them carrying in a single day 300 worms or caterpillars to their nests—certainly a good compensation for the few cherries they pluck from the trees. The generality of small birds carry to their young ones, during the feeding period, nothing but insects, worms, snails, spiders, &c. Sufficient interest should be manifested by all to prevent the discharge of fire-arms in the vicinity of orchards, vineyards and flower gardens, as thereby the useful birds become frightened.—*London Farmer's Advocate.*

Gas Phenomena in Ohio.—*To the Editor of the Cincinnati Chronicle:* Having occasion lately to pass over the Pittsburg and Cleveland Railroad, from Bellair, Ohio, to Pittsburg, when about thirty miles above Steubenville, near Yellow Creek Station, my attention was called to the burning of the gas well. Looking across the Ohio river to the Pennsylvania side, up a deep ravine, about one hundred yards from the river, I saw brilliant flames leaping up like a campaign bonfire. It was the dusk of the evening, and the scene was not only sublime, but upon being assured of what it was, it was startling in its effect. I was told by gentlemen who seemed to be acquainted with the facts, that efforts had lately been made in that locality to discover oil, but the project was abandoned, and gas has since been discovered issuing from the abandoned borings and crevices of the rocks surrounding. Through curiosity it had been set on fire, and was now much regretted, as its burnings formed a huge gas cauldron, of which many had begun to have some serious apprehensions, *thinking it might be the beginning of the great destruction.* It had then been burning for some time, and I presume is yet.

A few evenings since I arrived in the town of Jackson, county seat of Jackson county. The following morning after my arrival, a citizen of the town came into the sitting room of the hotel, and mentioned that he had just been made cognizant of the fact that gas had been discovered issuing from the creek bank a few hundred yards from the hotel, and invited several gentlemen and myself to walk down and see the wonder. In a few moments we were on the spot, and immediately could smell the fumes of gas. Upon lighting a match and passing it over crevices in the bank, a bright blaze sprung up, and gave us to understand that a reservoir of the combustible air was somewhere beneath. Some of the Jacksonians look upon it as a grand discovery, and discuss its utility as affording them light without the nuisance of "gas bills;" while some look upon it with serious forebodings, and think the great day is near at hand when the dreadful passage of the Scripture will be fulfilled.

February 1. A Cincinnatian.

Spain.—The Atlantic Cable announces that the Constituent Cortes, or Constitutional Convention of Spain, which assembled on February 11th, will probably elect Ferdinand, the father of the King of Portugal, and in case he refuses, then the Duke of Montpensier will be chosen. Ferdinand, ex-King of Portugal, is a cousin of the present Duke of Saxe-Cobourg Gotha, and of the late Prince Albert, the deceased husband of Queen Victoria. He was born October 29, 1816, and was married April 9, 1836, to Maria II. da Gloria, Queen of Portugal, who died Nov. 15, 1853. He received the title of King of Portugal, Sept. 16, 1837, and on Dec. 19, 1853, was created Regent during the minority of Pedro V., which lasted till Sept. 16, 1855. Luis I. the present King of Portugal, ascended the throne Nov. 11, 1861, on the death of his brother, Pedro V.

The Saxe-Saafeld-Cobourg family appear to have educated the sons to become kings and the husbands of queens, and in order to suit the different positions the young men might be called upon to assume, one portion of the line is educated as Lutherans and the other portion as Catholics. Duke Francis of Saxe-Saafeld-Cobourg, who died December 9, 1806, could be claimed as grandfather by Ferdinand, Leopold II. of Belgium, Prince Albert, and also by Queen Victoria. Leopold I. of Belgium, of the same family, married the Princess Charlotte of England, and would have been the husband of a Queen had she lived to assume the position. He, however, was elected ruler of Belgium when that kingdom was created in 1831. The father of Ferdinand of Portugal married a Catholic lady, and in this way a race of kings was provided for countries professing that faith. As a contrast with these high and mighty dignities, it may be remarked that one of the younger male members of this fortunate family, Prince Leopold, about seven years ago, married Miss Constance Geiger, the daughter of a teacher of music at Vienna. She was, however, subsequently elevated to the rank and title of Baroness Von Ruttenstein.

The other candidate for the throne of Spain, the Duke of Montpensier, is the fifth son of Louis Phillippe I. King of France. Duke of Montpensier, was born July 31st, 1824, and on October 10th, 1846, was married to Louisa, the youngest sister of Isabella I. This royal couple have always been very popular in Spain, and their banishment by Isabella was the signal of the recent revolution.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Female Telegraph Operators.—A free school for teaching women the art of telegraphy was opened on the 15th inst., at the Cooper Institute, New York. This school is established by the Cooper Union in conjunction with the Western Union Telegraph Company, and is the first attempt in this country to give women a regular training as telegraph operators. It is asserted that a fair opportunity is thereby afforded for women who desire to earn an independent and honorable livelihood, to learn a business for which they are as competent as men.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 27, 1869. No. 52.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO
EMMOR COMLY, AGENT,
at Publication Office, No. 144 North Seventh Street.

TERMS:—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
The Paper is issued every Seventh-day, at Three Dollars per annum. $2.50 for Clubs: or, 4 copies for $10.00. Agents for Clubs will be expected to pay for the entire Club.
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T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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EXTRACTS FROM "THE FELLS OF SWARTHMOOR HALL."

(Concluded from page 803.)

It was about two weeks after the date of Margaret Fell's address to the King, that the great fire of London broke forth. Thus that calamity is described in Evelyn's diary:—

"*September* 3d. The fire continued all this night (if I may call that night, which was as light as day for ten miles round about) after a dreadful manner, when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season. I went on foot to Bankside in Southwark, and saw the whole south part of the city burning, from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill, Tower street, Fenchurch street, Gracious street, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church. The conflagration was so universal and the people so astonished, that from the beginning (I know not by what despondency or fate) they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, and running about like distracted creatures. Oh! the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world has not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor will it be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the sky was of a fiery aspect like the top of a burning oven, the light being seen above forty miles round about, for many nights. The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields, and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels, many without a rag or necessary utensil, bed or board, who from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty."

About a month elapsed between the great fire and the date of the following letter:—

Ellis Hooks to Margaret Fell.

"LONDON, 2d, 8th mo. [October,] 1666.

"People are in great confusion here, by reason of the fire which has happened in the city to the great destruction and ruin of the same. It has not been without a just cause of provocation of the Lord by this generation, who have lifted up themselves against God, their hearts having been given up to pride and vanity, and the persecution of them who were true seekers of the Lord, and who delight in His ways.

"There was a young man that came out of Huntingdonshire to warn the King to set Friends at liberty, or else, within two days, destruction should be. He went to Whitehall the day before the fire, but they would not admit him to come to the King. The next morning he went again, and was admitted to speak to him in the presence-chamber.

"Last week another Friend came out of Staffordshire to speak with the King, and to deliver a *pay* (a paper or list) to him. Indeed,

a very plain honest man this Friend is; he had a great weight upon him. Going towards Whitehall last Sixth-day morning betimes, he met the King in his coach, and he stepped to the coach-side, and laying his hand upon it, said: 'King Charles, my message is this day unto thee, in behalf of God's poor, afflicted, suffering people,' and gave him the paper and pressed him to read it. The King said, 'How dost thou think I can read it now?' So he told the King that his message was unto him, 'that the people of God might have their liberty from under the great bondage, that thee and thy law hath laid upon them.' Then the King replied that he and his Parliament were to consider of it. The Friend told him, 'if they did so consider it as to set the afflicted people of the Lord at liberty, it might be a means of stopping the judgments of the Lord; but if so be that they continued their bonds, the Lord God would multiply His judgments upon them. Then the Friend moved about the Friends at Reading, and told him that their sufferings did cry very much in the ears of the Lord against him, and except he set them at liberty from under the cruel law of premunire, their cries would not be stopped, but would be returned double on his head. Then the King said that they would not obey the law of the nation. The Friend told him if so be, he and his Parliament would make a law corresponding with the law of God, he might see that they would not walk contrary to that. And he told him that the Lord had pleaded with this city by plagues, sword, and fire, and so left him.

"When he first went to the coach side, the footman took off his hat, but the King bade him 'give the man his hat again,' and was very mild and moderate. His name is Adam Barefoote.

"I saved thy book from the fire, and last Seventh day I gave it to W. Warwick.*

"E. H."

The next letter is a little more than a month later:—

Ellis Hooks to Margaret Fell.

"London, 6th, 9th mo. [November,] 1666.

"*Dear M. F.*,—I received two letters from thee since I wrote. I have been in the country, and so could not conveniently write sooner to thee (in reply.)

"I suppose thou hast ere this received H. Stubbs' letter, wherein she hath given thee an account of what she hath done in spreading thy papers amongst the rulers. Concerning thy great book, W. W. hath it, but has not done anything in it yet. We expect George Fox here very shortly.

"Concerning what thou desires to know (about the) Friends where the fire was. There were very few but lost a great deal, yet not so much I think as (others) lost; because Friends were so helpful one to the other. Thomas Cooney lost most or all of his beds and goods, by reason that they prest his carts for the King's use and the Mayor's. Friends are pretty well settled now, and will get trading again in a little time. The Parliament is about making an Act against the Papists that none of them shall bear any office in the kingdom, and that all of them that are soldiers shall be turned out, except they take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and go to the steeple-house and take the sacrament.

"I am not as yet settled in a place since the fire, but I am about taking a chamber in Aldersgate street. I am at present at Anne Travers, at Horselydown.

"I remain thy loving friend,

"E. Hooks."*

That letter is thus endorsed by John Abraham:—

"Ellis Hook's letter; who was a very serviceable and good man in early days to my dear and honored grandmother."

George Fox, as alluded to in the foregoing, had been released from prison by the King's order nearly three months before the date of that letter. He had been imprisoned at the same time as Margaret Fell, and had afterwards been removed from Lancaster Castle to Scarborough Castle. It seems remarkable, indeed, that he should have been liberated, and that she should have been retained a prisoner. Her letter to the King, shortly before the great fire, bears date four days after George Fox's release from Scarborough.

What the "great book" contained which Ellis Hooks alludes to is not clear. Doubtless it is the same he speaks of in a previous letter as having saved from the fire. W. Warwick was the printer to whom it was consigned. Margaret Fell wrote more during her imprisonment than at any other period of her life. Her pen, which served to give expression to her thoughts, must have been a great solace to her in those weeks, and months, and years of loneliness. And if her enemies expected to keep her thoughts from making their way abroad by confining her in jail, they were admirably mistaken. During her imprisonment, beside "The Touchstone," she wrote "A Call to the Universal Seed of God throughout the World." and a still larger work, entitled "A Call unto the Seed of Israel to come out of Egypt's Darkness, and House of Bondage, into the Land of Rest.

* Original in the Devonshire House Collection.

* From the original in the Thirnbeck Collection.

The case of the Jews she entered into with great earnestness. Ten years before, in Judge Fell's lifetime, she had written more than one address to them; and now again, in her lonely hours, her soul anxiously reverted to the "lost sheep of the house of Israel." We do not find any other Friend of that age entering so zealously into the cause of the Jews. She also wrote on "Women speaking when moved thereto by the Holy Spirit," showing how women were the first to whom the Lord appeared after His resurrection, and a woman was the messenger to whom He said, "Go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me." "It was a woman whom Christ himself first commanded to proclaim His ascent to the Father, and are women now to be excluded from proclaiming His blessed Gospel?"

Beside all those considerable compositions, Margaret Fell's epistles to different meetings, in different places throughout the three kingdoms, were numerous; and her private correspondence among Friends in prison, and out of prison, must also have been very large. With such interests and occupations as her pen thus brought, 1666 and 67 passed over. In a letter written by Thomas Salthouse from London, 19th, 3d mo. (May,) 1668, I find the following allusion to efforts for her release:

"Friends here determine now to press the King and Council to consider of the returns out of all the counties concerning the prisoners in the jails of England; and to that end Thomas Moore * was this last week sent for, and is now come up to move the King to the prosecution of so good a work. Doctor Lower hath improved his interest of late with some lords of the Royal Society to plead with the King on thy behalf for liberty—but Pharaoh's heart is so hard!"

The efforts to obtain Margaret Fell's liberation about that time must have proved successful, for another letter now before me, which was written by John Rous six weeks later, contains messages to his mother-in-law that indicate she was then restored to her home and family at Swarthmoor. The date of her release must, therefore, have been in 4th mo. old style, corresponding with 6th mo., 1668, after an imprisonment of about *four* years and a half.

Be always at leisure to do good; never make business an excuse to decline the offices of humanity.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

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* Thomas Moore had been an influential magistrate before he joined Friends. He is represented as a very gentlemanly man, of excellent address and admirable tact, so that without flinching from his principles he often visited the King, and spoke honestly without giving any offence to the courtiers.

LETTER FROM JESSE KERSEY.

3d mo. 9th, 1835.

"DEAR FRIEND:—I have several times since my return home recurred to thy request that I would write to thee. After I had gone through my visit and retired from the field of action, it seemed as though I was unfit for anything but to be retired and quiet. And this continues to be much the state in which I am landed. I may say, however, that at no time of my life have I felt a stronger solicitude that the pure principles and doctrines of the Christian religion might be rightly understood and honestly embraced, than since I have been released from the late arduous journey. Were this the case the world over, the human family would feel that they were all one happy brotherhood; and kindness and harmony would reign from sea to sea, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth. Convinced I am, that all which has yet been known of the brightness and glory of God's redeeming power, would be but as the twilight of morning compared with a meridian sun. Yes, my dear friend, if the souls of mankind were emancipated from the miserable dominion of the animal spirit, and perfectly united with the Word of life, a new order of things would be introduced. Instead of being bound down by pride and prejudice, every faculty would be brought to the clearness of the light of Truth; and all the creation of God would be seen as the product of unlimited power and wisdom. In this heavenly enjoyment of the blessed works of Omipotence, being ourselves a part of the same, we should freely admit, that the one-half had never been told us of the perfection of his order and government.

To see my fellow creatures muddling along in this world, the slaves of every passion, and blindly expecting to improve their happiness by heaping up the treasures of the earth,—is a circumstance which sometimes almost overpowers every faculty, and I feel as if I could say to my great and benevolent Creator, How long, O thou of infinite power and majesty, wilt thou suffer thy erring and transgressing creatures thus to put darkness for light,—evil for good, and misery for happiness? Shall the human family, who are the declared objects of thy redeeming love, never rise above their present corrupted and sorrowful condition? Yes, my dear friend, the great Shepherd of the sheep is doubtless secretly and powerfully acting his own blessed part;—and many shall come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, and sit down with his gathered host in the heavenly kingdom.

But it seems to me, that in aid of this glorious work, the time is coming when the

female part of society will be brought out into the exercise of the pure and glorious gift, to the edification and comfort of the lambs of the flock. I think too, that I can see in the all-powerful progress of the Holy Spirit, there will be a still more effectual shaking of all formal professors and professions,—that those who have been attempting to promote the Lord's work in their own will and wisdom, will be removed out of the way, —and all that tends to darken the counsel of God in the souls of the people, and to lead to a dependence upon outward and elementary means, will be understood to number among the ministers of anti-Christ.

Having this faith, I feel abundantly convinced that the Society of Friends are in a very responsible station. We have been brought to a more full and clear profession of a belief in the inward revelation of God to the souls of men, than any other class of Christian professors. Hence, it must be expected that we should demonstrate the correctness of our principles by our practice. But if, on the contrary, we should show to others, that with all this profession we are living in the gratification of the carnal mind, and are fufilling the lusts of the flesh, it may be said to us, You of all the families of the earth have I known, and you will I punish.

But, my dear friend, from what I have seen and felt, I cannot think otherwise than that an important body is coming forth from among our beloved young people, who, seeing the beauty and excellency of the Christian path, will be in earnest to walk in it. I am, however, often concerned for these, lest they should be led off by false lights and visionary opinions. If they were brought to understand that the great work of the soul's redemption can only be perfected by yielding obedience to the Holy Spirit, and that it is the teaching of this Spirit which calls us to stand separate from the improper indulgence of the animal spirit,—they would soon see into the glorious consequence of their obedience to all its impressions and calls of duty.

I have also been led, in my retired moments, to admire the clear and perfect understanding which our worthy predecessors had of the nature of the gospel dispensation. We find them coming out from under a formal ministry, and bearing a faithful testimony against it. They fully believed that all true ministry was the fruit of the divine gift of God to man; and that, as this gift was freely given, so those who received it were freely to minister, as they should be led by it. But they were aware, that no man could command the movements of this divine and all-sufficient principle. They that were furnished with it, were to wait upon it, and minister only when and as they should be thereunto moved by it. Hence, they were led to sit down together in silence, that they might wait upon God to put them forth, and not run or speak in their own wills. This state of silent waiting was found to be profitable for every one to enter into, because therein every individual was furnished with an opportunity secretly to worship God in the spirit, according to the qualification received of him at the time. Our predecessors also were enlightened to see that *prayer*, in order to be acceptable to God, must be dictated by his own blessed spirit immediately moving thereunto. Hence all those forms of prayer which were commonly used among other professors, were to them little better than mere idolatry. So also in regard to the custom of singing. They could not believe that the matter expressed with a musical tone of the voice, was rendered any more acceptable to God from the mere sound of words so modulated; and therefore they rejected all those outward forms of music and singing in their solemn meetings; preferring a silent introversion of mind in sincerity of heart, and an inward spiritual devotion,—to all outward and formal acts. Not only as related to their solemn meetings, did they leave the customs of other professors; but when these called the scriptures the word of God, and held it as their belief that none could be saved unless they were furnished with the book,—Friends knew and declared that the Scriptures taught very different doctrines. Indeed it is admirable with what clearness their minds were opened on all important subjects; so that they seemed to be alive to everything that militated against the advancement of the pure and righteous principles and testimonies of the gospel of Christ. Trusting in and following the same holy guide, I am persuaded that we of the present time, may in like manner perform the work of our day. JESSE KERSEY.

Journal, page 108.

John George Boley, a miller of Berg, in Wurtemberg, sent out his servant with a six-horse team, to fetch grain. During the night, about the time when the team was expected to return, he was suddenly seized by such a restlessness that he arose and went out to meet his servant, notwithstanding his wife's repeated assurance that he need not apprehend any danger. He found his man asleep on horseback, and the team, owing to the bad road, so far turned aside, that it would a few moments later have reached a spot where all would have inevitably been precipitated into a deep abyss.—*Moravian.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

The subject of Capital Punishment, introduced into our last Quarterly Meeting by a dear Friend, should not be lost sight of by any who listened to her earnest appeal for the condemned convict.

It was well to throw the burden on the shoulders of our Religious Society, where it certainly belongs. May I go further, and say that I believe it belongs peculiarly to *the mothers* of our Society.

The liberty which the gospel of Christ, as understood by us, gives to women, should not be lightly esteemed. Under its sanction, mothers, who are now wearing the white robes of immortality, have gone forth on errands of mercy and love, in that affluence of feeling which flows only from the fountain welling up in a mother's heart.

I thought, too, how significant of the mission of our Society, that, while many among professing Christians are now bowing before the altars of their several forms of worship, with devout humiliation at the utterance of the name of Jesus and the remembrance of his passion, here was our mother in Israel, in the *spirit* of his *life* and *labor*, calling upon us to carry forward the great work for which he laid down that life, and show by our *devotion* to the truth, our faith in the power and efficacy of his teaching.

It is not alone from the walks of ignorance and poverty that the "extreme penalty of the law" gathers its victims; were it so, we might look for a remedy in the wide-spread effort for popular education, and the increasing interest in the cause of the laborer and the artizan.

Among the educated and the refined, men and women are sometimes *so left to themselves* as *to be guilty* of sending a friend or companion *uncalled* into eternity.

Now, where is the *seed* which, if suffered to germinate, produces this evil fruit?

Dear mothers, let us look for this seed with the lighted candle of that truth, which declares "what a man sows, that shall he also reap."

A picture rises before me: it is that of a woman and a tender infant. The boy is hers. She bore him; the pure fountain provided for his sustenance gave him food. She taught his lisping tongue to call her mother! She caressed him, and felt his baby arms twining about her neck, his soft cheek resting against her own. Is he not dear to her! far dearer than aught else the glad earth contains, as his little head falls gently on her shoulder in the quiet sleep of happy innocence. I look along the years that are to come. I see the prattling baby growing in stature and in loveliness; away on in the future he is a handsome youth, rash perhaps, but full of noble impulses.

The heart accepts the picture and is content; but we have not yet discovered what we are most earnestly seeking,—that little seed, the fruit of which is dishonor—death.

We must come back from that picture as seen in the future, to the little prattler, just taking his first lessons in the school of life. Does he want something not proper for him to have, and is he refused, kindly, but decidedly, or does he cry for it and gain his point? If the latter, we need look no farther; self will, ending in disobedience and contempt of authority, will complete the work sooner or later. Let us, dear mothers, see to it that we do not with our own hands plant the first seed.

It will not do for us to settle down under the belief that our lives are to be exempt from so terrible a calamity. While the penal code of our country remains as it is, no mother in the land should rest in quiet security. If it is not my son that the hangman's rope is awaiting, it may be thine; and if not thine, it is some other mother's heart, that, crushed and bleeding, claims common sympathy.

Let me appeal to the best feelings of your natures, dear mothers of our Society, in behalf of those whose lives are jeopardized by a law so entirely at variance with every principle of a Christian humanity; let us seek to know what is required of us, and having found the path of duty be willing to labor in it.

L. J. R.

Philada., 2d mo., 1869.

The following chapter should have formed the second number of the series on Blasting and Mildew.

BLASTING AND MILDEW.

BY HUGH MACMILLAN.

(Continued from page 742.)

Blasting and mildew were very frequent in Bible lands and times. So terrible were the ravages committed by these scourges, so sudden their appearance, so rapid their progress, so mysterious their origin and cause, that they were universally regarded not merely as a visitation of God, but as a *special product of God's creative power*. The cause and the effect were confounded. Fear prevented the Israelites from investigating the nature of the phenomenon. That it was divinely produced was sufficient for them. Since that time, men have tried to find out, in secondary causes, the *rationale* of the pestilence that so long walked in darkness. It was natural to seek in occult regions for the explanation of an occult mystery; and therefore, it was attri-

buted to meteoric influences, to lunar eclipses, to certain combinations of the planets. Modern science has given the true interpretation of the riddle. Blasting and mildew are now conclusively ascertained to be produced by *plants*—to be the diseases occasioned by the growth of minute fungi. Ever since plants have existed, these vegetable parasites have preyed upon them. They appear in greater or less abundance every year. They are fostered into excessive growth by certain favorable conditions of soil and climate, and checked in their development by certain unfavorable conditions. They are not extraordinary nor exceptional phenomena of Nature, but the commonplace, every-day products of her laws. They are not special creations of God, but the ordinary growth of the vegetable kingdom. . . . . .

A brief glance at the nature of the fungi concerned in the production of blasting and mildew may be interesting and instructive. It will introduce many to an unknown world of minute existences, unnoticed amid the great bustling world of sense and sight, but very wonderful to those who have learned to reverence not merely the size of things, but the wisdom of their idea. It will teach us the needful lesson, that nothing is so weak and small that the strength and the wisdom of God cannot accomplish great ends by its instrumentality. It will reveal to us the astounding fact, that we are living in the very midst of organic forces possessed of incalculable powers of harm, which may at any time be let loose and overwhelm us, and ought, therefore, to excite in us a deep sense of our helplessness and dependence. There are four diseases in corn produced by fungi—recognized in the popular language of the farm as *smut, bunt, rust and mildew.* Sometimes one, and sometimes another predominates; but there are few fields where they may not all be found in some degree, Every one who has attentively examined a corn-field about the beginning of July, when the ear is protruding from the sheaf, must have noticed here and there a black head among the green ones, covered with a soot-like dust, which comes away freely, and stains the hands. This disease has been long and widely known among farmers under the name of smut, or dust-brand; but it is only recently that its true nature has been ascertained. Under the microscope the black powder is found to consist of a collection of spores, or round seed-cases, containing sporules or seeds in their interior. It is, therefore, not a mass of diseased cells, as was formerly supposed, which obviously would not germinate, but a parasitic plant—a true fungus, capable of reproducing and extending itself indefinitely. Hence botanists have given it the name of *Ustilago segetum.* The seed-vessels in this plant are exceedingly minute. One square inch of surface contains no less than eight millions; and if the seed-vessels be so small, what must the seeds themselves be! The highest power of the microscope is only capable of resolving them into an impalpable powder. Myriads of seeds are shed from the smutted ears long before the corn is ripe, and dispersed into the air, and over the fields,—most of them to die a few of them to reappear next summer with the grain upon which they are parasitic. When germinating, this fungus first attacks the interior portions of the flower, and renders them abortive. It then seizes upon the little stalks of the florets, and causes them to swell and become fleshy. At length it consumes all the reproductive organs, and converts the whole nutritious grain into vile dust and ashes: thus affording a striking analogy of that transmutation which the seed of eternal life undergoes, in the case of those to whom it becomes a savor of death unto death.

Another species of "blasting," more destructive, and therefore more dreaded, is known to the farmer under the name of *bunt,* and to the botanists as *Ustilago fœitda,* on account of the intolerable odor, like that of putrid fish, which it exhales. It is one of the most common diseases to which wheat is subject. Scarcely a field is free from its attacks; and in favorable circumstances it spreads widely and proves very destructive. It confines its ravages entirely to the grain. Externally, the infected ear presents no abnormal appearance. There is no black dust, no stunted growth or malformation, by which the presence of the insidious foe may be recognized. On the contrary, the infected ears continue growing, and appear even plumper, and of a richer and darker green, than the sound ones. The very stigmata of the flowers remain unaltered to the last. Stealthily and secretly the process of poisoning is accomplished; and not in many cases, till the harvest is reaped, and the wheat ground for flour, is the discovery made, by the odor and color, that the produce is unfit for human food. Under this external mask of health, all fecundation is rendered impossible; there is no development of the parts of fructification; no embryo whatever can be detected; the whole interior of the seed when broken or bruised is found to be filled with a black, fetid powder, which contains, on chemical analysis, an acrid oil, putrid gluten, charcoal, phosphoric acid, phosphate of ammonia, and magnesia, but no traces of starch, the essential ingredient in human food. Under a high power of the microscope, this powder consists of a mass of round spores or seed-vessels, considerably

larger than those of smut; and, instead of being plain and smooth, as in that species, their surface is beautifully reticulated. They are also mixed with a number of delicate branched threads, called the mycelium, or spawn. The seeds contained in the spore-cases are of a greasy, oily nature, and consequently adhere to the skin of the sound grains, so that the disease may be propagated at any time by inoculation or contagion. One grain of wheat contains upwards of four millions of spores; but the number of seeds contained in these is beyond calculation. When bunted wheat is ground accidentally with healthy flour, it gives it an exceedingly nauseous taste, and is no doubt injurious to the health in proportion to the quantity introduced.

Another species of "blasting" is known to farmers as *rust* or *red-robin*. It is called by botanists *Trichobasis rubigo-vera*. It is rare to find any wheat-fields altogether free from it at any season of the year, and it is sometimes so abundant that a person passing among the stalks is completely painted with its rusty powder. It is found upon the wheat-plant at all stages of growth. Early in the spring it attacks the young blades; later in the season it breaks out on the glumes and paleæ of the ear even after the grain is formed. So long as it is confined to the leaf, it is comparatively harmless. The grain continues to swell in spite of it, and though the flag seems to droop and wear a sear and yellow tint, a few bright sunshiny days, by drying up the moisture in which it luxuriates, will arrest its progress, and restore the healthy greenness of the crop. A long continuance of warm, damp weather will cause it to propagate itself to a serious extent, and in the end the quality and quantity of both grain and straw will be very much deteriorated. Strange to say, although in this country the least alarming of all the blights of the wheat, it is the most common and the most dreaded on the Continent, where the settled sunshine which is so inimical to its growth seems naturalized in the atmosphere. In appearance the corn-rust is a mere patch of reddish-yellow powder, bursting like an eruption through the skin of the leaves and culms of the growing corn. Its microscopic character is somewhat different from that of bunt and smut. Its spores grow from a mycelium or spawn-thread like bunt; but, unlike that species, they are furnished at their base with a short thread-like footstalk, attaching them to their matrix, which at length, falls away. They are exceedingly beautiful, delicate objects, and will amply reward the most careful microscopic investigation.

(Conclusion in No. 48.)

SCRAPS FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

The experience thou speaks of, my dear friend, is a very familiar one to me, of appearing to be *left to my own guidance*. And yet I think were either of us to attempt to do any thing *wrong*, we should find the swift witness was very near. I met somewhere, a good while ago, with an idea that has often afforded me comfort, and it seems to me there is truth in it. That spiritual health like bodily health is rather a negative than a positive condition, and that as pain and discomfort remind us when we are out of health, so when we feel no positive condemnation we may rest satisfied that all is well with us spiritually. The little child may fancy that it is *left to itself*, but the tender, watchful mother knows that her hand is ready to be extended when it is needed.

I have written thee almost a letter, and little in it but cold philosophy. Well, the moon gives light enough to find our way by, though it has not the warmth and cheering influence of sunlight. Let us be content with it, and even when it is withdrawn, it is a comfort to know that we are not required to work in the night season.

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I acknowledge that my spirit is often bowed under the effect of what appears to me to be the activity of animal spirits in our religious meetings, rising above and putting down for the time the humble and contrite spirit, and thus standing in the way of or preventing the arising of that which would prove food for the soul and nourish the spiritual life. How good it is to sit together at the communion table, there to wait, until the Master of assemblies blesses and breaks the bread, and directs His disciples to distribute it, and then to leave the meeting under the feeling that all have partaken and been satisfied, and that some fragments have been gathered up.

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Where art thou, my dear friend? Thy image came before me this morning with such a tendering feeling, as I was occupied with a very different subject, that I felt like saluting thee. Art thou like myself, plodding on, looking sometimes at a gloomy spot ahead, yet not without hope that when approached it will not look so gloomy? This is one of our experiences, while at other times we are able to cull a flower here and there as we pass along, and to salute a fellow traveller with kind words, or, if nothing more, with a pressure of the hand.

Thy note was encouraging to me, because it was one of the evidences furnished, that there is a harmonious labor and unity of feel-

ing among those who are seeking the city which hath foundations. During the solemnity which prevailed in our meeting at ——, my desires were earnest that it might continue, attended with the belief that there would be a service for thee. I would with all my heart encourage thee to continue to *lift the latch* when thou art bidden ever so gently; and remember, that a precious silence may be disturbed by unfaithfulness or fearfulness as well as by over zeal; though when we stand ready to do the Master's bidding, but fear to be found acting before the time, I believe the omission will not be laid to our charge. It may occasion some heaviness of spirit, but we shall in the end receive the reward.

When I parted from thee on Fourth-day, thou seemed in a *low spot*, and I was so *inanimate* that I fear I did not evince the sympathy I felt. Thou hast been ever since at times the companion of my thoughts, and this morning, in the quiet of our chamber, I have taken the pen,—for what? Nothing, it seems to me, but to tell thee what thou already knows, that "the foundation of God stands sure having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his;" not his because they have attained and are perfect, but his in desire and purpose, and who feel that their *sufficiency* is from Him. Thou hast known in early life a *weaning* from earthly consolations. We have both known this; and what if we are to be weaned too from spiritual consolations, that we may learn to estimate our state, not by *frames of mind*, which may deceive us, but by our recollection of integrity of purpose. Let us be content with the settled conviction of the superintending care of our Heavenly Father, and not ask for particular *evidences* of it. Let us not desire always to *lean* as children, but stand up as men and be strong. It looks probable that a time of trial is approaching, and though we have no *reserve fund* of strength and wisdom to meet it, we shall have both when it comes.

I sometimes think that the cheerful enjoyment of life, and even the effort to surround ourselves with that which is pleasant and cheering, is perfectly consistent with a state in which the loins are girded and the lamp trimmed, and we ready to go forth when called upon.

CHRISTIAN COURTESY.

Every man has his faults, his failings, his peculiarities. Every one of us finds himself crossed by such failings of others from hour to hour; and if he were to resent them all, or even notice all, life would be intolerable. If, for every outburst of hasty temper, and for every rudeness that wounds us in our daily path, we were to demand an apology, require an explanation, or resent it by retaliation, daily intercourse would be impossible. The very science of social life consists in that gliding tact which avoids contact with the sharp angularities of character, which does not argue about such things, which does not seek to adjust or cure them all, but covers them as if it did not see. So a Christian spirit throws a cloak of love over these things. It knows when it is wise not to see. That microscopic distinctness in which all faults appear to captious men who are forever blaming, dissenting, complaining, disappears in the large, calm gaze of love. And oh! it is this spirit which our Christian society lacks and which we will never get till each one begins with his own heart.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 27, 1869

To "PAUL."—We do not often notice communications when the writer indulges in severe criticism under cover of a fictitious signature, but we would request "Paul" to re-read the article upon which his censure has been placed, and he will find that the omission of quotation marks is all that his concern has to rest upon—a typographical error only. We think even a very careless reader could scarcely overlook the evident fact, that the paragraph alluded to was quoted,—taken from a Camden, N. J., paper.

DIED, at his residence near Zanesfield, Logan County, Ohio, on the 17th of Eighth month, 1868, THOMAS PENNOCK, aged 71 years. He was an exemplary Christian and had always been a member of the Society of Friends, originally of London Grove, Chester County, Pennsylvania. From an early period after the agitation of the subject of slavery among Friends, he was an earnest laborer for its overthrow, as well as in alleviating the sufferings of the bondman. He has lived for something. He has done good. His benevolence and charity extended to all mankind, and on the hearts of those with whom he came in contact, he has written his name in kindness and love.

DIED, suddenly, on the 26th of Twelfth month, 1868, JOHN K. EVES, aged about 60 years; a member of Fishing Creek Monthly Meeting of Friends, held at Millville, Columbia Co., Pa.

If you look into the early life of truly helpful men, those who make life easier or nobler to those who come after them, you will almost invariably find that they lived purely in the days of their youth. In early life the brain though abounding in vigor, is sensitive and very susceptible to injury—and this to such a degree, that a comparatively brief and moderate indulgence in vicious pleasures appears

to lower the tone and impair both the delicacy and the efficiency of the brain for life. This is not preaching, it is simple truth of science. —*James Parton.*

From The Evening Bulletin.

UNDER THE ICE.

The Alpine Hunter's Miraculous Escape.

[Translated from the German.]

There was no braver guide, or more skillful hunter, that ever set foot upon the Matterhorn, or crawled over the dangerous glaciers of Monte Rosa, than Ulric Peterson. He was a man of immense strength and great daring; and had often tracked the wilderness of snow when those who followed the same calling willingly remained in their cottages in the well-protected villages. He laughed at his companions, when they talked of danger; and made light of the fears of his good wife when she trembled at the howling of the fierce winds, or the avalanche of snow, that now and then swept down, with irresistible force, upon the little chalets. With well-spiked shoes, a stout alpenstock, confidence in himself, and a firm and fervent trust in God, he avowed that a man was as safe upon the topmost cliffs of the cloud-pierced Matterhorn as in the brook-threaded valley of Tourmanches. But the timid heart of womanhood could not look upon the matter in the same light, although her trust in the good Lord was equally strong; and so, when she saw him take down his trusty rifle, powder-horn and heavily-shod iron staff, one morning, she clung to him, and begged that he would not go upon the mountains. "There is every sign of a storm," she said. "You know how terrible they are. We have food enough in the cottage. Do stay at home with the little ones."

"That would I, wife," was the reply, "if I had not seen an ibex as I was coming home yesterday evening. He was a stout old fellow, with huge horns; and I fancied he was almost laughing at me as I crept around the cliff upon which he was standing."

"But, Ulric, think of the storm that is certainly coming."

"I have been in many an one, and care nothing for them. I love the free whistling of the wind upon the mountain tops, and the whirling of the feathery snow. So, good wife, get me something to eat. I must be off before the day dawns."

With a heavy sigh, the woman did as he had requested; and with his fond kiss still lingering upon her lips, she saw him climb the mountain side until a turn in the path hid him from her view. Then she sunk upon her knees, by the bedside of her still slumbering children, and committed him into the keeping of that God who had thus far preserved him in the midst of every danger. Meantime Ulric hastened onward with a light foot. It was still dark in the valley; but far above him, he could see the white peak glittering in the dim light of the morning, and the fast paling stars. Higher and higher he climbed; and soon the sun arose, shedding its rays of rosy gold upon the icy piles and making them flash as if builded of myriad diamonds. To a stranger it would have been a dazzling sight; to the brave hunter, it had lost something of its charms by familiarity, and he pressed onward and upward. The road grew more rough and difficult. He was obliged to pick his way, to clamber up steep crags, but at last he reached the edge of a large glacier. He sat down and rested for a little time, satisfied his hunger, examined his shoes and the point of his alpenstock, and again set bravely forth, leaping the yawning chasms, and guarding against the treacherous cracks."

A wall of polished ice arose before him, and he knew that he would have to scale it, before he could get within shot of the coveted game. With great difficulty it was accomplished; and finding the tracks of the ibex, he followed them, until suddenly turning a ragged point, he found himself within easy shot, and in an instant, the report of his rifle had awakened the echoes of the mountains. With the "thud" of the bullet the beast sprang forward, but its tail was dropped, its head hanging heavily down, its gait slow and step uncertain. He knew that the whizzing lead had reached its mark; that the animal would soon die; and he paused to reload his rifle, before he followed him. "I will surprise my good wife," he thought, "by returning sooner than she expected; and I will have a hearty laugh at the cowards who dared not venture from their snug cottages for fear of a storm."

With a smile upon his lips, he hastened to where the ibex was lying, and raised it in his arms. Then, with a cry of horror, he felt his footing give way; and hunter and game were swallowed up in a crevasse of almost unfathomable depth. The thin covering of ice had been sufficiently strong to bear the weight of the beast; but that of Ulric added had shivered it as if it had been an egg shell.

Down, down. Hunter and ibex, through the debris of snow and ice, lying there for a thousand years. He fancied that the bottom would never be reached. The most profound darkness enveloped him; his hands could clutch nothing but dampness—but chilling flakes. Fortunately, the carcass of the beast was beneath him. Yet, for all that safeguard, he lay for a long time insensible. When consciousness returned, another day had dawned, and its golden glories had found their way

even to the bottom of the yawning grave in which he was lying. He thought upon the utter helplessness of his situation; that he must perish from cold and hunger; of the lingering tortures he would be forced to endure, before death came to put an end to his misery; and every nerve in his body quivered with horror. He looked around to see if there was not some possible chance of escape. On either side smooth ice walls arose, emitting a bluish steel glitter. He felt that he was buried alive! "O, God! Why was I not instantly killed?" he exclaimed, in the agony of despair, and then, as better thoughts swayed him, he thanked the Almighty, with whom nothing is impossible, for his safety thus far, and prayed to Him for guidance and deliverance.

His next thought was of his gun. When it was found that he did not return, his neighbors would certainly search for him, and by firing the gun he could attract their attention. Vain hope! Search as he would, he could find nothing of it. Even if he had discovered it, it would have been useless, for his powder-horn was gone as well. Over and over he turned the snow—down deep he dug into it, until his hands burnt like fire, and great drops of perspiration rolled from his forehead —until his arms grew stiff and sore, and he was forced to give up the useless labor from sheer exhaustion. With his back against the frozen prison walls, he looked aloft, and saw the great vulture sailing upon its immense and tireless wings, around the mouth of the chasm; and the strong man shuddered, as he shook his fist defiantly, and murmured, with his hoarse voice, "Your time has not come yet!" He thought also of his happy home, and of his dear wife and children, and then, naturally, for he was faint and hungry, he thought of the food his wife had prepared for him. Having eaten of the bread and goat's milk cheese, and drank of the little bottle of wine (which, strange to say, had remained unbroken), he reasoned that it would be cowardly to lie down and die without an effort; and he remembered the goodness of God, and once more fervently implored His help. Then a bold idea came to him. Why might he not cut his way through the solid ice! He had a hatchet, such as his class never travel without. Ah! but he was forgetful that the walls might be hundreds of feet thick, that they were of excessive hardness, and would soon render blunt both hatchet and knife. The bright hope that had been born within him was darkened by no such shadow. For the time being he knew that he was safe. He was accustomed to the cold, was warmly clad, could use the skin of the ibex in case of need, and its flesh would drive away the wolves of starvation for many a day. A brief rest and he began the task, and toiled faithfully until darkness forced him to stop. A night of uneasy rest, a breakfast of the raw flesh of the ibex, and he resumed his labors. Another day of toil, and he again stretched himself upon the skin of the beast, wrapping it around him as much as was possible, and slept long and heavily, although there had been a sudden fall in the temperature, and it was now excessively cold.

For four days he toiled thus, his only food the raw and frozen flesh of the ibex, for four nights he slept within the hole he had cut away in the thick ice walls, closing up the entrance, and thus obtaining partial shelter from the chilling blasts. And once he heard the firing of guns, and his heart beat wildly within him. He dropped his dulled hatchet, and crawled to the centre of the chasm, and shouted with all his remaining strength—shouted until his strained voice was reduced to the very ghost of a hoarse whisper. He knew that his friends were in search of him; imagined he could hear his name called; could do nothing to attract their attention; and, as the firing grew fainter and further and further away, flung himself down, weeping and wringing his hands. The last plank to which he had clung had been shivered! His neighbors and friends had come—and gone. They would never search that part of the mountain again. None would ever know of his fate. He was buried in an icy tomb.

With his mind trembling upon the verge of madness, overpowered by sorrow, crushed by bitter agony, he fell back insensible, and lay for a long time upon the cold, damp snow, that soon must be his winding sheet. The black vulture flapped its wings above him, and he knew nothing of it. But, after some hours, the hunter's consciousness returned, though he was far too much crushed, in body and soul to resume his labors. He crept into the little cavern he had excavated (would it not be to him a tomb?), and gave passionate vent to his grief. For many weary hours nothing passed his lips; and with aching head and fevered brain, with trembling limbs and convulsive sobs, he prayed for deliverance, if by no other hand, at least the skeleton one of death.

It was rayless, sunless, starless, darkness in the ice cavern, when the springs of his life again became capable of action. He was ravenously hungry and arose to satisfy his hunger with a portion of the ibex he had left remaining outside in the chasm. He felt around, but could discover no outlet. Had he been frozen in—shut out from God's blessed sunshine forever? Nothing but smooth ice met his burning and blistered fingers. Then,

after an hour's search, he found a soft spot, and instantly solved the mystery. He knew there must have been a heavy fall of snow in the night, and that it had drifted into, and blocked up the opening; and with the strength of despair, he soon dug through. It was still snowing heavily; the flakes fell like great feathers around; and he drew the remnant of the carcass of the ibex into the cave, and made another rude meal. And thus refreshed, a new hope was born within him; and again the ice walls resounded with the blows of his little hatchet. But it was slow work, and much of the time was taken up in clearing the chips from the little grotto.

A week passed—a week of the most severe toil and terrible anxiety—and yet he was not disheartened. His trust in God had returned; and love for his wife and dependent children kept alive his often sinking heart. He was yet in hopes of reaching the upper air—of seeing his dear ones again. But even as he was thinking thus, with something of his old time cheerfulness, a new anxiety took possession of and nearly overpowered him. The carcass of the ibex, that had been the innocent cause of all his trouble, was picked almost to the bones.

With dire starvation staring him in the face, he bowed his head and wept like a child. Starvation, that is dreadful, even in thought! Starvation, that has in it more of horror than a thousand other deaths! He could almost see it silently approaching, and for a time despair alone had possession of him. Then his trust in the Supreme Being returned, and he committed himself unto His holy keeping. "Heavenly Father!" he murmured, from between his parched and blackened lips; "it is Thy hand that has sustained me thus far—has saved me from all danger. Thou givest food to the young ravens, and markest even the fall of the tiny sparrow. None but Thee can hear or help. Hear my prayer! Save me, O God! Save me!"

Something of sweet consolation came with the utterance of the words, and he laid down to sleep more tranquilly than he had done for many previous nights. Yet, it was only to be awakened by a new fear. It needed no seer to tell him that the föhn, or hot south wind, was sweeping over the glacier's and snow fields of the high Alps; and that the rain was falling in torrents; and the enormous blocks of ice melting, as by the touch of fire. The cavern he had dug with infinite labor was almost breast-deep with water, and it was rushing in with all the swiftness of a mountain torrent. Instantly he was wet to the skin, and stood almost paralyzed with terror. Then he breasted his way out into the chasm, but it was only to return again as quickly as possible. Never cataract raged more fiercely than the surging water there. Cutting little niches in the ice-wall he climbed beyond the reach of the water, and tremblingly awaited his fate. The waves rose rapidly, higher and higher. He had climbed until his head rested against the top of the little cave—could go no further. And yet, the waves rolled upward around him. They reached his waist—surged higher to his breast—crept to his throat, and despite all his efforts, began to trickle into his mouth. In another moment he would be strangled by them; his hold would be torn away, and his body dashed hither and thither againt the sharp points of the ice. "O, God! Save me! Save me!" burst from him in the terrible agony of the instant—the moment of time that lay between him and death.

A noise like thunder—a shivering crash—resounded through the chasm. It appeared as if the very foundations of the world were tottering beneath him. Now, indeed, he felt that his end had come. No! Terror was instantly changed to rapture. The water rushed out of the cavern with the most amazing velocity; he could descend and stand upon the bottom without fear. How this had been accomplished, he was forced to wait until the morning light to determine; and, with the first beams, he saw a great fissure had been opened, through which the imprisoned waters had found their way to the valley below. This unlooked-for preservation again inspired him with confidence—rendered more firm his trust in God. Through that tunnel he saw a way to freedom. It was small, to be sure, but he could enlarge it, and he worked diligently, until his strength utterly failed. The ibex was entirely devoured. He had split the bones and sucked out the marrow; had gnawed them over and over again to appease his hunger. For two days he had not tasted a morsel of food. The hatchet slipped from his hand when he endeavored to strike a blow, and he was forced to abandon the undertaking. There was nothing left him now but to die.

Another day passed, and no help came. He lay crouched in a corner wishing that the end would come, and that swiftly. His eyes were already filmed and his heart beat faintly. Then a strange noise aroused him. He looked aloft and saw a chamois vainly striving to defend itself from the attack of two old vultures that were striking at it with wing and beak. It was an unequal contest, and, at length, the animal, driven to desperation, attempted to leap the broad chasm. The effort was a noble one, but it failed of success. The chamois missed its footing, and fell, bruised and helpless, at the very feet of the starving man. In an instant his knife was plunged into its

throat; and the warm blood was drained by his eager lips. This gave him new life, and he renewed his labor. It was almost a herculean task. More than once he fell fainting beside it. But hope was very strong within him. Still, he would have utterly failed had not Heaven assisted him.

Again, the fohn was busy at its work of destruction; again, the windows of heaven were opened; and the "rains descended, and the floods came," and accomplished more in a single night than his hands could have done in months. With the morning light, he crawled through the now large tunnel; but when he reached the out end, found, to his horror, that he was on the top of a mighty precipice. His blood boiled; his brain seemed on fire; his heart beat as if it would break through ribs and flesh. He was, if possible, more desperately imprisoned than before. How was he to get down? Through his bewildered mind suddenly flashed the thought of the skins of the ibex and the chamois, and he was not long in making a rope of them. He then cut a deep hole in the ice, drove down his alpenstock, fastened one end to it, and swinging himself off, reached the bottom in safety.

With a cry of joy and a prayer of thankfulness, he hastened along the well-known path; and when the bell of the little chapel, that reared its gilded cross in the Matter valley was tolling for the evening prayers, he staggered like a drunken man into the very midst of the astonished worshippers, even as the voice of the good priest was repeating, "God is everywhere with me; and everywhere, even in the most threatening dangers, his voice speaks to me in tones of comfort, and says, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me!'"—staggering toward the alter, to kneel at it, he fell fainting in the arms of his wife, who again nursed him to health, strength and manhood.

From the London Friend.

MEMORIAL.

M. T. Ob. 1st Mo. 15th, 1868.

The mist is on the hills, the dull clouds weeping
With cold gray wings o'ercast the wintry sky,
The turbid streams come down through valleys reeking,
The chilling wind moans by.

But from the tall white school-house, stately springing
On yon hill-side, the leaden cope of day
Is pierced by mirthful sounds, glad voices ringing
Of happy youth at play.

While nigh, and heeding now nor mirth nor weeping,
Nor summer's balm, nor winter's blighting breath,
A mother of our Israel here lies sleeping
Pale on her couch of death.

Laugh on! laugh on!—ye young and happy-hearted!
She loved your artless mirth in days gone by,
She would not wish you sad, our blest departed,—
She asks nor tear nor sigh.

But pause one moment in your game and laughter:—
Have ye no debt from grateful hearts to pay?
Come, let us think if we shall miss hereafter
What we have lost to-day.

For we have lost a gentle presence gliding,
Like a soft beam, across our path of care;
A low and loving voice, still heavenward guiding,
Heard in the place of prayer;

Sage words of earnest counsel, kind and cheery,
For life's young warrior starting from the door;
Sweet tones of comfort for the worn and weary;
And solace for the poor.

Your fathers knew her:—not in doubt or blindness—
She sowed the seed beside their early way;
And who can tell how in parental kindness
Ye reap the fruit to-day?

Like the sweet echo of a strain departed,
Which, lingering long, the mountain hunter hears,—
As wayside springs that cheer the weary-hearted,—
Come back from vanished years,

To careworn men, to matrons sad and lowly,
To tempted youth, to souls bereaved, opprest,
The memories of that voice so soft and holy
That now is hushed in rest.

Yes, we shall miss thee, mother! Skies may lighten,
Or clouds and storms our way may darken o'er;
But ah! thy Heaven-illumined soul shall brighten
For us earth's paths no more.

Yes, we shall miss thee in the solemn meeting,
And by the grave when earth returns to earth;
And we shall miss thy warm and kindly greeting
Beside thy own loved hearth.

We saw thee in thy feeble age declining,
Reft of thy dearest ties and many a stay;
In weariness and pain, yet unrepining,
We knew thee day by day.

Meek resignation cheered thy lonely hour,
Shed golden calms around thy setting sun,
Exhaled like perfume from the bruised flower,
And breathed "His will be done."

Behind thee lay the past—a tranquil ocean
Studded with barks that followed thine no more;
And waves of thought came on, with rippling motion,
To memory's sun-gilt shore;

While, 'mid the fading gleams around thee shining,
Through faith's bright promise, it was thine to see
Soft isles of calm in fadeless light reclining
Beyond the dark to-be.

And thus we saw thee waiting—heard thee hymning,
With lamp well-trimmed and oil yet running o'er,
Thy low sweet song to greet the Bridegroom's coming:
He came, and ope'd the door,—

And thou art gone. Thy widowed heart reposing
Now knows the full fruition of his smile;
Short was the waiting, sweet the gentle closing
Of earth's sad "little while."

There, with thy loved and lost, that now have found thee,
We lay the dust embalmed in earthly love,—
There—with the silence of the hills around thee
And God's pure heaven above.

And oh! we bless the grace that ne'er forsook thee,
The kindness still that all thy pathway crost—
Our Father's love, that gave thee and that took thee;
Gone—but not lost.

First Month 20th, 1869. G.

Extracts from a lecture delivered before the Teachers' Institute of Berks Co., Pa., by JOHN P. LUNDY.

From the Berks and Schuylkill Journal.

UNCONSCIOUS TEACHING AND TEACHERS.

The quick eye and the keen perception of youth detect what is in his teacher or parent at a glance, and the character of the one is silently and unconsciously doing its work in forming the character of the other. The Greatest Teacher that ever walked this earth well knew and holily practised this deep principle of our being; for when one of his disciples had denied Him, under the pressure of doubt and fear,—a disciple, too, who had strongly and impetuously declared a previous purpose of going to prison and death with his Master, if need be,—one tender and reproving look turned on this same disciple by the Great Teacher was enough to send him out in an agony of soul to weep bitter tears of repentance, and to mould his spirit into holier and better resolves. This Quiet Exemplar stood among men, and still stands among them, in Divine influences, forming, shaping and moulding whole generations of mankind into better civilization; into more kindly manners; into greater equality of manhood and brotherhood: into wider and more diffused intelligence; into purer morals, and into the exalted citizenship of the kingdom and the city of our God. Not by noise and clamor, and military prowess; not by arbitrary dictation or compulsion; nor yet by the parade of great learning or eloquence: but by gentleness and kindness; in humility and meekness; appealing to men as rational and accountable and immortal beings, to act well their part here so that He might advance them to glory and honor hereafter; coming to the benighted earth like the light of day in silent grandeur and impartial benignity, and destined yet to cover it all with a mantle of glory. You have but to look and listen, and the highest, best education of which your nature is susceptible, will be gradually acquired. And you would much rather live in free Christian America than in semi-barbarous Turkey, or in savage Africa. Why? Simply because your nature is better satisfied, and the aim and end of your being is better met and answered. You see more to interest you, and your mind and soul are quickened into greater activity. You have literature and science, and the fine arts, and the comforts of happy homes, to make your life a pleasure to you. And all this, is the external condition and stimulus of the susceptibilities of your nature, which grow into a better manhood and womanhood than where they do not exist. And this is one of the reasons why we prefer to live in cities than to live alone in the country. There is more social, intellectual and religious life concentrated there; and all civilization takes its start, and is ever intimately connected with the city. This, too, is one of the reasons why Christianity was first propagated and planted in the great cities of the old world, and where it has ever since remained strongest and most active.

I grant you that the country is the place for the cultivation of robust health and greater simplicity of manners; and that the city depends on the country for its supplies, not only of the material necessaries of life, but also of the fresh vigorous blood and brain of life. The city is exhausting and exhaustive of both, and the country must keep up the supply, or our civilization would soon die out. The country, too, depends on the city for its manufactures, commerce and capital, without which it could hardly be cultivated, or its resources be developed. And yet you will grant me, that mere converse with external nature has very little refining or ennobling influences on the great mass of people living in the country, without other influences of an intellectual, moral or religious nature; and that, as a general thing, human nature is no more free from vice and crime in the country than it is in the city. Not so concentrated, indeed; not so easy to escape detection; more exposed, and more readily known; but still existing to the same extent in proportion to the population. Human nature is the same everywhere, and everywhere needs the restraining influences of education and religion. And, therefore, in a country like ours, which is fast becoming like one vast city, by reason of its close intercourse of all its parts through railroads, telegraphs and printing presses, and where schools and churches abound on every hand, we naturally look for the best people and the highest civilization in the world; and we do not look in vain. In this country, if a man is no more than a sponge, he can soon absorb an education. The quick, active, intelligent life is all about him, and he will and must partake of it, almost or quite unconsciously.

The emigrant from Ireland, or the more steady and reliable emigrant from Germany, soon learns to acquire property and independence of thought and action; and his children or grand-children are as good American citizens as any in the land. And it is because there is a superior charm in our civilization by reason of its equality of all men

before the law, and by reason of its free system of education; because there are no exclusive and proscriptive rights given to one set of men over another; and because religion is a matter between every man's conscience and his God. If despotism, either political or ecclesiastical, or both united, ever gains the ascendency in this land, it will be when the people are unfaithful to themselves, and have lost the true spirit of our civilization. We have, indeed, much vice and crime in this country, as the resultant of a great war, and as the partial effect of the scum and dregs of European civilization poured upon our shores, the prisons in some countries being emptied of their inmates and sent here to disgrace our institutions in the eyes of monarchy, so that European people may the better be kept in subjection; but we have no organized system of brigandage, as in Italy; no persecution of the Press, as in France; no gang-slaves of children for field labor, as in England. We are all unconscious of that beneficent civilization which is moulding us into the best type of manhood that the world has ever seen; and we must needs go abroad to learn what our advantages are.

II. Travel in foreign countries is the easiest way of acquiring much useful knowledge, if one only keeps his eyes open and knows what it is best to see. In the first place, travel is a constant succession of new scenes and new ideas; and in every age men have travelled on purpose to expand their knowledge. Plato went into Egypt to study the wisdom of its Priesthood, to obtain, if possible, some more definite notions respecting God and the universe, man and his destiny, than prevailed in Greece. Herodotus travelled for a more accurate knowledge of the countries whose history he has recorded; and now, antiquarian research and discovery are every year verifying the marvellous story of this great father of history, whom some modern sceptics have set down as too credulous and too exaggerated in his statements. Grote's great history of Greece is the result of patient research among Grecian monuments of all kinds, and of a personal inspection of the country, as well as of its literary remains. Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" was conceived among the ruins of the Capitol at Rome, overlooking the Forum; and executed not far off, at the beautiful Lausanne. Motley's History of the Netherlands could never have been written to shed an undying lustre upon American literature, except for his patient research in the archives of foreign governments; and if our gentle Irving had not been consul to Spain, the "Life of Columbus," so interesting and attractive, and his Alhambra, had never been written. His immortal "Sketch Book" is but the transcript of his sojourn in England and his residence on the banks of the Hudson.

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Again: foreign travel has the tendency to make the whole world kin. We gradually lose our narrow prejudices and prepossessions in mingling with foreign people; for we find that they are just like ourselves in the purposes and aims of life; with precisely the same human joys and sorrows, hopes and fears; the same differences of poverty and wealth; and the same social relations, in all respects, as among ourselves. . . . .

In many respects, the traveller learns that European civilization is more attractive than our own; but not in all, nor in the chief essentials of a happy life. Their profounder learning is here spread out over a greater surface; their more accurate taste is here a young and growing lover of art; their superior libraries, and picture-galleries, and museums are the growth of centuries and the product of enormous wealth, while ours are in their infancy; their schools and universities are more thorough and critical, while ours are smaller and more numerous; the state is the only tyranny abroad, and thought and social life are more free than with us, where public opinion is often very despotic and acts as a restraint upon free thought and social enjoyment; but for all this, ours is the best country for the development of manliness, for securing the greatest good to the greatest number, and for the accumulation of wealth, without which there can be no endowment of universities, libraries and galleries of art. "Westward the course of empire takes its way," and some centuries hence when European civilization shall have perished by reason of incessant wars between rival powers, the home of all the arts of peace shall here gather the excellence of all nations together and inaugurate the happy era of universal brotherhood.

Another and by no means the least important benefit arising from foreign travel is the pleasant and perpetual fund of reminiscence which it gives. The weariness and all the petty annoyances and vexations which you have keenly felt at times, are forgotten upon your return home; and by your evening lamp you think or talk of all the pleasant and profitable things which you have experienced. Your sojourn at Rome, that most delightful of all places in the world to spend a winter; your visit to Athens, the home of philosophy, poetry and art; your excursion to Egypt and the East, all come back to you, and relieve the care and anxiety and toil of your daily life, and yield you a constant fund of enjoyment and profitable meditation. You

are never at a loss for some e evated subject of thought. . . . . .

The unconscious teaching received abroad has developed and rounded your manhood to such a degree that you can stand up even before kings, with the felt assurance that you too are a man and a monarch in your own rightful empire of knowledge. Your domain is the whole realm of thought; the vast field of truth explored and unexplored; the independent consciousness of a possession which no changes, or revolutions, or convulsions of society can ever destroy, or thieves enter to steal. And an education which gives you all this is better than millions of investment in bonds, mortgages and stocks, without it.

III. Perhaps it will be asked, what great good to society or to individuals can result from the unconscious acquisition of a knowledge of the old world, or of its literature and art, aside from the mere enjoyment of it? If knowledge is only a power to do greater mischief in society; if it is only a lever for exulting a vain and bad man to some prominent position over the ruin of others; if it is no more than a superior good to the man that possesses it, in order that he may lord it over his fellows in pride and arrogance, then it becomes indeed a hateful thing, capable of much mischief, as with Bolingbroke, Byron, Hobbes and Hume. It only sharpens the faculties to a keener edge to cut asunder the best hopes and purest aspirations of mankind. Knowledge disconnected from moral principle and religious character is a dangerous weapon, which even now is making society bleed at every pore, and is striking at the very vitals of Christianity. Real knowledge is always modest and unpretending, for it knows its own ignorance. It is Sir Isaac Newton picking up only a few shells along the shores of truth, while the great ocean lies all unexplored before him. It is only the graceful drapery hanging around the majestic statue of manly character. It is to know one's self only as a man, fallible and erring. And therefore all education must be defective which does not aim at developing character and forming the man after the principles of eternal truth. It is just here that all the culture of the ancient civilization failed to do for mankind what it should have done. It perverted truth and formed a character at once distorted and aimless. There was nothing to live for but the prosperity and greatness of the state, or the aggrandizement of one poor fellow-mortal, or mere pleasure, bodily and intellectual. What are the Pyramids of Egypt but monumental piles of an ambition and a folly which degraded hundreds of thousands of human beings, in the distant past, into the most abject and menial servitude for years, in order to erect a tomb for the monarch in which he might be deified and receive the homage of succeeding generations? . . . . . .

Piles of stones, indeed, are the Pyramids, the Parthenon and the Coliseum, preaching sermons more eloquent than those of Chrysostom, as to the utter folly of all mere human devices at self-improvement and self-exaltation; and of the wisdom of submitting like an unconscious little child to the Heavenly Teacher! It is within the province of all teachers to form characters of more enduring loveliness than the statues of Phidias or Praxitiles, by being themselves, in good degree, what the Great Teacher was; working out their ideal of excellence by gentle touches and exalted conceptions, and heroic patience, untiring meekness and humility, in forming the characters of their pupils.

Our country just now wants men and women of exalted character, to carry our civilization and religion to their loftiest heights of good will to men; and the Magi of all lands will journey from afar to help us pay our adoration to the Divine Child coming to earth again in majesty to restore the golden age of peace to the distracted world!

ALL THINGS WELL.

I have seen a need of everything that God gives me, and want nothing that He denies me. There is no dispensation, though afflictive, but, either in it, or after it, the Comforter teaches me I could not have done without it. Whether it be taken from me, or given to me, sooner or later, God quiets me in Himself without it.

I think the Lord deals kindly with me to make me believe for my mercies before I have them. The less reason has to work on, the more freely faith casts itself on the faithfulness of God. I find that while faith is steady, nothing can disquiet me; and when faith totters, nothing can establish me. If I tumble out amongst means and creatures, I am presently lost, and can come to no end but if I receive help from above to stay myself on God, and leave Him to work in His own way and time, I am at rest, and can sit down and sleep in a promise, when a thousand rise up against me. Therefore, my way is not to cast beforehand, but to work with God by the day. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

"Self-contrivances are the effects of unbelief."—*The Moravian.*

ANCESTRY OF THE PEN.

The earliest mode of writing was on bricks, tiles, oyster-shells, stones, ivory, bark and leaves of trees; and from the latter the term

"leaves of a book" is probably derived. Copper and brass plates were very early in use; and a bill of feoffment on copper was some years since discovered in India, bearing date one hundred years B. C.

Leather was also used, as well as wooden tablets. Then the papyrus came into vogue, and about the eighth century the papyrus was superceded by parchment. Paper, however, is of great antiquity, especially among the Chinese; but the first paper-mill in England was built in 1586 by a German, at Dartfort, in Kent. Nevertheless, it was nearly a century and a half—namely, in 1713—before Thomas Watkins, a stationer, brought paper-making to anything like perfection.

The first approach to a pen was the stylus, a kind of iron bodkin; but the Romans forbade its use on account of its frequent and even fatal use in quarrels. and then it was made of bone. Subsequently, reeds, pointed and split, like pens in the present day, were used.

ITEMS.

The bill transferring the capital of Nebraska to Omaha has become a law.

The Wheat Crop.—The report of the Agricultural Bureau for the First month, states that the decline in the price of wheat during the past twelve months has been very perceptible, amounting to 42 cents per bushel in New England, 56 cents in New York, 47 cents in New Jersey, 45 cents in Pennsylvania, 71 cents in Ohio, 77 cents in Illinois, 48 cents in Iowa, with differences less striking in the Southern States, which grow cereals only for home consumption. It is asserted that in the central and populous parts of the West the prices are this year lower relatively to the more Western and Northwestern States than last year; as Illinois compared with Iowa, $1 97 to $1 43 last January; $1 20 to 95 cents now.

Capt. Ericsson's plans for utilizing the heat of the sun are attracting much attention. His experiments show that 100 square feet of surface exposed to the sun's rays will produce heat sufficient to exceed one-horse power in practical work. It probably is not many years before, for stationary labor, fuel will be discarded as a source of heat for manufactories, and solar heat will take its place. There is no practical difficulty in storing up this heat so as to use the accumulation on cloudy days. We may yet see it employed even in winter to warm our houses. The other great wasted sources of power are the winds and tides. The motion of a windmill could be made to warm a house; in fact, every dairymaid knows that the movement of the dasher raises the temperature of the cream in the churn; still, the great irregularity of this source of heat will be likely to prevent its employment until either fuel be more expensive or more convenient methods are devised for storing the surplus energy of windy days.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Peonage is reported to still exist in Arizona and New Mexico, although it is illegal. The remedy, it is asserted, can be found in the creation of an institution like the Freedmen's Bureau, to enable peons to live, or aid them in their efforts for independence. It is asserted that the natives are so wretchedly poor, and that all employment is so completely controlled by those who have held them for debt, that as soon as United States officers leave the locality, they relapse into bondage again. In Taos county alone, from 300 to 400 persons were relieved of this servitude by the United States courts. Over 3000 persons are believed to be still held in some sort of bondage.

The Church of England holds in fee simple the right to property worth $140,000,000 in gold, the annual income of which goes to support the clergy. And yet not more than half of the population of England and Wales is loyal to that church, and but 40 per cent. in Scotland and 12 per cent. in Ireland.

A Useful Cement for closing up cracks in stove plates, stove doors, &c., is prepared by mixing finely pulverized iron, such as can be procured at the druggists, with liquid water glass, to a thick paste, and then coating the cracks with it. The hotter the fire then becomes the more does the cement melt and combine with its metallic ingredients, and the more completely will the crack become closed.

Parkesine.—This newly invented material, in some of its applications, is destined to take the place of caoutchouc and gutta percha with great advantage. It consists in brief of an intimate mixture of vulcanized oil and collodion. The oils used may be any of the so-called drying oils, as linseed oil, nut oil, castor oil, &c., and for vulcanizing them chloride of sulphur is used in various proportions, according to the nature of the product desired. For instance, in greater proportion, if the material is to be solid and hard, and in less if it is to be elastic and extensible. The temperature of preparation varies correspondingly with these different objects, between 200 and 300 degrees Fahrenheit. The collodion is prepared by treating cotton in nitro-sulphuric acid, and then washing with water in a centrifugal apparatus, next pressing out the moisture and then dissolving the expressed mass in nitro-benzole. The collodion is separated in the form of a pellicle by pouring the solution into water. The two constituents are worked up together and the mass is then pressed in the desired form and vulcanized. The applications of this material are as varied as those of caoutchouc and gutta percha, and are adapted even to cases where these substances cannot be well employed. For the imitation of marble, in all shades, as well as of mother of pearl, tortoise shell and ivory, there is nothing to compare with it. The price of the article has become very reasonable. For ordinary colors—as white, yellow, green, brown, chestnut, &c.—the cost is about a dollar per pound; for the rarer colors—as blue, scarlet, imitation of marble, &c.—it is about a dollar and a quarter. Knife handles, of great beauty, made of this material, cost in England from four to fifteen dollars per gross.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Two gentlemen in Providence have invented an apparatus to be used in extinguishing fires. By a simple contrivance a platform large enough to accommodate two or three firemen with hose can be raised to the height of fifty feet in three minutes, thus bringing the firemen on a level with the upper portions of a burning building, and if necessary acting as a means of egress for persons cut off from escape by other means. The apparatus is called "the fireman's platform," and with running gear weighs about 3,300 pounds.—*Moravian.*

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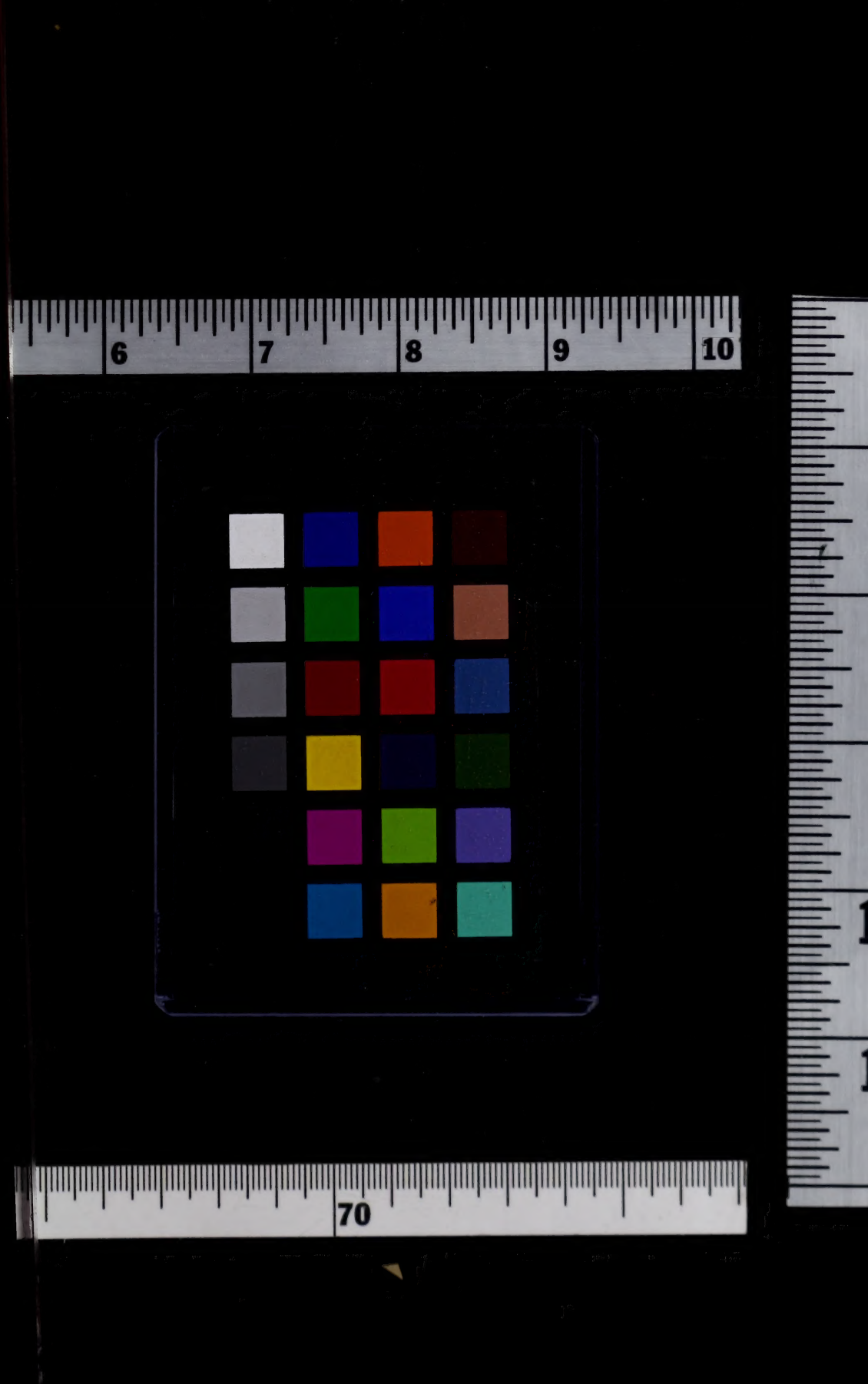
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